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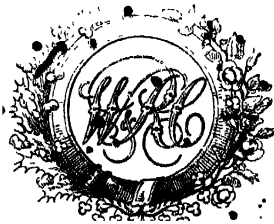
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CHAP-BOOK LITERATURE.

It has been said that the ballads of a people possess a greater influence than their laws. If this assertion be strictly correct, how much more potential must be the impulse, towards good or evil, derived from their books! Many must recollect the old chap-books, as they were technically termed, of their younger days: books—if it be not a misnomer to designate such vile and worthless trash by so worthy an appellation—that were hawked about the country by chapman or pedler, and sold in farmhouse and cottage to a class who, at that period, were unfortunately unable to obtain a healthier description of mental sustenance. These books, however, have now almost wholly disappeared in this country, from a cause we shall notice ere we conclude: but in France, the multitude and mischievous nature of such publications were sufficient to attract the attention of government; and, apart from any political considerations, and merely as a protection for the minds of the young and uneducated, it was determined to establish a censorship over the *littérature du colportage*—the chap-books of the French. In the latter part of 1832, a number of commissioners, men well known for their knowledge of books and literature, were appointed by M. Maupas, minister of police, to examine and report on these publications. They had full powers to call in every work circulated by colportage; and in order to insure the strictest censorship, a law was enacted prohibiting colporteurs or pedlars from carrying any book not bearing a government stamp, and no book was permitted to be stamped, unless approved by the commissioners. These officials had no sooner commenced their sittings, than they were overwhelmed by a deluge of no less than 7500 books from all parts of France. To their astonishment, they found amongst them books that had been continually reprinted, without alteration, since the sixteenth century. Books of sorcery, magic, charms, invocation of spirits, and other similar absurdities, long supposed to have been out of print, that were treasured as curiosities in public libraries and in the cabinets of book-collectors, were actually discovered to be still published and sold in the remoter districts of France. Even Macabre's *Dance of Death*, with the horribly hideous old wood-cuts, which the collectors of rare books were glad to give pounds for, was found to be still sold to the peasants of the Landes for a few sous.

The publishers being anxious that the almanacs should be examined first, so that they might be ready for the annual demand, the commissioners commenced their duties with this class of books, of which an immense number are annually circulated in France.

The most popular of all the French almanacs, produced in an almost innumerable variety of forms and in immense quantities, is the *Almanach Liegeois*. Why term it the Almanac of Liege? Surely the Almanac of Paris would be a better title. Not at all. All these almanacs, no matter how different they may be from each other, are composed—so their title-pages inform us—by Matthieu Laensbergh, a learned astrologer, and canon of the ecclesiastical establishment named St Bartholomew, in the ancient city of Liege. Indeed, Laensbergh himself can claim a venerable antiquity, being the veritable Old-Beer of almanac-makers. His first was published in 1536, some sixty years previous to the appearance of our own less celebrated, but still pretty notorious, Francis Moore, physician. Anti-quaries, however, although they are obliged to concede a name to this Francis Moore, are very doubtful whether he ever had a local habitation, or was merely a mystical personage imagined by the worshipful company of stationers; and we are bound in candour to confess, that the actual existence in the flesh of Matthieu Laensbergh is equally problematical. For though there is a romantic story of his niece's marriage to Gerard Dow, the celebrated painter, apparently in defiance, yet really in fulfilment of her destiny, as predicted by the canonical astrologer—though Dow's famous picture of an astrologer, now in the Louvre, is said to be his veritable portrait—though in the families of the Strals, and their successors the Bouquignons, who for nearly two centuries have been typographers at Liege, there are some traditional stories anent this Matthieu Laensbergh—still a reference to the archives of St Bartholomew proves that there never was a canon of that name.

The *Almanach Liegeois* is a most convenient one for persons who are unable to read, for, by certain symbols attached to certain dates, the most unlettered persons can follow its instructions: thus the rude representation of a pail announces the proper phase of the moon under which a draught of medicine should be taken—a pill-box designates the planet most propitious for pills—a pair of scissors points out the proper period for cutting hair—a lancet, for letting blood. The untutored Indian of North America takes nature as his guide, and sows his maize when the young oak-leaf has acquired the size of a squirrel's foot; but the French peasant, less wise in his generation, refers to Laensbergh for the lucky seed-time, and finds it indicated by the representation of a sieve. Yet, although it be now the almanac of the lower classes, it was not so at one time. In 1774, it predicted that in the April of that year a royal favourite would play her last game. Madame Dubarry, fearing the prediction applied to

herself, repeatedly exclaimed: 'I wish this villainous month of April was over.' The month passed, but Louis XV. died in the ensuing May: the lady's last part was actually played; and the credit of Matthieu Laensbergh was more firmly established than before.

From a prophetic almanac, it is but a step to the more strictly legitimate prophets; and the most remarkable of this class, one whose writings are still read with awe and wonder, whose prophecies have been translated into every European language, and have had almost as many commentators as the dramas of Shakespeare, was the famous Michel Nostredame, better known by his Latinised appellation of Nostradamus. Unlike our English prophets Nixon, Mother Shipton, and others—all of a humble rank in life—Nostradamus was born of a good family, and a descendant, by his mother's side, of a line of celebrated Jewish physicians. Selecting the medical profession, he soon rose to eminence, being particularly skilful in his treatment of the plague, at that period the scourge of Europe. But, distressed by the loss of his wife and child, and persecuted by the envious malice of less successful physicians, he retired from practice, and composed seven centuries of prophecies, which were first published in 1555. He at once became famous. Catharine de Medicis, naturally superstitious, invited the prophet to court, where he was received, and treated with the highest honours. He subsequently retired to Salon, published three more centuries of prophecies, and after being visited by several princes and crowned heads, died in 1566. His prophecies are written in quatrains, of which there are ten centuries, making in all 4000 lines. They are an incoherent mass of obscure and mystical extravagances, such as might have been written by a well-informed man of disordered intellect. Yet so many and varied are the vicissitudes of men and nations, it would be strange if some one or other of those 4000 lines did not bear a seeming application or allusion to some subsequent event, and thus receive the credit of being a veritable prophecy. Accordingly, the followers of Nostradamus aver that he predicted of the misfortunes and manner of death of Mary Queen of Scots, whom he had seen in her youthful splendour as queen of France—the massacre of St Bartholomew—the battle of Lepanto—the Gunpowder Plot—and many other memorable events.

Few prophets gain name and fame in their own time and country; but Nostradamus was an exception to the general rule. The unexpected death of Henry II. of France, who was accidentally killed by a splinter of a broken lance entering his eye, and penetrating to the brain, when engaged in a tilting match with Count Montgomery, spread the fame of the prophet over all Europe; for his prophecies, published four years previous to the melancholy occurrence, was a quatrain, which we translate as follows:—

The young lion shall overcome the old one,
In martial field by a single duel.
In a golden cage he shall put out his eye.
Two wounds from one he shall die a cruel death.

We need not enter into the elaborate explanations given of this quatrain by the commentators, further than to say, that the golden cage is supposed to refer to the golden helmet of the unfortunate monarch. We would rather place before the reader the most famous of the prophetic quatrains relating to England. The beginning of the sixth century is really a remarkable one; and its number, by believers in the prophetic power of Nostradamus, is supposed to refer to the year 1649, in which the predicted event took place. The reader will remember that the book before

us, from which we translate it, was most undoubtedly published in 1588:—

• Ghent and Brussels shall march against Antwerp.
The senate of London shall put to death their king.
The salt and wine shall not be able to succour him,
That they may have the kingdom into ruin.

Another quatrain is said to predict the great fire of London in 1666:—

The blood of the just shall be wanting in London.
Burned by fire of three twenty and six.
The ancient dame shall fall from her high place.
Of the same sect many shall be destroyed.

The Restoration, and the defenceless state of London when the Dutch fleet was master of the Thames, is supposed to be thus predicted in another quatrain:—

The endeavour of the North shall be great.
Upon the ocean the gate shall be open.
The kingdom in the island shall be re-established.
London shall quake for fear of sails discovered.

Although the predictions of Nostradamus purported to extend from his own time to the coming of Antichrist, they were not copious enough for the cupidity of the publishers and the gullibility of the people. Accordingly, the posthumous prophecies of the deceased seer have also been put into extensive circulation. But how were they obtained? Very easily. The tomb of Nostradamus was opened, and the venerable prophet discovered, seated in a brazen chair, and writing with an iron pen on tablets of ivory. But two ghastly men-at-arms, in complete suits of mail, guarded the portals of this mystic vault. No one dared to pass these terrible figures. At last, two convicts, who had been condemned to death, stimulated by the promise of a free pardon and munificent reward, consented to enter the tomb and seize the tablets. They succeeded in the attempt, and thus the posthumous predictions of the great man can be sold for the small sum of three sous. To this circumstantial detail, there is added a full-length portrait in wood of one of the men-at-arms; and we can only say, that if the original was half as hideous, the convicts must have been brave men indeed!

Accounts of indecent, mischievous, and roguish jokes, tricks, and adventures have ever been great favourites with the lower classes, and consequently in good demand as chap-books. The first English specimen purports to be the adventures of Scogan—no doubt the Scogan alluded to by Shakespeare, whose head, as Justice Shallow tells us, was broken by Falstaff 'at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high.' He well deserved to have his head broken many a time and oft; for his adventures were low, filthy, practical jokes, that now-a-days would be rewarded by a number of spells at the crank, and a few months' residence in a house of correction. Dr Andrew Borde, from whom we derive the term Merry-andrew, published this work in the reign of Henry VIII.; but there are great doubts whether Scogan ever perpetrated such tricks. From what little persevering bookworms can ferret out respecting him, he appears to have been a gentleman, a courier, and a poet, utterly incapable of such practices. In the same manner, a once common Scottish chap-book, a tissue of similar indecencies, is asserted to be the adventures of Buchanan, the illustrious scholar, poet, and historian. In all probability, the low sharpers who first issued such books, ascribed the deeds detailed in them to men of eminence, thereby to insure popularity and sale; for we find the very same expedient had recourse to in France, where a book of an exactly similar class is entitled the *Adventures of the Duke de Roquelaure*, who lived in the seventeenth century, and displayed great abilities both as a statesman and a general. The adventures ascribed to

Roquelaire are fully as disgusting as those attributed to Scogan and Buchanan; but the French work is seasoned with some approaches to wit, a quality of which both the English and Scotch works are entirely deficient.

A presentable extract from Roquelaire may amuse. It seems that when travelling he used a very mean equipage, and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyon in this guise, he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The bishop, seeing a stranger traveller of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebeian to deal with, and wishing to gratify his ruling passion, cried out: 'Hi! hi!' Roquelaire immediately desired his postilion to stop, and the curious prelate advancing to the carriage, demanded:

'Where have you come from?'

'Paris,' was the curt reply.

'What is there fresh in Paris?'

'Green pease.'

'But what were the people saying when you came away?'

'Vespers.'

'Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?'

'Ignorant and uneducated persons call me Hi! hi! but gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, postilion.' The duke passed on, leaving the astounded bishop staring after the carriage.

Germany or Holland—for there have been learned controversies on the subject—furnishes a work of a similar description, entitled the *Adventures of Eulenspiegel*, considered to have been the precursor of the Rabelais school. This work has been translated into most of the European languages; but as the point of its jokes is chiefly directed against the Reformation and the Protestant faith, it never became popular in England. In France, however, it has passed through almost innumerable editions, and has actually given two new words to the language—*espègle* (waggon), and *espèglerie*, being derived literally from *Eulenspiegel*.

Human nature being nearly the same in all countries, it follows that there must be a similarity in their literature. Thus we find in the French chap-books, as in our own, the lives of pirates and robbers: the English Jack Sheppard is rivalled in deeds of crime by the continental Cartouche. Again, as in our chap-books, the canny Scot, the blundering Irishman, and the simple Cockney were severally held up to ridicule, so in France the Norman, Gascon, and Breton share a similar fate. There is one class of works, however, very common in France, that are utterly unknown in this country: these are stories of the camp and barracks-room, written in the peculiar military slang of the French soldier. Some are recitals of battles and sieges as supposed to have been related by an old soldier; and these are often spoken at fairs and other public places by a man dressed in an old uniform. We would have given a sample of this curious kind of composition, but a translation of the best we have ever met with has been already published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.*

Some few of the French chap-books were found by the commissioners to be of a much superior class to those we have alluded to. St Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, Madame Cottin's *Elizabeth*, and the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage are as popular in their native country as they are here. Of translations from English works, *Robinson Crusoe* holds the first rank in popular favour; next to the world-renowned mariner of York, is a traveller of another description—no other than our old friend *Lemuel Gulliver*; while *Thaddeus of Warsaw* holds the third place. Among the less popular translations, we

find the Irish stories of *Banim* that refer to political events; another Irish political novel, *The Hearts of Steel*; one or two of *Galf's* works; and some of Mrs Opie's tales. There are a few other works, said to be translated from the English; but as we never heard of their titles, or even their authors' names, we forbear to mention them. But the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the *Old English Baron*, are unfortunately unknown in the literature of colportage.

We have said that as many as 7500 works were sent in to the commissioners. The retail-price of these books varied from one sou to a franc, and their annual sale amounted to 9,000,000 francs. Yet such was their quality, that more than three-fourths of this large number were condemned, being considered utterly unfit for circulation. The publishers, then sent in nearly a sufficient quantity to replace the rejected works, but the greater part of these were also condemned. At first, the authorities trusted to the demand for creating a supply fit for circulation, but this did not take place. The people were very properly deprived of impure and worthless publications, but there was not sufficient healthy reading to administer in their place. The question then arose, whether the government itself should supply the vacuum thus created by the censorship; or, by means of rewards and prizes, stimulate persons of talent and learning to prepare amusing and instructive books for the people. But it was considered dangerous and improper for the government to enter into direct competition with the publishers. Unfortunately, we have no means of knowing whether or how the question has been settled. All we have been able to learn is, that M. Billault, the minister of the interior, acceded to the general suggestion conveyed in the report of the commissioners—namely, that the best means of supplying the people with a sound and sufficient literature, is to create it with the express sanction and assistance of the government.

Last year, a series of lectures were delivered at the Educational Exhibition, got up by the Society of Arts, and held in St Martin's Hall. Cardinal Wiseman was one of the lecturers, and delivered an eloquent and interesting address on the Home Education of the Poor. In his lecture, he alluded to the censorship imposed on the French chap-books, and some of the newspapers inferred that he advocated the adoption of a similar system in this country. Now, without entering into the question whether the cardinal advocated such a scheme or not, we may say that, happily, it is not required here. The race of chap-books has become extinct; and even in their palmiest days, there were none resembling those we read of in the report of the French commissioners—works so disgustingly vile, that we cannot further allude to them, but yet openly published in large quantities by wealthy publishers, men of reputation and standing in society, and publicly hawked from house to house. The Newgate-Calender school of periodicals, which the cardinal so strongly disclaimed against, are the great purities from whence readers are drafted to the higher class of publications; nor do we state this undoubted fact theoretically, but from personal observation during the last ten years. We have all enjoyed a similar sort of rubbish in the first phase of our reading-life, just as we have sucked hard-bake, and luxuriously feasted on unripe gooseberries. Besides, the worst of the present periodicals is infinitely superior to the best of the old chap-books.

The extinction of the old chap-books was as sudden as their reign had been long and prosperous. They were in full circulation in the west of Scotland some three-and-twenty years ago, when we sailed for India: on our return, after a three years' absence, they had totally disappeared. As a contributor to this Journal, it is not our part to say what destroyed them so effectually and so suddenly—we leave the tale to be told by other witnesses. Some months past, an elderly

* *Life of Napoleon in a Quarter of an Hour*. Vol. xii. p. 414, Second Series.

friend, living in a remote part of the country, wrote to request us to try and find for him a certain quotation from a travesty on the 'Speech of Ajax to the Grecian Chiefs,' written in the Buchan dialect. Our search was vain; till at last, thinking it might be in a collection of Scottish chap-books, preserved as curiosities in the British Museum, we resorted to it, and found the required quotation. We also found, written on the inside-cover of the volume, the following words:—'This collection was made by me, James Mitchell, at Aberdeen, in 1828.' It may be considered as the library of the Scottish peasantry, the works being sold by itinerant chapmen about the country, especially at fairs. No such collection could now be made; and *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and similar publications, have superseded the writings of our forefathers.

Here, then, is a solution to the difficult problem that has caused no little anxiety to the statesmen and philanthropists on the other side of the Channel. As good and cheap periodicals have, in the very nature of things, exterminated the worthless and mischievous chap-books of this country, what is to prevent similar publications from filling the place of those withdrawn from circulation in France? In gratitude to M. Nisard, secretary to the commissioners, for his amusing account of the literature of colportage, we humbly beg leave to draw his attention to this mode of remedying a great evil.

[We beg to inform our contributor, that several respectable periodicals, on the plan of *Chambers's Journal*, have of late years had a wide circulation in France. It may be that the gap caused by the censorship is already filled up.—Ed.]

KATE'S CHOICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

On a fine sharp morning in September, a young girl, who had been walking briskly down Oxford Street, turned into one of the quieter thoroughfares branching from it, and suddenly stopped before a large bookseller's shop. Up to this moment, her pace had been quick and unbroken, and her step decisive enough to raise a half-sneering smile on the lip of more than one young-lady lounge; but now something like hesitation crossed her face, as she glanced through the closed glass doors into the shop. It had more of the leisure air of a select library than of a place of business—it might be impertinent to intrude her little affairs upon its dignified repose. She tapped her foot on the pavement irresolutely, while the fine colour brought to her cheek by exercise deepened to a glow.

'Am I so weak as to shrink on the threshold of my enterprise?' she asked herself; and then quickly answered her own question by a determined turn of the door-handle, and a firm step up to the counter.

'Is Mr Dalton within, and engaged?' she asked of a pale young man in attendance.

'I will see, miss,' replied the functionary, slowly spring up a parcel of books. 'Is it essential to see Mr Dalton?' he asked without moving, and glancing languidly at the dark Tweed shawl and straw-bonnet of the lady.

'Certainly; otherwise I should not have asked to do so,' was the reply. Upon which the pale young man opened his eyes, and slowly out the string of his parcel.

'I will thank you to ascertain at once whether Mr Dalton is engaged or not. Say Miss Ashcombe wishes to see him, and will wait his leisure.' The words were spoken with a quiet decision that effected their purpose. The diffident youth quickly removing himself from the firm, bright eyes which watched

his progress. In a minute or two, he returned with a great addition of respect in his manner. 'Mr Dalton requested that Miss Ashcombe would amuse herself for ten minutes with any of the books.' And he ushered her forward into an inner room—a sort of small library—opening into another, and yet another similar, but larger one, beyond.

At any time but this, Kate Ashcombe would have enjoyed the permission; but now she looked impatiently at her watch. Ten minutes! Before then, I shall be a very Achilles in cowardice! There was no remedy, however; so she tried to keep up her courage, and her impatience down, during the trial of delay. Full of her one idea, she was vainly trying to concentrate her attention upon *Amy Harrington*, when the now obsequious official reappeared to inform her that Mr Dalton was at liberty, and waited her pleasure. Kate Ashcombe dropped her book somewhat disrespectfully, and followed her conductor up a short flight of stairs into a little counting-house, where, from above a high desk which concealed the rest of his person, the bald head of Mr Dalton presented its shining expanse to her view. It was bent down over the paper on which he was intent, and continued so for some seconds, despite the announcement of 'Miss Ashcombe, sir!' to the great relief of Kate's throbbing pulses. A small but bright fire directly before her, gave her a social, inviting look, and she drew near it with a side-glance at so much of the afore-said forehead as was visible. 'Large development of Benevolence,' mentally observed Kate, who had been dipping into phrenology; 'but I always knew that, or I should not have come.' Kate, now somewhat reassured, began to wonder whether he was aware of her presence, and at length gave a little indicative cough, upon which a deep voice issuing from under the forehead said, 'I know Miss Ashcombe is waiting, but it will do her no harm.'

'Not at all,' replied Kate's now clear and pleasant voice. 'She is feeling a little more comfortable and courageous.'

A pair of blue eyes, in which sense and humour dwelt together, now raised themselves, and turned a full penetrating look upon her, while slowly wheeling round upon his stool from under the recesses of the desk, Mr Dalton leaned one arm thereupon, and confronted his visitor.

'Sit still, Miss Ashcombe,' glancing at his old leather arm-chair, of which Kate had half-unconsciously taken possession. 'We will waive all unnecessary preliminaries. Now, what is the business on hand? Have we been writing some new novel?'—with a slight sneer.

'If I had committed such an indiscretion, I don't think I should venture to speak of it to Mr Dalton,' said Kate.

'Humph!' was the reply. 'Well?'

'Mr Dalton is a thoroughly practical man, a man of business,' resumed Kate; 'and he has very little sympathy with girlish crotchets, I know, and yet I have come to ask his aid in a plan which, at the first glance, will appear to him perhaps very girlish and not a little crotchety.'

'Come to the point, madam: I never read prefaces.'

'Mr Dalton, I wish to be a governess! I wish to go to Germany.' Mr Dalton descended from his stool, and stepped in front of the fire, tall, strong, and irate.

'Kate Ashcombe! I thought you were a girl of sense. Go home!' But Kate sat still, though with a deprecatory look; while Mr Dalton put his hands under his coat-tails, and looked contemptuously at the door, personifying it as the offender.

'Stuff! nonsense!' said he to the door—'empty brains breed maggots!'

'Do you despise the office of a governess?' interrupted Kate, a little indignant. 'Is it not a right useful one?'

'The field is overcrowded: no room for those who have no business there.'

'But if I have business there? if I can prove it, to be my vocation?'

'Vocation! Fiddlestick!' Kate glanced up at him—he was looking vengefully at the door; she walked up to it, and placed her back against it.

'I am the offender, Mr Dalton,' said she. 'You may as well annihilate me with your looks as your words.'

Mr Dalton was surprised into silence. Kate gave another glance.

'Oh, I do not think I can go on,' she said half aloud. 'He looks so very unpromising. How unsympathetic men are! how cruelly matter-of-fact!'

'They'd need to be so, or you women would turn them crazy,' muttered Mr Dalton, but still there was a sly gleam of humour in the corner of his eye. 'Come,' continued he, 'let me know what has put this strange fancy into your head.'

'Ah! that is right,' said Kate. 'You will hear reason, and allow me to prove myself reasonable.' But here she came to a dead stop. She had a great deal to say, and the question was where to begin. Not by an appeal to his sympathies, she thought, noting the half-defiant air with which he seemed to await her attack upon them. A shrewd thought suggested: 'Possess him of the facts of the case; his suspicion will then be no longer on the alert to detect something in the background.'

'Mr Dalton, Ellen is going to marry Alfred Crawford,' said Kate, taking her first decided plunge into the subject.

'Hoy? what?' asked Mr Dalton, dropping the pen he had just placed between his lips.

'Mr Crawford, you are aware, has been visiting our house more and more frequently since my father's death: he has evidently admired Ellen for some time, and—I believe the attachment is mutual. Mamma, too, always liked Mr Crawford very much.'

'I understand. Ellen and mamma admire Crawford House very much; but the former part of the statement puzzles me rather. Alfred Crawford going to marry Ellen! Are you quite sure there is not some mistake, Kate? Women often jump to conclusions in these matters.' Kate smiled.

'Go home with me to-night, Mr Dalton, and you will find a happy trio sitting over the fire, fixing the day, discussing the trousseau, arranging the wedding-trip, and so on.'

'Blowing bubbles! a fit pastime for fools!' exclaimed Mr Dalton wrathfully. 'I always thought him an empty-headed fop.'

'You are very unjust, sir,' said Kate indignantly. 'Ellen is fair enough to make such a choice, the most natural thing in the world; and Mr Crawford has sterling qualities, which I have a right to appreciate, who know how he devoted his evenings last winter to the amusement of my dear father, reading to him by the hour together.'

'You were a listener, were you not?'

'Yes,' said Kate.

'And mamma, and mamma's Ellen, were in Hampshire?'

'Yes,' said Kate, stooping to pick up her shawl, which had fallen from the chair.

'Humph!' said Mr Dalton, taking up his pen and crunching it vigorously between his teeth.

'Therefore,' resumed Kate with a clear steady voice, 'I have a friendship of gratitude for Mr Crawford, and I hope—indeed, why should not Ellen make a good wife? Marriage will sober her, and discover to her her deeper nature.'

'Indeed! How do you know?' asked her querist, regarding her with very scrutinizing eyes.

'From observation—and imagination, perhaps.'

'Ah!' said Mr Dalton, jerking his pen into the fire, and folding his arms. 'Well, Kate?'

'Mamma cannot bear to be parted from Ellen; and Ellen and Mr Crawford both wish that she should take up her home with them. But there is a difficulty, you see.'

'Is not Crawford House large enough to hold Kate too?'

'Yes, if she could submit to live there,' said Kate with a momentarily flashing eye. 'But that she will not do. Neither will she, for her sake alone, exile Ellen's mother from Ellen's home. Listen to me, Mr Dalton. Don't think so meanly of me as to imagine I am moved by a mere impulse of pride. I have deeper and better reasons. It had not been for my father, I should have left home long before now: not that I have anything unkind to say of it, but because it did not suit me, nor I it. This happens sometimes in the world. People find themselves in a sphere out of harmony with their nature. Don't curl your lip, sir: I am speaking fact, not sentiment. What was I, as a child, where Beauty was the idol of the nursery? What but a shadow in Ellen's little world of triumph. Oh! Mr Dalton, you know that the poor little plain sister carried about a heavy heart. It was not admiration I wanted—here Kate spoke impetuously—but love. Mamma was always absorbed in Ellen. I was nothing to her, but a sigh after a smile. Papa had not learned to know me then: you were the first who spoke lovingly to me: at first, out of pity, but afterwards you got to like me. I know you did, and I did me more good than anything. You taught me the best lesson of my life—to love, rather than long to be loved. Mr Dalton, I know what I owe you.' She rose up and took his hand, and pressed it with no sylph-like force.

'The girl actually hurts one! her grasp is like a vice!' said Mr Dalton, turning round to his desk.

'It was better after I grew older, and found courage to separate my life from Ellen's,' went on Kate. 'To stay at home from balls, and study or read to papa, was far pleasanter. But he took up so little of my time; and after I left school, I painfully felt the want of some useful object in life. I was doing nothing. Mamma and Ellen did not need me; papa for a long time scorned a girl's society. I could not fritter away my time in young lady trifles: I have not much of the young lady about me, you know. I began to prepare myself for my probable future.'

'Now we are getting into Don Quixote again,' soliloquized Mr Dalton, opening his ledger.

'Not at all,' said Kate. 'I merely mean that I did not think it probable I should marry.'

'And why not, pray? Do you think every man is an Alfred Crawford, to be won by the mere tinsel of a pretty face?'

'No,' said Kate reddening; 'but I am not merely plain, but unattractive, or at least not superficially attractive. It takes some little time, and perhaps some little trouble, for people to know me. And yet I have the presumption to be as difficult to be pleased as I am to please. There are few with whom I could consent to associate for life; so, you see, my chances are small in a matrimonial view. The time will come—it has come sooner than I thought—when I shall be alone. I would not, if I could, live a solitary, indolent, self-indulgent life: I will go into the world, and use the faculties given to me; I have been preparing myself by study for some time.'

'How long do these resolutions date? From last winter or the spring, hey?'

'Kate's cheek flushed. She looked up clearly into those inquisitive eyes:

'Long before,' said she; 'but as soon as papa was ill, I knew my nearest duty lay at home.'

'And you did it,' said Mr Dalton emphatically.

know all about you, Kate Ashcombe; I have not been blind; I have watched your quiet path of home-duty, deliberately taken, well sustained, and with no assumption of superiority over your butterfly sister. You have had your reward: your father, in his latest moments, commended you to me as "the best and dearest of daughters."

'Did he say these words? He never said as much to me.' Kate's eyes filled with glad tears.

'If any other girl made such a proposal to me, I should ten to one say: "Go home, and find out your duty there." But the case is different, and the girl is different—strong-minded, energetic, high-principled. She may go; she will make her way, a useful and happy way. But why to Germany, madam?'

'Because the German language is in much repute now-a-days; I know something of it, and should like to know more. To tell the truth, I am heartily fond of it, and my fancy here, I think, may be innocently indulged.'

'There's the fox slipped out of his hole at last!' said Mr Dalton gruffly. 'I knew fancy was at the bottom of it. What do you come to me for? I'm an Englishman; what have I to do with Germany?'

'You have so many foreign correspondents; you take an interest in governesses; you know best how to direct me; you are my friend of long-standing.'

'Pooh!' But Kate's powers of persuasion now came in, and perhaps those dark intelligent eyes, with their clear single-hearted glance, were not so devoid of power as she fancied. Certain it is that Kate gathered her Tweed shawl around her with an air of triumph, and that Mr Dalton muttered to his books with a vanquished look: 'I hate romance; why wouldn't England have done as well?'

Kate now hurried into Oxford Street, and got into an omnibus, for she was not one of those young ladies who deem such a conveyance beneath their dignity. She understood her limited means, and it never came into her head to be ashamed of regulating her conduct by them. She sat in its further corner, with a glow of satisfaction on her cheek; her secretly cherished plan looked so much more tangible and practical, now she had induced Mr Dalton to foster it: a mere idea, so long as it lay silent and struggling within herself, had become a reality in Mr Dalton's common-sense grasp. Her position was fixed; her object in life clearly defined before her; she felt all the quiet energy of independence. She, too, was about to step upon a new path; and if that step must be taken boldly and singly, it rather suited her character, than to follow, like Ellen, in the footsteps of another. At least so she said to herself; and if, low down in her heart, there was a womanly whisper against this assertion, she smiled it away with a refusal to listen. Upon reaching that labyrinth of villas, St John's Wood, she turned from one of the main roads into a sort of side-grove. It was a trim retired spot, too genteel and townish to suit Kate's taste; yet there had been pleasant hours in that small, carefully tended garden, the gate of which she now opened; she knew every flower, and cared for each as we do for the pets of our own fostering. That back-parlour window, too, admitted of a pleasant seat; indeed, she remembered that, last winter, it had often held two: her work-table was there, and of course Alfred Crawford was glad to come as near to the light with his book as possible. Kate stood still for a minute; her memory was apt to present to her little vivid pictures of the past; it was not her fault that they stamped themselves so graphically upon her mind, or that just then the autumnal light upon that window brought before her a bright, manly face bent over a book, with streaks of sunshine playing on chestnut hair. The clear air freshening round her had in it the echo of a gay, pleasant voice reading her favourite authors, and association would not let a glance, that

every now and then sought hers, escape her memory. As these transient thoughts came, a shadow passed over the animated face, the erect and energetic form drooped a little. The sound of Ellen's laugh within soon broke the spell, and Kate started, entered the house, and went upstairs.

'I thought I was a strong-minded woman,' she exclaimed with a smile of self-mockery, 'but I am weak. "Strong-minded, energetic"—ah, Mr Dalton!' Take courage, Kate; it is only the strong who so feel their weakness. It was not the first struggle that had occurred in that chamber, nor was it the first of many victories. Kate entered the parlour quiet, subdued, but steady: the momentary weakness was over. The Alfred Crawford sitting somewhat listlessly by the fire was not the too pleasant companion of her memory, but the betrothed of her sister Ellen; the voice might have the same tone, the bright hair might catch the same sunset gleam, but Kate was strong now. He sprang up to receive her with a warm greeting, placed a chair by the fire—was sure she must be cold, sitting so long upstairs. Kate cheerfully answered. Perhaps she thought as warm a welcome might have been given by her mother and Ellen; but she was accustomed to the careless glance of the one, and the half-fretful questioning of the other.

'Where have you been all day, Kate? You are always out of the way. You might have finished that volume for us when Mr Crawford could read no longer.'

'It would scarcely have suited Miss Ashcombe's taste, I think,' said Crawford.

Kate glanced at it—it was one of the thousand novels of the day. She smiled, while a sort of pity stole into her glance, that a man like Crawford, active and intelligent, should be compelled to waste that bright day in such occupations. Ellen was sitting on the sofa, listlessly working at an elaborate piece of embroidery; she looked as if the morning had pressed a heavy weight of hours upon her. Crawford, perhaps, had some perception of Kate's thought.

'Take a run in the garden before dinner, my dear Ellen,' said he—it will refresh you. You look quite pale beside your sister.' Ellen glanced up scornfully.

'I hate a blowy colour,' she said; 'and I am not a pedestrian like Kate.'

Crawford walked to the window, and stood there, apparently engrossed by Kate's fuchsias, but really glancing from one sister to the other. Could Kate, in her dark Cashmere, bear comparison with the fair and gaily-robed Ellen? Could spirit and intelligence bear the palm from mere beauty? Nay, it is possible, despite man's weakness; but often, unfortunately, the preference does not last long enough, or comes too late.

Gathered round the evening fire, Kate braced herself to open her plans to the small circle. She would rather meet the united brunt of opposition, if such there was to be, than run the gauntlet. And opposition there was, in the form of surprise, disapproval, and remonstrance.

'Absurd and romantic!' pronounced Mrs Ashcombe; 'indeed, I consider the idea quite a disgrace to us all.'

'Vulgar and degrading, mamma,' said Ellen. 'I can't think how Kate can take such low views of things. What do you say, Alfred?' And Crawford, who had sat silent and astonished until then, said with decision:

'I agree with you, certainly. A degradation! I should think so! Kate Ashcombe a governess! Kate looked at him. 'Is this his view?' she said to herself. 'Mr Dalton saw no degradation in it.' Then breaking out a little indignantly:

'Where,' said she, 'is the disgrace of living according to my circumstances?'

'You have so disagreeable a way of putting things,' said Mrs Ashcombe.

'It is unkind and unsisterly,' said Crawford in a vexed tone, 'when your brother would feel himself honoured by your society.' Something jarred upon Kate's heart in this speech, and she answered a little curtly:

'Whether is it more honourable to support yourself, or to be supported by others?—"Vulgar! degrading!" What, then, is right or respectable?'

'You are angry, Kate.'

'Quite in a passion,' said Ellen, with a sneer at the heightening colour and flashing eyes. Crawford looked at Kate too, and then threw the force of his arguments and remonstrances into the scale, while Ellen curled her lip, that he should seem so anxious about it. As he grew warmer, she and her mother cooled, until, on Kate's steady persistence in her purpose, Mrs Ashcombe broke in:

'There's no arguing with Kate,' said she, 'when she's bent upon anything. Let her go. She can please herself.'

'I shall not hinder her,' said Ellen carelessly.

'She has few to please beside,' said Kate with a touch of tartness as she rose up. 'I thank you both for the permission, but it might have been given more kindly.' There was a touch on her arm in the hall. She turned round; Alfred Crawford looked earnestly in her face.

'Then you won't go with us, Kate? Dear Kate, think again.'

'I thank you—I cannot.' Kate resisted the pleading glance, and loosened her hand from his. She drew her breath quickly as she ran into her own room. 'What does he mean? What does he think a woman's heart is made of?' Tears came; and the heart that had borne so bravely, yielded for a while.

But Kate was not conquered; it was perhaps her last hour of weakness. The next evening, Mr Dalton called, and discussed the affair in a tone that greatly altered Mrs Ashcombe's and Ellen's. The dead husband's friend and counsellor, the plain practical man of business, approved and supported Kate—that made all the difference. Henceforth no more opposition. Crawford no longer ventured a word, though he glanced at Mr Dalton with a dissatisfied air, that questioned his business with the affair at all. If that was a time of probation for Kate, it soon came to an end. Mr Dalton had heard of an excellent school in Frankfort, and there he advised Kate to study for at least three months; in that time, she would familiarise herself with the people and manners of a strange land, and be on the spot to select her position. Kate admired the clear-sightedness of this arrangement, and embraced it at once, although the offer of protection in her journey, by an old friend of Mr Dalton, obliged her to take her departure much sooner than she had intended; but Ellen dispensed with her assistance in her bridal preparations, and gave her free leave to waive that consideration. So Kate quitted her home one drear morning in October, with no very heart-breaking farewells, under the kind escort of her father's friend. He even accompanied her to Dover, and saw her fairly on board the Ostend packet, and in charge of his old friend Mr Liston—a kindness which almost overwhelmed Kate, for she knew how much against his habits was such a proceeding. She clasped his hand with a very lingering pressure; she felt as if she should yield after all, if he did but say 'Stay!' But he only said 'Good-by, my girl,' in an apparently careless way, and hurried over the gangway long before the bell began to ring. 'He might have given me a fatherly kiss,' thought Kate; and she sat down and cried quietly, with her head turned aside, and her tears dropping into the water.

In this brief sketch of Kate's history, it does not come within our purpose to follow her across the Channel, or step with her into 'Fatherland.' It is enough that the energy which formed the resolution

did not fail when put to the test. She made the very best use of her opportunities in the Frankfort school, and actually enjoyed her position there among the frank-hearted German girls. Before the end of the quarter, she departed with one of these to her home near Cologne, to take up her abode with Madame Töpfer as private governess to her niece. To dwell in a somewhat isolated German country-house with an elderly lady and one young girl, might not seem a very inviting position; and we do not speak of difficulties and unpleasantnesses—of struggles with English possessions, if not prejudices—and, still more, of the home-yearning of an English heart—because it is enough that Kate overcame these, and made for herself a home with the old lady and Minnie Töpfer.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY AND RUSSIAN SAILORS.

THE marvel is, not that the Russian navy is of such recent creation, but that Russia should possess a navy at all. The first essential to the formation and the maintenance of a fleet, is a sufficient body of competent native seamen; and where are those seamen to come from, unless the nation has a commercial marine of adequate extent to furnish them after a due training? This Russia does not possess—for her merchant-ships are very few in number, in all not so many, we believe, as belong to a single second-rate British port—and, consequently, there is no natural nursery for seamen. Nor is this all. The peculiar geographical position of Russia is such, that, as every reader is aware, she is almost entirely shut out from the main ocean; and on her coasts in the inland seas, very few really good ports exist. It is evident, therefore, that the Russian navy is, so to speak, a sort of artificial and forced creation—built, manned, and kept up, generation after generation, at enormous cost, for obvious political purposes.

The origin of the Russian navy is perfectly unexampled in the history of the world. Well may the Russians glorify and venerate the name and memory of Peter the Great, for to him they owe all their institutions—everything that raised them from the condition of an isolated and half-barbarous people to an influential rank among the nations of Europe. Everybody has read of Peter becoming practically acquainted with the art of ship-building, by labouring as a common shipwright in both England and Holland, and subsequently compelling some of his young nobility to follow his example, and how he taught himself the elements of seamanship on board an English-built sloop. In a few years he formed the nucleus of a fleet; and at the commencement of the eighteenth century, he fought the Swedes with success on Lake Peipus, and subsequently on the great Ladoga. Until this epoch, the Swedes had always been the undisputed masters of the coasts of the Baltic provinces, and of those of the Gulf of Finland, &c. Peter steadily, and, considering his limited maritime resources, and the obstacles he had to encounter, with astonishing energy and rapidity persevered in his novel undertaking; and in less than a score of years, he had a considerable fleet of galleys, gun-boats, and frigates, some of the latter being almost line-of-battle ships in size. In 1715, he surprised the Swedish fleet, at no great distance from the Åland Islands, and entirely defeated it, after a severe action, in which the Swedes lost many of their largest ships. Peter thought fit to reward himself for this victory by

promotion to the rank of vice-admiral, on his return in triumph to his newly founded capital of St Petersburg. Henceforth, Russia was a naval power—in her own waters at least; and although the succeeding sovereigns varied considerably in the degree of interest they manifested in improving the navy, and keeping it in a state of efficiency, none of them neglected it, or suffered it to degenerate materially; and some exerted themselves to the utmost to render it more powerful, by building superior ships, and introducing better discipline and tactics. For this purpose, English and other foreign naval architects and shipwrights, and able English naval officers also, have been employed, and liberally rewarded for their services, during the last hundred years.

Some of the most noteworthy historical facts concerning the Russian navy may be here briefly mentioned. In the reign of the first Catharine, a British fleet blockaded the Russian ships at Cronstadt, &c., but no action took place. The second Catharine paid particular attention to the improvement of her navy; and her conquests in the East led to the first voyage of her ships from the Baltic to the Levant—for cruising about the Baltic had hitherto been all the Russian men-of-war had performed—and from that time a fleet was kept in the Black Sea. The famous victory gained by the Russian fleet, commanded by Orloff, over that of the Turks at this period, is too well known to need more than an allusion. It was fought in the Bay of Tchesme. When Britain commenced active operations against the "armed neutrality" of the northern powers in 1801, Russia had a very large navy, but numbers of the vessels were unfit for actual service, and all were badly manned. Many of the best ships, moreover, were commanded by British officers, who, of course, gave notice that they would never act against their own country. Again, in 1808, when England was at war with Russia, with a view to aid Sweden, a strong fleet was sent up the Baltic under command of Admiral Saumarez. Some partial actions took place, one of which resulted in the capture of the Russian 74-gun ship, *Sewolod*, by Sir Samuel Hood; and a very gallant and entirely successful attack was also made on a flotilla of heavily armed gun-boats; Lieutenant Hawker, who commanded the British ship-boats on that occasion, being killed in the moment of victory.

When British and Russian squadrons next met, it was as allies at Navarino in 1827. On that occasion, the British had eleven ships, commanded by Admiral Codrington; the French six, commanded by Admiral de Rigny; and the Russians eight, commanded by Admiral Count Heiden. The brunt of the battle was borne—as always is the case under similar circumstances either by sea or land!—by the English, but both the French and Russian squadrons were of material service, and it is admitted that the Russians behaved well. Captain Crawford, in speaking of what then occurred, makes the following observation upon the officers of the Russian squadron:—"It was truly admirable to see the attention paid by the Russian officers to all that passed on board our ships, and the promptitude with which they applied their newly acquired knowledge. [True Russians! the best imitators in the world!] There is among the Russian naval officers and sailors an admirable *esprit de corps*, an emulation, a desire to do their best, an enthusiasm for their national fleet, and its prosperity." This opinion of Captain Crawford's may be all very true as to the officers, but we certainly have every inclination to

question its correctness as concerns the Russian sailors. It may be almost superfluous, by the way, to remind the reader that Navarino can hardly be termed a regular naval battle; and that, even unto this day, the Russian ships of war have never fought either a great battle of fleets, or a single ship-action on the open sea—nor, according to present appearances, have their officers the slightest intention to do so. It is worthy of remark, also, that when Peter the Great defeated and almost annihilated the Swedish fleet in 1715, he did so by unexpectedly attacking it with an overwhelming force; and we find something very similar to this re-enacted in the recent terrible catastrophe at Sinope. Anything in the shape of a fair, well-matched fight between Russian men-of-war and those of any other nation, is not yet recorded in history.

According to an account lying before us, the following was the total of the Russian navy during the war with Turkey in 1828–29:—"Ships of the line, 32; frigates, 25; corvettes and brigs, 20; brigantines, 7; cutters, 6; schooners, 84; galleys, 20; floating-batteries, 25; gun-boats, 121; total, 340. These 340 vessels had 6000 cannon, 33,000 sailors, 9000 marines, and 3000 gunners." As a matter of historical interest, and to shew what a rapid increase of the naval force of Russia has taken place since that period, we may mention that, according to O'Byrne—a good authority, we believe—at the commencement of the present war, the Russian Baltic fleet alone comprised '30 ships of the line, all sailing vessels; 6 sailing frigates, 5 sailing brigs and corvettes, and 10 paddle-wheel steamers; besides the gun-boat flotilla and the miscellaneous craft, as schooners, transports, brigs, and yachts.' Of the above, 4 are first-raters of from 112 to 120 guns each. The Black Sea fleet, before the Allies invaded the Crimea, is stated, by the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, to have comprised 'a total of 17 ships of the line, 4 frigates, 5 corvettes or brigs, 82 vessels of inferior size, and 12 steamers; in all, 120 sail, mounting 2200 guns of every description.' Three of the steamers, the *Vladimir*, the *Bessarabia*, and the *Gromnostetz*, are vessels of remarkable power, and mount guns of great range and calibre. We have also before us a different account of the Russian fleets, but it corresponds so nearly with the above, as to render recapitulation needless. Some additional particulars, however, are given in the summary, published a while ago in the *Freunden Blatt*, according to which the grand total of the Russian navy comprises 45 ships of the line, 30 frigates, 25 corvettes, 20 brigs, and several hundred gun-boats and steamers, manned in the aggregate with 50,000 men; 30,000 serving in the Baltic fleet, and 20,000 in that of the Black Sea. The four principal Russian three-deckers are the *Russia*, of 130 guns; *Twelve Apostles*, 120 guns; *Three Saints*, 120 guns; and *Warsaw*, 120 guns. It is well known that several of the Russian line-of-battle ships have been sunk at the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol.

The late Emperor Nicholas improved and strengthened the Russian navy more than any of his predecessors. He seems to have done everything he could do to enhance its efficiency. Millions upon millions of pounds sterling did he expend on the docks and harbours of Cronstadt and Sebastopol; and in building ships of war, and obtaining competent foreign officers to discipline and teach their crews naval tactics, he grudged no amount of money, nor spared any labour in personal superintendence when that was practicable. Schools for naval cadets exist at St Petersburg, Archangel, Cronstadt, Odessa, and some other ports, maintained at great expense, and, it is generally affirmed, with very little profit, so far as the training of able officers is concerned, for it is admitted that few such have yet been 'raised'—to use an Americanism—in these institutions. On the whole, the expense of maintaining so great a navy must have long been an

enormous drain on the revenue of Russia. Kohl, the German traveller, remarks, that 'there is no other power in the world to which it is relatively so inordinately expensive to maintain a maritime force, notwithstanding the scanty pay of the seamen, nor any to whom it is relatively of so little advantage, as Russia.' How far the latter part of his opinion may be correct, it would perhaps be presumptuous in us to decide, but there can be no doubt that the first part is true enough.

Various very intelligible reasons have been assigned by different travellers why Russian men-of-war are such excessively costly machines. The whole system at the Imperial dockyards appears to be ingeniously devised to swallow up as much money for a given amount of labour as possible. For instance, huge ships of war are—or not long ago were—built at St Petersburg, and yet there is only seven or eight feet of water at that city. How, then, are these vessels to be got to Cronstadt, to be fitted out? By 'camels!' Kohl tells us that these camels are 'gigantic chests, big enough to hold a ship of the line. When the hull is built, and is ready to be sent down the Neva, such a chest is brought into the Admiralty dockyard, and filled with water till it sinks so deep as to admit the vessel to float in through an aperture in the side. This done, the water is pumped out again, when the camel begins to rise, till at last it is enabled to float down the river with its singular passenger. It is then towed by a steam-vessel to Cronstadt, and generally without accident, if wind and weather are favourable. Why so inconvenient a dockyard has not long ago been abandoned, it is difficult to conceive. The cost of thus shifting the hulls of great ships is understood to be very considerable, and, of course, could be entirely obviated by building them at a place naturally adapted for the purpose. We presume, however, that the personal interests of some officials forbid that to be done. It is affirmed that all the contractors for the supply of materials, and all the officials of the Imperial dockyards, play into each other's hands, so as to speculate and defraud the government, by substituting inferior articles for those that have been paid for as first-rate. However this may be—and it is likely enough, if the universally received character of the Russians is not exaggerated—it is tolerably certain that the Russian men-of-war do not last more than half as long as English. Three reasons are alleged—inferiority of material; the freshness of the water at Cronstadt, added to the pressure and shocks from the ice; and the ravages of a small worm in the waters of the Black Sea harbours. As to the outward appearance of the vessels themselves, some are built on the line of first-rate English ships, and undoubtedly are fine vessels, so far as model is concerned; but many other Russian men-of-war are said to be half a century backward in their build, resembling much the ships of St Vincent's and Nelson's days—short and deep, and consequently slow and unwieldy in manœuvring, and very unsteady in a heavy-rolling sea. Several of their best steamers have been built to order in England and elsewhere. As may be expected, the rigging and sails are of capital quality, and the guns are also excellent. Good order and cleanliness are observed on board—and that at any rate is something.

The following extract will give some idea of the kind of officers the Russian naval-schools have turned out:—"The fittings of the cabins are splendid in the extreme, according to the manners and customs of the Russian aristocracy. The Russian captains and admirals are not by any means bluff, bearish old tars of the Drake, Tromp, or Ruyter stamp. Slippered they are, and wrapped up in morning-gowns, and got up in the most splendid style of ease; they loil on soft sofas of purple velvet, reading French novels; or they sit at the piano by the hour, playing *Etudes par Chopin*. The fact is, the Russian naval officers care very little

for the profession; not that they are ignorant—the nautical academies at Oranienbaum, Petersburg, Cronstadt, Odessa, and Nicolaïen, provide all sorts of theoretical knowledge—but for all that, it is not in the grain.* And Mr Oliphant tells us that 'it is maliciously said, that upon the few occasions the Russian fleet, in the Black Sea, have encountered a gale of wind, the greater part of the officers and men were always sea-sick.' It is certain that they have sometimes been unable to tell whereabouts they were, on their extensive cruising-ground. Supposing there is no exaggeration in the above, we would yet remark, that even if the native Russian officers had a predilection for the sea, they have, in the great majority of instances, really no opportunity of acquiring sufficient practical knowledge of their profession; for even an Englishman—a born sailor, according to the opinion of continentals—could not become an able naval officer without many long years' experience of life afloat in active service.

Now for the Russian sailors—although, if what is generally asserted of them be at all correct, sailors they are not, but mere *scuffers on shipboard*. Personally, we know little of the Russian sailors, but that little certainly tends to confirm the accuracy of all we have read on the subject. We have seen them often enough on board their vessels in port; but one cannot tell what sort of stuff mariners are, unless one has an opportunity to observe them in the active performance of their duties at sea. On one occasion, indeed, we made a voyage in a vessel on board which a Russian from the banks of the Dwina served as one of the crew. Whether he had been regularly trained to the sea, we know not, but never did we see such a miserable caricature of a sailor. He appeared very willing to do his best, but he was literally fit for nothing but to pull his ounce at the fall of a tackle, for he was naturally incapable of performing a seaman's duties. Unquestionably, the Russians have no aptitude for maritime pursuits. 'Of all nations,' observes Mr Kohl, 'inhabiting modern Russia, hardly one is acquainted with or accustomed to the sea. The actual Russians—those in the heart of the country—having nothing to do with the sea, and the dwellers on the coast are everywhere colonists and strangers. Even of the maritime population, few are familiar with the ocean. The Lettes in Courland and Livonia ever held the "yure" (sea) in great dread; the Tatars of the south have always been shepherds, obtaining their foreign produce from foreign maritime nations; and the Cossacks never issued, except at intervals, from the interior of the country, to make predatory excursions on the sea. . . . Of the 30,000 sailors now serving in the Russian fleet, at least 24,000 have grown up at the plough and spade, and but 2000 or 3000 at the utmost have served any sort of apprenticeship on the Black Sea, or in the fishing-trade on the Northern and White Seas, and on the great rivers of the country.' Precious materials these wherewith to man three-deckers!

The Fins, and also the natives of the coast of Esthonia, one of the Baltic provinces, are, however, excellent seamen—especially the Fins, many of whom serve in foreign ships all over the world. But the population of Finland is so sparse, and the grown-up seamen are so apt to avail themselves of the earliest opportunity of quitting the paternal rule of the czar, in order to enter the merchant-service of foreign countries, where they will be in no danger of the knout, and have tenfold greater pay, that the actual number of them serving in the Russian navy is comparatively small; and the staple of the crews of

* About sixteen years ago, the captain of the steamer between St Petersburg and Lübeck, in which the emperor himself was a partner, was confined to his state-room from sea-sickness the greater part of every voyage; his wife doing the honours of the table in his stead, and the mate acting as master.

Russian men-of-war, as a matter of necessity, consists of Russians proper, who dread the sea even more than Germans do—and that is saying not a little.

If an iron discipline could make seamen of the Russians, they would be everything that could be desired. As it is, they are drilled into exquisite machines, and will perform their assigned duties with the precision of clockwork; but beyond this they cannot go. They have no heart for the service—no inspiration—no national pride in their navy. A Russian man-of-war carries far more men—we have read nearly twice as many—than a British one of corresponding size. We need hardly explain why this is thought necessary. One writer says: 'The rules and regulations of the service alone determine the movements of the Russian sailor. . . . The various manœuvres of the fleet are executed with great precision; but it appears that every man has his peculiar post, and that he is fit for only one set of manipulations. Of course, practice makes him perfect; but the question is, how the same manœuvres are to be performed in battle, when many of the crew are killed or disabled? The Duke of York insisted on the same men being marines, gunners, and sailors; and surely his principle was the better one! . . . When the Russian sailor sees a stray rope, he does not coil it, and put it aside; he reports the matter to his lieutenant, and the lieutenant refers to the journal for the name of the man who has neglected his duty, and having found the culprit, he takes hold of his ears, and pulls him up to the neglected rope.' We think it right to make a remark on the above statement. In the British navy, and in every navy, in fact, as well as in the Russian, every man has an assigned station and set of duties: each seaman is stationed, by the first-lieutenant, at a particular part of the ship or rigging, and he must, when on duty, especially attend to just that particular piece of service, and no other. But the difference between the Russian seaman and the English is, if we apprehend rightly, the following:—The Russian can perform *only* one particular piece of duty, having been taught and trained to do that, and that alone; whereas the English seaman can not only do his own especial bit of duty—we mean, attend to the particular duty assigned to him for the time being—but he can also do any and every duty of a seaman and a man-of-war's-man. And even if the Russian seaman had aptitude to learn, he can have practice, in the Baltic at least, only about five months in the year.

In conclusion, we need not apologise for quoting the following daguerreotype picture of a Russian man-of-war's-man, from Mr Jesse:—'England can afford to give Russia the mechanical means of endeavouring to rival her—neither money nor ukase can create the British seaman. No; here the czar must halt. He may order ships, like the *Twelve Apostles*, to be built, and guns, from four-pounder Paixhans, to be cast in unlimited numbers; but crews to man either the one or the other, neither he nor his successors can ever hope to have. Russians are the after-guard of all the sailors in Europe. One cannot help smiling when contrasting the seamen of other nations with theirs. Look at a Blue-jacket in our own service: he is all ease and freedom, agile and muscular; his countenance is open, and his bearing independent; and though he shows implicit obedience under discipline, his demeanour is manly as well as respectful, and he is clean. A Russian sailor has no pretensions to be called one; his head is nearly shaved, and his jacket of green cloth, made like a dragoon's, fits quite tight. This is buttoned all the way up in front, and padded out as an army tailor would make one for a young cornet. His lower extremities are cased in Wellingtons, and on his head is a decorated forage-cap, also on one side. If a mate, his jacket is stuck between the buttons of his jacket like an eye-glass; and last, though not least, when addressed

by his officer, he uncaps, and bringing his feet together, stands—O ye, take!—at what? "at ease?" O no! "at attention," with his little-fingers down the seams, and thumbs pointing upwards.'

•THE PRECIOUS STONE.

WALKING on the sea-shore one winter-day in one of our southern counties, and at low-water, it was my good-luck to pick up a stone, which, after a cursory examination of its surface, I decided on taking home, as I thought it bade fair to turn out well, and was likely to prove both valuable and interesting. Possessed with this idea, I cleansed it from the sand and other deposits which had rested on it, and laid it by in store, until time should allow of my investigating its pretensions more fully than I could, under the circumstances of the moment.

Arrived at home, I set to work at once, and truly I was not disappointed. I had found a treasure, and one of which three months' possession has in no degree lessened my admiration. Now had I, by some odd chance, picked up such a jewel as the Koh-i-noor, or a sizeable match for Mr Hope's blue diamond, I feel pretty sure that I should have many more enviers and sympathisers than I shall have in my present possession; and, in fact, if the owner of either of these wonders was to offer me an exchange, his for mine—'an even-handed bargain'—I have little doubt that I should accept it: but I am pretty sure of one thing—and that is, that I have derived more true pleasure and profit from the contemplation of *my* stone, than I should ever have gained by gazing on the 'Mountain of Light'; and, setting aside commercial views, that I am better off in the possession of my own treasure, than I should have been in that of either of the magnificent jewels I have mentioned.

And now behold me as I settle myself in the evening for a conference with this silent yet animated friend. A clear flint-glass goblet, full of transparent sea-water, stands before me, and into this I drop my stone, which has before been lying in some pan or basin of water, together with other treasures. Supporting it with a couple of bits of lead wire, so that the water may entirely encircle it, and each side of the stone may be in turn presented to the light, I place a stout piece of lighted candle on the opposite side of the glass, so adjusted as to pour its rays full into the middle of the water; and putting my pocket-lens to my eye, I set myself to watch.

For some time, I see nothing but the stone itself, which is a bit of common red sandstone, about two inches in length, and perhaps an inch and a half in width, and an inch in thickness; its surface considerably incrustated with those little white stone-like coils and other shaped structures—the work of marine-worms, &c., which are so commonly to be seen on old oysters and other shells and stones by the sea-side—together with other odds and ends of inanimate matter. I watch carefully, for I can scarcely suppose that it is a 'city of the dead' I am looking at, and that all the clusters of stone-castles, houses, and huts on which I am gazing are completely tenantless. Presently, a slight movement is seen in several places at once, and I eagerly shift my lens, so as to make it bear on one of the parts where promise of life is thus held out; but my ardour causes my defeat, at least for a season, for all motion ceases; and where I had fancied I descried an active living creature, I see nothing but a little lump of limestone as big as a pin's head. However, my disappointment is but for a moment; for, in a few seconds, the sentinels who have thus peeped out having taken another look, and reported 'all right,' such a rush of life takes place as can only remind one of the appearance of a street when some grand procession enters it, and every inmate of every house

pops his or her head out of the window or door, full of excitement, every hand being thrown aloft, and flags and handkerchiefs waving; and where all before was stillness and silence, all is now animation and activity. There are ladies, rich in plumes and jewels, with velvet mantles and satin trimmings; there are delicate little girls, clad in pure white, and merry jumping boys; but they all keep their door-and-window look-out, and never leave their house. Yet, although, like Swiveller's 'Marchioness,' they can thus take but a very 'limited view of society,' the manners of the inhabitants of my little red-stone world are exceedingly pleasing and polite; none interfere with or jostles another; you never see them butting at each other, and making a stir, as tenants of closely-packed human habitations are apt to do; for if one little fishy inmate, on emerging from his door, touches the tentacles of another, and finds that bit of water preoccupied, he gently gives way, and either turns his body round in its case, and expands his plumes in another direction, or else pops back into his house, and leaves his neighbour in peaceable possession.

There is one kind of joyous-looking creature which suddenly dashes out on you with but short note of preparation. You perceive a little white stone-wall, like a wall of circumvallation, built of lime, and somewhat angular and rough in its construction, which encloses a space of from the eighth to the tenth of an inch in diameter; more or less, according to the size of the animal to be accommodated. Within this little fortress rests a shell composed of six valves, which, when the inhabitant is at rest, is closed tightly up, but which, when it is disposed to cast its nets into the surrounding waters—for it is an indefatigable fisherman—uncloses, and discovers a cluster of the most delicately formed filaments, looking, at its first appearance, like a hand with the fingers closed over the palm. These, however, seldom remain so long, for after one or two gentle movements, which seem as if the animal was reconnoitring, they spring aloft into the water with the action of a hand clutching at some object. This most curious and elegant little creature is the sessile barnacle, or acorn-shell (*Balanus*), several species of which are common on our shores. There are two species on my stone—one has brown tentacula, and its clutching action is much more incessant than that of the kind which most abounds, and which pleases me so much by its lively and vigorous movements. This, my favourite, is silvery white, except at the roots of the arms—as I must designate the organs which it throws out from its shell—where its tint is a rosy red. It is semi-transparent, very slight and light in form, and exceedingly active in movement; but—unlike the brown species, which throws out and retracts its arms with as much regularity as a thrasher throws his tail—it often remains suspended in the form of a many-rayed star for a minute at a time. But although the general action of the balanus is suspended for a period, the creature is not idle. Two of its tentacula, which are a little different in form from the rest—the lowest on each side—are busy enough; for ever and anon, first one, and then the other, jerks suddenly outwards with a rapid, eager motion, and then curves up to the centre of the animal—evidently conveying some titbit to the ever-ready mouth; an action which irresistibly reminds you of a child wiping out a treacle-jar or cream-pot with its fingers, and then tucking them into its mouth, licking them thoroughly, and returning to the charge each time with renewed delight and increased appetite for the scantily obtained dainty.

The structure of the balanus is wonderful, and very beautiful. I have described its habitation, but the animal itself is well worth notice. It consists of a body in organic connection with the case, formed, at the part which projects into the water, in the shape of a circle with a point rising from it. Round this circle

and point are set a series of about sixteen flexible arms, fringed on both sides with bristling pointers. These arms, when expanded, form a fan shaped like an oval with one end cut off, the arms being graduated in length, and the lower part much more than half the length of the upper pair. The cilia, or bristles, on these tentacula, are so arranged that those on one shall exactly meet the interspaces in its next neighbour; and thus, when the animal contracts and closes them in, they form a net of the finest meshes. These delicate organs the balanus suddenly jerks out from its shell; and the cilia or bristles on them being in constant motion, make a vortex in the water, which draws towards the net the animalcula on which the animal subsists. It then rapidly closes in the tentacles, and, as it were, draws the net enclosing its prey, which is no sooner consigned to the barnacle's devouring maw, than the apparatus is again cast forth; and this action is repeated about once in each second.

Of these amusing creatures, there are so many on my stone that I have never been able to count them. When I have counted twenty or so, I find, on looking back, that at least double the number have appeared; or else, when I am busy in taking the census, a slight movement of the table tilts over the stone, and, quick as lightning, every little fellow, wheresoever he may be, rushes into his house, and lies snug till the alarm has passed. But if no such catastrophe happens, and all remains still, whilst I am watching these fishers, which are always the first living creatures to appear, I see various other tribes of beautiful creatures beginning to peep out at their doors—at first, shy and timid, and ready to start back if a breath ruffles the water, but by degrees gaining courage, and coming forth in their full proportions, as the French fairy tale says, 'each one more beautiful than the other.' But we must look at each tribe separately. First, then, for the *Serpula*. Most people must have observed a sort of semi-cylindrical stone-case wreathed into sundry convolutions and snake-like contortions, with which old sea-beaten shells and stones are incrustated: there are usually plenty of them on the shell of the oysters which are sold in the market. These little coils are the cells of a worm (*Annelide serpula*), and are, like those of the balanus, constructed by the animal itself with lime, which it has the power of secreting from the surrounding water; and as the worm grows larger, and requires more room, it adds a wider entrance to its house, thus securing at the same time greater width and length. This it does repeatedly in the course of its growth; and the new part of the edifice, and indeed each succeeding alteration, is marked by little protuberances where the old and new portions unite. At the mouth of one of these cases, you will see thrust out, gently and slowly, a flat substance, which has hitherto stopped up the mouth of the cell, as a cork stops the mouth of a bottle. This stopper—for so this organ is emphatically called—advances further and further, and rises to about the height of the fourth of an inch, and you then see that it is richly coloured, and in the form of a trumpet, narrowing down to a thin neck where it joins the body of the animal. In some instances, this stopper is of a brilliant rose colour; in others, of purple, orange, and white, all beautifully blended in an elegant pattern; in others, it is brown and white, olive and white, violet, or some other colour. As this rises, you begin to perceive that it is connected with another member, for a mass of tentacles, partaking more or less of the colour of the stopper, encircles one side of it. Now, keep quite still, and watch, and you will see a lovely sight, especially if you have a lens of power enough to enable you to observe the minutiae of the animal's structure. I have described the animal in its rise as consisting of a mass, and this is the fact; but when it has attained the length of about the third of an inch—with the lens, it will of course appear much

longer, but this is its *real* size—you start with surprise to see this mass suddenly spread open like a parasol, and a waved and spreading coronal of plumes, such as might adorn a Mexican prince, rise to view; you have just time to see that this rich plume, or rather double semicircle of plumes, is of the most glowing scarlet and white, or some other gorgeous tint, when, lo! your start and exclamation send back the pretty creature in affright, and it is gone. Like the sultan when Aladin's palace rose to view, you start with delight at its appearance; and, like him, rub your eyes, and wonder over its disappearance. But it is gone; and so entirely, that you can hardly believe the fairy vision ever existed. However, it does not stay long out of sight. Grown bold by its first essay, and finding all quiet, it and a dozen more rise into view, and flash open their splendid coronets in all directions. It would be vain to attempt to describe their dyes. My stone is rich in these, yet not so rich as a shell that I have seen, on which thirty-eight of these lovely objects have been expended at the same moment—some, the purest white on a base of orange-red; others, scarlet, the tentacles tinged and tipped with white; and some richly tinged with olive-brown, lilac, and white, singularly like small, exquisitely tinted passion-flowers. Then there are varieties, some of which exhibit a bluish hue, the true colour being almost white, but catching a prismatic colour from the light, like that on the pendent of a lustre when it divides a ray of the sun. Another I have is of a deep violet, with a ring of white round the stoppers; in fact, there is no end to the variety of hues which these elegant little creatures present.

Having myself sought through all the books which the library of a museum of natural history could afford me, for some account of the structure of these annelids, and in vain, I was delighted lately to find in Mr Gosse's *Aquarium* a clear and most interesting description of them; and as others may wish for information concerning these interesting objects beyond that of a mere description of their appearance, I will transcribe a part of his account, only premising that the species he describes are larger than those on my stone or shell, and the inhabitants of deep water. The structure of both is, however, so much the same, that the description will answer equally well for either, except in respect of size, in which the deep-water species (*Serpula cantortuplicata*) exceed the littoral species (*S. triquetra*).

After describing the beautiful coloured fans of which I have spoken, he says: 'Take your pocket-lens now, and examine the structure of your brilliant organs in detail. Presto! on the slightest movement of your hand towards him, he is gone! He has retreated like a lightning-flash into his tube. But did you notice how cleverly, as he went, he shut the door after him? A most marvellous contrivance is here. Watch it as it again protrudes. There is a solid organ, exactly conical, seated at the end of a long flexible stem, which forms the stopper; it is one of a pair of tentacles; but as only one could be of any service as a stopper, one only is developed, the other being minute. This stopper is very beautiful; it is always richly coloured, usually orange or vermilion, sometimes varied with pure white; its flat extremity or top is made up of ridges, which run from the centre to the circumference, where they project in tiny teeth of the most exquisite regularity. The fan-like expansions are formed of radiating filaments, also very brilliant in hue, which are the breathing organs, separating the oxygen from the currents of water which play along their ciliated surfaces.

There is no distinct head in these animals, but the organs I have described are protected by a sort of protecting mantle or hood, beneath which is the orifice of the stomach. The mechanism by which the serpula

projects its body from the shelly tube, and by which it withdraws on alarm with such inconceivable rapidity, is wonderfully curious. Behind the head—or what, for convenience, may be so termed—the sides of the body are cut into nipple-like feet, about seven pair in all, which are perforated, and carry so many bundles of fine, elastic, horny bristles, like the hair of a camel's-hair pencil, each pencil carrying from twenty to thirty bristles. By means of suitable muscles, the pencils are pushed out to their full length, or withdrawn so as to be wholly sheathed in the foot. Now, let us look at the structure of these bristles. A few are simple hairs, but the majority are instruments of elaborate workmanship, though high powers of the microscope are needful to display them well. Each bristle consists of a transparent, yellow, horny shaft, the extremity of which dilates into a slightly enlarged knob. This is cleft into four points, three of which are minute, but the fourth is developed into a long, slightly divergent, highly elastic, tapering, and finely pointed spear.' With these curious organs, the serpula effects its exit from its tube; but there is another and still more curious apparatus provided, to enable it to make its sudden dash back into its castle—so elaborate, that its details would occupy too much space for insertion; but we may just intimate that 1900 prehensile organs, furnished with suitable muscles, are supplied to this tiny worm—which seldom exceeds an inch or an inch and a half in length—to enable it to retreat, and that it is calculated that from thirteen to fourteen thousand teeth are employed to lay hold on the membrane of the cell when the serpula chooses to retire. 'No wonder,' says Mr Gosse, 'with so many grappling-hooks, that the retreat is so rapidly effected.'

But there are other treasures on my stone besides the balani and serpula. As I glance over the thickly-populated sides, I discern some minute fronds of most vivid green: these are tiny plants of sea-weed (*Ulva latissima*), which have taken root, and now grow and flourish on their little rock in this diminutive ocean with as much vigour and beauty as if in the deep wide sea; and here and there I see some little roving creature that 'wanders free,' leading a sort of gipsy-life, and having no fixed habitation. A very small green shrimp-like animal is one of these; and another is a queer creature, which always reminds me of the 'laidly worm' of ancient ballads. This strange reptile is a reddish worm, its rings well defined, its head and tail wedge-shaped; and these would be undistinguishable the one from the other, but for a pair of wicked-looking black eyes which adorn one extremity, and give an idea that it is the head. Other distinction has it none, at least not that I can perceive under my pocket-lens, for it progresses equally well in either direction. Round the neck of this 'laidly worm' is a fringe of what appears to be smaller worms: they are annulated exactly like the body, of the same colour, and in all respects resembling the body of the worm to which they are appendages. I at first thought they were young ones, but on watching them, I found that they were attached to the body in a whorl at about a fourth part of its length. These—which I imagine to be tentacles—are continually writhing in the most strange contortions, spreading forwards into the water, or back round the body; lengthening to a wonderful length, and then contracting themselves, or some two or three of their number, into a mere knob, and weaving and interlacing with each other until you would think they were so tied up in knots that they could never be untied—when, lo! up goes the whole party quite free, and stretching hither and thither in curling Medusean clustres. What kind of annelids this is, I know not, but I must confess that it is so unnatural and wild-looking an object, that if it were more than about half an inch in length, I do not think I should be disposed to meddle much with my stone

until I had served it with a writ of ejectment, and seen it fairly dislodged. However, this "ugly little beast" seldom troubles me, for his dwelling is in some secluded cleft of the stone, and he annoys me but little with his writhings.

Another wanderer is a long and very beautiful nereis-worm, about an inch and a half in length, and thin as a fine thread. He is pure white, beautifully marked with green; and as he glides in and out between the serpulæ, &c., reminds one of a very long train of railway-carriages seen from a distance—now sweeping round a corner on the road, then entering and emerging from a tunnel, but ever gliding on with an even and sliding sort of movement peculiar to itself.

One day, as I glanced over my living creatures and their homes, I perceived that there had been several additions to the colony since I had last seen it, and that several new houses had been built and were inhabited. They were quite in a different style of architecture from the last, being little round towers shooting straight up from the stone, and looking like the Scottish Border towers in which such men as Johnny Armstrong used to live, and from which they kept watch, and on occasion made a swoop on the country, and lifted cattle, &c., at pleasure. These towers, of horny substance, brown and slightly rough-cast, and tipped with red, for about one-third of their height were opaque below, but the upper part semi-transparent. As I watched, I observed the upper portion of one to grow denser, and accordingly I began to expect the inhabitant to issue forth and shew himself, which in process of time he did. There were several of these towers; but as they were not all occupied by the same description of tenants, I must describe each in its turn, but shortly, for space forbids much extension of my subject. From some of these, then, I saw appear a little pellucid spine, white as crystal, and about the sixteenth of an inch high, and the size of a small pin; this shot up as the tube of a microscope springs from its sheath, remained suspended for an instant, and then threw open about twenty glistening tentacles, in the form of a delicate little star. Several of these lovely little zoophytes sprang up into view at once in different parts of the stone, and from day to day their numbers have been continually increasing. Besides these pearly flowers, which fluctuate in form, now capping upwards, then bending down, and then resting in the form of a flat star, are others much larger, and of a rosy-red hue: these are formed of twelve feathered plumes, rising, like the feathers of a shuttle-cock, in a circle wider at the top than at the base. These plumes wave irrespectively of each other, with a most graceful and lovely motion. Each is formed with a sharp smooth point which arches over, and at about a third part of its length the quill becomes densely feathered on both sides with ciliated tentacles. I have seen these stars, nearly white, assuming the most exquisite iridescent hues; but they were in general of a red tint. The whole coronal has power of consentaneous as well as of separate motion, and the changes in its position and form are incessant: sometimes it droops and bends over, then turns entirely round in its case, or waves one or two of its plumes inward or out, as the case may be, with a sudden flashing movement, exceedingly easy and graceful.

This latter, as well as the serpulæ, classes with the annelidæ, or worm family, and so does one other highly amusing creature with which both stone and shell abound, and the description of which must close my eulogy. This sprightly creature lives in a poly-pidom, or case, of the turret form, so like those from which both the white star-shaped zoophyte and the "rosy star" inhabit, that you do not know until the inmate appears which sort of animal you are to expect. If you closely observe, you will, however,

soon see that from the greater peak of these little turrets, instead of either a silvery point on a tuft of red filaments, it is two loops which first greet your sight—small, thread-like, semi-transparent loops. Watch them for a moment, and you will see them grow longer and longer, until at last one end of each escapes from the tube, and you discover that it is a pair of horn-like tentacles, of half an inch or more in length, which have thus been looped up for the convenience of packing. These flexible and nearly transparent organs are ever in motion, waving hither and thither in the water—now both aloft; now one grovelling on the ground, and *depping*, like an angler's line, into every crack and crevice near, slipping into the cavernous mouth of a serpulæ-case, or angling in the very middle of an acorn-shell; whilst the other whisks about in the waters alone. Now these long horns twist together, then separate, and again resume their everlasting tossing, continually reminding one of the goblin page in the *Lady of the Last Minstrel*, who is endlessly tossing his arms, and crying "Lost! lost! lost!" Never did any creature exist who gave such an impressive idea of *upset*, for, day and night, these arms are ever at work; nor have I ever seen them withdrawn, unless for a few moments, when frightened into retreat. In a few minutes after these strange creatures have first emerged, they become quite at their ease, and you then perceive that these restless organs belong to a body as *useless* as themselves—a pure white, glassy-looking little body, which is seen to rise from the mouth of the tube, and lean out of his house so far as to make you almost disposed to shout out, "Take care!" for he looks like a child leaning so far out of the window as to be likely to lose his balance, and tumble over. But no! he! Over he leans, the most wild and wicked-looking creature you can imagine; and presently dashing forward, he seizes in his mouth a branch of a most delicate and exquisite little sparkling zoophyte, with which the stone is closely beset, and snapping it off, bears his prey in triumph into his case, like the Ogre of fairy tale, no doubt there to devour him at his leisure. This pretty zoophyte, on which this wretched little harpy-like animal is so fond of feeding, is worthy of a few words, as, though very minute, its species is one of the most abundant, as well as one of the most lovely, in my marine city. I had often observed that the rock on which my city was built, and all the houses and other buildings on it, were constantly covered with what I took to be a deposit from the water. I therefore, with the feather-end of a pen, carefully brushed it all over in water, and soon saw that all was smooth and clear; but, rather to my annoyance, after a few minutes I found this furry appearance was as bad as ever. Again I brushed; and again, after a short time, I found that it had been all in vain. On this, I took a more powerful magnifier, and, to my great delight, discovered that what I had taken for deposit, was in fact a perfect forest of living creatures! The whole of all the solid material on my stone was closely set with a delicate glittering little zoophyte, like fern-leaves, and small shrubs made of ice, as white and pure-looking as the hoar-frost, and as varied and beautiful in their forms as that fairy-like production ever can be. I touched them with the feather, and down they sank into little lumps of jelly, but only to reappear as soon as all was still—their lovely stems, branches, and leaves all of one homogeneous substance, and waving in the water like frosted trees under the influence of a stirring breeze in winter.

In describing the produce of my precious stone, I have not attempted to afford to my readers many scientific details which an experienced zoologist would require—my aim being not to assist the scientific, but to interest the unlearned; and I trust enough has been said to lead the minds of some to inquire into these

matters a little for themselves; and I can assure those who feel disposed to do so, that if they once begin to traverse a portion of any one of the fields of nature, they will find so much to interest them, that whatever they may look back on hereafter with regret and sorrow in their past lives, it will surely not be on the hours they have spent in examination of the wonderful works of creation.

AN ALIRI AND ITS RESULTS.

A piece has lately been produced with much success at one of the London theatres, the interest of which turns entirely upon the supposed guilt of an innocent man. His striking resemblance to the true culprit leads to the mistake, which, upon the stage, is happily rectified before the conclusion of the drama. The real incident upon which the piece is founded had a very different termination, for the supposed murderer of the courier of Lyon actually died on the scaffold. The witnesses upon whose testimony he was condemned had made a mistake as to his identity of the man, and the fatal error was not discovered until it was too late. Some persons may imagine that such terrible mistakes are now-a-days impossible; or, at all events, that although our lively neighbours on the other side of the Channel may possibly be misled at times by their fancies, such things cannot happen in this matter-of-fact country, where the suspected criminal has every means of defence at his command, provided he can pay for it, and even if he cannot, where he can reckon at least, with certainty, upon a public trial before a jury of his fellow-citizens. I wish with all my heart that I could subscribe to this comfortable doctrine, but sad experience forbids. I am very far, indeed, from asserting that an innocent man is often mistaken for a guilty one in our criminal courts; but such mistakes do occur, as those who are conversant with such matters well know. Some of my readers may be startled at this announcement. Let those who doubt it, peruse the following simple narrative, the details of which are strictly true.

It is not many months since the inhabitants of the town and county of D— were kept in considerable alarm by the frequent burglaries which were committed in the district. One of these attracted especial attention from the systematic mode in which it was effected, and the amount of property carried away. The robbers, five or six in number, and all completely masked, made their way, in the middle of the night, into the residence of a wealthy farmer, and after rousing the inmates from their beds, obliged them to give up all the money and plate in the house, amounting in value to a good many hundred pounds. After plundering the house, and taking effectual precautions against a surprise, the burglars sat down and regaled themselves upon the best cheer the premises afforded. Towards daybreak, they at length took their departure, leaving their victims apparently too much stupefied with surprise and alarm to make any attempt at the pursuit and discovery of the depredators.

This outrage was committed in the middle of summer; and shortly after daybreak, on the same morning, two men were observed, about a mile from the scene of the robbery, hurrying along the high-road which led to the town of D—, and which lay a few miles distant. One of them carried a bundle in his hand, and a county constable who happened to meet them, asked what it contained. The man thus accosted returned an evasive answer, and quickened his speed. The constable then insisted upon examining the bundle; the man resolutely refused, and after a brief altercation, drew a pistol from his pocket, discharged it at the officer, dashed through a hedge, and fled across the fields. Fortunately, the shot did not take effect,

and the constable immediately followed the fugitives, for both the men took to flight immediately after the pistol was fired. A bricklayer, proceeding to his work, encountered them as they were hastily crossing a stile thus pursued. He attempted to seize one of the men, but failed; and they soon afterwards reached a wood, where all trace of the fugitives was lost.

The police of the district very naturally concluded, that these two men were concerned in the daring burglary which I have described, and every effort was made for their apprehension. Indeed, they seemed to afford the only clue to a discovery of the gang, as, from the circumstance of the whole of them being closely masked while engaged in the robbery, neither the master of the house nor any of his servants could undertake to identify one of them. After an incessant search of several weeks, a man was at length apprehended on suspicion in the town of D—. On examination before the magistrate, the county constable deposed that the prisoner was the person whom he had met on the morning of the robbery, and who had fired a pistol at him, and then made his escape. This witness was corroborated by the bricklayer, who had heard the report of the pistol, and who had attempted to stop the fugitives, one of whom he pronounced to be the prisoner. Upon this testimony, the latter—of whom, I may observe, that the police knew nothing previously—was committed for trial at the ensuing assizes.

Happening to be at D— at the time, and feeling some interest in the case, I obtained, not without difficulty, a seat in court on the morning of the trial. My curiosity was not singular, for I found the building crowded in every part, and many of the gentry of the district were provided with places on the bench. The prisoner on entering the dock, was closely scrutinised by the more eager portion of the audience, but his appearance presented none of those indications of villainy which the curious in such matters are apt to detect in conspicuous criminals. He was a tall man, about thirty years of age, of a powerful and active frame, and with a countenance of greater intelligence than is usually observed among the class to which he professed to belong—that of day-labourers. His clothes, which were coarse but clean, were in keeping with his professed occupation. He looked anxiously around the court for his counsel, with whom he conversed earnestly over the railing of the dock while the jury were being sworn; and when called upon to plead, he said he was 'not guilty,' in a very decided tone. The trial proceeded, and the first witnesses called were the gentleman whose house had been broken into, and his servants. They detailed minutely all the circumstances connected with the burglary, and astonished their auditors with a relation of the cool proceedings of the robbers. One of them, according to the master of the house, sat down at the piano, while his companions were regaling themselves with wine and spirits in the drawing-room, and played several airs with the rapidity and finish of a professed artist. 'You are surprised,' said this accomplished burglar, still wearing his mask, to the astonished host. 'Let me tell you, old fellow, that I am a better educated man than you are,' a proposition which, under the circumstances, no one ventured to dispute.

'I'm blowed,' whispered a rough voice behind me, 'if it was that ere chap in the dock as played on the piano!'

As I glanced at the prisoner's sunburnt hands, hardened with the toil of twenty years, I felt the justice of this remark, which was made by a man in a working-dress in the crowd. But this circumstance told but slightly in favour of the prisoner, as it was clearly shewn that there were five or six men engaged in the robbery. The task still remained of identifying the individual in the dock as one of them, and this the inmates of the house all failed to do. The robbers had

been all so carefully masked, that the countenance of not one of them was seen even for an instant. So far as the case had gone, there was not a shadow of evidence against the prisoner.

The next witness produced was the police-officer who had met the two men under very suspicious circumstances early on the morning of the robbery. He stated, that the one who carried the bundle, and who had fired a pistol at him on his attempting to examine its contents, was the prisoner at the bar. This witness was most severely cross-examined by the prisoner's counsel, an advocate of great experience and skill, but without effect. The constable maintained, that he had not the slightest doubt as to the prisoner's identity; and the bricklayer, who was next examined, and who had attempted to seize the supposed robbers while they were escaping across the fields, spoke with equal confidence; and his testimony was equally unshaken by the prisoner's advocate. The whole case against the man at the bar rested upon the veracity of these two witnesses. No other evidence was adduced which either directly or indirectly affected him.

The case for the prosecution being closed, the counsel for the prisoner shortly stated the nature of the defence he was about to offer to the jury. It was simply, in legal parlance, an *alibi*. He assured the jury, that the two witnesses upon whose testimony alone they were called upon to convict the prisoner, were totally mistaken as to the identity of the man. He hoped to prove that at the moment when the constable met the two suspected persons on the road, his client was at home, and in his bed, in the town of D—, at the distance of five or six miles from the spot. He reminded the jury of the fatal mistakes which have been made in courts of justice with regard to the identity of individuals; and after dwelling earnestly on the previous unblemished character of the prisoner, concluded by expressing a confident hope that he would be acquitted of the heavy charge preferred against him.

It has been remarked, that an *alibi* is either the very best or the very worst defence that can be presented to a jury. If they believe in it, it is of course conclusive of the prisoner's innocence. If they do not, his conviction is all but sure to follow; because the attempt to impose upon them by means of a false defence, as they consider it to be, most materially strengthens the presumption of his guilt. The result of this trial fully bears out the truth of the latter proposition. A variety of witnesses were called to prove that, on the night of the robbery, the prisoner had returned to his lodgings at his ordinary hour, and that he had retired to bed even earlier than usual. Several of them, moreover, swore that he could not have left the house during the night without their knowledge; and the pertinacity with which they insisted upon this point, evidently created suspicion in the minds both of the judge and the jury. The prisoner lived in a lodging-house where there were many other inmates; and it was by no means improbable, that several of his fellow-lodgers should agree in concocting the story which each of them told in succession so glibly from the witness-box. They unfortunately proved too much in stating that he had gone to bed even earlier than usual, and that he could not possibly have left the house without their knowledge. Neither of these statements was inconsistent with truth, yet they had a strong appearance of being strained to suit a purpose. It was also an unfortunate circumstance for the prisoner, that all the witnesses called on his behalf were inmates of the same dwelling with himself. They were all, in fact, his own intimate associates. No stranger or disinterested person was called to confirm this doubtful testimony; and it was felt that the prisoner had not improved his chances of an acquittal by the defence he had offered to the jury. They did

not, in fact, believe his witnesses, but returned a verdict of guilty after a very brief consultation.

The prisoner seemed surprised and excited at the result, and protested in the most vehement manner that he was innocent. The judge, in passing sentence, said that he entirely agreed with the jury in the conclusion to which they had come: The prisoner was condemned to be transported for life.

'I would rather you would hang me at once!' exclaimed the man with an earnestness of tone and gesture which produced a marked sensation in the court; but he was immediately removed. One of the most experienced detective-officers in the kingdom, and who had been employed in getting up evidence in the case, happened to be standing by me at this moment, and he seemed struck with the earnestness of the prisoner's manner. 'It would be a sad thing,' he said, 'if the man were innocent after all.' The reflection coming from such a quarter naturally deepened in my mind the impression created by this painful scene. But such impressions are rarely lasting in a criminal court of justice. In the course of a few minutes, there was another prisoner in the dock, and the court, and jury, and spectators, including myself, were soon occupied with the details of a fresh trial.

Several months passed, and the man I had seen tried and condemned at D— was undergoing the usual imprisonment to which convicts are subjected previous to transportation, when a remarkable incident occurred. A convict, who was confined in the same jail, and who was also under sentence of banishment for another offence, confessed to the chaplain that he had been a party to the robbery described in the beginning of this paper. He further stated, that his fellow-prisoner who had been convicted at D— had neither been one of the party, nor in any way connected with the affair. He declared that he had never known, nor even seen the man until they met beneath the prison roof; and that the two witnesses upon whose testimony he had been convicted, must have been mistaken as to his identity. This startling confession was at first regarded as a fabrication by the prison authorities; but further reflection shewed that it might be consistent with the truth. The person who made it had no conceivable motive for inventing the story. He was already condemned to transportation, and it was not probable that the confession of another serious crime would lead to a mitigation of his punishment. The affair came to the knowledge of certain influential persons in the neighbourhood, and through their exertions a searching investigation was made into the whole case, and particularly into the evidence adduced to prove the *alibi* of the prisoner at the time the robbery was committed. The result convinced them that his defence had been a true one, and that the two witnesses who swore that he was the man whom they met on the morning of the robbery, had made a mistake as to his identity. A correspondence ensued with head-quarters, and the innocent convict was very shortly afterwards discharged from prison with a free pardon in his pocket.

'A free pardon for what?' the reader may exclaim. 'It was admitted by the authorities that the man was innocent.' It may be also asked, whether the victim of this cruel mistake was not entitled to compensation in some shape for the wrongs that he had suffered. From the fallibility of human testimony, such mistakes may be at times unavoidable, but when they are discovered and acknowledged, is there no reparation due to the innocent victim? The law makes no provision of any kind for cases of this description; but a very distinguished lawyer and legislator was of opinion, that this was a defect which ought to be remedied. The late Sir Samuel Romilly contended, that where an innocent man was proved to have been erroneously convicted and punished, he ought to be compensated by the

state. The equity of this proposition can hardly be doubted, nor does there appear to be any substantial reason why it should not be carried into effect. But there is a reflection of a more painful nature which arises from a consideration of this case. If it had occurred at a period within the remembrance of many of my readers—namely, when house-breaking by night was a capital crime—the man whom I saw convicted at D—— would, in all probability, have been executed within eight-and-forty hours of his condemnation, and his innocence, like that of the supposed murderer of the courier of Lyon, would have been established too late. Happily, the humane spirit of modern legislation rendered such a result impossible; but we cannot look back to the more rigorous practice of even comparatively recent times, without misgivings as to the judicial blunders which, in the indecent haste with which our criminals were then hurried out of the world, there is but too much reason to fear must have been committed.

WHAT IS NOT ETIQUETTE IN ENGLAND.

The following piece of drollery on this subject, containing some truths, along with a few absurdities, is given in Mr W. Blanchard Jerrold's work, entitled *Imperial Paris*. A Frenchman is supposed to be speaking. In England, 'it is not etiquette to go to the Opera with the smallest sprig upon the waistcoat or the cravat; to take soup twice; to salute a lady first; to ride in an omnibus; to go to a party before ten or eleven o'clock, or to a ball before midnight; to drink beer at table without giving back your glass at once to the servant. It is not etiquette to refrain a day from shaving; to have an appetite; to offer anything to drink to a person of high rank; to appear surprised when the ladies leave the table at dessert time—that hour which is so charming with us. It is not etiquette to dress in black in the morning, nor in colours in the evening. It is not etiquette to address a lady without adding her Christian name. To speak to a person, on any pretext, without having been presented; to knock at a door quietly; to have the smallest particle of mud upon the boot, even in the most unfavourable weather; to have pence in your pocket; to wear the hair cut close; to have a white hat; to exhibit a decoration or two; to wear braces, or a small or large beard—to do any of these things is to forget etiquette. But that which violates etiquette in England more than anything else is—want of money. Ruin yourself—run into debt—nobody will mind this; but, above all, be a spendthrift. If, when a foreigner arrives in London, it becomes known that he lodges in one of the economical hotels near Leicester Square, he is lost to certain society. Never will an equipage, nor even the card of a lord, wander thither.'

NEW DOVE-TAILING MACHINE.

We find the following account of a newly invented machine in a number of the *New York Tribune*:—Every one is aware that the ordinary process of making bureau-drawers, and other case-work, is very slow and tedious. A fast workman can put together only thirty or forty drawers in a day. Now, a machine has been invented by Mr Burley of Boston, by which from 75 to 100 may be dove-tailed in an hour, or from 800 to 1000 per day; and the work appears to be executed in a neater and more substantial manner than when performed in the ordinary way. The saving thus made, it is stated, is equal to 25 cents on each bureau manufactured; of course, a great revolution is to be effected in the business of making furniture. The machine is very simple in construction, and not liable to get out of repair, performing its work in the best manner—better, in fact, than it can be done by hand. The machine occupies a limited space; is not expensive; and any establishment in which any considerable amount of work is performed, will find it an object to obtain one, for it will pay for itself in a short time. It appears to us to be deserving of special attention from those engaged in the manufacture and sale of furniture.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE GIRONDINS.

BY MARIE J. EVEN.

A HALL for solemn banquet decked, but not for festal glee;
A voice of converse high, but not the sound of revelry;
And richest viands, choicest wines, and gold and gems
were there;

And perfumes from the far, far East came through the
midnight air.

And vases of rich traceried work were glittering around—
The crystal bright, the silver white, and all with garlands
crowned;

For flowers were there—the pure, the sweet—a bright and
radiant wreath,

Amid that lighted prison-hall, to grace the feast of death.

And there were they, the 'hero-men,' with lofty 'lighted
brows'—

The doomed, whose fire and eloquence once thrilled through
patriot vows;

And still from soul and lip inspired, the sweetest accents fell,
As 'mid that hour of strange wild dread, they murmured
forth farewell!

An awful band, for 'one was not'—he lay beside them
there—

Whose hand had 'forced the gates of death,' in the night
of his despair;

And when the morrow's sun shall come to chase the
shadows dim,

So will the dead Valazé's friends arise and follow him.

And mingled with the breath of flowers, arose the voice of
song,

To steep in rapture high the soul of that devoted throng;
And there spake one amid the pause of music's trancing
strain:

'Courage! my friends; in yon far land we yet may meet
again!'

Though shades of death were round them there, yet
burning thoughts arose

In words from lips soul-eloquent, to shake the dread repose;
But chief was heard the voice of one with glad inspiring
strain:

'Courage! my friends; in that far land we yet may meet
again!'

NEWSPAPER POETRY.

Perhaps it is betraying a secret of the sanctum, says an American paper, but we cannot help wondering why most of the anonymous effusions that sigh over reminiscences of 'boyhood,' come to us in delicate female handwriting; and why those purporting to be indited by unhappy maidens, are invariably in masculine chirography. If manuscripts were published as well as sentiments, readers would be astonished to see with what a steady hand 'Thoughts of a Dying Old Man' are penned; and how little knowledge critics of the sublime sometimes evince of Webster's Spelling-book. Romances of foreign lands generally come from people who have never seen salt water, and stories of humble life from those who would be shocked at an iron spoon. Everybody thinks there is poetry in everybody's life but his own. If people only wrote about what they knew, and not about what they imagined, what tons of trash this world would have been spared from reading!

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OUR OLD BETTY.

OUR Old Betty has a large circle of acquaintance, and most of them know—through her never losing an opportunity of spreading the information—that she has seen better days, although there are some dignified persons who doubt the fact. Her calling is very multifarious—one day, she goes out to nurse; another, to clean; on a third, she is engaged to wash; at one time, she has a house to let; at another, she is the pioneeress who clears the way, and makes all ready for the new incoming-tenant; and sometimes she is left to keep house with Jane, the servant, while the family is away for a week or two for a summer holiday. Now and then, when Jane goes away suddenly in a huff, Old Betty comes until matters are reconciled, or a new Jane is found to fill up the vacancy; and this is about one of the highest offices she is ever promoted to, as her nursing is generally limited to the circle of the servants. At times, she is rather diffident about giving her address: she would rather call to see when you are likely to want her; she is often passing; and it will quite be in her way, and not any trouble at all; for if you sent, she's afraid she might be out—'that's all.' Malicious people say she mostly lives near some marine-store, and that her objection to giving her address arises from a fear of her acquaintance obtaining a knowledge of the value of the 'rubbage' which she is allowed to carry away as her perquisite, and which the aforesaid establishment offers for sale; and Betty has been heard to say, that 'some persons are very particular about their old rubbishage—very particular indeed.'

Her dress sometimes wears an appearance of a past, at others, of the present fashion, according to the whim or generosity of the donors; for, as she now and then tells Jane, while they are hobnobbing over their wash-tubs:

'Mrs Thingumbob gave me this gown, because she didn't like it; and Mrs Thingumteny this bonnet, as she didn't think it suited her countenance; and Mrs What-do-you-call-her the shawl, because she thought it too old-fashioned, though it cost me a shilling to have it scoured.' But she only makes her entrance and her exit in this costume, for the one you see her in while at her work was brought in a bundle—greatly increased at her departure—under the above-mentioned shawl. The dress of our Old Betty is always in keeping with the part she has to play, or the work she has undertaken to do. Is it a house she has to let?—she primes and tidies herself up to answer the door, for there is a chance of some old bachelor or widower taking it, who may want a housekeeper; so she makes herself up as well as she can, to represent one of that

rather over-plentiful class of characters. If acting as nurse, she puts on a broad-bordered cap, that is puckered round with hilly folds, which gives her a motherly kind of look; while she treads softly, speaks low, and shews such an interest in the invalid, that she will not take up the daintiest mess you can prepare before she has satisfied herself that it will be agreeable to the taste of her patient, by gratifying her own. Has she to occupy Jane's place for a day or two?—she comes out as a juvenile antique; dons a janty cap over her false-front—sometimes the latter will get atwist; puts on a narrow, saucy-looking white apron; and moves her old feet wonderfully quick for her years, as if to impress you with the notion, that she is still as nimble as some of the young ones, though her scant breath betrays the wear and tear of old Time, through all the outward trappings that cover the decay she has made. But these are our Old Betty's white-loaf days, that lie few and far between, and which never come to gladden her while among those people whom she describes as being 'very particular indeed.'

When our Old Betty first came to wash for us, she seemed troubled with a nasty dry cough, that always appeared worse whenever you chanced to be passing her, as if brought on by her courtesying—for she is very polite in her way. We mentioned this affliction to the friend who had recommended her, and were told that if we took no notice of it, it would soon go off; and, strange enough, it did; for after we began to shew our sympathy in silence only, it went clean away, and we heard no more of it. Young ladies who are newly married, declare that she still suffers under it, and that they have given her no end of things to try to cure her; but all is useless. In vain do we tell them to let nature take its course, and leave well alone; some will give her a little brandy; and when we first knew her, she used to say that her doctor recommended a little trip as a good thing for her complaint; but strongly disapproving of such a remedy, we pressed her for the name and address of her 'doctor,' and were glad to learn that he had left the neighbourhood. Finding that we had a great objection to her taking so stimulating a medicine, she soon discovered that a drop of beer now and then afforded her great relief; and in consideration of the hard work she did, and a conclusion of our own, that at her age habit required something—though it was bad to foster it—we yielded a little to the latter indulgence, for it seemed to enable her to go through her labour more cheerfully; and we have a strong belief that our Old Betty drank a great deal of gin and beer in those better days which she says she has seen.

When engaged in what she calls a 'heavy washing,'

our Old Betty generally finds an excuse for going out once or twice during the day. She says, 'It is to tell the lady who has engaged her, what time she shall be there on the morrow!' but Jane, who is rather a close observer of character, says that when Betty returns, she is for an hour or so very lively and communicative, and it is her opinion that she goes out to see that 'doctor' who has left the neighbourhood. Now and then, she has complained of the headache after these visits, and shewn great anxiety about getting the kettle to boil earlier than usual, telling Jane 'that she always finds great benefit from a good strong cup of tea whenever her head is affected in that way.' Indeed, she is very partial to strong tea at all times, and has often said, that if she were a lady, and could afford it, she should be more extravagant in that than she should be in the purchase of her dresses. When she is unfortunate enough to come to work for us on 'cold-meat days,' she generally tells the servant what a splendid hot dinner they gave her where she was last employed. She takes great pains to display the 'rubbage,' as she calls it, that she is allowed to carry away with her, by placing it in such a position that you must see it as you pass; for she herself cannot well say, 'See how honest I am!' though, if the bones, rags, old shoes, &c., had tongues, these would be the very words she would wish them to utter. Very young wives quite admire her for this, and sometimes cannot help expressing what they feel. 'I wouldn't take anything of value away, if I knew it, marm, nor for all the world,' says our Old Betty: 'many and many's the time that I have been tempted to do so by the servants; but as I've said to them, take an old woman's advice—honesty is the best policy. Because why, you can always go to the same situation again; and I've mostly found it so, excepting with those people who are very particular indeed.'

You can always tell when she has been employed, without either having seen her, or making any inquiry; for if you want a bit of old leather on the following day, or a nail to fasten up anything, a rag to wipe your spade, a bit of grease for your saw, you soon discover that there is neither an old shoe, a nail, a morsel of rag, nor waste grease to be found. Even the dustmen—who, when they call, appear to be pretty familiar with her—seem to be well acquainted with her appropriating propensities, and do not accost her in the friendliest of phrases, but bluntly begin with a 'What! you here, old'un! We shall get a fat lot at the marine-stores for what we pick up after you've been over the ground—almost as much as they'll give us sixpence for, if we first put sixpence three farthings atop of it.' I wonder you don't carry all the dust away as well. The brick-fields ain't above three or four miles off, and you might carry a good pennyworth in your apron, for "breeze" is fetching a stiffish price now.' But this 'chaff,' no doubt, arises from jealousy, and they are envious of our Old Betty's perquisites.

She likes to go out, and buy the brushes, brooms, pails, &c., herself. She has had such a deal of experience, she says, 'and can tell what will wear best, the instant she sees it; beside, they do so impose upon servants, putting them off with any "rubbage," and charging them the highest price into the bargain; but they must get up before the cocks crow, to get the better of her.' Jane says, she puts a few pence in her own pocket when making these purchases, as the shopkeepers allow her a commission. Betty is a capital hand at throwing out a delicate hint. Poor old creature! no doubt poverty sharpens her wit. Only give her a piece of old carpeting to take home, and with what a 'thank you kindly' she receives it. 'It is just the very thing she was praying for, when her chilblains were so very bad last winter; but that might be owing to the hardness of her shoes, or the want of a good pair of warm stockings; and so, in her way, she manages to 'kill two

birds with one stone.' She never hurries, but, however little she may have to do, manages to make it last all day, by turning out holes and corners which are very rarely emptied or looked into. What piles of lumber she disinters! What good resolutions, broken, lost, forgotten, does she drag into the accusing light! earnest, determined economy now mouldy, damp, and past all recall or repair, and the new extravagance slowly going the same way: shoes that were to have been sent to mend, clothes about which you were to have called on the tailor, now ruins of good intentions—thrift that never arrived at maturity, but fell under the killing frost of negligence, to be for ever destroyed. How these things would have been declaimed against as wanton waste and ruinous extravagance, had they been so rolled up and thrust away at first, nay, even given to those they might have benefited, and now—oh! 'the offence is rank,' and Betty bears them off amongst her perquisites, grumbling, no doubt, at our selfishness, and thinking what good they would have done for her, had they been given to her before the moth, the mildew, and the mouse had found in them an abiding-place. Alas! thousands of good purposes are so stowed away and lost for ever to the world, and more's the pity!

Our Old Betty dotes upon any new article that is shewn to her, and would so like to have it when done with—she wouldn't care how worn or dirty it may be; it will just be the very thing for her. Let her once begin to talk, and you never know when she'll leave off; and when she is doing anything in your presence, you feel her side-long glances, and can tell, by her incessant 'hemming,' that she is almost exploding to have a gossip with you, and you know beforehand that it will be all about herself, her circumstances, and her 'old complaint;' for, however much you may try to shift the subject, to that point she will ever keep turning. It is strange, she will tell you, what an appetite stirring about gives her, though when at home—and some of her friends now and then send her a few tasty things—she eats next to nothing; she fancies it must be the change of air. Jane says, if ever she has orders to give her a little cold meat to take home with her, Betty always wants a potato, and an onion or two—she is so fond of a little 'ash, especially if made with a spoonful of catsup, it does so seem to comfort her, and she does enjoy it so, you don't know.' She is very partial to a servant who is a good listener, and over a cup of strong tea will unbosom herself, and tell her 'tale of love.' She might have married, and well too, if she hadn't allowed herself to be over-persuaded—she might have been a lady, and have kept her own servants, and never had to do a hand's stir of work; but she always stood in her own light. It's true he was only in service when she first knew him, but, bless you! he got up in the world like a rocket—took a public-house, and in time became a wine-merchant. 'Seen him since? Yes; he once came to dine at a gentleman's house where she was employed while one of the servants was ill. Jane, who is a persevering girl, had some difficulty in worming out what the wealthy wine-merchant said to his old flame; but she succeeded at last, and it was: 'What! old girl, are you alive yet? Why, I thought you'd been dead years ago; and—he gave her a shilling! Had ever love-story such an ending before? According to her account, never was anybody so happy as she and their children as she has been.' Mrs So-and-so said: 'Betty, I'll give you a shilling for my little Nell and Billy, if you'll let me have them while we have a roof over our heads.' 'And I'll give them.' Many's the time she never had my clothes off, or lay down for a second even. Bless you! they would cry as if they were broken-hearted to come to me when I held out my arms. Like the 'doctor,' all these grateful families have left the neighbourhood, but Betty has no doubt that handsome sums have been bequeathed

to her by one and another; although obvious people have stepped in between, and kept her out of her just rights.

You are pretty sure to see her at the church or chapel you frequent. If she cannot succeed in attracting your eye by that old familiar cough, you are certain of receiving the accustomed courtesy at the church-door as you go out. She seems well acquainted with the old pew-opener, and no doubt the respectability of the pew-holders is summed up between them, and settled according to what each gives for cleaning their seats, or as other gratuities. Our Old Betty is delighted if she can but get you into conversation on 'that excellent discourse,' though you generally find it ends in her stating, that she doesn't go to church so often as she should like, for the want of something or another. She has frequented that church so many years; and Mrs Somebody, when she was alive, who also attended it, used to send her a hot dinner every Sunday. But all these hints are lost on our old-experienced ears.

Poor Old Betty! we fear that at times she is compelled to earn her bread in dark, damp cellars, and tumble-down outhouses, which increase the aches and pains she so often complains of; that our light, warm kitchen, with cheerful Jane for company, is a paradise compared with some of the places in which she is doomed to labour. She knows, when she is past work, that there are those who will interest themselves in obtaining for her the largest amount of outdoor relief that it is in the power of the governors and guardians of the poor to grant, and that there are a few of her old employers who will not wholly forget her. Perhaps her little hoardings and harmless pilferings may arise from a wish to have a few shillings by her, to purchase such extra comforts as she has long indulged in from 'doctors' who have not yet left the neighbourhood; for the little back-room, which she has long rented at a shilling a week, will be no desirable spot to retire to when, with increased years, she sits in solitude beside its silent hearth, with no one to listen to the murmurings of OUR OLD BETTY.

LIFE AND CONVERSATION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

FIRST ARTICLE.

SYDNEY SMITH is too well known, by his reputation as a social wit and a brilliant satirical writer, to require any formal introduction to the readers of this Journal. His life and correspondence,* recently published, will doubtless excite a very general curiosity; and though perhaps this curiosity will not be gratified by the present publication to the extent desired, we think the work will nevertheless be acceptable, and meet with as cordial a reception as the editors anticipate. Lady Holland has not attempted any artistic delineation of her father's career and character; but she has supplied us with a number of details and particulars relating to his daily habits and occupations, the tenor of his thoughts and feelings, his style of conversation, his household and private conduct, which will enable us in some sort to fill up such features of his individuality as are necessarily left untraced in his public writings, and give us, upon the whole, a very tolerable impression as to how he lived and acted in the world. The work has evidently been undertaken as a pious duty; and in this spirit it has been executed with a most painstaking modesty, with the truest filial affection, and with a delicacy and tenderness for her father's

memory, which none but a woman and a daughter could have shewn. If we have any fault to find with her treatment of her subject, it is that she is too modest, too timid about her parent's eccentricities, too much afraid about giving temporary offence to persons against whom an innocent joke is left standing, when it is really of very little consequence whether anybody is offended or not.

There are, besides, constant references to events and circumstances, which might have been made much clearer to us by now and then a pot of explanation—a thing, however, with which Mrs Austin rarely favours us; and where she does, it is sometimes quite superfluous. Most of Smith's letters are written in a way of rapid allusion to what was passing at the time of writing in fashionable, political, and literary society; and thus, though obviously intelligible to his correspondents, they will not always be found so to the present generation of readers. They are pleasant letters enough, abounding in drolleries and witticisms; but, taking them altogether, they are not so interesting as we had expected to find them, and do not quite sustain the reputation, which the writer gained in his lifetime by the brilliancy of his conversation. Having said thus much, we may now proceed to draw upon both volumes as a quarry for materials that may serve us in constructing a slight outline of biography, embellished with such ornamental matter in the way of extract as we may find available for our purpose—consulting the exigencies of space, and what we may suppose to be the requirements of our readers.

The ancestors of Sydney Smith, so far as they can be traced, are understood to have been all more or less eccentric; and his father, in particular, Mr Robert Smith, is described as 'a man of singular natural gifts, very clever, odd by nature, but still more so by design.' Inheriting a fair property in his youth, he spent all the early part of his life—after marrying a pretty girl, and leaving her at the church-door with her mother—in wandering about America and other foreign countries; and then, after many years, returning to further diminish his fortune 'by buying, altering, spoiling, and then selling about nineteen different places in England,' till in his old age he at last settled at Bishop's Lydiard, in Somersetshire, where eventually he died. The wife he married and left in that abrupt fashion, was the daughter of a French emigrant from Languedoc, who was driven over to England, like many others, by religious persecution at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and reduced to great poverty in consequence. Our friend Sydney was the second son of this marriage, and was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1771. Of his infancy and boyhood, we know little beyond what he was pleased to tell a lady, who asked him in the days of his maturity whether he was at all remarkable as a boy. 'Yes, madam,' said he, 'I was a remarkably fat boy.' Perhaps it was this premature corpulency which inclined him to lie on the floor reading books, and disputing with his brothers on subjects above his years, arguing 'with a warmth and fierceness as if life and death hung upon the issue.' This, as his mother relates, was pleasant to him than out-of-door games, in which, from bodily laziness, he rarely engaged with heartiness. The young Smiths were constantly trying their intellectual strength against each other, 'and the result,' says Sydney, 'was to make us the most intolerable and overbearing set of boys that can well be imagined, till later in life we found our level.'

Sydney's first schoolmaster was the Rev. Mr. Stoddart, a scholar of some celebrity in his day, who kept a school at Southampton, where the boy was sent in his seventh year, and appears to have had a not unpleasant time of it. From thence he went, with his younger brother Courtenay, to the foundation at Winchester—a rough apprenticeship to the world, says Lady Holland, 'for one so young, from which Courtenay ran away before

* *A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs Austin. 2 vols. Longman, London. 1836.*

unable to bear it.' Sydney suffered here a good deal of misery, and even positive starvation, there being never enough provided even of the coarsest food, for the whole school; and the little boys, being weakest, fared the worst of any. Down to his old age, he used to shudder at the recollections of Winchester, and would speak with horror of the miserable years he spent there; the whole system, as he said, being one of abuse, negligence, and vice. However, in spite of hunger and neglect, he rose in due time to be captain of the school; and whilst there, received, together with his brother Courtenay, a most flattering though involuntary compliment from his school-fellows, who signed a Round- robin to Dr Warton, the head-master, 'refusing to try for the college prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them any more, as they always gained them.' Sydney used to say: 'I believe, whilst a boy at school, I made above 10,000 Latin verses; and no man in his senses would dream, in after life, of ever making another.' He considered his time so employed as almost wholly wasted.

He left Winchester, as captain, for New College, Oxford, where, as such, he was entitled to a scholarship, and afterwards to a fellowship. But before matriculating, he was sent by his father to Mont Villiers, in Normandy, where he remained for six months, perfecting his knowledge of French, which he afterwards spoke with great fluency. On proceeding to Oxford, he found New College renowned for the quantity of port-wine consumed by the fellows; but he does not appear to have emulated their habits, or to have lived much in collegiate 'society'; his income, allowed by his father, being indeed but slender, and he was 'too proud to accept what he could not return.' He thus lost one of the advantages of college to a man dependent on his talents—that of making private friends among influential people. Of his career at college, little is known, save that he obtained his fellowship as soon as it was possible; and from that moment he was cast upon his own resources by his father, who never afterwards gave him a farthing till his death. 'Yet with this small income,' says his daughter—'about L.100 per annum—he not only preserved that honesty, so often disregarded by young men, of keeping out of debt, but undertook to pay a sum of 1.30 for a debt incurred when at Winchester school by his younger brother Courtenay, who had not had courage to confess it to his father before his departure for India. Courtenay became supreme judge of the Adawlut Court, subsequently made a very large fortune, acquired great reputation as a judge, and Oriental scholar, returned to his country in his old age, and died suddenly a few years afterwards; and, she might have added, left L.100,000 to his surviving brothers, to be shared among them.'

On leaving college, it became necessary that Sydney should make choice of a profession. His own inclination would have led him to the bar; but his father, who had been at considerable expense in bringing up his eldest brother Robert to that profession, and fitting out the other two for India, after giving up a project he once had of sending Sydney as supercargo to China, urged so strongly his going into the church, that the young man, after considering the subject deeply, felt it his duty to yield to his father's wishes. He accordingly became ordained, and entered upon that curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain, which he describes so pleasantly in the preface to his collected writings. The parish was Netherstrey, near Amesbury, and consisted only of a few scattered farms and cottages. 'The vicar of the parish, Mr. Bench,' says he, 'took a fancy to me, and after I had served it two years, he engaged me as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that I and his son should proceed to the university of Weimar, in Germany. We set out; but before reaching our destination, Germany was disturbed by war, and in stress of

politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.'

We now, for the first time, come to dates, the early part of the memoir being wholly deficient in those necessary finger-posts of accuracy. According to Lady Holland, it was in the year 1797 that her father first arrived in Edinburgh. He carried with him two introductions to Sir William Forbes and a certain Professor —, who was clerk to the General Assembly; and who seems to be described as —, because he said to Mr Smith one day after dinner: 'D—n the Solemn League and Covenant! it has spoiled the longs and shorts in Scotland.' Sydney would be then six-and-twenty years of age; and we can well conceive him as a fine, jovial, amusing, and eminently companionable gentleman. Though a perfect stranger on his arrival, he soon got acquainted with a knot of clever fellows, who were in the habit of meeting in each other's houses to discuss the principles of the French Revolution, and the effect their application might produce on the political state of Scotland. Not unfrequently, they would meet at certain oyster-cellars, where they had the 'most delightful little suppers,' seasoned with discussion on every imaginable subject; and which was carried on with a freedom and a candour such as is to be found only where men fight for truth, regardless of the consequences. They were all young men, and most of them had the task before them of building their own fortunes, without any particular certainty as to where they were to get hold of the materials. There was Francis Jeffry, a young advocate without practice; Henry Brongham, in a somewhat similar situation; Francis Horner, bent on making his way in political life, and much concerned about the destination of humanity; Thomas Brown, absorbed in metaphysics; Playfair, Murray, Leyden, and others, all since celebrated persons in a more or less degree. Sydney Smith thus speaks of his first acquaintance with Horner: 'My desire to know him proceeded first of all from being cautioned against him, by some excellent and feeble people to whom I brought letters of introduction, and who represented him as a person of violent opinions. I interpreted this to mean a person who thought for himself, who had firmness enough to take his own line in life, and who loved truth better than he loved Dundas, at that time the tyrant of Scotland. I found my interpretation just; and from then, till the period of his death, we lived in constant society and friendship with each other.' On another occasion, he said: 'Horner loved truth so much, that he never could bear any jesting upon important subjects.' But that there was a good deal of jesting in any society where Sydney Smith was, we may be well assured; though his wit was so innocent and natural, that hardly Horner could find fault with it, and by the rest it was received with the heartiest acclamations. A very pleasant time must the young stranger have had of it among these young Edinburgh wits and worthies; and with him as an accession and an ornament, perhaps there was then not a more brilliant and animated company to be found anywhere in Europe.

After two years' residence in Edinburgh, Sydney returned to England to get married. He had long been engaged to a Miss Pybus, an agreeable and accomplished young lady, whom he had known from a very early period of his life, as she was the intimate friend and schoolfellow of his only sister Maria. The marriage took place with the entire consent of the lady's mother; but with so vehement an opposition on the part of her brother, Mr Charles Pybus—who was a Tory politician, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty under Pitt—as produced a complete breach between them, and deprived the young adventurers of the assistance and protection he might have given them on their entrance into life. Luckily, Miss Pybus had some fortune, for the bridegroom's only contribution towards housekeeping were six small silver tea-spoons.

which, from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves. One day, shortly after the marriage, he came running into the room, and flung these precious articles into his wife's lap, saying: 'There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!' Upon his bride's small portion and the six silver spoons, they determined to return to Edinburgh, and set up an establishment. To buy additional plate and other requisites for the household, Mrs Smith sold for £500 a necklace, consisting of a double row of pearls, which had been given her in her infancy, and all that was wanted was obtained.

On returning to Edinburgh, Sydney was presented by Mr Beach with £1000 for the care bestowed on his eldest son; and this money he invested in the stocks, as a provision for a rainy-day. For the present, he proposed to support his household by taking pupils. Mr Beach requested him to take charge of his second son, and about the same time the guardians of Mr Gordon, of Eilon Castle, intrusted him with the education of that young gentleman. For the care of each of these young men, he received £400, the highest sum which had then been given for that purpose to any one but Dugald Stewart. Meanwhile, though without any clerical duties of his own, he sometimes preached in the Episcopal church; and he appears, even at this early period, to have been a good deal in request for charity-sermons—a circumstance which indicates a rising popularity.

It was while he was thus employed, and just about the date of the birth of his first daughter, that Sydney Smith engaged with Jeffrey, Horner, and some of his other friends, in starting the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which appeared in November 1802. To this number, Sydney contributed no less than six articles, all of them very short, and some of them consisting of only a few paragraphs; for a Review article in the beginning was not the formidable thing it has now become, any more than is a born giant, seven feet high without boots, in his infancy. In the first of these articles, he quizzed a sermon of Dr Parr, and incidentally quizzed his wig—that 'boundless convexity of frizz,' which, he said, was 'the terror of the literary world.' All the articles are light, and more or less satirical, and are now the most readable papers in the number. To say anything further on the origin, early management, and success of the *Review*, would be in this place superfluous, or is at anyrate unnecessary, since the fullest particulars on the subject are already to be found in print.* Before the appearance of the second number, Sydney Smith had quitted Edinburgh, and gone to London, whither it behoves us now to follow him. His connection with the *Review*, as is well known, still continued; and the amount of work he did for it may be seen by the list of the articles he collected and republished, with other pieces, in 1839.

On leaving Edinburgh in 1803, he probably spent some time in visiting friends and relatives; but towards the end of the year, we find him established in Doughty Street, Russel Square, with apparently no employment but that of writing for the *Review*. In a short time, he had formed acquaintance with several eminent lawyers then living in the neighbourhood, amongst whom were Sir S. Romilly, Mr Scarlett (the late Lord Abinger), and Sir James Mackintosh. Meanwhile, he was looking out for some clerical engagement; and, after a good deal of anxious waiting, he obtained the preaching of the Foundling Hospital, value £50 a year. Though this was small, it was then a very welcome addition to his income. While holding it, he tried to take a chapel on his own account, which had lately been vacated by the New Jerusalem Saints; but

the rector of the parish in which it stood, declined to favour him with the necessary licence. Thus, for two or three years, he was living on scanty and uncertain means, and that without the satisfaction of any better prospect. He fell in, however, with some temporary engagements in connection with proprietary chapels. He officiated for two years as morning-preacher at Berkeley Chapel, John Street, Berkeley Square; preaching also once a fortnight at Fitzroy Chapel; gaining in both places the admiration of his congregations. When he entered on Berkeley Chapel, it was so deserted that the proprietor had been for some time endeavouring to dispose of it; but, says Lady Holland, 'in a few weeks after my father accepted it, not a seat was to be had: gentlemen and ladies frequently stood in the aisles throughout the whole service.'

In addition to his growing fame as a clergyman, he acquired, during the same period, a considerable increase of reputation by a course of lectures on moral philosophy, which he delivered at the Royal Institution. His own account of these lectures is somewhat curious and amusing: 'I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted £200 to furnish my house. The success, however, was prodigious; all Albemarle Street blocked up with carriages, and such an uproar as I never remember to have been excited by any other literary imposture. Every week I had a new theory about conception and perception, and supported [it] by a natural manner, a torrent of words, and an impudence scarcely credible in this prudent age. Still, in justice to myself, I must say there were some good things in them.'—(Letters, p. 487.) Horner, writing at the time, says the success was 'beyond all possible conjecture—from six to eight hundred hearers; not a seat to be procured, even if you go there an hour before the time. Nobody else, to be sure, could have executed such an undertaking with the least chance of success. For who could make such a mixture of odd paradox, quaint fun, manly sense, liberal opinions, and striking language?' The author, for his own part, seems to have been quite surprised at his popularity; and so lightly did he hold the lectures, that he intended to destroy the manuscripts; but as they did not happen to come under his hands on burning-days—he had a great rage for burning papers—they were found by his widow after his death, and published so lately as 1850. As expositions of moral philosophy, they are, as he himself considered, of no great value; but they abound in exquisite passages of sterling sense and humour, and for the sake of these, were highly worth preserving.

With the proceeds derived from their delivery, he was enabled to furnish a new house on which he had entered in Orchard Street, where he continued to reside during the rest of his stay in London. He lived in simple and homely fashion, but yet with everything comfortable about him. As he could not afford luxuries, he dispensed with them, and showed himself in every respect above the folly of false appearances. Nothing, we are told, could be plainer than his table, yet persons of rank and affluence often came to visit him, and found the poverty of his fare sufficiently seasoned by the fascinations of his society. Remembering those old jovial suppers in Edinburgh, he established a weekly supper-party in his house; giving a general invitation to about twenty or thirty persons, who need to come at they pleased; and occasionally adding to and retaining them by accidental and invited guests. At these suppers, there was no attempt at display, nothing to tempt the palate; but they were most eagerly sought after. There was no restraint but that of good taste—no formality—a happy mixture of men and women—the foolish and the wise—the grave and the gay—and sometimes there was much to vary the conversation. To these suppers occasionally came a country cousin of Mr Smith's—a simple, warm-hearted

* See, under this article on Francis Jeffrey, in *Chambers's Journal for the People*, vol. II.

rustic damsel, who used to come up to him and whisper: 'Now, Sydney, I know these are all very remarkable men; do tell me who they are.' 'O yes,' said Sydney laughing: 'that is Hannibal,' pointing to Mr Whishaw;—'he lost his leg in the Carthaginian war; and that is Socrates,' pointing to Luttrell; 'and that is Solon,' pointing to Horner—'you have heard of Solon?' The girl opened her ears, eyes, and mouth with admiration, half-doubting, half-believing that Sydney was making fun of her; but perfectly convinced, at any rate, that her cousin's guests were most extraordinary people.

On evenings not devoted to these suppers, Sydney was to be found a good deal in fashionable society. He had become known to Lord Holland, and was often a dinner at Holland House, where he met all sorts of brilliant people, and was himself a universal favourite. From being frequently seen there, his acquaintance in London rapidly increased, and his company was greatly sought after by all who could appreciate a witty and wise companion. 'At this period of his life,' remarks his daughter, 'his spirits were often such that they were more like the joyousness and playfulness of a clever school-boy, than the sobriety and gravity of the father of a family; and his gaiety was so irresistible and so infectious, that it carried everything before it. Nothing could withstand the contagion of that ringing, joy-inspiring laugh, which seemed to spring from the fresh, genuine enjoyment he felt at the multitude of unexpected images which sprang up in his mind, and succeeded each other with a rapidity that hardly allowed his hearers to follow him, but left them panting and exhausted with laughter, to cry out for mercy.' An amusing instance of this occurred when he first met Mrs Siddons. She seemed determined to resist his jocularities, and maintain her tragic dignity; but, after a vain struggle, yielded to the general infection, and flung herself back in her chair in such a fearful paroxysm of laughter, and of such long continuance, that it made quite a scene, and all the company were alarmed. He had a talent for making the most common-place subjects amusing, and carried everybody along with him in the wildest flights of drollery.

It was known pretty generally that he was an Edinburgh Reviewer, and in some quarters he was, in consequence, the object of much abuse and misrepresentation. Lady Holland informs us, that one of her earliest recollections is that of being stopped at the door one day on returning from a walk, and desired by a gentleman to tell her father, that the king had been reading his reviews, and said 'He was a very clever fellow, but that he would never be a bishop!' Sydney had no ambition to be a bishop, but he would have been glad of a little moderate church-preferment, as he was now the father of three children, and was fast verging on his thirty-sixth birthday. But he had no private friends with livings in their gift, and the Tories being in power, he could hope nothing from the government. By a lucky accident, however, in the year 1806, certain political changes necessitated a change of ministry, and for a brief period the Whigs rose into ascendancy. To one who, as he says, 'had lived so long on the north side of the wall, this ray of sunshine was very cheering,' and it gave him hopes that he would now have 'some opportunity afforded him of exercising himself in his profession—a hope not disappointed, thanks to the exertions of Lord Holland, and his influence with Lord Chancellor Erskine. But the man who wants a living, must needs go where there happens to be a living vacant; and so, instead of getting inducted into some select metropolitan parish, or pleasant aristocratic town or city, Sydney Smith, the popular preacher and fashionable dinner-out, is sent to set up his shifting tabernacle among a population of uncouth rustics at Foston-le-clay, in Yorkshire. Nevertheless, to Sydney Smith, in his

circumstances, it was welcome promotion; inasmuch as it was a permanent provision, and afforded him 'the first feeling of independence and security that he had enjoyed after a life of anxiety and uncertainty.' Moreover, there was no immediate need of residence, as the duties for the present might be done by a curate. He had thus more income, and was at liberty to reside in town, or wherever else he might feel disposed to fix his household.

He preferred, upon the whole, residing in London; but in the summer of 1807, in order to give his family the advantage of country air and scenery, he took them to a little cottage in the neighbourhood of Reading, where also he composed himself to write a book, or rather a number of pamphlets, on a subject then greatly agitating the popular mind. There was a prevalent notion among many timid and orthodox persons, that a conspiracy had been formed among the Irish Catholics, headed by his holiness the pope, against the Protestant religion and the general institutions of this country; and it was the object of Mr Smith to expose and ridicule this senseless apprehension. Hence the *Peter Phymley Letters* to his brother Abraham in the country, the first of which, on its appearance in London, produced an immense sensation. We are told it was shortly 'to be found on every table, was spread in every direction over the country, and was the topic of general conversation and conjecture.' It was followed by another, and then by others, in the whole, ten in number, each successive letter increasing the eagerness and curiosity of the public. The government took great pains to find out the author; but 'all they could find out,' says Sydney, 'was, that they were brought to Mr Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale.' It is true, strong suspicions pointed towards the little village of Sunning, where Mr Smith resided; and a few of those best acquainted with his style, felt convinced there was but one man in England who could thus make the most irresistible wit and pleasantry the vehicle of an unanswerable argument: in short, his style betrayed to the discerning what could not otherwise be proved, and which was sufficiently concealed from hostile inquirers. 'Somehow or another,' says he, 'it came to be conjectured that I was the author. I have always denied it; but finding that I deny in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the Letters in this collection. They had an immense circulation at the time, and I think above 20,000 copies were sold.'

In the autumn of 1808, Mr Smith paid a short visit to Edinburgh, tarrying a little on his return with Lord Grey at Hawick, where was laid the foundation of that friendship between the stately peer and the witty parson which was a constant gratification to both during the remainder of their lives. In this same year was passed the Clerical Residence Bill, the effect of which was to oblige Mr Smith either to reside at his living or resign it. He, accordingly, went down immediately into Yorkshire, to see what it would be proper to decide upon. He found that the place was not called Foston-le-clay without a reason; his allotment in it consisting of 300 acres of glebe-land of the stiffest clay in Yorkshire. There had not been a resident clergyman for 150 years; and what once used to be the parsonage-house, consisted of a single brick-floored kitchen, with a room above, and was in so dangerous a state of dilapidation, that the farmer who had occupied it hitherto declined doing so any longer. It opened on one side into a coal-yard, and on the other into the burying-ground; and it was situated in a village where nobody lived but labourers and farmers. The country around was as unpromising as the house; and, altogether, the sight of things was anything but cheering. Let us send, however, said Sydney to himself, for the parish clerk, and institute inquiries. The clerk, the most important man in the village,

came according to summons; 'a man who had numbered eighty years, looking, with his long gray hair, his threadbare coat, deep wrinkles, stooping gait, and crutch-stick, more ancient than the parsonage-house.' He looked at the new parson for some time under his gray shaggy eyebrows, and entered into conversation, during which he shewed that age had not quenched the natural shrewdness of a Yorkshireman. At last, after a pause, he said, striking his stick on the ground: 'Muster Smith, it often stroikes moy mind, that people as comes frae London is sich fools. . . . But you,' he added—giving him a nudge with the stick—'I see you are no fool!' That conclusion, O venerable parish-clerk! is undoubtedly a sound one. I venture to say, that no judgment of yours was ever better founded! Here you have a man who understands thoroughly all the difficulties of his position; which are, namely, a house to build without experience or money—a family and furniture to move into the heart of Yorkshire, a process as difficult in 1808, to a man of small means, as a journey to the back-settlements of America at the present writing—the absolute necessity of his turning farmer, the living consisting of land and no tithes, there being no farm-buildings on it to enable him to let it—and a consciousness of the profoundest ignorance of all agricultural pursuits, inevitable to one who had passed his life hitherto in towns, and whose time and attention had been divided between preaching, literature, and society. That is Sydney Smith's position, and he comprehends it with perfect clearness.

However, he decides on retaining Foston, and quickly returns to London, to prepare for his rustication. By publishing a couple of volumes of sermons, he raises cash for the expedition; and in the summer of 1809, we find him established with his family in a cheerful house, in a village, about two miles from York. He bought a little second-hand carriage, and a horse called Peter, which, from the groom once exclaiming that he had 'a cruel face,' went ever after by the name of Peter the Cruel. So provided, he used to drive over with his wife to Foston on a Sunday, to perform his duties, returning in the evening; an arrangement permitted by the archbishop of York, to give him time to negotiate an exchange of livings, and thus save him the expense of building a new parsonage.

He took heartily to a country life, and cheerfully put up with all its drawbacks, like a man resolved to make the best of his situation. He used to dig vigorously an hour or two each day in his garden, 'to avoid sudden death,' as he said; for he was even then inclined to stoutness, and, as a young man, was considered a somewhat clumsy figure; so that a college-friend used to say to him: 'Sydney, your sense, wit, and clumsiness, always give me the idea of an *Athegian carter*.' In driving his little carriage, he at first displayed some awkwardness, but gradually improved with practice. The streets of York required a good deal of skill in driving, as any one, who does not know them, may judge from a joke which Sydney would often repeat. He once exclaimed to one of the principal tradesmen there: 'Why, Mr Brown, your streets are the narrowest in Europe: there is not actually room for two carriages to pass.' 'Not room!' said the surprised Yorkist: 'there's plenty of room, sir, and above an inch and a half to spare!' In the course of a short time, Mr Smith made a considerable acquaintance in and around York, and had, besides, his solitude enlivened by visits from some of his old friends. One day, as his children were amusing themselves with a favourite donkey, no less a personage arrived than Mr Jeffrey. Finding that Mr Smith was out, he joined the children in their sports, and, to their infinite delight, mounted the donkey. He was proceeding in triumph, amidst the shouts and laughter of the children, when Sydney and his wife, in company with Mr Hopper and Mr Murray, returned from their

walk, and beheld the scene from the garden-door. With beaming face and extended hands, Sydney, advancing, broke forth with this impromptu:

Witty as Horatius Flaccus;
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
Short, though not so fat, as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.

Thus, we see, our merry friend was not without his gratifications in his retreat, and still kept a store of wit and spirits to be used according to occasion.

Here, in his cheerful house at Heslington, two miles from York, we must for the present leave him; designing, if all be well, to resume the subject of his history in a future number. From this point, biographical incidents become scanty; and in the next article we shall have to deal more with funny bits from his letters, and recollections of his conversational peculiarities.

PROVERBS OF THE TATARS OF THE CRIMEA.

A GERMAN traveller who has visited Moscow, gives an interesting account of a collection of manuscripts relating to the Crimea, which are preserved in that city in the Library belonging to the Holy Synod. One of these manuscripts, in particular, he deems especially worthy of attention. It is written by one Parmen Petrowitsch Boldyrew, and is neither more nor less than an account of a tour in the Chersonese, with such descriptions of the country, the people, their customs, and their appearance, as is perfectly common in our modern tourist literature; but this, however, it gives which is not common—a long list of proverbs and apothegms, collected by the author during his residence among the Tatars of the Crimea. The name Tatar he applies indiscriminately to all the dwellers on the peninsula, although it appears that a distinction ought to be made between the Crim-Tatars and the Nogai-Tatars, who are very different from each other, although both dwelling together in the same part of the country.

The short pithy sayings of a people, containing, as they always do, some practical hint, mark more decidedly than aught beside the bent of that people's mind, and the degree of moral as well as mental culture to which it has attained. Proverbs are more significant in this respect than even songs; for these are called forth on the spur of the moment, and accord with the temporary emotions inspired by some exciting event; and may, therefore, bear an impress of nobleness which the nation generally may perhaps be very far from possessing. A proverb, however, is conceived in no moment of excitement or exaltation, but in a calm state of mind, when the understanding only is appealed to. Being of general application, too, not intended merely for this decennium or that popular cause, it is impossible that any save those which have taken firm root in the minds of the people can exist at all. Like the simple medicinal remedies in use among the peasantry, their efficiency, as well as facility of application, prevent them from ever being forgotten.

The German traveller above referred to, Julius Altmann, observes, that as the Tatars, especially those of the Crimea, were nearly related both in race and language to the Turks, and, moreover, at various periods were more or less closely connected with them, it is not to be wondered at if these proverbial sayings occasionally have so Turkish an air, that they might pass muster even as the product of Stambul. Our traveller observes, further, that if none are to be found indicative of hatred towards Russia, we are not on that account to suppose that such feeling does not exist.

The Tatar in the Crimea, indeed, has hardly a more abusive phrase than 'Sen Orus'—Thou art a Russian; or, 'Sen Kosak'—Thou art a Cossack; which at once shews what feelings she cherishes for the Muscovite. The censorship of the Russian press, accounts for the fact that no anti-Russian sentiments are found in this proverbial philosophy of the Chersonese.

The following have been gleaned from the larger collection:—

But yesterday, and thou atest the water-melon; to-day, eating melons, thou hast already forgotten the water-melon's taste.

He who will pass the ford, must not mind wading.

What cares the sick man for mare's milk? What cares he who is parched for *bosa* (beer made of millet), when he is drinking at the spring?

Allah allows the crop to fail of him who leaves nothing for the birds to glean.

Lamb, go not to the wolf's dwelling; cock, go not to the abode of the kite.

The house of the sultan lives in the mouth of him who has cast but a glance at Stamboul.

Desirest thou the hurricane? then praise the calm.

He who has suffered shipwreck, speaks no longer of the beauty of the sea.

We first fell the plantain, and then praise its shade.

Bald though the hawk be, he yet puffeth himself up.

The lass with the black locks lost the comb; the old woman with a bald head found it.

When you have no pole to knock down the peach from the tree, you say: 'It is sour.'

Every fir is not a cedar, but each thinks itself one.

When the poor man is made judge, it is time for the rich to quit the community.

The neighbourhood of the palm, near which the mushroom grows, is relationship in the eyes of the latter.

One man bores into the turpentine-tree with his knife; another draws the oil in the stone-jar.

For the first wish, a single camel sufficeth; for the second, not the whole herd were enough.

If the fish did not snap at the worm, Allah would not let him bite the draw-net.

It is not always a lovely female face that is covered with a veil.

It is dishonour to be bent, not to bend.

Though the drone suck the jasmine, it makes no honey.

Violets do not grow so high as nettles.

The satiated tiger worries sheep.

From the lovely maiden, not even the hurricane removes the veil; from the ugly old crone, the gentlest breeze takes the turban off her head.

We praise the turf, and do not know how soon it will cover us.

Put not thy secret into the mouth of the Bosphorus, or it will betray it to the ears of the Black Sea.

The block of marble calls the sculptor 'Brother.'

Fragrance rises from the chance of the trampled rose. Do not utter velvet words if thou intendest to accomplish stony deeds.

After the Ramadan, comes the Beiram.*

Burst not open the doors of another's harem, if thou desirest thine own to remain unbroken.

The wave is not higher in the gulf than in the ocean.

There is more fuss made about the *sheeta* (bulrush mat) of the rich man, than about the *kis* (woollen carpet) of the poor.

When the poor man attains to the *kis*, he does not know how to stretch himself upon it.

The grain of sand at the foot of the mole-hill seems itself larger than the Zeltberg (a mountain).

Necessity teaches the hares to jump.

The fool wanted to catch the bustard, but left the sprig at home.

Do not throw your stick at the dogs, but a bone; you may then go on your way in peace.

To the timid man, every spring-tail is a tarentula.

The flesh of the old pelican will taste tender when thou hast fasted for two days.

The fool ate once the liver of a whiting: to this day he praises the taste of fish.

Naphtha welleteth not from every fountain.

The blind man once called the slave 'Effendi' (a title of honour): to this day the slave carries his head the higher.

The thief hates even the reed.*

The *schalma* bespeaks pilgrimage, but not piety.†

Do not call thy neighbour *sefi* (fool), lest he name thee *Schailan* (Satan).

The plumage of the dove that flieth with ravens remaineth white, but her heart becometh black.

With the last step the (mountain) Tschatyr-Dag is scaled.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

RECENT WORKS ON THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE the period of my visit to America, the works of several travellers descriptive of the United States have appeared. Some of these writers went over pretty much the same ground as I did, others went further south and west; but whatever was the nature of their respective travels and inquiries, they generally coincide in presenting that favourable view of America, on the whole, which appears to be consistent with truth. It is pleasing, indeed, to observe that the age of misrepresentation and vulgar prejudice is past. English travellers through the United States no longer fasten on occasional oddities as a type of a whole people, nor do they measure every custom and institution by the standard of Old-country notions. They, on the contrary, seem ready to avow an admiration of many things in America; and when they find occasion to blame, they speak at least with temper, and in a tone of regret. It is to be hoped, on many accounts, that our American friends will justly appreciate this altered feeling in the English tourists who visit their country, and reciprocate the good-will which is now manifested towards them.

Our immediate purpose is to call attention to a few of the later works on the States, so far as they embrace subjects of pressing interest. The volume of Mr James Robertson, of Manchester,‡ to which we shall first allude, is perhaps more deserving of perusal by the Americans themselves than by the people of Great Britain. The topics which the author embraces are chiefly of a commercial and industrial character. The writer is a free-trader, and in a lucid and comprehensive manner shews the losses to which the American nation is subject, annually, by pursuing an erroneous, though possibly well-meant, restrictive policy. For some time, as may be generally known, the Americans have aimed at establishing native manufactures. Their object, of course, is plausible—the old story—it is independence of foreigners, and keeping the money within the country. Accordingly, a heavy protective duty is imposed on foreign importations. Let us now see how this principle of protection works. In the first place, capital is turned away from natural into factitious channels. Left to itself, money would be employed in reclaiming and cultivating a boundless extent of fertile land, for the sake of supplying food and other raw products at a price which would command

* As much to say, 'After storm, sunshine; after sorrow, joy.' Ramadan and Beiram, as regards fasting and feasting, being the Lent and Easter of the Mohammedans.

† The reed furnishes the pen with which his enemies write him. ‡ *Schalma*, or *shalmah*, is a white linen turban worn as a distinction by those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

‡ A few months in America.

the markets of the world; but tempted from its legitimate course, agriculture is left to languish, rural affairs occupy a comparatively inferior status, and as it comes to pass that, from the growing scarcity in New York, provisions have risen almost to famine-prices. Strange thing this to say of any large seat of population in the broad continent of North America!

With hitherto a duty of 30 per cent. on coal, it was expected that the rich fields of this article in Pennsylvania would be fully developed; these fields are no doubt worked to a considerable extent; and it may seem hard that people should leave unexcavated at their very doors what they would otherwise require to purchase from abroad. But the subject assumes a different aspect, when we learn, from good authority, that the Americans have already sacrificed 20,000,000 dollars in buying this dear native, instead of cheap foreign, coal. In plain terms, the people have preferred stinting themselves of fuel in a climate of extraordinary severity during winter, in order that those persons might be employed in mining who ought to have been producing the article—food—for which the country is pre-eminently adapted.

Thirty per cent. *ad valorem*, appears to be a favourite tax on the importation of prime necessities of life. Such is the duty levied by the Americans on sugar and molasses, with a view to encourage the cultivation of the sugar-cane in Louisiana and some adjacent states. Notwithstanding this legislative check to importation, sugar and molasses are introduced from Cuba and other countries, to the extent of about half the consumption. 'And yet,' says Mr Robertson, 'that is done at a profit—otherwise the trade would not be continued—after the duty of 30 per cent. Were that duty repealed, those sugars could and would be sold at a proportionate reduction in price; but that reduction in price would apply to the home-grown sugar as well as to that imported, because the price of every article is regulated by the cost of producing with a profit, that which is last brought to market. Therefore, the price at which Cuba sugars could be profitably sold in the American markets, would govern the price of that produced at home. Taking, therefore, the whole quantities of sugar and molasses, of home-growth, brought to market in 1854, and estimating them at a low average price,' it conclusively appears that the sum of 6,328,000 dollars is dispersed every year 'by the consumers of the States for the benefit of the sugar-planters. This is a very handsome sum to pay annually to a few planters, and says much for the liberality of the American people. If the 1437 estates are owned by as many proprietors, each may be considered to be a pensioner on the industry of the American people to the amount of 4370 dollars per annum. I am afraid the taxpayers of England would not like to have as many pensioners dip their hands so deeply into the public purse.' As neither the soil nor the climate of the south is adapted for sugar-culture, it is only by improved methods of preparation, 'and above all, by that enterprise and energy which the Americans infuse into all their undertakings, that they are now, with a protection of 30 per cent., enabled to compete with the sugars of Cuba and Brazil. Withdraw that protection, and nearly all the sugar-plantations would go out of cultivation, or be converted to the growth of cotton; or induce the planters of Cuba to improve their machinery, and adopt the general system which is now in use in Louisiana, and in spite of the present duty in favour of the home-grower, they would be able to undersell the Americans in their own markets.

Subsequently, our author presents a similar analysis of the losses incurred by protecting other branches of industry. The sum so mis-expended annually on iron, amounts to 3,600,000 dollars; on cotton manufactures, to 14,000,000 dollars; on woollen manufactures,

to 8,600,000 dollars; and these losses, united to that of 6,328,000 dollars on sugar, make up a total of 32,528,000 dollars; and if to this sum is added the loss on some other articles, it is conclusive that at least £7,000,000 sterling are given away every year, through what all experience proves to be a mistaken economic policy. 'I think,' says Mr Robertson, 'it will scarcely be denied that the prosperity of the manufacturing interests of America is well cared for, and this protection says much for the liberality, or for the simplicity of the consumers. That this ignorance of the true interests of the nation should continue to prevail in America, among the people who claim to be the "cutest" in the world, certainly affords matter for much surprise; for I imagine that in Old England, with all its abuses, fancied and real, such partial legislation would not be permitted to exist for a single year.'

The opinion common in America, that the comparative cheapness of English manufactures arises from 'pauper labour,' is combated by this intelligent writer. It is admitted that labour is dearer in the United States than in England; but the greater cost of producing cotton goods in America is traced to other causes: as, for example, 'the higher cost of machinery, its general inferiority, the comparatively imperfect adaptation of one department of manufactures to another, the scarcity and dearthness of capital, and the expensive and inefficient management of joint-stock associations.' As regards inferiority of machinery, the opinion here expressed may require qualification; yet we are told that 'the production per loom, in a day of eleven hours, is considerably less than in Stockport in a day of ten hours.' A principal cause of additional expense in America, appears to be cost of management; and is just the difference between what is incurred by an individual managing his own affairs, and that of paying agents to buy and sell for him. The practice of employing salaried managers and commissioned brokers, pursued by the joint-stock associations of Massachusetts, presents a striking contrast to that which prevails in Lancashire. There, 'the spinner or manufacturer buys his own cotton in Liverpool, paying a brokerage of only one-half per cent. He superintends its spinning and manufacture, and then disposes of the production on the Manchester Exchange. In this process, none of his time is lost, and no expense is incurred. In half a day, he will buy as much cotton as will last him for one, two, or four weeks; and in as short a time, he will sell his production for as long a period. The rest of his time can be employed in the management of his mill. With those advantages in favour of England—advantages which it will require years to supersede—whatever may be the restrictions on the importation of cotton goods into the American markets, manufacturers of this country have no reason to fear successful competition in the neutral and independent markets of the world.'

According to the calculations of this writer, the planters of the south have lately been making large profits on the culture of cotton; and as the crops of this article are produced entirely by the compulsory labour of negroes, it is tolerably evident that slavery, so far from ceasing, will be pushed onward into new regions, and increase in intensity. This is the belief of all unprejudiced travellers in America. Turning to a work by the Rev. Robert Everest, we find it plainly stated, 'that every new factory built in Lancashire creates a demand for slaves on the banks of the Mississippi.' The crime of slavery, therefore, here runs as much at the door of the English as of the Americans. England's continued prosperity depends on the cotton manufacture; and this cotton is a product of slavery. How inconsistent, then, for us to reproach the Americans

with a system of which we are the direct and principal encouragers! Yet, how has this truth been passed over in the multifarious disquisitions on the horrors of American slavery! A whole nation weeps over the wrongs of 'Uncle Tom,' while it hypocritically buys, and spins, and weaves, and draws a revenue from the very article which Uncle Tom was urged under the lash to produce. Until England ceases to purchase American cotton, we think, in decency, it should refrain from censuring American slavery. 'It makes me shudder,' says Mr W. E. Baxter,* 'to think of the severe toil and heartless oppression which these wretched beings undergo to support a white aristocracy, and supply with the raw material the manufactories of Manchester.' It might be added, that the northern states of the Union ought to have as little to say against the south on this subject as England. Their cotton manufacture equally rests on compulsory labour; and what is fully more open to rebuke, the north sends representatives to Congress, who take the lead in projects for extending the sphere of slavery. While touching on the moral and social evils which inevitably spring from the institution of slavery, Mr Baxter does not shrink from adding, 'that the course pursued by the party technically styled Abolitionists, has been most intemperate and unwise; that a great deal of violence displayed on this question at the south, is owing to the fanatical doings at the north; and that dictation, menace, and abuse only delay the day of freedom for the suffering African. I did not meet above a dozen or twenty persons in America who entertained a different opinion from that now expressed.' A similar opinion was repeatedly expressed to me when journeying through the States.

In the more recent and highly interesting and amusing work of Mr Weld,† a comparison is made between the taxation of England and America, and what will seem strange—to the disadvantage of the States. 'In Great Britain,' says this writer, 'the national revenue, including expense of collection and county tax, is, as near as may be, 40s. per head. Without the cost of the army and navy, the expenditure per head is less than 30s.; and the civil expenditure alone, including county taxes, but without the cost of collection, is not more than 6s. per head. The civil expenditure of Great Britain, including county tax and (what Americans think amount to an enormous sum in England) pensions, is not more than the civil expenditure alone of the federal government of the States. When to the expenditure of the American government is added that of the states, counties, and townships, the result is strikingly in favour of Great Britain, and proves incontestably that our government is the more economical of the two. If to the direct taxation levied on the American people, be added the amount paid for protection to native industry, I venture to believe that it will be found that the taxation of our country, for all purposes, is the lighter of the two.' It could have been wished that Mr Weld had favoured us with some more irrefragable proofs of his averment, than are embraced in these observations. It might have occurred to him, to mention that the federal government sends no tax-gatherer to the door of any man; but contents itself with custom-house duties on imports. As regards local taxes in the several states, these are by no means uniform in character: in some quarters they are very light, while in others they are heavy enough—as, for example, in the city of New York, where, unfortunately, if we except free education, little is given in return for civic exactions. One thing is to be said to the credit of the Americans—they voluntarily tax themselves in a most extraordinary

manner for purposes of social improvement. The single fact that in Boston the people impose on themselves a tax of two dollars a head per annum to support the common schools, has no parallel in any European city. In referring, therefore, to American taxes, they would need in a great measure to be taken out of the category of fiscal exaction, and treated of as free contributions.

The work of Mr Baxter, to which we have already adverted, presents an exceedingly correct and instructive picture of American institutions and national advancement—a result, as it appears, of two visits to the States, and much patient inquiry. As a person of education and trained habits of thought, with sound religious views, this young and promising legislator may be supposed to have been well qualified for investigating the educational establishments of the States, and offering an opinion on their peculiar merits. It is not without a high feeling of satisfaction, that we find our own favourable impressions of the American school-system fully corroborated by Mr Baxter. In Scotland, he had heard much of the 'irreligious tendency' of American free-school education; and to satisfy himself on this point, was one of the strongest of the many motives which induced him last year to pay a second visit to the States. The result of his inquiries among all the leading evangelical churches was, that the charge of irreligion brought against the common schools was altogether groundless. 'All interested in the subject united in assuring me, that the zeal of the different denominations had proved quite able to secure the religious instruction of youth, and that ample provision had been made to secure this end wherever the common-school system prevailed.' Sabbath-schools are usually the means for affording special doctrinal instruction. 'I visited,' says Mr Baxter, 'one Sabbath-school in Philadelphia, connected with an Episcopalian church, and containing no fewer than 850 children, who raise every year £150 for missions. It was a sight which made the cathedrals of Europe appear insignificant—a more sublime manifestation of Christianity, than all the pomp and pageantry of Roman festivals.' That facts of this nature are well known in Great Britain, cannot be doubted; but, for selfish reasons, it is convenient to deny or seem ignorant of them. In nothing is our country so greatly behind America, as the system of common-school education; and looking at the contentions of party, it might almost seem as it would require centuries to bring us abreast of those noble educational arrangements which have been long since organised in New England.

On the remarkable movement for the suppression of intemperance in America, Mr Baxter presents some information which is not likely to be more acceptable to a large class of agitators than his opinions on slavery and general education. He denies the assumption that the majority of the people have concurred in establishing the Maine Liquor-law; the truth being, that certain political parties agreed to carry the proposed measures of the Temperance-men, in order to secure their votes. At the same time, it is admitted that the suppression of numerous tippling-houses, by removing temptation from the ignorant and debased, has done good. But, says Mr Baxter, if it be inquired—'Has the entire prohibition of the traffic in fermented drinks, either by wholesale or retail, by legislative enactment, eradicated intemperance?' I answer without hesitation, No! Can it be enforced? In many of the villages and smaller country towns, it can, and has been, at least to a very considerable extent; in most of the cities, not at all. I have seen with my own eyes drunken men in the streets, and dozens of wine consumed in the hotels of large towns subject to the provisions of the Maine Law.' He goes on to say, that the adoption of this measure 'has in

* *America and the Americans.* By W. E. Baxter, M.P.
† *American Tour in the United States and Canada.* By F. W. Weld.

certain cases actually increased the consumption of ardent spirits.' There is also much clandestine drinking. In one place, as soon as the law was enacted, 'private clubs were instituted, where spirits were kept in a press for the use of members, and to one of these presses alone there were 300 keys.' In short, extreme enactments to put down intemperance, while remedying one form of disorder, probably tend but to create another, not less injurious to society. We fear that the more zealous promoters of the temperance movement in this country, do not readily apprehend the danger of trying to enforce total abstinence by act of parliament, while public tastes and usages remain unchanged; nor can we put confidence in the sincerity of a movement which includes among its more prominent supporters, men who systematically oppose the enlarged education of the people, and discourage all aspirations towards social advancement. We need not, however, now discuss the merits of the Maine Law. In a short time, it will be amply tested in the city and state of New York, where, if it utterly eradicate the public and private indulgence in intoxicating articles—whether in the form of liquors, liquors disguised in confectionary, or as opiates—it may be safely averred that we live in an age of miracles. W. C.

KATE'S CHOICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

At the end of two years, an opportunity offered of a visit to England, and Kate did not find it necessary to deny herself the pleasure of seeing her old friend. One Christmas evening, a fly drove up the avenue leading to Crawford House, and a strange lady descended.

'Mrs Crawford is at home, I suppose?' said Kate.

'No, ma'am, but master is,' replied the man. Kate, in some surprise, was ushered across the wide hall into a room at the further end—a sort of study, small and cheerful, in which Mr Crawford sat reading. The opening door roused him, and saved Kate the embarrassment of announcing herself. 'Kate! is it you? My dear sister.' The greeting was as warm as she desired.

'Then I am not unexpected,' said Kate with a reassured smile.

'No, certainly. But Ellen had an engagement—she always has plenty—and we were not sure of the exact day. How glad I am to see you!' His cordial manner gave Kate a warm feeling about the heart; her momentary embarrassment vanished: she threw off her shawl, and sat down before the fire, to be made comfortable, and waited upon with all a brother's kindness. Kate had so much to ask—her mother, Ellen, and the baby!

'Oh! he's not much of a baby now, you know; a fine strapping fellow, of a year old and more, asleep in the nursery, and not visible at present. Mrs Ashcombe and Ellen are well, and as gay as ever. As for me, my butterfly-days are over: I'm an old fatherly man now, and prefer sitting over my fire to gallanting at balls and parties.'

He spoke gayly, but there was a tone beneath Kate did not like: he spoke of his boy with a bright and open look, but something crossed it when he named his wife—and Mrs Ashcombe, why did he not call her mother? She glanced at him: there was a shade on the clear manly face; that wrinkle rising up just now between the eyes—that half-smile about the handsome lips—she did not remember these. She was glad that, as they talked on, the unpleasant

indications vanished, and the old frank smile came back. When she was talking of her German affairs and her governess-life, he sat back in his chair, and looked at her with an expression of unusual pleasure. Perhaps Kate's lively energetic way, the sunshine of her brave independent spirit, struck him as a delightful change from the peevish inanities he listened to every day. Then she was so warm and natural: Crawford felt himself awakened from a sort of slumbrous state while he listened to her; activities that had fallen dormant began to stir; his eye caught the returning light, and he almost started at the sound of his old hearty laugh. They sat late; but sitting up for the absentees was out of the question, Crawford said; so he bade Kate up and rest, with a reluctant pressure of her hand and a glance into her eyes which did not need the words: 'Truant, how well you look! never say again you are not handsome. Kate, you are something better—dearer.' Words which would not have come quite so warmly but for the unshackling influence of that long pleasant evening chat. Kate walked up the onken-staircase into a spacious and well-arranged chamber, where, delightful English sight! a ruddy fire was cheerily blazing, throwing up the crimson of the heavy-curtained bed and of the deep bay-window. 'Thanks to mine host, no doubt,' thought Kate, as she threw herself on the rug before it. There was a warm response within her to the cordial brotherly welcome he had given her; but something of wonder and regret mingled with it, and she fell into a fit of vague musing, until sleep at last put an end to her cogitations.

Kate's first visit in the morning was to the nursery. Children are not gracious to strangers, and it was some time before the little shy boy could be lured from behind his nurse's apron. She had made but very little progress towards acquaintanceship, when Mr Crawford came in to pay his morning-visit. The boy darted to his father's arms, as to a well-known play-place, and Kate watched him tossed above his father's head, shouting with delight, with no little interest. She thought Crawford looked well at that moment, with a nobler expression in his face than she had yet seen; she trusted that the elements of domestic happiness, he seemed to possess so largely in his nature, were not to be suffered to lie undeveloped.

'What a terrible noise you two make!' was said as a morning-greeting behind her. She turned round to embrace Ellen. Wrapped in a pale-blue cashmere, Mrs Crawford looked thin and jaded. She assured Kate that she must take it as a great stretch of regard for her, that she had risen so early after being out so late; Crawford remarking in a parenthesis, that noon was Ellen's usual hour for appearing. Kate prevented a displeased rejoinder by drawing Ellen away.

'Let us go down to breakfast, and then we can have a long chat.' Ellen assented with the alacrity of one who was glad of any novelty of diversion; and with a careless kiss of her boy, led the way from the room, Crawford excusing himself from attendance, as having breakfasted an hour before. He would take a walk over his farm; and he took little Alfred off with him, mounted upon his shoulder, and laughing defiance at the remonstrances of nurse.

Ellen conducted Kate into a pleasant breakfast-parlour, with a broad bay-window opening upon a velvet lawn.

'No fire! no breakfast!' exclaimed Mrs Crawford, angrily pulling the bell. The servant's apology, that she thought the ladies would breakfast in their own rooms, as usual, was a sufficient indication of the state of arrangements in Crawford House.

'What! do away with that charming meal, an English family-breakfast!' remonstrated Kate.

'Oh, we go out so much, and are so tired,' said Ellen. It was useless to ask: 'Why go out so much?'—this had been Ellen's foible of old. Kate did venture to say

'But surely, with your husband and your little boy, you cannot have so much time for visiting?'

'My dear, I have been a slave long enough while nursing. Only a husband with Alfred's peculiar views would have required me to shut myself up as he did. But men have no consideration; so now I am taking my revenge.'

This speech seemed unworthy of an answer, and the entrance of Mrs Ashcombe prevented one. Kate thought her mother looked faded and much older, and, after the first greeting, there was little more affection than there used to be in her manner. Satiety after excitement, a restless weariness of tone and pursuit, marked all they said or did. Kate's lively accounts of her German home created, she perceived, only a temporary diversion: it was so beyond the pale of their sympathies, that they grew weary before she did. In the evening, Kate had fresh proofs of the disparity of mind and character between man and wife. Ellen did not even try to please; she had been too long accustomed to be pleased, to submit to a reversed position. But she had not even the power. Listless and apathetic at home, her whole interest was abroad, where she might gratify, though in a measure diminishing every day, her thirst for admiration—the one passion of the spoiled beauty. But it was her beauty Crawford had married—what right had he to complain?

The first was the only evening these two ladies remained at home during Kate's visit. 'Kate did not like visiting, and she was not to be treated as a stranger;' so their consciences were easily pacified. How could she refuse, after little Alfred was dismissed, and she and Crawford were left alone, to beguile the long evenings with favourite books, or a repetition of that first friendly talk? Crawford treated her as a favourite sister, and she could not help it that those evenings were pleasant; she could not help it that their tastes were so much in harmony, that to each the chosen author was a dearly-loved friend; that their criticisms grew so animated and eloquent; that Crawford's eyes brightened, and his fluent tongue seemed loosened: she could not help it at first—the danger had to grow a little before she noted it.

It was not until sitting thus one evening, that after Kate had been reading some of Schiller's poems, and had thence been led to talk of Germany, and her dear little pupil Minnie Töpfer, that Crawford bent forward with a start at some allusion to her return.

'You cannot really mean to leave us, Kate!' He exclaimed, laying his hand on hers. For the sake of these delightful evenings, for the sake of all of us, don't think of going back to that drear Germany, that odious Cologne!' Kate looked up to see if he were quite in earnest. He went on rapidly: 'The truth is, I'm a different being since you came, Kate. I was asleep, I think. When people don't like to think about things, they go to sleep; their whole nature sinks into a stupid apathy. You have aroused me—the better part of me, I mean—given me keener perceptions, fresher and more natural tastes and pleasures; now, do not throw me back again! Flint won't strike without contact, Kate; and Ellen—why, has she not given me up to your sisterly interest?' He spoke in that half-jesting tone which covers a deeper feeling.

'I shall go back to Germany, of course,' said Kate steadily. 'I have made my home there. If any duty bade me stay here, it would be different, but it is not so; this is not my home.' Crawford glanced hastily up; there was a half-suppressed ejaculation on his lips.

'Alfred,' said Kate quickly, 'I am grieved; oh, you know I must feel all that is wrong here! but—don't give Ellen up to her own pursuits in this way; don't let her go out so much without you: try what love, interest in her and her doings, may avail: love is powerful.' Kate spoke earnestly; she wished to say what she felt—to point out a remedy, if possible; but

the matter was so difficult, and Crawford was not at that moment disposed for advice.

'Thank you for reminding me of my duties; I need to be reminded,' he muttered. 'If any of us had your energy, things might come right perhaps.' Kate, I admire your independence,' he went on with sudden warmth; 'I admire your noble useful life; I always did, although I opposed your choice at the time.' He had taken her hand, and was looking half-sadly into her face.

Kate could have been angry with these ill-timed commendations of herself, but the look of anxious regret in his eyes awoke a more painful feeling; she drew away her hand, and rose up. There was nothing more to be said; she closed the books, and replaced them in the bookcase, to dispel the sense of uneasiness stealing over both. But the act was significant, and she felt glad to make her escape from the room without another word from Crawford, only a steadily following glance as he threw himself wearily back in his easy-chair. Kate drew a deep breath as she reached her room; she was thankful that no weakness on her part had allowed words to be uttered that might afterwards have been bitterly regretted. There was one clear conclusion—that the sooner she left Crawford House, the better; but could nothing be done with Ellen? The time was long past when Crawford's amenities of disposition could blind Kate to his want of something higher—strength of will, and steady principle. Had he not always fallen under the sway of circumstances? Could she quite blot out the past from her memory, or help perceiving that only a weak vacillation of feeling and purpose had led him to make a choice in life which he now vainly regretted? Perhaps Kate was unconsciously drawing a contrast between his and another character, in which warmth of heart was tested by substantial deeds rather than by mere ebullitions of feeling. It is certain, however, that her sad reverie upon Crawford and Ellen ended in a secret regret that her friend Mr Dalton had been out of town when she called upon him.

Ellen was not greatly surprised when Kate informed her, next morning, that she must end her visit sooner than she had intended; she received her farewell with customary listlessness, only remarking they should be dull without her. Nor did Kate go without venturing an earnest remonstrance upon her frivolous life, entreating her not to fling away her husband's affection. It was a difficult duty, and the suggestion was not received very graciously; but she led little Alfred to his mother, with tears on his rosy cheeks, saying, 'Will you not notice your own boy more, and stay more at home with him? Don't let his papa be the only one to care for him.' Mrs Crawford was half-disposed to be angry, but the soft boyish face looking sadly up to Kate, touched her a little; and Kate left them together, trusting that the childish influence might work.

She found the carriage awaiting her, and Mr Crawford standing beside it. Kate held out her hand; he pressed it gravely and sadly. After all, her heart was full of pity for him. She glanced at the handsome house, with all its English accessories of comfort and pleasure, and sighed. What had it to compare with the peace and content of the little German circle! Every mile that distanced her from Crawford House revived affectionate and cheerful anticipations of her governess-life. So far from regretting her choice, she rejoiced over it—she even longed to recommence its happy usefulness; but there was one delay necessary—one visit must first be paid. It was getting dusk when she reached town, but she did not wish to lose another day; she would just be able to get to Hampstead by Mr Dalton's tea-hour, and though weary, she exchanged with alacrity train for omnibus. The pure fresh breeze upon the Heath revived and invigorated her; she could not refuse herself a turn or two on the main

road before entering Mr Dalton's house. A comely matronly woman admitted her; she had the pleasure of hearing that he was in town, but was not yet returned from the city; so she had time to lay aside bonnet and shawl, and settle herself in the handsome parlour. The brilliant fire lighting up the crimson paper, the substantial furniture, the sparkling tea-equipage, all united to form another English picture. But Kate sat rather erect, with an air that seemed to resist any other idea than this: 'I am Minnie Töpfer's governess.'

'Your servant, madam,' said a deep voice behind her. Kate started up, and turned. 'Ah, my German friend! So it is actually Fräulein Kate! And she has found her way to Hampstead, despite the attractions of Crawford House.'

'I come from there,' said Kate; 'but I thought you would allow an old friend to come and thank you before she goes back.'

'Come from Crawford House to-day! Why, you must be tired, child. Sit down, and let me make you some tea.'

'No, let me make it, Mr Dalton; it will be like old times.' So Kate installed herself, while Mr Dalton lighted the lamp, and then sat down with an air of great content, to receive his cup from her hands. She had the pleasant art of making people feel particularly at home in her society, and it was only to be supposed that she and Mr Dalton would enjoy that English meal thoroughly. Kate thought it the pleasantest she had had for a long time. Then afterwards, in a close tête-à-tête over the fire, Kate was led to open out the whole story of her governess-life through its gradual stages: her cheerful but hard-working days in the Frankfort school; her struggles with the language; her friendship for the pale delicate Minnie; Minnie's letters home, and her aunt's in return, inviting Kate to come and try how she liked living with them. Then the pleasant country-house, the homely simple life with the motherly Madame Töpfer and the affectionate Minnie. Kate dwelt on all in graphic detail; she had no fear of tiring the interest of her listener, whose shrewd eyes, fixed on her animated face, and whose pertinent questions, proved his thorough comprehension and enjoyment. How different from her late listeners! thought Kate. When she had at length come to an end, Mr Dalton fell back in his chair, and looked steadfastly at the fire for some time.

'Then you are satisfied, Kate?' said he after a long pause.

'Satisfied! oh! yes. I think I am a fortunate girl, Mr Dalton; or rather, Providence has blessed my choice, and given me a useful and happy position. I am not cramped; I can use my faculties freely. I have felt myself expanding mentally, and it is a pleasant feeling,' said she laughing.

'I can believe it; I see it in you. You are getting almost handsome, Kate.'

'Am I? I am very glad you think so,' said she frankly.

'Why, what does it signify to you? You have no womanly weaknesses, you know.' Kate looked a little surprised.

'It was always my opinion, Kate, that you were a strong-minded woman, as I told you; and I admire you very much. I don't know a woman I admire so much,' said Mr Dalton, looking into the fire; 'but, at the same time, Kate, it's not every woman that could do as you have done. There are some soft-hearted creatures whose affections want scope, as you call it, who haven't strength to live your single independent life.' Kate was silent.

'Don't be offended, Kate, that I exonerate you from these womanly yearnings, or weaknesses, as you might call them.'

'I suppose men like women to be weak—even the

most reasonable of men,' said Kate sadly. She felt wounded. She knew what lay within her heart; she knew of more than one struggle; and just because she had conquered, she was to be supposed destitute of those softer feelings which perhaps were not half so keen in those who weakly yielded to them! She felt, that man was a harsh judge of woman; but Mr Dalton!—she had thought he understood her a little.

'Speak out, Kate! Don't write bitter things against me in your soul, but charge me with them.'

'No,' said Kate. 'There are things we can feel, but cannot speak. Perhaps I was hurt that you should know me so little; perhaps I thought you might have understood that my duty in life has been to check those softer feelings you allude to; but no matter. Allow me just to say, that because a woman has never even had an offer of marriage, she is not compelled to let her affections freeze, but may find scope for them, though not in the oft peculiar channel.'

'Very bitter, indeed,' said Mr Dalton; and glancing down into her face—'I do believe she is a woman after all! I actually saw something glisten in those indignant eyes.'

'Then if you did, I do heartily despise the weakness!' said Kate, jumping up.

'Only one word' before 'your offended majesty withdraws,' and Mr Dalton took both her hands.

'Kate, with all seriousness, I am grieved if I have vexed you. Be so forgiving as to tell me whether, if such an offer were to be made you to-night, you would yield to your weakness, or be stern in your independence?' Kate's heart gave a strange bound; then she stared, and grew red and white by turns, but at length answered steadily:

'It would all depend upon who it was made the offer.'

'One who has loved Kate long enough to be no light wooer—one who prizes her in his heart of hearts—but one who is a great deal too old for her, and not nearly romantic enough, I fear. But it is for you to decide that. What says your heart, Kate?'

'Give me a moment to think,' said Kate in a low tone. She covered her face with her hands.

'Mr Dalton,' she said, lifting it up pale to his, 'you will think me very hard; but, oh! judge for me. Minnie has been taken from school, and given up to me; I have been received as one of that family with the utmost kindness, upon the understanding that I was to complete her education. She loves me; she is improving rapidly; she is a delicate plant, that would not flourish under any sort of fostering. Have I a right to give up what I have undertaken? Have I a right to disappoint those who have opened their hearts to me in full trust—and all for my own selfish pleasure?'

'Then it would be your pleasure, my own noble girl?' asked Mr Dalton, drawing her to him. Kate did not answer for a moment; although it was obvious from her quickened breath and heaving chest that she was remonstrating with herself roundly on the weakness, and that the struggle, being new, was a hard one. Her habitual truthfulness, however, prevailed.

'Yes, it would,' said she in a low voice, but with a warm frank glance. 'But it must not.'

Mr Dalton walked across the room, then sat down. 'Come and sit by me, Kate.'

'No, Mr Dalton, I would rather not. I am going to prove myself your strong-minded woman. I am going home; it is late.'

There was a falter in her tone that suppressed the exclamation on his lips—'What do you call home, pray?'

Mr Dalton looked gleefully into the fire. Kate wrapped her shawl round her; he did not see her tremble, or her lingering glance upon that pleasant room.

'God bless you, dear friend!' said a husky voice beside him, and Kate pressed one hasty kiss upon his forehead. He caught her to him.

'Don't delude yourself with the idea that I'm going to submit to this, Kate Ashcombe. I have something to propose that may set your scruples to rest. Will you not sit down and listen to it?'

'I will listen,' said Kate in a low tone; but she did not sit down: she even fastened her shawl more closely, as she stood back in the shadow of the curtained window. Mr Dalton glanced at her, and went on.

'Did you not say that Madame Töpfer regretted she could not obtain masters for Minnie in her country-home?—that she would even remove to Cologne, if the advantages there were not so few?'

Kate assented.

'Now, what would she say to a home in England for her niece?—a home *here*, I mean, Kate, with all the advantages we could procure for her in London? You could have her in your own hands, and she could spend all the vacations with her aunt. Now, what think you, Kate? Madame Töpfer is a sensible woman. Do you think she would refuse when her child's interests are concerned?'

Kate could not answer; the plan seemed feasible enough. But was Mr Dalton quite in earnest—to take a daughter as well as a wife upon his hands! He read her look, and smiled. He came up to her, and taking her hands, drew her to the fire. How could Kate refuse that seat, or the full discussion he would draw her into? She was no Stoic, nor was she bent upon the folly of an unnecessary sacrifice. It might not need, after all, that she should put away from herself the love of this strong-hearted man. Had not her heart long given him a secret preference, which she had not distinguished till now from her acknowledged esteem and gratitude? Could she help contrasting the warm unselfish love, the pleasant home now offered her, with late recollections? And Kate looked up to the kind keen eyes that were so anxiously bent upon her face; her own were full of tears, but there was a sufficient answer in them not to need many words.

Mr Dalton wrote next day to Madame Töpfer, and Kate wrote also; a frank and sincere letter, which did not disguise her own feelings, but which conveyed the conviction to the good lady's mind, that it was no mere form of words when she said that she felt she owed herself to Minnie Töpfer, and that her consent to Mr Dalton's proposal was contingent upon her own.

Madame Töpfer was a kind-hearted and sensible woman; she was pleased with Mr Dalton's letter, and was touched by Kate's frank confidence. It would not cost her much to exchange her country-home for the town and the society of her relations; but she was not one to form hasty determinations. She was a woman of decision, however; and when she saw how Minnie's blue eyes sparkled over the letters, she lost no time in making her arrangements, and undertaking a sudden trip to England, to see and judge for herself.

We need scarcely say that Madame Töpfer's acquaintance with Mr Dalton proved sufficiently satisfactory to both parties, and that she was induced to stay until Kate was installed as mistress in her new home, with Minnie, her happy young bride-maid, beside her.

We have no room for the astonishment of Crawford House. Mrs Ashcombe's consent was propitiated by an invitation to superintend the wedding arrangements; and perhaps the influence of a plain practical mind like Madame Töpfer's, full of sense and energy, was not without a beneficial effect upon that lady. It was satisfactory, too, to hear from her, that Ellen had not been out quite so much since Kate left. Mr Dalton gave Kate a cheerful glance.

'We must ask Ellen to bring her boy Alfred to town,

and introduce him to his new uncle.' After all, there might be hope in the future, and Kate smiled a glad response as she warmly pressed her husband's hand.

A FIRE ON THE BOSPORUS.

ONE of the great social discomforts of Constantinople is, that there are no rational amusements to fill up the evening. It is the most illiterate capital in the world. Unless the traveller happen to have brought books with him, he may search through every shop in Pera—the quarter, or rather suburb, to which the Franks are exclusively confined—and he will find nothing beyond a few flimsy French novels. Up to the present time even, there is no satisfactory guide-book, and the thoughtful inquirer after the interesting antiquities of the Byzantine Empire, or the still earlier times of the Crusaders and the Romans, will have to puzzle out everything for himself. No man has told where the last Palæologus lost his life and crown and kingdom; where the Venetian General Justiniani received the fatal wound which made him turn pale, and falsify the gallant antecedents of a long previous life; or where Mohammed II. first passed a conqueror into the devoted city.

The traveller, with the best letters of introduction, will hardly find his case any better. There is no society, no social gatherings; and the reason is plain. The streets are unpaved, and throughout the whole winter they are ankle-deep in mud. There are no hackney-carriages for ladies; and the few sedan-chairs which supply their places cannot be hired under ten or twelve shillings. People, therefore, seldom go out after dark, unless called by urgent business; and with the exception of a few great embassy-balls during the Carnival, there are no parties at all. The more traveller, therefore, is absolutely reduced to remain at his hotel until sleepy, and often to go to bed at nine o'clock in self-defence. I remember once, while supporting one of these dreary evenings at Misseri's Hotel—which is the usual, though expensive, lodgings occupied by our countrymen—that one of the waiters, who could speak a little English, came to tell me there was a great fire on the other side of the bridge which divides Constantinople proper from Pera. Misseri's Hotel, like most Eastern houses, has a flat roof, which answers the purpose of our balconies, and which is an extremely agreeable resort during the sultry evenings of summer. I repaired there at once on the present occasion, knowing that it commanded an extensive view, and hoping to be able to witness the grand, though awful sight of a fire at night, under the most favourable circumstances. I could see nothing, however, beyond the forked heads of the angry flames, and the fierce red tint of the sky; for the fire was evidently burning a considerable distance down the Bosphorus, and the intervening houses hid it completely from my sight.

As there were several other Britons staying at the hotel, and quite as much disinclined to go to bed at such an unreasonable hour as I was, we determined to take a caïque, and row at once to the scene of the disaster. Mr Misseri appeared very much inclined to oppose this. He possesses the only tolerable hotel at Constantinople, and is thus apt to assume over his guests a power rather more despotic than pleasant. He assured us that the streets, especially by the water-side, were dark and dangerous from dogs and thieves; that the Turkish boatmen all went to bed by times; and that if we succeeded in getting a caïque at all, we should be obliged to confide our safety to some drunken Greek, who would probably get us into mischief. Our curiosity, however, proved stronger than the remonstrances of Mr Misseri; so taking one of the little paper lanterns which are in common use at Constantinople,

and which are sold for about a penny, in order that we might be able to pick our way through the streets with tolerable safety, we set off to grope our course to Galata and the water-side as best we might.

The dogs, which were prowling about in gangs, barked fiercely at us for disturbing their rest; and it was only by walking boldly straight on, and laying about stoutly with our sticks, that we were enabled to beat them off, and keep them at bay. It is said that sometimes sailors and other strangers, who have lost their way at night, have been thrown down by these dogs, and seriously maimed before help could come to them. It is alleged that one merchant-captain was absolutely devoured. We, however, certainly got safely to the water-side at last, though I am bound to confess that our walk from the hotel had not been so agreeable as might have been desired by persons of a sanguine temperament.

An ordinary caique—a long narrow boat like a wherry, used only on the Bosphorus—will only hold two persons with comfort or safety, and we were therefore obliged to separate, bidding the *caedgis*, or boatmen, to keep us as near our companions as possible. It was a beautiful and romantic sight to look on the shores of the Bosphorus that starlight night. The water was quite calm, and seemed to have a sort of metallic glow, caused, I believe, chiefly by the copper bottoms of the vessels. On the shore, the lights from the casements of the houses and harems of the pashas, and of the numerous coffee-houses, glowed cheerfully out; but seaward, all was dark and vast. The great ships lay at anchor like palaces of the deep; and for sometime the monotonous and measured clash of our oars, with the rare whistles of the boatswains on board the vessels in the harbour, and the warning sound of the bells summoning the watch, alone broke the solemn stillness which brooded everywhere.

As we drew nearer to the fire, however, all was bustle and confusion; an innumerable crowd of boats covered the waters, and rowed backwards and forwards, some bringing firemen and engines, others filled with the water-police, others with mere curious lookers on like ourselves.

We found that one of those little water-side villages abounding on the Bosphorus, their houses made almost entirely of wood—which becomes dried by the intense heat of the sun in summer, and rotted by the winter-rains, till it is as combustible as tinder—was entirely on fire, and the flames threatened every instant to spread to the palace of the *seraskier*, or commander-in-chief, of the Turkish army, who, like all the great pashas of Turkey, is obliged to have a palace, or official residence, on the banks of the Bosphorus.

To save the dwelling of the *seraskier*, every effort of the crowd was now directed; for already the angry flames were twisting their spiral way about the wood-work, and one of the principal balconies had fallen, consumed by their power. It was a terrible sight the blazing streets of the devoted village, the marketplace, the stables of the multeers, and the khans for travellers, the humble cottages of the boatmen and warehousemen, and the villa of the Frank merchant, all given over hopelessly as a prey to the flames, while above the roar of the element and the cries of the crowd, and the crash and hiss of vast columns of water poured upon the fire, rose the agonized howl of roasting dogs and animals, shut up till escape was impossible.

It was as light as day; the flames made the sea look golden, and illuminated the opposite shores of the Bosphorus, so that we could descry every window of the houses and every stone of the terraces. The country round was lit up for miles; we could see the shapes of the mighty hills and the mysterious woods far away; but we cared little for distant objects, and our attention was painfully engrossed

by anxiety for the fate of the noble palace, which seemed doomed.

We could hear the hum and buzz of many voices, and the shrill tones of women in alarm within the house. The etiquette and restrictions of the harem had been utterly thrown aside, in the face of this present and terrible danger. The dismayed faces of women looked wildly from the open lattices, through which might be seen the fretted wood-work and delicate paintings of the Oriental home; while the master of the house, himself a reverend gray-headed, almost forgot the solemn dignity which seems born with a Turk, and nervously encouraged the firemen, and the army of his servants who helped them, in their energetic exertions. Hew down the surrounding houses, was now the cry; and the hurried strokes of the axes of the firemen were soon at work on plank and beam. It was the only hope left; and at last, after no less than three of the neighbouring houses had been destroyed, the fire slackened and retired. All danger for the palace was over, but it was all blackened and smoked; the ornamental painting had peeled off in flakes, and wide cracks yawned in the wooden walls. One by one, the trellised windows of the harem closed; the shrill frightened talk of the women died away into silence; the pasha and his multitude of slouching servants disappeared; the interest of the scene was over. We cared not to watch the gradual abatement and dying out of the flames; so, drawing our cloaks round us as a protection against the chilly night-dews, we left the scene of hasty desolation, of wailing women with children in their arms, and of despairing men, all homeless; and we returned to our hotel with the saddening memory thereof.

CURIOUS AUTOGRAPHS.

In the *Athenæum Français*, there is an interesting account of a collection of autographs disposed of by auction last month in Paris. It belonged to the bookseller A. A. Renouard, whose valuable library was sold last winter; and comprehended 3000 autographs of learned and literary men, and other celebrities, including Bossuet, Pascal, La Fontaine, Mabilion, Malebranche, Newton, Rameau, Fréret, Gessner, Linnaeus, Prudhon, Sterne, Vernet, Saint Vincent de Paul, Catharine de Medicis, the Bonapartes, Caylus, Turenne, Varignon, René II. of Lorraine, Bayle, Beaumarchais, Bernoulli, &c.

Several of these little morsels piqued the curiosity; for instance, a note from Buffon, addressed to some unknown lady, and alluding to some unknown great man. It commences: 'My adorable and most estimable friend!' It is positive inhumanity to publish a document like this, which reads like the beginning of a romantic episode in the life of the philosopher, with both sequel and title wanting. A compliment of one less known, the gay and pretentious Guez de Balzac, is worth repeating. He had been offered the friendship of La Moignon le Vayer, but being called suddenly out of town, and thus unable to return his personal thanks for the honour, he writes that 'if the offer was the price of so inconsiderable a present as he could send M. le Vayer, never had a man gained so much as himself in the way of exchange: you are like the Indians,' he adds, 'who thought they overreached the Spaniards in giving them gold for glass.' The Duchess de Chaulnes, in 1746, writes to somebody, 'You are quite right, my dear marmot;' and the Marchioness de Pompadour addresses the husband of the same duchess with such charming familiarity as 'Good-day, my pig.'

There is something characteristic from Rousseau to St Pierre. The latter had sent him a packet, but Jean Jacques being engaged with company, did not open it at the moment. When this was at length done, he found it to be a present of coffee, and immediately

writes thus:—'Sir, we have seen each other only once, and you already begin with presents. My custom is to shun the constraint of unequal company, and not to see those who make me feel it. It is at your option either to leave this cobble with me, or to send and get it back: if you choose the former, be satisfied with my thanking you for it, and to let us end there.' This is capital as a piece of philosophical affectation and impertinence.

Here is something very different from Montesquieu, written to a lady of Florence:—'Florence is a handsome town; and they speak there of the prince neither in black nor white. The ministers go a-foot, and when it rains, they carry a well-waxed umbrella; the ladies alone have a nice carriage, for to them all honour is due. We go home in the evening by the light of a little lantern, about the size of one's hand, with a little bit of wax candle-end stuck in it. Everybody lives at his ease; for little being necessary, there is plenty of superfluity, and that keeps the house peaceful and gay, instead of being always troubled like ours by the importunity of our creditors. Women are as free as in France, but they do not show it so much, and have not that air of contempt for their condition.'

One more specimen: it is a love-letter to Robespierre—a handful of flowers thrown by a sentimental enthusiast into the Committee of Public Safety. Robespierre's theory, abstractedly, was holy and sublime, and he gave, therefore, with alacrity, as things comparatively insignificant, the innumerable blood-offerings it demanded. In like manner, a girl-widow saw only the apostle of Liberty illumined with his aureola; and so intense was her admiration of the portrait, that she was blind to the tears, deaf to the screams, and insensible to the charnel-house smell that to another would have seemed to fill his presence.

'I have been in love with thee ever since the beginning of the Revolution; but being then in chains, I was able to subdue my passion. I am now free, having lost my husband in the war of La Vendée; and I desire, in the presence of the Supreme Being, to declare to thee my sentiments. I flatter myself, my dear Robespierre, that thou wilt feel the avowal I now make to thee. Such avowals cost women something; but the paper alone suffers, and we blush less at a distance than when face to face with their object. Thou art my supreme divinity, and I know no other on the earth save thee. I regard thee as my tutelary angel, and do not wish to live but under thy laws: they are so sweet, that I wear to thee. If thou art as free as I, to unite myself to thee for life. I offer thee the true qualities of a good republican, four thousand livres a year, and a young widow of twenty-five. If this offer should be acceptable, answer me, I entreat thee. My address is, the Widow Jakin, poste restante, Nantes. I beg thee to address me thus, lest my mother should scold me.' This letter was found among his papers after Robespierre's death, but we cannot tell whether the romance went further than the opening chapter. Perhaps he never saw the enthusiastic widow, and suffered no temptation from her fortune of one hundred and sixty pounds a year; but for all that, her letter, we have no doubt, when catching his eye sometimes in the momentary pauses of his life, sent a not unpleasant glow to the cheek of the blood-boltered republican.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SINGING.

If you would keep spring in your hearts, learn to sing. There is more merriment in melody than most people are aware of. A cobbler who smooths his wax ends with a song, will do as much work in a day as one given to ill-nature and fretting would effect in a week. Songs are like sunshine: they run to cheerfulness—to fill the bosom with such buoyancy, that, for the time being, you feel filled with June sun, or like a meadow of clover in blossom.—*The Reflector*.

A 'SILLY' SONG.

'O heart, my heart!' she said, and heard
His mate the black-bird calling,
While through the sheen of the garden green
May-rain was softly falling—
Aye softly, softly falling;

The butter-cups across the mead
Made sunshine rifts of splendour,
The round snow-bud of the thorns in the wood
Peeped through their leafage tender,
As the rain came softly falling.

'O heart, my heart!' she said, and smiled,
'There is not a tree of the valley,
Or a leaf, I wis, which the rain's soft kiss
Freshens in yonder alley,
Where the drops keep ever falling;

'There's not a foolish flower in the grass,
Or bird through the woodland calling,
So glad again of the coming of rain,
As I of these tears now falling,
These happy tears down falling!'

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.

At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, whenever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its being drawn out, the water bursts up with violence, and quickly fills the well thus made—the supply of water being neither affected by rains nor droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets, and mason-work; below this, again, is a layer of earth; and at twenty-six feet, walnut-trees are found entire, with leaves and walnuts upon them. At twenty-eight feet, soft chalk is found, and below this are vegetables and trees.—*Year-book of Facts*.

AERIAL VOYAGE.

The New Orleans papers have an account of the most successful aerial voyage ever performed by a balloon, with five persons in it, including some members of the press. The balloon started on the evening of the 30th April, and went 310 miles in six hours, landed its passengers at Fort-Gibson, and then took a fresh start on another voyage.

ALTERATION OF NEWSPAPER AND BOOK POST.

We may be permitted to congratulate the newspaper press on its release from the compulsory use of stamps. The law by which this modification is effected cannot be said to operate on literary sheets like our own, further than permitting us to refer, when we think fit, to such matters as we were formerly precluded from noticing. Co-ordinately, however, with the alteration of the stamp-law, new postal arrangements for the transmission of books, or unstamped sheets, have been made, to which we may draw attention. Hitherto, we have transmitted a limited number of copies of the Journal weekly by post, stamped; and this we shall continue to do when requested. At the same time, in virtue of the new arrangements, it will be practicable to send monthly parts by post for 2d. to any part of the United Kingdom, on receiving subscriptions for the work in advance. A post-office order, therefore, for the sum of 8s. 6d., will insure the delivery of Chambers's Journal in parts monthly (indexes included) for one year. The work may be so ordered from us direct, or from any Bookseller who usually supplies our publications. It is proper to add, that a volume of any work, such as our *MANUAL*, or *EDUCATIONAL COURSE*, can now be forwarded, by post, for 2d. or 3d., according to size, over the ordinary price of the book.

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PARIS OUT OF DOORS.

ONE gets easily to Paris now-a-days. Twelve hours by rail and boat, including about an hour altogether for stoppages, is all the time a traveller is called upon to spend between London Bridge and the Barrier St Denis. It is a pleasant transit, too, if the sea is in good-humour during the two hours it takes to sputter across the Channel. There are new phases of life to look at the moment you touch the Gallic soil—new faces, new costumes, and new manners; and then there is a new country to scour through at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, in a stuffed and padded carriage, even though you be a second-class passenger; and you can really take your ease as you are whirled along. On you go, over a flat, sandy district, only half cultivated, where women in wooden shoes till the ground, drive the cattle afield, and even signal the train, flag in hand, as you dash across the level cart-roads. Anon you leave the sandy plains behind, and launch upon a district of marsh and peat, and dried flags, and ponds and ditches with flat-bottomed boats, and white mud cottages, and everlasting rows, and ranks, and endless avenues of poplar-trees—till they too vanish in the rear. Then come towns and villages and church-spires, and villas and châteaux and gentlemen's seats; and you leap over noisy brooks and winding rivers, and through corn lands and pastures and orchards; and you dash into cities and suburbs, and out again—now with a thousand eyes upon you, and now without a witness of your flight save some solitary crow which you have disturbed from his repast. And so on and on till your sixty leagues are done, and the warm sun, which has been watching you all the way, is drawing the red curtains round his resting-place, when Paris receives you in her bosom. The moment the train is at a stand-still, out you jump upon the platform, and hailing a cab, get into it, and plunge at once between the lofty walls of the pale milkwhite houses, and rattle and rumble onwards to the Boulevards.

At anyrate, that's the way we did it the other day, only the beginning of last month; and having left London at eight in the morning, plumped into the middle of the Boulevard Poissonniers just as the last gleams of the sun were fading from the high chimney-tops, and the lamps below, followed by the stars aloft, were about to glimmer forth. The cool twilight still bathed the towering roofs and upper stories of the huge irregular piles which stretched away on either hand as far as the eye could penetrate; while on the faces of the innumerable crowd that thronged the promenades, flashed the warm gleams from countless

glimmering jets of fire, reflected in unnumbered mirrors. In a few minutes, we have housed ourselves in a temporary home, and, freed from the dust of travel, have made our bow to madame, the presiding goddess of a populous tavern, and called for dinner. While discussing that with the deliberation becoming one who has fasted for the last threescore-and-ten miles, we have an opportunity to look about us as well without doors as within. Parisians like to do everything *en spectacle*, and have no notion of making a secret of their enjoyments; therefore our tavern, to its furthest corner, is revealed through its crystal front to every eye, and we are the observed of all who choose to observe as they lounge and saunter past. Dinner, for the most part, has declined before our arrival, and is being consummated by little half-cups of strong coffee, made stronger by burnt brandy, whose lambent blue flame substitutes the cream on its surface—or is succeeded by sherbet, lemonade, white wine, white beer, or iced sugar and water. Two or three parties are studiously engaged at dominoes, each as big as a lady's card-case, with which they make a wonderful rattle on the marble tables; others are playing at chess; and a brace of old hands deep in the labyrinths of a long game, are surrounded by a group of amateurs anxiously awaiting the next move, of which there are no present symptoms. Outside the door, enjoying the coolness of the evening—for the day has been exceedingly hot—seated at some two or three dozen of little round tables, are parties of both sexes, the ladies merry and talkative, the gentlemen sedately smoking. The white-aproned garçons are darting in and out, repeating their hurried orders—the clink of glass, the chink of money, the clatter of plates and dishes, the rattle of dominoes, the tattle of the ladies, the shuffle of innumerable feet, the hum of the promenading crowd, and the unceasing rumble of carriage-wheels—all together make up a characteristic and suggestive concert, the sound of which, now that our appetite is appeased, tempts us forth to an evening stroll.

'Garçon—what's to pay?'

'Prée au crêtons—hui—biflik—au-beurre—un fra—poul' à l'm'rengg—un fra—ot-d'mi—vol-au-vent—douze—bierre-blanche—et-p'tit-verre—un fra—quai—fra—ot-d'mi-M'seu—merci-M'sieu.' So says the garçon in a single word; and we are in a condition to join the throng of promenaders outside. A very motley throng they are, differing in many respects from a London crowd, but in nothing perhaps more than in the absence of all crowding. The blouse mingles with the man of fashion—the high cap and short petticoat with the last new bonnet and the flounced gown that sweeps the

asphalt—but no man elbows his neighbour—the strong does not dream of pushing aside the weak, nor the rich of asserting a passage on the score of respectability. The recreation they seek is on the spot, and each class enjoys it irrespective of the other.

What may be called the *Picassure* Boulevards of Paris, extend from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille—a distance of something like three miles. The most expensive and fashionable quarter is the Boulevard Italien, at the west end of the route; and the further east we go, the lower we descend in the social scale, though a certain degree of luxury and elegance characterises the whole route. The northern side of the road is almost exclusively devoted to purposes of recreation and refreshment, having comparatively but few shops for the sale of goods; while the southern side has more of a commercial character, it being there the finest shops in Paris are to be found. Both in lavish expenditure, and in the tastefulness of its application, the Parisian shopkeeper surpasses the Londoner: he does not hesitate to illuminate the whole front of his house, in a style which is never seen with us but on occasions of general rejoicing; and in the display of silks and draperies, and the materials of female costume, he exercises a species of artistic skill, of which the English shopkeeper has not the remotest conception. Some of the first-class drapers' windows are in this respect a really curious and instructive spectacle, and lead to the suspicion, that the shopkeeper has secret recourse to the professional artist to determine the folds of his drapery. Among the richest shops in the Boulevards, are mingled a species of shops arranged, or rather disarranged, like lumber-rooms, where innumerable articles, the bare catalogue of which would fill a pamphlet, are to be sold at a fixed price. Now, it is pocket-knives at ten sou—now, walking-sticks at fifteen, or umbrellas at thirty, or parasols at five-and-twenty; memorandum-books of metallic paper at twelve; inkstands at five; and steel-pens at a penny the dozen. There is no limit to the articles to be had in these shops at a fixed price; and those appertaining to the toilet—brushes, combs, hand-mirrors, perfumes, &c.—form nearly one-half of the whole collection. Perhaps because it is Saturday-night, we find most of these shops crowded with customers, among whom the men in blouses are especially remarkable. On examining the bargains offered for sale at these low prices, we are not surprised to find that they are for the most part dear enough. You might bend the blades of the pocket-knives round your finger; the metallic paper of the memorandum-books is a fiction; the Malacca canes are painted deal; the umbrellas would not shield you from a shower; the steel-pens are the refuse of the Birmingham ware-houses—in a word, the cheap market of the poor Parisian is, for all useful purposes, twice as dear as that of the humble Englishman; yet, notwithstanding, it would appear to be far more encouraged.

Turning southwards as we approach the site of the old Temple, we get into a district which is the arena of much of the poor man's industry, and is proverbial as the poor man's market—such a district as in London would be half public-houses and gin-shops, all at this particular hour swarming with toppers of both sexes. There is no lack of wine-shops here, their grilled fronts showing like wild-beast cages; but on looking into them, we see very little drinking, and no drunkenness, no brawling, or indeed anybody to brawl; a glass of wine poured into a tumbler of water, and taken standing at the counter—such is the usual libation, and no more. Most of the wine-shops are empty, and some are in the act of closing, though it is not yet half-past ten o'clock. By this time we begin to feel drowsy, and are inclined to suspect that it must have been a fortnight ago at least since we left our bed in merry Islington; so we step into a yellow *remise* that comes

opportunately along the narrow street, and are speedily dropped at our hotel, which for the next eight hours is to us the land of complete oblivion.

Sunday comes in with a soft warm shower, broken by gleams of sunshine. Every tree glistens in the clear air with a diamond crown. The clouds, having kindly laid the dust, have vanished with the breakfast-cloth, and we are free to look upon the Sunday aspect of Paris, as we make the best of our way towards the Oratoire, to attend the morning-service. Happening to come an hour or so too early, we find the school-children occupying the body of the chapel, and undergoing a course of examination from an inspector. The questions are on Scriptural subjects, and the replies of the children are marked by a ready intelligence which speaks well for the plan of instruction. After the examination, a hymn is sung, the children are briefly addressed, and, a short prayer said, are dismissed. As they retire, the congregation are assembling, and the morning-service commences, which in its routine differs but little from the episcopal service at home, except that it is more brief. The sermon, by a most accomplished preacher, occupies above an hour in the delivery. We are fortunate in listening to a perfect specimen of French pulpit-eloquence, accompanied by a grace of action too dramatic, perhaps, for English taste, but in the highest degree striking and impressive. We are not sorry, however, to vacate the uneasy rush-bottomed chair when the benediction is said, and to make our exit. The Louvre is not far off, and thither, from the sound of the preacher's voice, a good many of the congregation repair, we among the rest. The long picture-gallery is agreeably cool, and the cushioned seats in front of the Marriage Festival of Paul Veronese, or the divine Raphaels, offer a luxurious lounge after the chapel-chairs. We have been struck, in walking the streets of Paris, with the abnormal number of soldiers to be met with at every turn: such strange varieties of military garb we have never seen before—such superb and gorgeous uniforms mingled with such abominably ugly disguises—such dazzling helmets and cuirasses, such worthless caps and woollen jackets—such smart pantaloons and polished boots, such leather-brecks of bushel capacity and clumsy brogues. In the Louvre, we find them all mingled together, staring at the pictures, and lost in admiration at the splendours of the place. They are mostly drafts from the provinces, ignorant of Paris, and new to its wonders; and it is vain, if you have lost your route, or have any information to seek, that you apply for it to a soldier. The great majority of them are young fellows not long drawn in the conscription, and, as you may hear from their conversation, as unsophisticated as children.

In all the promenades of Paris, these military figures are ever conspicuous; and the gayer the spot, the more they seem to multiply. Leaving the Louvre, we join in the current setting in towards the Exposition, which bears us along through the Tuileries garden across the Place de la Concorde, and into the Champs Elysées. On Sunday, the price of entrance is only twopence, and to military men, a penny—soldiers enjoying the privilege here of getting all sorts of recreation and instruction at half-price. A vast crowd is consequently streaming into the building, with whom go the vendors of portable refreshments, whom, it would appear, no regulation excludes. For the convenience of those who have not pence in hand—money not being changed at the payable-changers have established themselves in the vicinity, who, for a small percentage, supply the desideratum. We are not disposed to enter with the multitude, preferring to look at the world outside. The Champs Elysées, at this moment are one vast pleasure-garden. Probably not less than a quarter of a million of the population are at this moment gathered beneath this forest of trees, whose dark shadows everywhere dapple the ground. To sit, to lie,

to lounge, to stroll in the shade, and so look upon the sunlight—to talk, to laugh, to listen, to smoke a meerschaum or a short pipe—to drink *eau sucrée*, or wine and water—to beguile the time in this way, in the company of ten thousand other people doing the same thing—this is assuredly the climax of a Frenchman's pleasure—and this spot, where he enjoys it most, is his veritable home. The Exposition is surrounded by various other exhibitions of a different kind, near at hand being the notorious Mabilles, and a whole legion of spectacles, warlike, gymnastic, dansante, saltatory, legerdemain, equitative, and equivocal. Preparations have been made, and are making, for the accommodation of unnumbered multitudes—whom, after all, an event which is not a novelty may fail to attract, and who, if they do come, may not find that fascination in the Champs Elysées which their hosts anticipate.

In Paris, it is in vain that one looks on the Sunday for any demonstrations of the Sabbath. There is no 'sound of the church-going bell,' and of the church or chapel going people, the number is too small to be distinguishable among the masses that are going a-shopping or a holiday-making. Pleasure is the order of the day; and while all the shops are open, those shops especially which supply the materials of pleasure or personal display, are doing a double trade. After dinner, we set out on a pedestrian tour through the whole length of the Boulevards. It is curious to mark the different phases pleasure presents during a three miles' progress from west to east—the gradual change from pure fashion to no fashion that society undergoes in the transit from the Madeleine to the Column of July. The theatres are all open, and in spite of the sweltering heat, their queues are gathering fast against the hour of admission. These queues have an odd and rather ridiculous aspect, especially where four or five theatres stand side by side, and their tails, measuring from thirty to fifty yards apiece, have some difficulty in avoiding entanglement. In some places, they are partly fenced in, like sheep in a pen; but still the overflow stretches across the whole promenade, and bars the way. Each new-comer takes his or her post at the extremity of the tail—and when at length the door opens, there is neither pushing, squabbling, nor uproar, but all disappear into the building with the utmost deliberation and decorum. At the entrance of each theatre, is a whole battalion of *marchands de coco*, each with a dozen shining goblets stuck on his vest, and half as many brass tops under his arm, conveying the idea that the tin reservoir of his back is inexhaustible. The Orientals have their commissariat on a cheaper footing than have the Western powers. Strasbourg beer and sour wine serve them instead of champagne and iced delicacies, and the *petit pain* substitutes the *pâtisserie*. About the Boulevard du Temple, one still finds some specimens of the popular amusements that characterised the spot in the days of legitimacy. Here a juggler exhibits his sleight-of-hand, his iron nerve, and his strength of muscle; a proprietor of fantoccini displays a single figure, which, at the word of command, goes through endless protean changes, assuming a different aspect at the will of its owner; and a hawker of comic brochures lectures with extraordinary persistency of lung upon the contents of his columns, quoting now and then a covert satire, or a piquant joke, by way of sample—jokes and satires which might be much more to the purpose but for the censorship and the presence of the new military police, with their long swords, who are always within earshot of his eloquence. Fruit and gingerbread stalls share with the restaurants and cafés the patronage of the public, as we travel further on; the click of billiard-balls and the rattle of dominoes are heard from the open windows above, and mingle with the cries of the aged cronies, who, tottering under the burden of a huge tin cylinder, big enough for the fattest of the forty thieves, squat, in broken tones: *Croquets, cro-o-o-quets,*

trois pour deux sous; and the everlasting tin, tin, tin, and the 'à la fraîche!' of the coco-seller.

The stars are out by the time we reach the Column of July, where sleep the victors or victims, which you will, of the Revolution of 1830. The black column rises darkly against the clear sky, towards which the Genius of Liberty on its summit seems in the act of making a desperate effort for a sudden flight, as though convinced she had tarried there too long, and occupied but a ridiculous position. But, hark! there is the sound of choral voices, now rising loud, now murmuring faintly, amid which the shrill tones of a strong soprano are ever distinctly audible. It is a crowd of a hundred blouses and their wives, mixed with soldiers, grisettes, and gamins, gathered round a female who is playing a piano on wheels, and singing in unison with a couple of young fellows, whose office it is to sell the songs and assist her in teaching the purchasers to sing them. The songs are new, and so are the melodies, and both, it seems, are copyright; but whoever gives a penny for the songs, has now an opportunity of learning to sing them for nothing, and need not go to the expense of the music: so says the spokesman, as the music pauses at the end of a strain, and the pence flow in as the songs flow out. The books—each of which contains seven songs, and bears the imperial blue stamp on its first page—sell rapidly, though they do not contain one-twentieth of the matter of an English penny serial, and are printed in a style that would have disgraced Seven Dials even fifty years ago.

We are glad by this time to make one of seventeen in an omnibus, and to be borne back through the hum of the never-ending crowd, and past the interminable vistas of eaters, drinkers, loungers, smokers, and babblers, whose Sabbath has no rest nor quiet in it; and in waiting repose, wants at least its material influence.

Monday wakes up with the martial clang of trumpets, the tramp of prancing steeds, and the heavy march of dense columns of infantry to the Champ de Mars. A grand review comes off to-day in presence of the emperor, the empress, and the king of Portugal. From early morn, the quays on the southern bank of the river are alive with armed men, both horse and foot, who, hour after hour, continue defiling towards the scene of action. An enterprising cabman will convey us, for a consideration, to an eligible point of view; and before noon, we find ourselves deposited on the left bank, which commands the whole area. It is calculated that at least 200,000 spectators are present upon the artificial mounds that surround the field; and in the level plain below, 30,000 infantry and 6000 cavalry will go through their warlike evolutions. Notwithstanding the vast numbers of spectators assembled, there is neither crowding nor inconvenience, but ample space even for double the number. The shade of noble trees, everywhere planted on the high mounds, screens the multitude from the hot sun; this consists of all classes and ages, and both sexes: whole families have migrated hither for the day; and not a few, pending the absence of the emperor, who will not be on the ground till two o'clock, are unpacking their provisions, and taking their mid-day meal. Hundreds of blouses lie prone on the shelving sides of the mound, sleeping in the shade; and hundreds more, bent on turning a penny by the spectacle, are vociferously pursuing some temporary calling which will expire with the occasion. Here, a couple of stout fellows have drawn to the foot of the mound a hoghead, which they have tapped at both ends, and are drawing off for the benefit of the thirsty crowd, while the wife of one of them bows over and anon: 'Lim'nade, fraîche et bonne, à deux liards—deux liards la lim'nade!' Thirst is cheaper quenched at less than a farthing; and if the so-called *semanade* is nothing but water faintly tinged with liquorice, what matters that to him who drinks but to quench his

thirst? There, a tent, neatly pitched, with flag flying, and seats and tables within, offers more solid refreshment in the shape of cold viands, with wine or beer, and yonder is a wooden wharf, which was erected since the dawn, and where, if you like, you can luncheon private, or, as that florid epicurean of John Bull is doing, with your better half by your side. Then, if you want a view of the empires you have but to mount yonder scaffolding when she comes and peep through that long telescope at the cost of 1d., and you shall see her as plainly as though you were seated with her in the same carriage.

At length the clang of kettle drums and trumpets announces the arrival of the emperor. There is a welcoming roar of acclamations from the soldiery, but exclusively from them—not a soul among the spectators thinking it worth while to make a demonstration of any sort. The imperial chariot dashes across the ground at full gallop, and a few minutes later we discern through the telescope the emperors seated in the balcony of the palace, garbed in blue satin, and apparently a pleased spectator of the magnificent show. Now the evolutions commence. Of these we shall not be expected to give any account. A description of what takes place, so far as it can be seen, would in fact amount to very little. The sight of rapidly marching squadrons of foot—turning, wheeling, forming in column and deploying in line, running at the *pas de charge* or condensed in serried squares—such things are nothing to read of, nor is the thundering charge of heavy cavalry, with flashing swords and gleaming helmets, much better. All this, however, soon gives rise to a new element that adds an air of real romance to the scene, and that element is dust. The wild plum of the Champ de Mars owns not a single blade of grass, the soil, a light soil, is raised in clouds by the incessant trampling, and at the game has been half an hour afoot, the dust of the review plays the part of the smoke of a battle. It is amid dense clouds of dust the thundering charges are made, and a few glittering head pieces and flashing swords are all that can be discerned of a thousand mounted men whose advance shakes the solid earth. It is through a veil of dust the emperor is seen galloping along the lines, showing through the haze like a dusky apparition, seen for a moment, and then gone. It is in a whirlwind of dust the artillery comes roaring and crashing on, with the noise of an express-train, leaving a fog of dust in its rear which blots the whole field from view for the next quarter of an hour. Perhaps the most curious thing in all this tremendous exhibition, as the almost total absence of curiosity on the part of the majority of those who have come to witness it. The last, do-nothing enjoyment of the multitude suffers no interruption from the military display. They look on with perfect nonchalance—or they do not look on, but lie and lounge in groups on the grass, discussing their picnics. If at any point there is a rush to see the spectacle, the movement originates with the English or German strangers, of whom there are considerable numbers on the ground, and to whom the sight is a novelty, but the natives are not to be surprised into any demonstration of concern. About five o'clock, the affair is over, and the soldiers, by various routes, are drawn off to the barracks. The departure of the cavalry is the signal for the dispersing of the multitude, who now begin to scatter in every direction. Not choosing to venture the chance of a crush, we return to the city by a by-route little frequented. Here it is our hap to fall in with some unfortunate field-forces whom the fatigues of the day have put *hors de combat*. Reviews have their historical analogies as well as battle-fields, and even now the earth is effectually beaten by fatigue, and cannon and heavy accoutrements, as by the bullet of the enemy. It is pleasant, however, to note that they are not dead, but merely swooning, and that they revive

and look alive at the instigation of the water bottle and the *petit verre*.

At the evening we find ourselves wandering about at the rear of the Louvre, where the builders are at work, but have not succeeded in dislodging the itinerant quacks, who, for the last thirty years or more, have professed their miraculous cures on that spot—and who yet display their broad paper banners among the masses of stone and piles of rubbish which accompany the birth of the new street. Not being dropsical, having neither gout nor rheumatism, nor corns, nor decayed teeth, nor freckles, nor warts, nor bunions, nor wens nor kernels to get rid of—and not standing in need either of flowing hair or whiskers or white hands, or a clear skin, or anything else of that sort here offered for twopence-halfpenny, we pass on into the Palais-Royal, which, during the reign of despotism, has been eclipsed by the superior attractions to be found elsewhere, and is now in that melancholy phase of existence which men designate by the term 'going out of vogue.' The crowd is a second class crowd, the fountain is dry, and the myriads of rush bottomed chairs are all rotten and in paying a penny to sit upon one, you pay fifty per cent of its value in any reasonable market. We prophesy that the doom of Golden Square hangs over the Palais Royal—the decree which abolished gambling has given a stab in its very vitals, and it has been dying ever since, already the rents have fallen one half, and its old brilliant reputation is gone. What of its old character it yet retains is not the best part. Roguery still stands behind its counters, and even Parisians themselves will warn the stranger to have his wits about him, if he ventures within the shop doors.

We were going to ask, What has become of the bill-sticker of Paris? and to say some wise things about the tax which virtually abolishes posting bills. We were likewise going to lay hold of a squalid figure—the representative of the destitute of the population—vanishing from the eye of the police in that foul and narrow lane. But we think better of it. In this flying trip, it is only with the outside of things we have to do—with the picture, the style, the colours, the plaster of Paris, as for the darker tint, they save only to make the lights come out brighter, and if a sound should meet our ear that has 'no business there, it is presently lost in the crash of the orchestra.

FILE AND CONVERSATION OF THE MR. SYDNEY SMITH

(CONCLUDING ARTICLE.)

NOWWITHSTANDING many efforts to effect a change of wings, and thus escape the expensive necessity of building a new parsonage at Foston, Sydney Smith was finally reduced to the alternative of either building or resigning. To resign, would have been to throw himself upon the world again, without any regular resources, so, after sufficiently considering everything, he determined to build. He set about this work like a humorist, but also like one who had prudently calculated the cost of the undertaking. As he himself has left us an account of his achievement, we cannot describe it better than by quoting his own words:—

'All my efforts for an exchange having failed,' he says, 'I asked and obtained from my friend the archbishop another year to build in. And I then set my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest; sent for an architect, he produced plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow: "You build for glory, sir; I, for use." I returned him his plans, with five-and-twenty pounds, and sat down in my thinking-chair, and in a few hours Mrs Sydney and I concocted a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses.

I then took to horse, to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks of my own clay; of course, when the kiln was opened, all bad; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen; bought four—Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal-volatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. So I did as I ought to have done at first—took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman; sold my oxen; bought a team of horses; and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six weeks—in spite of walls running down with wet—in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends, who predicted our death—in spite of an infant of six months old, who had never been out of the house—I landed my family in my new house, nine months after laying the first stone, on the 20th of March; and performed my promise to the letter to the archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly established them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house; a feat—taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration—requiring, I assure you, no small degree of energy.

It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a mile-stone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals: Bunch became the best butler in the county.

I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter—who came to me for parish-relief, called Jack Robinson—with a face like a full-moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said: "Jack, furnish my house."

At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment: after diligent search, I discovered in the back-settlements of a York coach-maker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay, but for Mrs Sydney's earnest entreaties, we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms: it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring. I christened it the *Immortal*; it was known all over the neighbourhood; the village-boys cheered it, and the village-dogs barked at it; but "*Faber meæ fortuna*" was my motto, and we had no false shame.

Added to all these domestic cares, I was village-parson, village-doctor, village-comforter, village-magistrate, and Edinburgh Reviewer; so you see I had not much time on my hands to regret London. My horse was considered the ugliest in the county, but all admitted it was one of the most comfortable; and we did not die, as our friends had predicted, of the damp walls of the parsonage.

The removal to Boston took place in the year 1814. Almost as soon as it was effected, Mr Smith was appointed a county magistrate, in which capacity he appears to have done good service. His daughter tells us: "He set himself vigorously to work to study Blackstone, and made himself master of as much law as possible, instead of blundering on, as many of his neighbours were content to do. Partly by this

knowledge, partly by his good-humour, he gained a considerable influence in the quorum, which used to meet once a fortnight at the little inn, called the Lobster-house; and, the people used to say, they were "going to get a little of Mr Smith's lobster-sauce." By dint of his powerful voice, and a little wooden hammer, he prevailed on Bob and Betty to speak one at a time; he always tried, and often succeeded, in turning foes into friends. Having a great dislike of the game-laws, then enforced with the utmost stringency, he was always secretly on the side of the poacher—"much to the indignation of his fellow-magistrates, who in a poacher saw a monster of iniquity"—and always, contrived, if possible, to let him escape, rather than commit him to jail, with the certainty of his returning a more accomplished criminal than he was likely to be if left alone. "Young delinquents he never could bear to commit, but read them a severe lecture, and in extreme cases called out: "John, bring me my *private gallows*!" which infallibly brought the little urchins weeping on their knees, and "Oh! for God's sake, your honour, pray forgive us!" and his honour used graciously to pardon them for this time, and delay the arrival of the private gallows, and seldom had occasion to repeat the threat." In his intercourse with his parishioners, he was uniformly hearty and good-natured—not keeping them at a cold restraining distance, but entering intimately into all their interests, and giving them the kindest advice and help in their perplexities and troubles, whether small or great.

During the early part of his residence at Boston, having occasion to move about the country a good deal, Mr Smith was much in the habit of riding on horseback; but either from the badness of his horses, or the badness of his riding, or, as his daughter suggests, perhaps from both—notwithstanding "various ingenious contrivances to keep himself in the saddle"—he was frequently sustaining falls, and thereby kept his family in continual anxiety. On this subject he thus playfully writes in a letter: "I used to think a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the Three per Cents. when they fall—I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question." Again, he says: "I left off riding, for the good of my parish and the peace of my family; for, somehow or other, my horse and I had a habit of parting company." On one occasion, I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the Dissenters. Another time, my horse Calamity flung me over his head into a neighbouring parish, as if I had been a shuttle-cock, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighbouring planet."

This horse 'Calamity' is deserving of further notice, as he was a horse of Mr Smith's own rearing, and seems to have been a highly characteristic quadruped—"a huge, lank, large-boned creature, of chestnut colour, and with four white legs;" also an animal, from his infancy, with an appetite unbounded—devouring grass, hay, oats, beans, and every variety of food, moist and dry, with incredible voracity, and yet without remaining as lean as though he had lived on what is called 'sign-post hay'—that is, by gnawing at the posts and pillars of a public-house, as horses sometimes do when the rider is inside drinking. "He stood," says Lady Holland, "a large living skeleton, with famine written in his face, and my father christened him Calamity. As Calamity grew to maturity, he was found to be as sluggish in disposition as his master was impetuous; so my father was driven to invent his patent Tartar, which consisted of a small sieve of corn, suspended on a semicircular bar of iron, from the ends of the shafts, just beyond the horse's nose. The corn, falling as the vehicle proceeded, stimulated Calamity to unwonted exertions; and under the hope of overeating this

imaginary feed, he did more work than all the previous provender which he had swallowed had been able to obtain from him.

All the animals upon his farm, he treated with gentleness and benevolent attention; going commonly every day after dinner to visit horses, cows, calves, and pigs, patting them and joking to them; and they all appeared to welcome him, as though understanding that he was their friend, for, indeed, 'he cared for their comforts, as he cared for the comforts of every living being around him.' He had various little inventions designed on purpose for their gratification. He used to observe to visitors: 'All animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal Scratcher—a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn. You have no idea how popular it is: I have not had a gate broken since I put it up.' Then, the game ran and flew about his grounds, as far as he was concerned, quite untroubled; as on settling in the country, he made a resolution not to shoot. He did not, however, pretend to any humane motive in the matter, but says he formed the resolution, 'first, because I found, on trying at Lord Grey's, that the birds seemed to consider the muzzle of my gun as their safest position; secondly, because I never could help shutting my eyes when I fired my gun, so was not likely to improve; and thirdly, because if you do shoot, the squire and the poacher both consider you as their natural enemy, and I thought it more clerical to be at peace with both.' These simple anecdotes seem to us to illustrate very pleasantly the genial and unpretending character of the man, and seem therefore worth repeating and remembering.

His indoor tastes were likewise simple and full of heartiness. He used to write his sermons and reviews in the common sitting-room, with his children playing round him; and would often leave off in the evening to tell them most laughable stories of his own inventing, and then, kissing their enkindled faces, would send them off to bed in the happiest state of mind and temper. He never indulged in any pleasures which his family did not share. Passionately fond as he was of books, he hardly added one volume to the little stock he brought down with him from London, though without a Cyclopædia, or many of those books of reference, of which he so often felt the want in his literary pursuits. When a present of books now and then arrived from some of his kind old friends, who knew the pleasure it would afford, he was almost child-like in his delight, particularly if the binding was a gay one; and he would set his daughter to arrange and re-arrange them on his shelves, so as to give them the most conspicuous situation. He spent much time in reading and composition, and was seldom or never unemployed, except when talking. He had always some subject in hand to investigate, and never considered his education finished. He read with great rapidity, but yet contrived to carry away from a book everything in it that was worth knowing. When engaged in writing on any subject, he was indefatigable in reading, searching, inquiring, seeking every source of information, and discussing it with any man of sense or cultivation who crossed his path. But having once mastered it, he would sit down, and you might see him committing his ideas to paper with the same rapidity that they flowed out in his conversation—no hesitation, no hesitations, no stopping to consider and round his periods, no writing for effect, but a pouring out of the fullness of his mind and feelings, for he was heart and soul in whatever he undertook. One could see by the countenance how much he was interested or amused, and his images came clustering round his pen; he rarely ever altered or corrected what he had written;

indeed, he was so impatient of this, that he could hardly bear the trouble of even looking over what he had written, and would not unfrequently throw the manuscript down on the table as soon as finished, and say: 'There, it is done; now, Kate, do look it over, and put in the dots to the i's and strokes to the f's'—and he would saily forth to his morning's walk.

In the year 1821, it suddenly came into the mind of an old lady, Aunt Mary by name, who was possessed of considerable wealth, to pay a visit to the parsonage at Foston; and she seems to have so much approved of all she saw in the little establishment, that on her death, in the following year, she left Mr Smith a most unexpected legacy. Though not large, it then seemed to the family circle something like unbounded riches. On receiving it, Sydney immediately paid back to his brother Robert—whom he used facetiously to call Bobus—a sum of money which he had lately borrowed towards the expenses of his son's education at Westminster School; and his next step was to call his family all around him, saying: 'You must all share in this windfall; so choose something you would like.' They all made their choice, and thereby derived a little extra happiness. In May of the next year, Mr Smith went up to stay a short time in his brother's house in London—as, indeed, he usually did every spring. On these occasions, there was always a great struggle for his society. Many weeks before he set off, invitations used to come down into the country; and he was often engaged every night, during his stay, for three weeks beforehand. But in the midst of all this dissipation and popularity, he never forgot his home and family. Every morning, at breakfast, appeared his letter to Mrs Smith, giving an account of his daily proceedings, together with minute directions about his farm and parish—not always, we are told, in the most legible handwriting. A family council was often held over the epistle, to settle the question of its contents—once, so entirely without success, that Mrs Smith, as the matter seemed urgent, cut out the passage, and enclosed it to him, to be rewritten or explained; but he returned it, saying, he 'must decline ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after he had written it.' He was so aware of the badness of his caligraphy, that in a letter to Mr Travers, who wished to see one of his sermons, he said: 'I would send it you with pleasure; but my writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs.' The handwriting of his friend, Lord Jeffrey, is said to have been still worse, which may be reckoned something of a distinction in its way. Sydney once wrote to him, on receiving one of his letters: 'My dear Jeffrey, we are much obliged by your letter, but should be still more so if it were legible. I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word of it.'

Mr Smith held the living of Foston up to the year 1829, when he was translated to Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, a few miles from Taunton. Some time previously, he had been exalted to a canonry at Bristol, bestowed on him by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, who, though wholly differing from Mr Smith in politics, entertained the highest admiration for his personal character and talents, and had the courage and generosity to serve him without regard to party considerations. This promotion was a step in life which added very materially to Sydney's happiness. 'Moralists tell you,' said he, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people; but I can safely say, I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember, when Mrs Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney-coach, when

the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered, red-plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered into my soul! Yet, he goes on to thank God for his animal spirits. While he found others in possession of everything in this world to be desired, who were nevertheless melancholy and discontented, he observes: 'I, who have never had a house, or land, or a farthing to spare, am sometimes mad with spirits, and must laugh, talk, or burst.'

Combe Florey was in every way a striking contrast to Foston, being situated in a charming country, and, to use his own expression, was, in comparison with his former residence, as Lord Byron's poetry to Sternhold and Hopkins. He says, in a letter to Lady Holland: 'I sit in my beautiful study, looking upon a thousand flowers, and read agreeable books, in order to keep up arguments with Lord Holland and Allen. I thank God heartily for my comfortable situation in my old age—above my deserts, and beyond my former hopes.' At Bristol, he acquired an immense and immediate popularity. After his first sermon, which was on the subject of toleration, and preached before the mayor and corporation, the cathedral, which had previously been pretty well deserted, was filled to suffocation with admiring hearers. Long before the doors were opened, a crowd was collected round them; the heads of the standers in the aisle were so thick-set, that you could nowhere have thrust in another; and men were to be seen holding up their hats above their heads, that they might not be crushed by the pressure. His stay at Bristol was not a lengthened one; but we ourselves have had opportunities of learning that no clergyman in that city was ever more universally esteemed.

When the Whigs came into office previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, Earl Grey appointed Mr Smith to a prebendal stall at St Paul's, in exchange for the one, of inferior value, he held at Bristol. There was often talk at that time, and afterwards, of his being sometime made a bishop; but no Whig government ever remembered him when bishoprics were vacant. Lord Melbourne, at a later date, after losing office, used to say, that there was nothing he more deeply regretted, in looking back on his past career, than the oversight which had kept him from making Sydney Smith a bishop. It certainly seems a pity that no Whig minister ever paid their old and faithful champion the simple compliment of offering him the mitre, since the party might have gained unquestionable credit by it at absolutely no expense. Sydney Smith, in his old days, would not have accepted a bishopric, if he, one of the most truthful men that ever lived, is to be believed on his own word.

Alternately at Combe Florey and in London, he now passed the remainder of his life, utterly indifferent about any further promotion. There is little more, in the way of biographical incident, to relate; and we may now fill up our paper with some extracts from his letters, and notes of his conversational pleasantries. Here is a jocular extravagance, which, we believe, Sam Slick has plagiarised: 'Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. "Heat, ma'am," I said. "It was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh, and sit in my bones." "Take off your flesh, and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr Smith, how could you do that?" she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. "Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time." But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.'

Once, at Mr Romilly's, there arose a discussion on the *Divine Comedy*, and the tortures he had invented. 'He may be a great poet,' said Smith; 'but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken

it in hand, I would shew you what torture really was; for instance—"turning merrily to his old friend Mrs Marcet—"you should have been doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay—let me consider. Oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence.' 'And what would you condemn me to, Mr Sydney?' asked a young matron. 'Why,' said he, 'you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There! what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?'

His candour in making no pretence to unseasonable enthusiasm is here well illustrated: 'One day, Mr Rogers took Mr Moore and my father home in his carriage from a breakfast, and insisted on shewing them, by the way, Dryden's house, in some obscure street. It was very wet; the house looked very much like other old houses; and having thin shoes on, they both remonstrated; but in vain. Rogers got out, and stood expecting them. "Oh! you see why Rogers don't mind getting out," exclaimed my father, laughing, and leaning out of the carriage—"he has got goloshes on; but, Rogers, lend us each a golosh, and we will then stand on one leg, and admire as long as you please."'

Here we have an amusing piece of exaggeration. 'Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman, who had been lately in the neighbourhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age, and of considerable dimensions. "Going to marry her!" exclaimed Sydney, bursting out laughing—"going to marry her! He could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy. The neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always providing there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way, and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act, and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." "Oh, Mr Sydney!" said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?" "Yes, Lucy," throwing himself back in his chair, and shaking with laughter—"all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbours, or consult the clerk and church-wardens upon it? But let us go into the garden;" and, all laughing still we cried, without hats or bonnets, we sallied forth out of his glorified window into the garden.'

This was at Combe Florey, where he was then entertaining a party of friends from a distance. We may as well give the passage which next follows in the memoir, shewing a curious practical jest he had prepared for the mystification of his visitors. 'Opposite was a beautiful bank, with a hanging wood of fine old beech and oak, on the summit of which presented themselves, to our astonished eyes, two donkeys, with deer's antlers fastened on their heads, which once and anon they shook, much wondering at their horned honours; whilst their attendant donkey-boy, in Sunday-garb, stood grinning and blushing at their side. "There, Lady—" you said the only thing this place wanted was deer: what do you say now? I have, you see, ordered my gamekeeper to drive my deer into the

most picturesque point of view. Excuse their long ears—a little peculiarity belonging to parsonic deers. Their voices, too, are singular; but we do our best for you, and you are too true a friend to the church to mention our defects." All this, of course, amidst shouts of laughter, whilst his own merry laugh might be heard above us all, ringing through the valley, and making the very echoes laugh in chorus.

Now for a short run into the letters. Here is an amusing passage on the longevity of bishops, date 1830—"I think Lord Grey will give me some preference if he stays in long enough; but the upper parsons live vindictively, and evince their aversion to a Whig ministry by an improved health. The bishop of — has the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the dean of — to be vigorous at eighty-two. And yet these are men who are called 'Christians!'"

Writing to Mr Monckton Milnes, in the summer of 1838, he says: "I have been wandering about the coast, for Mrs Sydney's health; and am taken by the Preventive Service for a brandy-merchant, waiting an opportunity of running goods on a large scale."

Two years later, we find him writing thus on the subject of gout:—"Mrs Sydney is still living, on the stock of health she laid up at Brighton; I am pretty well, except gout, asthma, and pains in all the bones and all the flesh of my body. What a very singular disease goes to it! It seems as if the stomach fell down into the feet. The smallest deviation from right diet is immediately punished by limping and lameness, and the innocent ankle and blameless instep are tortured for the vices of the nobler organs. The stomach having found this easy way of getting rid of inconveniences, becomes cruelly despotic, and punishes for the least offences. A plum, a glass of champagne, excess in joy, excess in grief—any crime, however small, is sufficient for redness, swelling, spasms, and large shoes."

To an accomplished Frenchman, who had written to him requesting a few particulars of his history, he thus describes himself in the last year of his life: "I am seventy-four years of age; and being canon of St Paul's, in London, and a rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided equally between town and country. I am living amongst the best society in the metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country—passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world; and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

His published writings which still remain unnoticed, are—his *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton on the Ecclesiastical Commission*; a number of *Sermons and Speeches* delivered on different occasions; a pamphlet on the *Ballot*; *Letters on Railways*; his *Petition and Letters on American Repudiation*; and a *Fragment on the Question of Paying the Irish Clergy*. They had all an extensive circulation at the time when they were published; and as they are included in his collected works, they may be presumed to be tolerably well known to the majority of our readers. Any comment or remark upon them would, therefore, seem in this place unnecessary. Everybody acquainted with his works is thoroughly aware, that though a wit of the first order, Sydney Smith is something more—that, in fact, his wisdom is equal to his wit; and that, on most occasions, the latter was mainly used to enforce the lessons of the former. Mr Everett, the American ambassador, seems to have hit the exact truth when he said: "The first remark that I made to myself, after listening to Mr Sydney Smith's conversation, was, that if he had not been so witty as the wisest man of his day, he would have accounted one of the wisest."

The picture of his life and activity presented in the present volumes is extremely beautiful, and may be contemplated with great advantage. A more honest, hearty, kindly, and amiable man, the world has never seen. In his last hours, he sent messages of kindness and forgiveness to the few he thought had injured him. Almost his last act was to bestow a small living of £120 per annum on a poor, worthy, and friendless clergyman, who had lived a long life of struggle with poverty on £40 a year. Full of happiness and gratitude, the good man entreated that he might be allowed to see his benefactor; but Sydney then so dreaded any agitation, that he most unwillingly consented, saying: "Then, he must not thank me; I am too weak to bear it." The clergyman entered, received a few words of advice, and silently pressing the hand of his first friend, blessed his death-bed. Sydney Smith, the bright and genial, not long afterwards closed his eyes upon the world: he expired on the 22d of February 1845, and now lies buried in the cemetery of Kensal Green.

OUR NEW ALLY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A few months ago, the British public were informed that the Queen of England and the Emperor of the French had entered upon a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire against the aggressions of Russia, with Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Duke of Savoy and Genoa, Prince of Piedmont, &c.

The spectacle presented by this gallant little kingdom, whose wounds received in the unequal contest with Austria in 1848-9 are scarcely healed, should enlist our sympathy and rivet our attention. When in the very midst of the noble work of giving stability to an infant constitution, organising civil and religious liberty, stemming the torrent of demagogical violence, and breaking down the barrier of traditional prejudice, she hears and answers promptly the invitation of the Western powers, and rushes dauntlessly into a contest for which more powerful monarchies stand tremblingly aloof. No enforced coalition, no mercenary aid, as has been wrongly stated, is that given by the enlightened government of Sardinia in the mighty struggle now waging on the blood-stained fields of the Crimea. Conscious that in checking the colossal power of Russia, and the spirit of bigoted Absolutism—of which that power is the representative—lies the secret of maintaining her institutions, her national independence, and of furthering the emancipation of Italy, Piedmont now sends forth 18,000 of her choicest troops to the shores of the Euxine, on which, five centuries ago, the banner of the House of Savoy was victoriously planted. With faith in her high destinies to lead her onward in her mission of regeneration and progress—with chronicles from whose records of chivalrous daring and unstained loyalty her sons derive encouragement and example—this remarkable state, compared with the other governments of Italy, stands forth like the living among the dead. While they are visited for their ruins and monuments, and mourned over for their degeneracy and decay, Piedmont claims our notice by her vigorous growth and industrial enterprise, her crowded ports and busy thoroughfares—unmistakable evidences of the welfare of the present, and harbingers of her future place amongst the nations. No European kingdom exhibits a more singular picture of the gradual annexation of small territories, fused by the slow process of centuries into a united and wealthy state, which, cradled amidst the Alpine valleys of Savoy, now extends

its possessions from Provence to Tuscany, along the fairest portion of the Mediterranean coast, and boasts of a flourishing population of five millions, animated with a spirit of energy and nationality to which no other people of the Italian peninsula can lay claim.

The enumeration of the titles of the king of Sardinia, as set forth in the convention to which we have alluded, may perhaps have excited some surprise in those who are not familiar with Italian history; and in the supposition that an outline of the past history of our new ally will give a clearer insight into the actual condition and prospects of the country, whose vital interests and our own are, for the time being, so closely identified, the following sketch has been attempted.

Cyprus and Jerusalem, it need hardly be remarked, are mere titular designations, assumed by the Princes of Savoy in consequence of intermarriages, in the middle ages, with heiresses of the House of Lusignan, which long held a feeble sceptre in the East, and transmitted an empty claim to sovereignty to its descendants.

The founder of the present dynasty was Desoldo, a powerful vassal of the king of Burgundy, who in the year 1000 was invested with the fief of Maurienne, in Savoy, in the possession of which he was succeeded by his eldest son, Umberto the White-handed; so named, it is recorded, from the unspotted honour and integrity of all his dealings.

It is good for a family, whether royal or otherwise, to have the example of such an ancestor to emulate; and, accordingly, we find his successors, in an age when the code of Chivalry embodied all the virtues deemed essential to the wellbeing of society, proving themselves good knights and true, and spreading the fame of their prowess far beyond the narrow limits of their territories. By his marriage with Adelaide of Susa, a powerful and gifted princess, who brought as her dowry a considerable portion of the most fertile parts of Piedmont, the Count Oddone, fourth of his line, established a footing on the other side of the Alps; which, though hotly contested after the death of Adelaide by the numerous claimants to her possessions, left Turin, Susa, and Pignerol—comprehending the valleys since so famous as the refuge of the Waldenses—together with the title of Marquis of Italy, to the Counts of Savoy, to say nothing of pretensions to the entire inheritance, that, steadily pursued through centuries, became ultimately successful.

Among the most warlike of these princes, we find Amadeus III., who died in the Second Crusade, and Amadeus V., celebrated as the deliverer of Rhodes, while the names of two others are too singularly interwoven with English history to pass unnoticed. Of these, the first was the Comte Pierre, uncle by marriage to our Henry III., who frequently visited England, was loaded with favours, and created Earl of Richmond by that monarch—the palace of the Savoy being, moreover, expressly built for his residence.

His son, Thomas I., enjoyed the same favour, which no doubt contributed to increase the discontent expressed by the English at their king's partiality for foreigners, and the expenses he incurred in entertaining them. One of the flattering distinctions paid to the Count of Savoy we should, however, in this age consider no wasteful superfluity—the streets of London, we are expressly told, having been swept in honour of his arrival. Both these princes possessed a great reputation for sagacity and moderation, especially the Comte Pierre, who was chosen as arbitrator in a quarrel between Henry and his prelates, and on another occasion negotiated peace between France and England.

But the hero of the House of Savoy, on whose fame the chronicles of the period love to dwell—whose daring and achievements, too, would require the genius of a poet to have depicted—was Amadeus VI., commonly

known as the Comte Vert, one of the most renowned princes of the fourteenth century.

He first displayed his address in arms at a solemn tournament held at Chambéry, the capital of Savoy, when he was but fourteen years of age, and presented himself in the lists, arrayed in green armour, surrounded by esquires and pages similarly equipped. It was to commemorate his success on this occasion, when he obtained the suffrages of the assembled flower of European Chivalry, that Amadeus adopted green as his especial colour, from which his surname of the Comte Vert was derived.

The great event of this reign was the expedition in aid of John Palæologus, emperor of the East, who, being sorely pressed by Anurath at the head of his fierce Ottomans, implored the assistance of Christendom to prop his tottering throne. His kinsman, the Count of Savoy, promptly responded to this appeal; and causing a large fleet of galleys to be fitted out at Venice, repaired thither, across Italy, with a large force of knights, men-at-arms, archers, and slingers. A contemporary writer relates how, the day of departure having arrived, 'the noble' count, followed by his princes and barons, walking two and two, attired in surcoats of green velvet, richly embroidered, proceeded to the place of embarkation. Bands of music, going before, filled the air with harmony; while the people of Venice, thronging to behold this goodly spectacle, broke forth into shouts of "Savoia! Savoia!" amidst which, and prolonged flourishes of trumpets, the Comte Vert put to sea, 1366 A.D.

Gallipoli, a stronghold of the Turks, who thus closely menaced the safety of the imperial capital, was the first object of attack; and being carried by assault, the white cross of Savoy was displayed upon its walls. From thence proceeding to Constantinople, the count learned the disastrous intelligence, that the emperor was a prisoner in the hands of the Bulgarians. Determined to effect his deliverance, he at once passed the Bosphorus, entered the Black Sea, and landed on the shores of Bulgaria. Mesembria was taken by storm; and Varna, an opulent and strongly fortified city, was obliged to capitulate. These rapid victories compelled the enemy to sue for peace, of which the liberation of the emperor was the first condition.

Returning in triumph to Constantinople with the monarch whom his prowess had set free, Amadeus seems to have experienced the proverbial thanklessness of the Palæologi; for, as the chronicler pithily remarks, it was reserved for Italy, by her magnificent reception of the Comte Vert, to atone to him for the ingratitude of the Greeks.

A still more remarkable evidence of the estimation in which Amadeus was held, is given by the fact of his being elected, a few years later, to decide on the conflicting claims of the rival republics of Genoa and Venice, between whom many sovereign princes, even the supreme pontiff himself, had ineffectually attempted to mediate. On an appointed day, the envoys of the contending states appeared before the Count of Savoy at Turin, and set forth their respective grievances, which he duly weighed and pondered over; then himself drawing up solemn articles of peace, they were sworn to and signed in his presence.

In the reign following that of the renowned Comte Vert, whose memory is still a beacon to the soldiers of Piedmont, Nice, and a portion of the western shores of the Mediterranean, became incorporated with France, and Savoy, by a nobler triumph than that of conquest, having petitioned to be united to the dominions of the House of Savoy, as a guarantee of just and paternal government.

The life of Amadeus VIII., who flourished contemporarily with our Henry VI. and the disastrous Wars of the Roses, is another romance, which in the days when that style of composition was popular, would have

furnished materials for half-a-dozen historical novels. After considerably extending his possessions in Piedmont, he received from the Emperor Sigismund of Germany—which country exercised a sort of suzerainty over the principalities of Italy that, with the single exception of the kingdom of Sardinia, Austria in great measure retains to this day—the title of Duke in lieu of Count of Savoy. Renowned for his wisdom, courage, and political foresight, Amadeus, when still in the meridian of his glory, abdicated, and with six of his former companions-in-arms and trusty counsellors, retired to the hermitage of Ripaille, near the lake of Geneva. The asceticism here practised does not appear to have been very severe, since *faire Ripaille* has passed into a proverb in Switzerland, to indicate good cheer and easy living; but be this as it may, the duke was some years afterwards summoned from his retirement, having been elected pope under the title of Felix V.

For nearly a century following, the prosperity of the duchy was overcast; feeble princes, alternating with feeble regencies and their attendant evils, held the reins of government, and Piedmont became the arena on which the French and Imperialists contended. The Dukes of Savoy alternately forced into alliance with Francis I. of France and the Emperor Charles V., the position of their territories rendering it impossible for them to preserve neutrality, lost equally from friend and foe; far from being able to follow up the cherished policy of their family, and as the reward of their allegiance obtain 'a few Ravens of that Artichoke Lombardy,' to the possession of which they had ever aspired, they saw themselves gradually stripped of their ancestral dominions, till a single town in Piedmont was all that remained in their hands.

The singular firmness and energy of character which distinguishes these Highlanders of Italy, as they are termed, seems but to have gained strength from these vicissitudes; and we find the House of Savoy restored to more than its pristine lustre, and reinstated in its former possessions—with the exception of Geneva, which in the general turmoil had succeeded in establishing its independence in the middle of the sixteenth century—the Duke Emmanuel Philibert, the Iron-headed, renowned for his victories in Flanders as the lieutenant of Philip II. of Spain, espousing the sister of the king of France. It was at the tournament in honour of this marriage, that King Henry II. met his death, and these knightly pastimes ceased to be held in France and Savoy.

A phase in the history of Piedmont, less favourable than any under which it has hitherto been contemplated, is the spirit of religious persecution manifested against the Waldenses or Vaudois. Established in their sub-alpine valleys and fastnesses from a very remote period, these sturdy champions of primitive Christianity were a constant source of umbrage to the papal see, who incited the princes of Savoy, as loyal servants of the church, to extirpate such foul heresy from their states. One of the most terrible of the ruthless crusades to which they were subjected was in 1655, familiar to most of us by Milton's noble hymn, 'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,' and Cromwell's energetic remonstrance with the court of Turin in their behalf. It was not till the end of the seventeenth century that the sword of persecution was finally sheathed, although considerable restrictions still continued to be imposed upon the Vaudois, who were, nevertheless, remarkable for their faithful allegiance to their sovereign, and for their courage and hardihood as soldiers. The constitution of 1847-8 finally secured them the right to exercise their worship in any part of the Sardinian dominions, and a handsome church for that purpose has been built at Turin, to the bitter mortification of the high conservative party, who prognosticate the downfall of the country from these concessions.

The independence and the heresy of Geneva were also

a grievous thorn in the flesh to the Dukes of Savoy, who could not easily forego their former right to its dominions; and in 1602, a formidable expedition was secretly organised against it by Charles Emmanuel I., with the concurrence of the courts of Rome, Paris, and Madrid. Three hundred volunteers from the main body of the army had actually, in the dead of the night, succeeded in scaling the walls, when the premature explosion of a petard, designed to force open the city-gates, gave the alarm. The inhabitants, some hastily armed, others half clad as they sprang from their slumbers, rushed into the streets, and drove back the invaders with great loss. Finding their retreat cut off by the destruction of the ladders by which they had ascended, the few survivors flung themselves from the ramparts into the ditch, and carried the intelligence of their defeat to the Duke of Savoy, who was advancing to reap the enjoyment of the triumph he already deemed secure. The Escalade, as it is termed, is justly celebrated in the annals of Geneva, which, six months after, concluded a treaty with Savoy, on terms as flattering to herself as they were mortifying to the duke, who said in his last illness, 'that those rebels of Geneva weighed like lead upon his stomach.'

The opening of the eighteenth century again beheld Piedmont the theatre of bloody wars, in consequence of the disputed succession to the crown of Spain. The duke sided with the imperial party, which England also supported, and saw his states overrun by the French, who for some time held possession of Turin. The siege and recapture of his capital—in which Victor Amadeus II. was aided by his cousin, the celebrated Prince Eugene, Marlborough's colleague—was the turning-point in his fortunes. The latter part of his reign was marked with signal prosperity: invested with the title of king of Sardinia, the island of that name having been transferred from the possession of Spain, and bestowed on him as some compensation for his losses and sacrifices in the war, he devoted himself to the embellishment of Turin, the formation of a standing army, and the restoration of the finances of the state, leaving behind him a reputation for indomitable energy and perseverance, on which the historians of Piedmont dwell with pardonable pride.

His successor steadily pursued his policy, and obtained some part of the Milanese territory—a few more leaves of the artichoke, towards which, like every enterprising prince of his line, his political views were constantly directed.

The outbreak of the first French Revolution again threatened the House of Savoy with destruction. Almost simultaneously, in 1792, the territory of Nice, and the whole of Savoy, were invaded, and occupied by the troops of the Directory; a few years later, Piedmont was incorporated into the French dominions, and Sardinia was all that remained to Charles Emmanuel IV., who, in 1796, succeeded to what he bitterly designated as 'a veritable crown of thorns.'

From this desperate condition, with that singular rebound which is to be observed in the annals of this dynasty, he was recalled in 1815 to occupy his former dominions, with the addition of Genoa, who reluctantly saw herself degraded from her independent position as a republic, to form part of a kingdom which had long excited her jealousy and apprehension.

Between this period and 1847, the history of Piedmont offers little of interest; the quiet development of its internal resources, the accumulating wealth of its exchequer, the minute care bestowed on its army, being less conspicuous to a general observer than the severity of its police, the rigour with which all political freedom of speech or writing was proscribed, and the especial protection which the Jesuits enjoyed. This sudden transition, therefore, when Charles Albert long looked upon as the representative of absolutism, spontaneously granted a constitution embodying liberating

the press, religious toleration, and the National Guard, took all Europe by surprise, and called forth the remonstrances of Austria, who had already ineffectually endeavoured to assume over Piedmont the influence conceded to her by every other state of the peninsula. There seems now little doubt that the expression which, several years before, in spite of his habitual reserve, had escaped the king, relative to the strict economy he introduced into the finances, 'It is to enable us to do great things,' indicated the ultimate object he had in view; equally significant was his silent disregard of Austria's admonitions in 1838, when it was intimated to him from Vienna, that he would do well to reduce his army to a footing more commensurate to the size of his dominions. Many other instances of Austria's jealous interference, of the deep-rooted antagonism which was yearly growing more inveterate, might be cited, but would lead us far beyond our present limits; while the motives which led Charles Albert so long and profoundly to dissemble, are revealed in a characteristic expression recorded by Gualterio, a writer on the recent events in Italy: 'The time is not yet come!' In a manuscript containing some of his retrospections and observations, dated 1840, the singular bias of his mind is still more forcibly displayed: as if in justification of his dominant ambition, and to give a religious colouring to his secret views on Lombardy, subject to the Austrian rule, the following passage from Deuteronomy is transcribed: 'Thou mayest not set a stranger over thee, which is not thy brother.'

In 1847-8, the mask of years was thrown aside; the time had come—so Charles Albert deemed it—and he stood forth as the recognised champion of Italian unity and independence, hailed by many as the destined regenerator of Italy—the king as he used to be mysteriously spoken of, at Milan. Three political writers, Gioberti, Balbo, Azeglio, by their works, which appeared successively two or three years previous, had produced a thrill of excitement and expectation throughout the peninsula, such as none but a participator in the feverish anticipations of the moment can comprehend: they pointed to the king of Sardinia as the object of their hopes, the future leader of their armies, the head of an Italian confederation, the representative of constitutional monarchy. Everywhere hailed with enthusiasm, the fulfilment of the destinies of his house now seemed within his grasp; and the poetical veneration with which he had always invested the memory of his ancestor, the Comte Vert, whose device, '*j'attends mon astre*,' he had adopted as his own, acquired a greater force and significance. With his singular combination of profound dissimulation, religious fervour, reckless courage, and unwavering ambition, Charles Albert appears like a grand mediæval figure upon the crowded stage of the nineteenth century—an enigma to his contemporaries, a moral problem which future generations alone will be fully competent to solve.

The events following the bold innovations of 1847, are too well known to be here enumerated. In March of the following year, at the invitation of the insurgent Milanese, the king threw down the gauntlet against Austria; and with his two gallant sons, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa, marched at the head of his army into Lombardy, where for two months success crowned his enterprise. But on the day which saw him victorious at Goito, and receiving the intelligence of the fall of the citadel of Peschiera, the star of Charles Albert had reached its zenith.

Like a paladin of old, he had fancied he could win the iron crown of Upper Italy at the point of his sword; with no previous experience of the duties of a general in actual warfare, he carried on the campaign in a spirit of chivalrous courtesy and forbearance, evidently modelled on his family traditions, and worthily supported by the courage and devotedness

of his troops, but ill suited to cope with the skilful strategy and unscrupulousness of the Austrians.

While the Piedmontese soldiers fainted from exhaustion in the midst of plenty, forbidden to appropriate anything, save what was freely proffered for sale by the Lombard peasantry, the Austrians vigorously levied contributions on every side, the stick being always at hand to enforce compliance, and laughed at the chivalrous proceedings of their foe. But more fatal by far to the cause of Italian independence, than any errors in the conduct of the war, were the intrigues and disaffection of the ultra-republican party in Lombardy, which, jealous of the king's influence, and aiming at a separate form of government, sowed division amongst their countrymen, and unconsciously did Austria better service than all the exertions of her bravest armies in the field.

After a rapid series of reverses, the commencement of August saw Charles Albert doubly besieged—the Austrians threatening the gates of Milan, on the ramparts of which, contesting the ground inch by inch, his shattered forces had retreated; and assailed by an infuriated rabble within the city, who, surrounding the Palazzo Greppi, where he had fixed his quarters, denounced him as their betrayer, with frightful execrations. When it was known that, through the mediation of the English minister, Sir Ralph Abercromby—anxious to preserve the city, totally unprovided with ammunition to resist a siege, from the horrors of an assault—an armistice had been agreed to, by which the remains of the Piedmontese army were suffered to retire unhindered across the Tesino into their own territory, 'Death to the traitor, Charles Albert!' became the rallying-cry, and shots were fired against the windows of the palace, while desperate attempts were made to force the entrance, defended by a handful of the royal body-guard. Impossible amidst the tumult, not a muscle of his pale stern face betraying the slightest personal apprehension, the king strictly charged his adherents to take no life in his defence—'I would sooner be assassinated,' he said, 'than see my soldiers shed the blood of one Italian on my behalf.' It was not until the night was far advanced, and a barrel of gunpowder was being brought forward by the insurgents, with the design of blowing up the principal entrance, that a brave officer, Alfonso Della Marmora, unknown to the king, escaped from the beleaguered palace, and, hastening to the ramparts, returned with a battalion of the guards, who, dispersing the crowd with the butt-ends of their muskets, effected their sovereign's rescue. On foot, at midnight, Charles Albert thus quitted Milan, where, a few short months before, his name had been hailed with idolatrous exclamations and frenzied enthusiasm; yet in that moment of surpassing bitterness, no indication of weakness was discernible; and the energy with which he applied himself, on his return to Turin, in rallying the exhausted condition of the country, was worthy of the most distinguished princes of the House of Savoy.

The next year, 1849, in the month of March, the war was renewed. After a campaign of three days, treachery and disaffection again doing their disastrous work—having in vain sought upon the fatal plain of Novara for a soldier's grave—conspicuous by his tall figure and martial bearing wherever danger most abounded, the king was at length forced by his attendants from the field. 'Let me die,' he is said to have exclaimed; '*this is my last day!*'

Abdicating that same evening in favour of his eldest son, the Duke of Savoy, now Victor Emmanuel II., he embraced him in the midst of his assembled officers, and presented him to them as their king; then, without returning to Turin, or seeking to bid any of his family farewell, he set out that night with a single attendant to Oporto, where, enveloping himself in the strictest

seclusion, he died, after three months, of that most incurable of all diseases—a broken heart.

We purpose taking another opportunity of completing this subject, by an account of existing men and things in Sardinia.

A RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

THERE seems to be a very general impression in this country, that the literature of Russia is little worth. Our German neighbours, however, know better, and possess in their language spirited versions of the works of many Russian writers, whose very names are unknown amongst us. One modern author, Rukolnik, excels in the delineation of Russian every-day-life and manners. The greater number of his tales are historical; and while there is nothing very new or striking in their plots or incidents, there is a naive and quiet humour, a power of individualising character, and giving lifelike reality to imaginary scenes, that almost entitle the writer to rank with the best French and English *littérateurs* of the day.

From one of his tales, *The New Year*, we translate a few scenes, using the excellent German version of Herr Lewald. The scene is laid in the reign of Peter the Great, just after he had abolished the troublesome corps of the Strelitzes, and was about to change the calendar—the year, until his time, being always reckoned to commence in September. The story begins by describing the czar Peter choosing a common soldier, Alexander Iwanowitsch, to be his personal attendant.

Heavy duties awaited Alexander—from morning till evening to attend on the czar, with scarcely any interval; at night, to watch and be ready to present the tablet and pencil whenever any new idea occurred to his majesty; in the morning, he had to go into the office, look after and detect the tricks of the officials, and bring such a report to Peter as might enable him to decide on all matters of business; for in Russia the czar is a god upon earth, and creates men a second time according to his pleasure. Alexander Danilitsch Menschikoff was a simple soldier, when the czar, for his intellect and punctuality, raised him to the rank of a noble. Sometimes, when the czar met a commonplace-looking German, he looked into his soul, and decided that he would make a valiant woiwode. Did the appearance of a clerk in a shop happen to please him—'I know him, I know him!' said the czar; 'he will make a skilful ambassador.' It was a monarch's business, he used to say, to study men, and select such from every rank as might best serve the state.

'Go, Alexander Iwanowitsch,' he would say—'such a bojar thinks too much of himself. Go, tell him the truth; and, if necessary, shave off his beard. Here's a German ambassador coming—go, Alexander, and see that a room be washed out for his reception; that the curtains be hung, the carpet spread; a cask of mead, one of beer, and a small one of Rhenish wine be placed for him in the cellar. Look after it all with thine own eyes. Why art thou sitting there idle? Thou hast glue, paper, and gunpowder—make fire-wheels and rockets. The new year will soon be here; September is nearly come; we shall want plenty of these things for rejoicing.' And so it went on. Alexander rose higher daily in Peter's good graces; yet the poor fellow still remained only a *deutchik*.*

The storms which, morally speaking, had purified the atmosphere of Russia were over. Ukases after ukases, directed to every corner of the vast and various empire, had at length the effect of concentrating its scattered forces, and reviving its sinking vitality.

Only to God in heaven, and to one man upon earth, was it known what would become of the fifth division of the world.* In everything was there tumult and disquietude. Even those who stood nearest to the throne, often shook their heads as they read the frequent ukases issued by the czar respecting recruiting, stamps, the regulation of the beard, of travelling, &c. Alexander Iwanowitsch, however, did not think himself entitled to shake his head at anything bearing the signature of the mighty reformer; and he often said to the others: 'Don't trouble your heads to criticise the orders you receive, but do your best to obey them.'

The 1st of September, the first day of the new year, came. The czar went in the morning to Moscow; Alexander followed him, dressed in new regimentals, which he had dusted well with the czar's brush. Crowds of people stood in the streets, awaiting Peter's arrival: deep anxiety and dejection were visible on their countenances. Thousands of those connected with the Strelitzes had been brought to the block, and thousands more lay in prison. Another and scarcely less important cause of discontent amongst the ignorant populace, was the war waged by the czar against the beards, and the ancient fashion of clothing. Some held their beards fast, as if they feared that some court emissary might come up secretly and rob them of their treasure. The usual attribute of New-year's Day, the double throne for the czar and the patriarch, was not to be seen in the market-place. Fear and astonishment seemed to have possessed the people. At length, the bells began to ring, and the crowd bowed their uncovered heads to the earth. The czar approached on foot, leading his six-years' old son by the hand. After him came the czarina, Ewdokia Feodorowna, in half-European, half-Asiatic costume. She was followed by her ladies in European dress, and without veils. Then came the bojar Sefeni, and the principal civil and military officers. One loud hurra hailed the czar; but when the innovation of ladies without veils and officials without beards appeared, the shout of joy was changed into a deep groan. In many parts of the crowd was heard loud and bitter weeping.

'Ah, my Heaven!' sobbed an old woman, 'how they have plucked our poor bojars, as if they were Germans!' Peter turned towards a group of soldiers, and nodded to them.

'A happy New Year, comrades!' said he. But the czarina, and the other ladies of the royal family, the dunts and sisters of the czar, turned away their heads, and looked haughtily towards the other side. The fair maidens who followed, made amends for the absence of veils by casting down their eyes; yet the bright glow of the surrounding red uniforms, then worn by the *poteschni*, seemed to exercise a magnetic attraction on these same sparkling eyes, which, under cover of their long lashes, stole furtive glances as they passed, to be repaid by looks of undisguised admiration from the young officers on duty.

'I know them all,' said a soldier of the *preobraschenski*, Prince Lukka. His comrades looked at him with envy, but Alexander Iwanowitsch with somewhat of doubt.

'Oh, I think Alexander must have already danced with them all,' said a soldier of the same regiment laughingly.

'Am I then a dancer?' said Iwanowitsch. 'The czar has many servants fit for that, and he clothes them in shoes and stockings; but we *deutchiks* go in boots, and have to stand in corners while the others are dancing. All we can do is to look, and that does not do us much good. Ah, what beautiful maidens! I only pray I may not dream that I am going to be married to one of them.'

* *Deutchik*—a low rank of servant to the czar, inferior to a *bojar*.

* Peter the Great once took a map of the world, wrote 'Europe in the west,' 'Asia in the east,' and 'Russia in the remainder.'

* The Russians believe that dreams always go by contraries.

The procession was over, the crowds began to disperse; and when the czar returned, he did not find Alexander at his usual post in the antechamber. Peter ascended to his *deutchlik's* room, and paused at the half-open door to listen. Its tenant, believing himself in perfect solitude, was busily employed in practising a minuet. 'One, two, three—a bow! One, two, three, one, two, three—a bow!'

At the second bow, he came right against the door, where the czar was standing, laughing heartily. He was so taken by surprise, that he remained for some moments in the same position, without standing up.

'What's all this, Alexander? Who was your instructor?'

'Thy court-fool.'

'Which of them?'

'Hermann.'

'Ah, he's a great rascal; that is not the way to dance.'

And the czar shewed him how a minuet should be danced; but Alexander had practised the wrong way so thoroughly, that he could not now readily adopt the right. Discouraged at length, he walked towards the window, and refused to dance any more.

'What! art thou already weary?'

'No, czar, but I don't care to dance any more. I don't understand it, and it does not signify. What a figure I should cut at the ball! It will be much better for me not to think of dancing.'

'Don't lose courage. With such a head as thine—'

'Ah! but that's the misfortune—that the feet are not the head. And, after all, 'tis a pity; for I wanted to teach this new dance to all my friends at the ball, before thy entrance.'

'Come, then, try again. One, two, three—bow! One, two, three—bow!'

Suddenly Iwanowitsch seized the measure of the minuet, and did the step correctly. 'Thanks, czar,' said he; 'now I understand it. But don't punish the court-fool. What is his business but to make fools of other people?'

'Now,' said Peter, 'I am going to take a drive in my new one-horse car. I want to change the travelling fashion of my bojars. At present, not one of them will travel from his country-seat to Moscow without turning out seven or eight kibitkas and covered wagons, together with a family-coach like a dwelling-house. Now, I'll shew them a new example.' So the czar and Alexander set off to drive through the streets of Moscow in a one-horse vehicle of the simplest construction, and without an ornament of any kind.

The people were astonished, the bojars murmured, especially when the czar stopped to ask them how they liked his equipage, and advised each of them to bespeak such another. There was no occasion, he said, for any man to keep useless servants and useless horses. In returning, the czar drove through the Pokrowka quarter.

'Here is the dwelling of Andrea Artomonowitsch,' said Peter, as they passed by a tall stone-house. 'He is one of the best of the bojars, and what a daughter he has! Alexander, hast thou ever seen Maria Andreewna?'

'Not quite,' answered the *deutchlik*, blushing to the tips of his ears.

The czar looked at him fixedly. 'What means "not quite"? and why dost thou turn so red?'

The redness, czar, comes from the weather, and the "not quite" means that I saw only her side-face. She was in the procession.

'And so the redness comes from the weather?' asked the czar. Alexander Iwanowitsch was silent.

'I don't allow this, Alexander. When thou art asked a question, be so good as to give a direct answer, that one may understand thee clearly.'

'I can't answer that.'

'Why not?'

'Because thou wouldst laugh.'

'I will not.'

'On thy word of honour?'

'Yes.'

'Even the side-face of Maria Andreewna is handsome.'

'Now I have thee!' answered the czar. 'Listen! Danilitsch Menschikoff began one time to tell me lies; I cudgelled him, and to some purpose. Whoever lies, even in jest, not out of diplomatic necessity, but from inclination, is a bad servant. And if I love a man, I cudgel lying well out of him; he'll thank me for it afterwards. Now, Alexander, take heed to thyself!'

'Another time, czar, I'll take better care.'

Time passed on. On the 6th of December, the czar again invited Alexander Iwanowitsch to drive with him, and the coachman was ordered to stop at the house of Andrea Artomonowitsch.

'Is the bojar at home?' inquired the czar of ten servants, dressed after the German fashion, who hastened down the steps.

'He is gone to church, but the young lady is at home.'

'Come, Alexander!'

They entered the gorgeously furnished guest-chamber. The czar's face darkened as Maria Andreewna, accompanied by her governess, entered the room.

'Good-morning, Mascha,' he said, as he took hold of the girl's long hair and kissed her on the forehead.

'What brings this old hag after thee?'

'My father's command.'

'I suppose 'tis not thine own choice?'

'My father's will is always my choice.'

'Good daughter! That pleases me; for rebellion against thy father would be the same as rebellion against the czar. Now tell me, does this youth please thee?' added he, drawing Alexander forward, who was bashfully standing near the door.

Maria blushed, and tried to run behind her governess; but the czar held her fast by the hands.

'Leave off this nonsense, Maschinka,' he said. 'What hast thou to be ashamed of? Thou must tell the truth to the czar, as thou wouldst to thy father.'

'I don't know,' replied Maria with a trembling voice and downcast eyes.

'Well, if thou dost not know, look at him.'

And Peter tried to lead her towards Alexander; but the shy *deutchlik* retreated towards the door, just as it opened, and Andrea Artomonowitsch pushed against his back.

'Where art thou going, Alexander Iwanowitsch?' exclaimed he in surprise.

'He's running away from thy daughter,' said the czar; 'but thou and I, Artomonowitsch, will soon teach him better.'

'Yes, yes, we'll soon teach him,' answered the *okolnitschi*, chiming in with his master.

'And no need either to defer the lesson. See, thou hast a handsome piece of merchandise, and I a handsome purchaser. Let us agree: I'll make the match.'

Now it was Andrea's turn to step backwards. Maria ran to her governess, and concealed her glowing face behind the old woman. Alexander Iwanowitsch cast a woful glance at the czar, as if he meant to reproach him for jesting at his expense. Peter approached the *okolnitschi*.

'Now,' said he kindly, 'is it not true, Artomonowitsch, that I have found a handsome bridegroom for thy Maschinka?'

'Great is thy royal goodness!' answered Andrea, trembling and bowing. 'Only permit, great and mighty czar—only do not be angry if I make one request to thee, my lord and benefactor, that—how shall I say it?—thy majesty should choose a member of some old bojar family, and not this simple *deutchlik*.'

whose descent who knows?' And he fell on his knees before the czar.

Peter's eyes glowed with anger, but after a few moments he said, quickly yet calmly: 'Stand up! Thy posture suits badly with thy pride of heart. Stand up, and declare who made thee okolnitschi! The czar, Alexis Michaelowitsch, of blessed memory, made thee his chamberlain, half for thy father's sake, who had been raised from an obscure condition by his predecessor. So don't pride thyself on thy descent, Artomonowitsch, but just say that thou wilt or wilt not.'

'Father,' whispered Maria, throwing her arms round his neck, 'don't make the czar angry!'

'Go to thy chamber!' was the fierce reply. Maria lingered; but the czar took her by the hand, and said: 'Go, Maschinka; God is gracious. I'll manage the matter, and do thou obey thy father.' Maria retired sadly, followed by her governess.

'Come, Artomonowitsch,' said the czar; 'time presses. Decide—how is it to be?'

'Let it be as thou wilt, only my Maschinka is too young—only nineteen. Permit us, czar, to wait a little. Let the marriage be deferred until next year.'

'Agreed,' said Peter. 'In the second week after New-year's Day, the wedding shall take place. Dost thou consent?'

'I thank thee, czar, for thy kindness.'

'Now, then, see that thou keepest thy word! And on New-year's Day we will have the betrothal.'

'I can only thank thee.'

'Now, then, kiss the bridegroom. So, ak right. Now, embrace the match-maker. Farewell, Artomonowitsch; I thank thee for thy good decision.'

No sooner had the czar and Alexander taken their departure, than the okolnitschi called his daughter and her duenna to account.

'What hast thou been about, old night-owl!' he said to the latter, 'that thou must bring her down to receive men? A pretty mess thou hast got us into with this confounded deutschik. Nothing, forsooth, will do for him but to espouse the descendant of a bojar! And my young lady must follow the new fashions, and be treated all at once like a grown-up woman. Well, we'll see yet if we can't prevent it. A great deal of water runs by in a year! Now, mark me, girl—not a step shalt thou stir out of thine own apartments. And thou, old night-owl, take not thine eyes off her! If she catches another glimpse of the deutschik, even through a chink of a door, I'll pack thee out of the world! Is it for nothing that I am her father? Give her to a nameless deutschik, indeed! Wait until spring!'

The okolnitschi went into his room, and sat down to write a letter. As soon as he had finished it, he called one of his grooms, gave him five rubles, ordered him to take the three best horses from the stable, and to hasten to Woronesch with the letter, directed to Prince Lukka; and as soon as he obtained an answer, to return without delay. 'Drink no, handy by the way,' he added, 'but refresh thyself with beer; and now, go on thy way in God's name!'

'Alexander,' said the czar some days afterwards, 'hast thou lately visited thy bride?'

'What's the use of my going to the house?' said the deutschik; 'the okolnitschi will never allow his daughter to be seen. He says it is not the custom.'

'Does he so?' said Peter. 'Have patience!'

On the 15th of December, there was scarcely standing-room to be found in any church in Moscow. After prayers, a new ukase was to be read. It was first proclaimed in the Red Market-place with the sound of trumpets, and from the town-hall it was issued in printed sheets. The whole city was in a state of commotion; people could not believe either their eyes or ears. Every man in authority was surrounded by persons seeking information, and the whole crowd thus became

divided into groups. The court outside the house of the okolnitschi, Andrea Artomonowitsch, was filled with persons of various ranks. He had been taking a nap after a hearty breakfast, and was suddenly awakened by the noise. Looking out of the window, he asked a respectable shopkeeper, Zachoica Petroff, what was the matter. The latter, proud of being addressed, cleared his throat, and approached the window. 'I have the honour to announce to your Grace,' said he, 'that eight months have been taken from us by the czar—that is to say, that four months have, as it were, been thrown out of the window. We cannot reckon ourselves either in the new or in the old year; and it is generally said that we are to step over into the next century. The old reckoning is declared to be wrong, so that not one of us will be able to tell how old he is, or when he was born; and these four months are, so to speak, a sort of superfluity that we can do what we wish with.'

'What stuff!' cried the bojar. 'Some one has been making fools of the whole set of you!'

'No, bojar; it is a ukase: be so good as to read it. There it is.' And a copy of the proclamation flew into the room through the open window. The okolnitschi took it, and read as follows:—

'In the year of the world seven thousand eight hundred and twenty, on the fifteenth of December, has the mighty lord and prince the czar, Peter Alexiewitsch, ruler of Great, Little, and White Russia, ordained as follows: It is well known that not only amongst European nations, but also amongst several Slavonic tribes who acknowledge the authority of our orthodox church, the year is reckoned to commence eight days after the birth of Christ—that is, on the first of January, and not, as we at present reckon it, from the creation.'

'And whereas now from the birth of Our Lord the year 1699 is just about to end, and from the first of next January 1700, a new century will commence, it is ordered that in all offices, and in the transaction of both public and private business, the above date be employed, and the coming year be styled A.D. 1700.' Then followed specific directions as to the nature and extent of the public rejoicing appointed to celebrate this event.

Having deliberately finished the perusal of the ukase, Andrea Artomonowitsch shook his head mournfully.

'See what a cunning trick he has thought of,' said he—'Prince Lukka can never be here in time.'

'Now, what art thou thinking of, little father?*' asked a voice in the crowd.

'Go home, all of ye!' replied the okolnitschi; 'this has not been invented for you.'

'And for whom, then?'

'Tis a jest, children—a mere jest! A marriage that's wanted to be celebrated, and then everything will be as before!'

'What marriage, bojar?'

'What does that signify to you?' said Artomonowitsch angrily. 'Out of the court! march! You have heard that this fine device was not invented for you!'

The crowd dispersed; and the okolnitschi betook himself to the apartment of his daughter.

'I have the honour to wish your ladyship a happy new year! A pretty thing to have the whole city in confusion on account of a chit of a girl like thee! Order the horses to be harnessed immediately; we will set off without delay for our country-house.' The next moment it was announced to the okolnitschi that a diak from the town-hall awaited him. The diak entered, and announced the czar's command, that the whole Pokrowka quarter should be illuminated, and that Andrea should personally superintend the whole.

'A pretty way of spending money!' grumbled old Athanasia the governess.

* A phrase common in Russia, expressing both affection and respect.

'Thou art a fool!' retorted her master. 'I don't grudge my money to the czar; but how to escape giving my daughter to a nameless deutschik, I know not.'

'Why, is there anything about her marriage in the ukase?'

'Ah! thou dost not understand. I promised Maria to the Prince Lukka; and sent now to beg of him to come from the distant place in which he is, in order to try if between us we might effect a change in the czar's intentions. He, sharp man that he is, has found it out, and invented a new-year's day that Providence never thought of. He's so cunning—so very cunning! Now, just tell me what's to be done?'

'Ah, bojar!' sighed the old woman; 'I never thought that the son of thy loyal father would contradict the czar's will in anything!'

'Thou art a fool, Athanasia. The czar's word is law to me; but what is to become of my word pledged to the prince?'

'Why didst thou not say so to the czar?'

'Because I lost my presence of mind: it is not always so easy to speak to him.' A servant entered, and announced that the carriage was ready.

'Who ordered it?' asked the okolnitschi angrily.

'I did,' answered Athanasia. 'I must visit the shops, to purchase bridal-dresses.'

'As thou wilt, old woman. I wash mine hands in innocency.'

The eighteenth century had commenced. All the preparations for rejoicing were made in the Red Market-place. The czar with his own hand set off the first rocket; and amid the ringing of bells, and the thunder of cannon, all the streets were illuminated. Night was turned into day; the city was filled with rejoicing crowds; and all the members of the royal family appeared in gala-dresses. The doors and windows of the houses were decorated with evergreens, and the rejoicings lasted until morning, for no one would go to sleep between the going out of the old and the coming in of the new century.

On the 1st of January 1700, the czar, after hearing prayers, and receiving various official congratulations, gave a grand entertainment. At its conclusion, he repaired with Alexander Iwanowitsch and a select number of guests to the house of Andrea Artomonowitsch; and amid much festivity and drinking of healths, the betrothal of the deutschik and Maria Andreowna was solemnised. In the fulness of his heart, the okolnitschi confessed to the czar all his difficulties on the subject, and concluded by saying:

'Now, czar, there is one thing I do not understand, when thou didst determine on this affair, why didst thou not just say simply: "Artomonowitsch, I desire it?" and thou shouldst have been obeyed. Now, the people actually believe that thou art in earnest about this trick of the new year.' The czar laughed.

In the second week of the new year, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp.

The next day, Andrea Artomonowitsch asked the old governess: 'Has this new year been done away with yet, Athanasia?'

'I heard nothing of it as yet: perhaps this evening it may be done.' And the okolnitschi was silent.

Some years passed on. New-year's Day was come. In the newly built city of St Petersburg, Menschikoff gave a grand ball; Alexander Iwanowitsch invited a lady to dance, and as he gracefully led her out, the czar said, laughing, in an undertone: 'Now is the time of recompense.'

A servant handed a sealed letter to Alexander. 'Read!' said the czar.

Although it had just come to his turn to lead out his partner, our friend paused to read the paper; then abruptly rushing to the spot where his wife was standing, he led her towards the czar, and fell at his feet.

'Stand up, Alexander!' said Peter kindly. 'Only

teach thy children to serve their sovereign as faithfully as thou hast done.'

'Matweew, come here,' said the czar; and the Count Andrea Artomonowitsch stepped forward with the grace of a practised courtier.

'See, your excellence, Alexander Iwanowitsch, like your worthy father, risen from a low estate to rank and wealth. Let him be known henceforward as Major-general Alexander Iwanowitsch Rumjanzow. And, believe me, it is only by merit that you and your descendants will rise to the highest dignities in the state.'

'Heaven grant, czar, that thou mayest prove a true prophet!' said Alexander. And brilliantly has the prophecy of Peter the Great been fulfilled.*

PEAT FOR PAPER.

UNTIL the day comes when some new, cheap, and efficient material for paper shall be really hit upon, it cannot be regarded as a waste of time or space if we occasionally touch upon the subject. In an article on the *Paper Difficulty*, the recent current of thought on this important matter, was noticed (No. 44, p. 295). But since then, we have met with a few observations which seem worthy of attention respecting the possibility or otherwise of producing paper from turf or peat.

All the world knows that Ireland possesses bog, which may be reckoned by millions of acres; and any one who has travelled along the Midland Great Western Railway, from Dublin to Athlone and Galway, will have had opportunity for observing the dismal appearance which these bogs present, and the sad manner in which they occupy ground which otherwise, perchance, might be fitted for arable culture. The Irish bogs have been so repeatedly noticed in the first and second series of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, that our readers must be tolerably familiar with their general characteristics; and it may suffice to say, that among the schemes for meliorating these black patches on the face of a beautiful country, there have been plans for making peat-charcoal—for using peat as fuel in iron furnaces—for producing sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, naphtha, paraffine, volatile oil, and fixed oil, by treating peat with certain chemicals. But the question here is, Will peat suffice as a paper material? Now, it appears that this has really been attempted on the continent. There is peat both of a fibrous or a non-fibrous character, and the former kind alone will do for paper-making. There are, it appears, bogs of fibrous peat in Piedmont; and this peat has recently been subjected to experimental treatment at Turin. The most stinging or fibrous kinds of peat were combined, in a ratio varying from 80 to 95 per cent., with a small quantity of bark, old ropes, or bagging, and strong and excellent paper produced—not fine enough, we presume, for printing or writing paper. In 1838, M. Piette, of Cologne, published a description of certain processes whereby useful paper might be made from the upper layer of fibrous turf. M. Keller, of Kühnheide, in Saxony, has lately manufactured serviceable wrapping-paper from fibrous peat.

A French manufacturer, M. Lallemand, of Besançon, has taken out a patent for a process relating to this subject. He washes all the earthy matter from the fibrous part of the peat; he soaks it for many hours in a caustic lye; he soaks it for a shorter time in weak muriatic acid; he washes it, and steeps it for a short time in a solution of alum; he bleaches it with

* On the pillars in commemoration of peace, on which the Goddess of Peace is leaning, which were sculptured by Canova for the Rumjanzow Museum, are engraved—Pax Abo, 1743; Pax Rainadgy, 1774; Pax Frederikshamn, 1809. These peaces were respectively concluded by Alexander Iwanowitsch; by his son the Field-marshal Peter; and by his grandson the chancellor of the kingdom, Michael Paul.

chlorine; he mixes with it a small percentage of rag-stuff; and with the pulp, he makes paper in the ordinary way. A patent has been taken out in this country by Mr W. H. Clarke, for a process presenting certain points of resemblance to Lallemand's; and ~~for~~ a notice contained in *Sullivan's Journal* last autumn, it seems as if Ireland were about to try her hand in this very useful department of industry:—‘It appears that Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, of Croom Castle, in the county of Limerick, has taken up this patent, and, in conjunction with Mr Clarke, is erecting experimental works at Clontahard and Tarbert, in the county of Kerry, where it is proposed to prepare materials for making paper, papier-maché, carton-pierre, &c. We wish the project every success, and hope that it will not meet with the fate of the many other really feasible and valuable manufactures which have been from time to time attempted here, but which have failed from ill-management. At this moment, the success of such a manufacture is of national interest; for, independent of the importance of utilising peat, its employment to a large extent in the manufacture of the low qualities of paper would go far to remedy the great scarcity of rags which now presses so heavily upon the paper-trade.’

The latter part of the above extract should be borne in mind. It is not that turf would yield good printing or writing paper, but that, by being used for paper of lower quality, it might economise the existing small store of rags, and at the same time it might benefit the districts whence the turf would be cut. As to the abundance of the supply in Ireland, there can be no doubt about this: the point to determine is—at what price can serviceable turf-paper be brought into the market? Perhaps it may be found that paste-board, mill-board, papier-maché, and carton-pierre, may be produced from peat more easily than thinner sheets of paper. There is already a method of making papier-maché from straw, by cutting, grinding, boiling, and working up into a pulp; but inasmuch as straw is valuable for scores of purposes, while bogs are blots and nuisances, there would be greater advantage in using peat, if suitable for the purpose—a matter which only careful experiments can determine.

For the sake of Ireland, and for the sake of paper-consumers, we could certainly wish that some of these projects might become something more than project.—might assume worthily the position of veritable manufactures.

A NEW KIND OF TEA.

The following notice of a new kind of tea, called *maté*, from South America, appears in an American newspaper; being apparently extracted from papers connected with the Agricultural division of the Patent Office:—‘There was lately procured by Lieutenant Page, of the United States ship *Water-witch*, which is now engaged in exploring the river Platte, in South America, for distribution, the celebrated *maté*, or Paraguay tea. The leaves of this plant are used, by infusion, in Paraguay, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Chili, Peru, and Ecuador, by all classes of persons, and at all hours of the day. The Creoles drink the infusion in a pot called *maté*, from the spout of which the tea is drunk, with or without a little burnt sugar, cinnamon, or lemon-juice. They drink it at every meal, and seldom eat before they have taken some of it. The more wealthy and refined portion of the population, partake of the infusion from a *maté*, or teapot, formed of silver or other materials, by means of a tin or silver pipe, called *bombilla*, perforated with holes at one end, to prevent swallowing the pulverised herb which floats on the surface. The quantity of leaves used by a person who is fond of it, is an ounce. It is customary, in good society, to supply each of the party with a *maté* and pipe, with the infusion as near as possible to a boiling temperature, which those who are habituated to its use

can swallow without inconvenience; but often the whole household and their visitors are supplied by handing the *maté* from one to another, filling it up with hot water as fast as it becomes exhausted. If the water is suffered to remain long on the leaves, the decoction becomes of an inky blackness. The taste of the leaves, when green, somewhat resembles that of mallows, or the inferior kinds of green tea from China. The people of South America attribute innumerable virtues to this tree; but most of the qualities ascribed to it are doubtful. It is certainly aperient and diuretic, and, like opium, produces some singular and contrary effects. It is said to give sleep to the restless, and spirit to the torpid; and, like that drug, when a habit is once contracted of using it, it is difficult to leave it off; its effects on the constitution being similar to that produced by an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. The tree is highly ornamental, and doubtless would flourish in any soil and situation where *Magnolia grandiflora* would thrive. Hence its introduction into the middle and southern sections of the Union is well worthy of the attention of all who have proper conveniences for cultivating it.’

SONNET.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

O LOFTY souls, that in the olden days
With ‘hero music’ filled this earth of ours,
And wreathed your crown in heaven with fadeless
flowers,
Making of life a glory and a praise,
That still rings sweetly through the poet’s lays—
I pray ye—happy in your starry bowers—
Look gently down from your bright joy-lit towers
On me, sad pilgrim through these lonely ways;
Inspire me with fresh strength the while I trace
Your footprints through the dreamy mystic past;
O may ye in your perfectness of grace,
O’er my dark path, yet richer light-floods cast;
That spurning far the mean, the low, the base,
I still may stand in all good daring fast.

BARNUM’S ELEPHANT.

Passengers who travel by the New York and Newhaven cars have a grand chance of ‘seeing the elephant.’ Going from New York, the cars pass the farm of P. T. Barnum, a mile or so before reaching Bridgeport, Connecticut. On that farm, and in plain view from the railway, an elephant may be seen every pleasant day attached to a large plough, and doing up the sub-soiling in first-rate style, at the rate of about three distinct double-horse teams. The animal is perfectly tractable. His attendant rides him, while a coloured man guides the plough. The elephant is also used for carting large loads of gravel in a cart arranged purposely for him, and in drawing stone on a stone-boat or drag, in piling up wood, timber, &c., and in making himself generally useful.—*New York Tribune*.

GLACIAL SEA IN YORKSHIRE.

Professor Phillips states, that in a comparatively modern geological period, every part of Yorkshire below the level of 1500 feet was covered by the waters of a glacial sea. Icebergs appear to have floated over the whole of the Hull district, depositing, where they melted or overturned, the materials brought from the higher hills. Amongst these were blocks of stone from Cumberland and the West Riding, now found perched on the limestone hills. Some of them must have come over the Pass of Stainmoor, a height of 1440 feet.—*Year-book of Facts*.

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A TEA-PARTY IN HEIDELBERG.

ONE evening, I was sitting over a cup of coffee in the public room of the Gasthaus zum Ritter, in Heidelberg. You, O luxurious traveller! who go about with your money in one hand, and your *Murray* in the other, if you have been to Heidelberg, did not stay at the Ritter. *Murray* mentions the antiquity of the house, but says nothing about its cook. Indeed, I cannot say that this official is equal in merit to the gentleman at the Prinz Karl; nor can the visitor to the Ritter expect to meet with that friendly interest in his welfare which Mr Lehr, of the Adler, is accustomed to manifest towards his guests. Nevertheless, the dinners at the old house are very good of their kind; and really a man who dines for something less than a shilling, cannot expect to sit down to more than five courses, even in Germany. I must observe, too, that the best hotels are not the best places for studying national manners, although they may be suitable enough for those tourists who are accustomed to visit a place, and write their respectable names in the visitors-book, in the same way that they pay a morning-call to an acquaintance, and, having left their card, go away without seeing him.

The visitors of the Ritter are often as curious in appearance as the house itself. In the little dining-room, with its vaulted roof of stone, you may now and then see a variety of hats hung around, which ought to be a suggestive sight to any hatter with a taste for reform. All possible shapes of hats are there, from the dingy three-cornered hat of a peasant of the Odenwald, to the bright-yellow curiosity without a brim, which covers part of the head of your Swabian student. If it is cold weather, you may see the fur-cap of some prudent traveller, whose face is already so completely covered with hair, that when the cap is fastened down, and the cloak to match fastened up, there is little of the original man to be seen, except his eyes. Then, there is the pattern felt-hat of some gentleman from the United States, who is staying a few months in Heidelberg to acquire the German language, which he will speak fluently, and more or less correctly, ever after. There are also — But the different inventions with which the English traveller is accustomed to cover his head, are seldom seen at the Ritter; and, indeed, if they were, I feel quite incapable of giving a description of them. The Englishman who crosses the Channel, seems not unfrequently to imagine that he has broken loose from public opinion, and he consults his individual taste in the choice of his apparel generally, and of his head-covering in particular. Tastes differ, and consequently hats are multitudinous in kind.

Having mused for some time upon this field of inquiry, I looked about for something to read, and picked up an old volume of legends of the country. Opening it in the middle, I read about a sorceress named Jetta, who had lived beside a spring on the banks of the Neckar, and who foretold many wonders, and did several things that were wrong, till one afternoon a wolf came down from the mountain and ate her; and how the wolf then retired into private life, and never was heard of more; and how they called the spring the Wolfsbrunnen. Turning over a few more pages, I came to a story which bears a resemblance to one of Washington Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra*. I read that, far down in the earth, below the ruined castle of Kiffshäusser, there is a cavern; and in this cavern, before a table of marble, sits, with his face buried in his hands, the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, some of his chief nobles standing around him, grim and motionless as stone. His mighty beard, passing through the marble, descends to the ground. Thus silently has he sat for ages, and thus silently shall he sit, until all Germany is united; but when that distant day arrives, he shall rise up with a noise like thunder; the remaining walls of Kiffshäusser shall fall; and spectral knights and ghostly Kaiser shall fly in triumph to Valhalla.

It seemed to me that this cruel legend had placed the spirit of Barbarossa in a very sad purgatory. 'Till all Germany is united!'. The German people may, indeed, be united under a conqueror; but they are not likely to become one free nation — which, no doubt, is the meaning of the legend — till they have escaped from that dreary materialism which eats away their heart and their manhood. In Germany, there are many who sing bravely about their fatherland, but few, indeed, who do anything for it. In no country are the men more patriotic in their youth, or more careless about liberty after they attain to manhood and a decent income. I have heard German students, with fiery eyes, clashing their swords to the chorus of the *Ländes-rufer*; and a spirit-stirring strain it is. An undemonstrative Englishman, looking upon such a scene, and listening to the words of perhaps the finest patriotic hymn in any language, might be apt to think hopefully of the future of that country; but a little experience of the people satisfies him, that the enthusiasm is in a great measure bred of beer, and disappears in the smoke of their long pipes.

Here my meditations were broken by the clock striking six, and I was reminded that I had an invitation to a tea-party that evening. To explain how I arrived at that honour, I must state that my lodgings were in the house of a widow-lady and her daughter,

with whom I was accustomed to take breakfast and tea, for the opportunity of conversing in German. On looking back to that period, I conceive that I had a tendency to fall in love with the daughter, who was a very lively good-tempered girl; but as her father, after the custom of the country, always kept an eye upon us both, the tendency in question never arrived at any development worth talking of. The Frau Wundt was a stout lady, but she was nearly ubiquitous. She always thought it necessary to be present whenever I addressed any observation to her daughter, and she was so. I never met that young lady, by accident, in the passage, but before I had said three words of polite, but incorrect German, Mrs Wundt was sure to appear from some doorway, and, looking daggers at me, would take up the conversation. Once I persuaded Peppi to let me hear her sing. She had the gift of song in perfection—a possession which I think is as near a way as any to an honest man's heart. One would think there could be no great harm in turning over leaves of music for a lady who is playing to oblige one, but Mrs Wundt was of another opinion. Having appeared suddenly, as usual, at the door, she begged me not to take that trouble. I did my best to overcome the extreme reserve of the good mother, and ventured to hint that, in my own country, young ladies were not under such strict surveillance, but, on the contrary, were usually protected only by their own excellent sense and maidenly modesty; and that the result of our system was, on the whole, not unsatisfactory. Mrs Wundt replied, with considerable dignity, that in England young ladies might be guarded by their maidenly reserve, but in Germany they were guarded by their mothers, which was much better. Here I rather think I heard a sigh from the neighbourhood of the piano, but I won't be certain upon that point.

The invitation to the tea-party I received from a married sister of my landlady, to whom I had been introduced, and who I remembered as the most agreeable old lady I had yet seen in Germany. As soon as I recalled to mind the appointment, I hastened to my quarters to dress. Mrs Wundt and her daughter were waiting for me; and the elder lady begged me to make haste, as nobody ever waited tea for anybody in Heidelberg. Sensible of the importance of being in time for that occasion, I hastily attired myself, and had the honour of walking behind Mrs Wundt and her daughter to the house in question.

We were received in the hall with old-fashioned courtesy by the lady of the house and her children. Peppi introduced to me the 'daughter of the house' as 'her cousin,' *par excellence*, I suppose. There were also a boy of fifteen, and a merry little girl, about as high as my knee, who shook me by the hand, and told me in very good English that her name was Margaret. Somebody or other carried away my greatcoat and hat, and I was conducted upstairs. I entered a large room, in which were a dozen middle-aged ladies seated round a table. The cousin introduced me to this august assembly, by giving me their names in succession. I made twelve impressive bows in return, and the assembly deigned to nod its head seriatim. We then passed on into another room, communicating with the former by folding-doors. Here I found a number of young ladies also sitting round a table, and playing at some game with a tee-totum. I, of course, expected to go on to some other room where I should find the men, but I was mistaken. There was no other room, and, with the exception of little Karl, there was no other individual of my own sex present. I found myself at the table between Miss Wundt and a young lady who, I was informed, spoke French perfectly. The latter was kind enough to begin speaking French, while she was doing so, I had time to reflect upon my painful position. I asked myself how it came to

pass that so many of the fair sex were thus together without any men; and the conclusion was irresistible, that the husbands and fathers of that company must be at the beer-houses. A little inquiry sufficed to confirm the opinion: it was the custom of the country. After marriage, each person amused him or herself as might be most agreeable. The men preferred beer and tobacco; the ladies, driven to their own resources, turned for amusement to cards. I found that this tea-party was in reality a card-party, and that the elder ladies in the adjoining room had met together, to obtain excitement by the loss or gain of a few gulden.

While I was endeavouring to make myself agreeable to the party at our table, the cousin, or daughter of the house, handed round to each of us a cup of tea. Then came little Margaret bearing with both hands a great sponge-cake cut into slices, of which each young lady took one. When the dish came to me, I remonstrated against the size of the slices, which were about as large as a dessert-plate; but Margaret said authoritatively: 'You must take;' so I obeyed. A pause, of a moment ensued, when she came again bearing another cake, the slices of which were not quite so large. Of this, also, each of my fair companions took a piece. I saw it was the fashion to lay in a supply of provisions before attempting to consume them; and as Margaret kept saying, in her pretty way, 'You must take,' I took a piece, devoutly hoping I might be able to eat it. As soon as I had done so, the cousin made her appearance with a tray of those finger-cakes called in France *biscuits de Rheims*, and after her Margaret came again with some small round pieces of spiced bread and butter. By this time, I had become tired of remonstrances, which were of no avail, and so I helped myself in turn, and piled up my plate like the rest of the company.

It seemed to be considered among the duties of hospitality, that little Margaret and her sister should take no tea, for during the whole of the meal, they were engaged in carrying something to some one or other. An animated conversation soon commenced, and everybody grew considerably jolly. The elder ladies confined themselves to their own room; and even Mrs Wundt, who probably considered that in the multitude of young ladies there was safety, suffered me to talk to her daughter without once coming to listen to the conversation. Meanwhile, the little pyramids of cakes gradually disappeared, and the tea-cups having been cleared away, cards were placed on the table. The ladies in the next room at once separated into parties of four, and sat down to a game which I presumed to be whist. At our table, however, cards were not much in favour, except as a means of telling fortunes. Another way of consulting the oracle was afforded by a simple game, which gave rise to a great deal of fun. Little Margaret produced a manuscript book, very carefully written. Each person in succession then turned over a large die twice, and according to the numbers that came up, reference was made to the book. Margaret then, with great solemnity, read out a verse of poetry, containing a prophecy or a description, more or less eccentric, concerning the person who had thrown the die. Other games of a similar kind followed; and then, by way of finale, we all played at Black Peter. This is the expressive term by which they described the game known in England as 'Old Bachelor.' You can scarcely imagine the serious interest with which that game was invested, or the affectionate concern with which Miss Wundt was regarded when she was left with Black Peter twice successively. I may remark, however, that perhaps this circumstance was to be attributed less to the untoward fates, than to the artful manoeuvres of the present writer.

Before the game was over, it being about two hours after tea, the indefatigable Margaret came again,

bearing a great dish of *obst-kuchen*, or fruit-tart, and repeating the irresistible 'You must take.' At half-past nine, the elder ladies all rose in a body, and the party broke up. Our hostess and her daughters accompanied us to the door, and wished us good-night, with the kindly feeling—I cannot call it politeness—which seemed to be characteristic of the family. I thought as I walked home, that the men of the middle classes in Germany must be the most ungallant in the world. I had passed the evening in the society of very agreeable women, and I could not at all admire the taste which induced the men to devote their time to the café or beer-house, and leave their wives to cards and ennui.

THE LATE BANK FRAUDS.

It is understood that the late disclosures of fraud in connection with the management of a private banking-house in London, have tended greatly to shake public confidence in establishments of that nature, and in a corresponding degree to raise the value of shares in joint-stock concerns. The wonder is how, with past experience, any private banks should exist at all. They are generally undertakings in the hands of three or four partners, of whose proceedings no customer can possess any knowledge. Sometimes, all the partners whose names are in the firm are dead, and new men, of whom nobody knows anything, conduct the affairs. No one can tell how much or how little capital there is to meet the claims of depositors; nor has any one a right to ask. Private bankers do not ask people to lodge money with them: on the contrary, they, for the most part, assume an air of reserve on being asked to take charge of cash; and may be heard to say very stiffly, that they do not open an account with any one without time for consideration. In other words, one would require to be a very great man, indeed, before he could induce one of these magnificent concerns to be so obliging as to take charge of his money-transactions. The old class of highwaymen did not condescend to rob foot-passengers; their proper game rode in coaches or on horseback. Following so notable an example, some private bankers would seem to disdain any customer under a lord, a general, a rich dowager, or well-dowered young lady—no objection, perhaps, to a beneficed clergyman, with a reasonably large deposit of marketable securities. High merchants, who keep carriages, and give good dinners, stand a chance of being recognised by these mighty dons of the banking-world; but plain men of business may entertain little hope of being either patronised or plundered by them, and must carry their accounts elsewhere.

To speak seriously, the English must be pronounced to be a meek and patient people to put up so long with the insufferable arrogance of some of these private bankers, who, after all, even the best of them, are but tradesmen, and are presumed to make a living out of borrowing and lending money. The Scotch, be it known, however, went through a similar ordeal. Half a century ago, there flourished in Edinburgh a few private bankers, who assumed airs with their customers, and made their concerns a kind of agency for political partisanship. A time came when this sort of nonsense could no longer be tolerated; more particularly as there had grown up shrewd suspicions that some of the great men were not overburdened with assets to meet their liabilities. Banks on the broad joint-stock principle then started into life, and acted with such vigour, that all the old

establishments, headed by gentlemen with mysterious means, wound themselves up and disappeared, vastly to the relief of the mercantile world. Now was experienced a new feeling towards bankers. Hitherto, they had been venerated and feared as demi-gods, hidden in the recesses of gloomy apartments—mythic beings, whom no ordinary shopkeeper was allowed to approach. You perhaps, once in a lifetime, caught a glimpse of them, when a door was accidentally opened, and disclosed them in confabulation with some titled personage. Sinking under the influence of new and popular organisations, these dignitaries at length vanished, and became an extinct order of animals. Men installed in the management of banks were now found to be ordinary mortals—persons you saw and could speak to; and glad enough they were to do business with all who chose to be their customers.

The people of London are still in a great measure without this reform in banking usages. The few joint-stock banks established in the metropolis, to all appearance make little impression on the mass of business to be done; and it is only now that such undertakings are beginning to be understood and trusted. A peculiar feature in these joint-stock banks is, that they number many hundreds of shareholders or partners, whose names may be known by application at the stamp-office. A statement of their affairs is also issued annually; and we believe there is special provision by which the concern will be dissolved should a certain proportion of the subscribed capital be lost. Faithfully followed out, the principles on which these banks are founded present the most valid security to depositors. Of course, everything depends on a strict adherence to principle; for the very best institution may be damaged by irregularities in management. Unfortunately, the history of joint-stock banking in England is not so satisfactory as could be wished. If depositors have not incurred losses, their good-fortune has been at the cost of the shareholders, who are generally the victims. Where there has been an upbreak in joint-stock banks, the fault is traceable to the directors, in the appointment of whom shareholders are liable to make serious errors.

The proper business of a bank, as everybody knows, is to receive money on deposit, and lend it out at interest; the difference between the interest paid and the interest received being the profit of the concern. Some banks established on the joint-stock plan in England, have gone beyond this legitimate line of business. They are known to have made heavy speculations in grain, cotton, and other articles—gone quite out of their sphere—or, what is equally improper, the directors have lent large sums to each other on imperfect security. There has thus, on occasions, been a degree of heedlessness in the conducting of banking in England, on the joint-stock Scottish plan, which suggests the necessity for extreme caution at the present juncture. Schemes for the establishment of joint-stock banking associations will probably be brought before the public on terms exceedingly tempting—as much so as those of the numerous projects for life-assurance. It is therefore proper to utter a note of warning on a matter involving such serious consequences. In judging of the credit-worthiness of proposed joint-stock banks, it may be well to see that names of a respectable class are put forward in the lists of directors; yet we are sorry to say that this test of respectability is not altogether to be depended on; for in allowing their names to be used as directors of insurance and other companies, many persons entertain exceedingly lax notions; and the same error may come to be chargeable against them in the present instance. We would hope that the genuine character of the concern may be more safely guessed from the

general tenor of the prospectus—all that make flattering promises of large returns being exceedingly obnoxious to suspicion. A bank of the right sort can hardly be established with fewer than from 800 to 1000 shareholders; and whatever be the number, the names should be published and freely circulated for universal information. Such is the practice of the Scotch banks, which reject everything like secrecy of organisation. It is further worthy of attention that, according to the practice in Scotch banking, a safe and convenient plan is offered for deposits. Sums as low as £10 are received to account, and thenceforward lie at interest—the interest given being always one and a half per cent. under that which is charged on discounts. Whatever be the sums paid to account, they invariably 'lie at call'—can be drawn out at any time without previous warning. Various banks in Scotland thus hold deposits to the amount of one to two millions; and from their method of management, are put to no inconvenience in paying all demands on them, however abrupt. The practice of requiring previous notice when a sum is to be withdrawn—so common in London—is unknown in the Scottish banking-system.

In consideration of the high credit attained by the joint-stock banks in Scotland—not only for their prudent management, but their security to depositors—it might surely be for the public benefit that they at once transferred branches of their business to the metropolis. The want of banking-accommodation among the mercantile population, notwithstanding the establishment of various joint-stock banks, is still very clamant. It appears to us, indeed, from our own acquaintance with business in London, that there is ample room for an agency from each of the leading banks in Scotland; and the marvel is, that these banks, with their enlarged and correct experience, should spend their energies on a limited field, while one so much wider is opened before them. In consequence of the general deficiency of banks—the hauteur of the private houses putting them out of the question—there have sprung up a multiplicity of bill-broking usurers, who exercise immense power over the trading community. In point of fact, comparatively few bills, even of the soundest class, are discounted by bankers in London. The bulk of the discount-houses are wholesale-dealers, who cash notes to those who purchase from them; and in doing so, accomplish two ends—they make profit off the discounts; and keeping their victims in a species of thralldom, they charge them a high price for such articles as they require to purchase. In this way, for example, certain wholesale-stationers contrive to keep a number of printing and publishing concerns in their hands—discounting their bills, selling them paper at a high price, and propping them up for similarly selfish purposes long after they are practically insolvent. On this branch of the subject, however, we shall shortly have something more definite to say in connection with several recent flagrant cases, which demand exposure. It is enough, meanwhile, to state that, from the want of an enlarged system of banking, tradesmen in London are exposed to indescribable inconveniences, and led into the most dangerous courses. On this account, in the absence of native aid, we would strongly counsel, if at all practicable, the extension of Scottish banking establishments to London; keeping, at the same time, to the ordinary circulating medium which prevails in England. We feel assured that some of the Glasgow banking institutions, with their large capital and intelligent arrangements, could have no difficulty in planting branches in London, where one well-managed establishment would engross more business than any twenty provincial agencies. But it is mainly as a public advantage that we refer to the subject. The social and commercial benefit of the movement would be wide and lasting. Much of the usurious and clandestine bill-discounting

systems would disappear, and the commercial atmosphere would altogether be rendered more wholesome. The hint we give is in the rough: others are left to improve upon it.

"SMOKING IN THE EAST."

SMOKING occupies nearly nine-tenths of an Eastern life: men of all nations, all races, of every language, and of every amount of education, follow this universal custom. In Constantinople, everybody smokes his *tchibuck*, *narghile*, and cigarette; from the youngest to the oldest, from the highest to the lowest grade of society, men and women, gentle and simple, conversing, transacting business, writing, reading, or walking; all emit twenty or thirty times a day, at shorter or longer intervals, greater or smaller clouds of smoke. But the king of smokers—he who, without his pipe, would consider life a slavery, enjoyment a misery, and supreme rule an insupportable burden—is the Osmanli, the Turk of pure race, the legitimate descendant of Mohammed. Poor Osmanli! If the Russians had conspired to destroy all his tubes of cherry-tree, walnut, rosewood, or jasmine—his perfumed and opiate tobacco, and his magnificent jewelled, enamelled, or carved amber mouthpiece—he would more willingly have abandoned his European empire to the *Ghaur pest cauch*; anything but deprivation of the supreme delight of his *tchibuck*, the companion of his life.

The kief! What is the kief? It is unknown in England, where men labour perpetually, and think and act incessantly. It consists in doing nothing—thinking of nothing. When you see a man or a woman reclining languidly on a sofa near the window, and looking far into the blue distance of the sea or open country; when in your walk, you observe an individual, half concealed under a verdant tree, near a river or fountain, or on the sea-shore; or when you discover him, indolently resting on a carpet, amidst the thick foliage of his garden, or the dark cypresses of a cemetery, and he remains motionless, so that life is only discovered by the exhalation, at regular intervals, of the smoke of his *tchibuck*, the mouthpiece of which rests lightly between his lips—you would say he is making his kief. Opium is often in his tobacco, a glass of raki is sometimes before him; but in this case, the kief is profaned. Coffee alone, served in a small cup, capable of holding two or three sips of the precious draught, makes part of the solemnity—then smoke, nothing but smoke. Renounce for the time it lasts—one hour at least—motion and life; deprive the mind of all thought, and the body of all action; merge yourself into nothingness; neither see nor speak, but look vacantly on nature, and the smoke rising from the pipe—these are the qualities indispensable for those who dedicate themselves to the worship of the kief. This lethargic concentration of the body, this wandering or negation of the soul four or five times a day, is the greatest enjoyment of Mussulman life. It is to the Turk an abstraction from life to an ecstasy which few pleasures can equal, and no joys surpass, unless it be those of Paradise, promised by the Prophet to the true believer.

The Turk fought resolutely to procure this solemn state of lethargy and sleep-waking, for among no people was the introduction of tobacco opposed with so much vigour as among the Turks. It was in 1605, in the reign of the Sultan Akmed, that the Dutch, who had for some time taken a portion of the commerce of the East from the Venetians, brought the plant to Constantinople, and produced a new enjoyment for the conquerors of the proud Stamboul. History relates that they gave themselves up to the habit of smoking with such an excess of satisfaction, that the mufti, thinking he perceived in the intoxication produced in those unaccustomed to its use, the same effects as wine, issued a *fetwa* against the innovation. This decree

caused general dissatisfaction. It was urged that tobacco could not, like wine, defile, as the smoke did not remain in the body; and as it had not been prohibited by Mohammed, the mufti had no right to be more severe than the Prophet. The mufti put forth various prophecies, and endeavoured to prove them authentic, in which tobacco was stigmatised, and those who had introduced it were denounced as false prophets, exposed to Allah's wrath. These discussions only increased the general desire to taste, and caused the indulgence to be more generally used; but the mufti insisting on the execution of his fetiva, a popular insurrection ensued, in which even the troops, janizaries, and officers of the seraglio took part; and the mufti, to restore public tranquillity, was obliged to revoke his command. Thus tobacco, spite of prophets, fixed its dominion in Turkey, spread through the whole empire with the utmost rapidity; was naturalised, and soon attained a high state of perfection, as the soil was found to be eminently favourable for its cultivation. From that time, the Turks have maintained that it is impossible to live without it; and a pipe of tobacco and a cup of coffee are indispensable in making a present in due form.

This was a curious contest. On one side, the enemies of temperance, the fashionable world, and the epicureans, proclaimed, with Asiatic emphasis, 'tobacco, coffee, opium, and wine are the four elements of the world of enjoyment—the four pillows of the couch of pleasure;' while, on the other hand, the ulema, the severe guardians of the military and religious greatness of the nation, beginning to find their authority curtailed by the people, denounced them as 'the four columns of the tent of luxury, or the four ministers of the devil.' By degrees, the ministers of all grades of the hierarchy withdrew their opposition, and adopted the soporific practice; and at the present day, not one, from the *seick-ul-Islam* to the humble dervish, thinks it beneath his dignity to smoke like any other Mussulman, at all times, whether walking or riding, attending to his duties, or abandoned to the delightful sloth of the kief.

Mussulman elegance makes this habit now become a necessity, an object of great luxury. Troops of servants are kept for this sole office; the cleanliness of the *tchibuck*, the freshness and perfume of the tobacco, the art of filling a *lula* (the bowl of the pipe) with the delicious plant, the manner of lighting and offering it, shew the good *tutungi* (servant of tobacco); while the art of slowly inhaling the smoke by mouthfuls at long intervals, of swallowing it, and making it issue conveniently from the nostril, proves the ability of the good smoker. Immense treasures are accumulated by the Turks in collections of amber mouth-pieces enriched with precious stones, which indicate the amount of wealth possessed by the owner. The charge of these objects connected with the pipes is committed to another class of servants, who are responsible for them. These are called *tchibuigi*, or guardians of the *tchibuck*.

The manner in which a pipe is offered to a visitor, expresses the amount of pleasure felt at his visit, or the respect entertained for him. The ancient system of poisoning with a pipe, coffee, sherbet, or any other beverage or food, has left a custom among them which Europeans must consider repulsive so long as they remain ignorant of the reason of its introduction. The master of the house tastes everything before he offers it to the stranger, in order to assure him of his sincere hospitality. Until a comparatively recent period, the sultans continued to use cups, plates, glasses, and every article intended to contain food or drink, made of rhinoceros-horn. It is said this custom descended from the Seldjoudi, who used rhinoceros-horn to discover if the drink or food contained poison, which was supposed to change the colour of the horn, while

the natural tint would remain if it contained nothing injurious. At the present time, similar ideas may be classed among the archaeological remains of the manners and customs of Turkey; yet, if a stranger visits a *pasha*, he must make up his mind—unless he is an unwelcome guest, or much inferior in rank—to see a pipe pass from the mouth of the *tutungi* who lights it to that of the master who tries it, and thence to his own.

Some importunate critics pretend that the history of tobacco in Turkey marks an epoch nearly contemporary with the commencement of the decline of the Ottoman Empire; and reasoning physiologically, imagine they have discovered in that custom the cause of the mental paralysis of the Turks, through which their government has fallen into a fatal infirmity for everything that once secured their greatness. It is, however, a fact, that all persons visiting the East feel, without being able to account for it, an irresistible temptation to taste the weed, the perfumed vapour of which fills the atmosphere of private house, public office, and street. It is also a fact—whether arising from the mildness of the climate, from the magnificent picture of nature, which intoxicates the senses, to leave them afterwards more prostrate, or, finally, from the use or abuse of that plant, or all these causes combined—that one feels, after a long residence there, a sensible degree of mental and bodily depression, which rapidly tends towards the prevailing indolence.

The phlegmatic temperament of the Osmanli, and the lazy beatitude to which he abandons himself in a warm climate, where men are usually impetuous, is remarkable, and may therefore be partly connected with the habit of smoking.

If these vague notions of historical and physiological observers have any foundation, the Turks will soon be threatened with a European crusade against their harmless mania of going to sleep while smoking opium or tobacco, and sipping coffee and *raki*. Should such a crusade succeed, the Turk would doubtless return to his native mountains of Turkistan, rather than be deprived of the greatest enjoyment he has experienced during his pleasant sojourn of four centuries on the fertile European and Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus. Such, however, is not the wish of European rulers. They intend that Turkey shall be independent. The Turks will then have full liberty to smoke, to drink coffee, or to go fast asleep, and leave the management of their affairs—less important for them—to those who have the ability or the will to act for them.

OUR NEW ALLY.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

At the period of the abdication of Charles Albert, on the 23d of March 1849, with which our preceding paper concludes, the defeat of Novara having given the last blow to all dreams of Italian independence, the situation of Piedmont presented one of those remarkable crises so frequently met with in the history of this country. In addition to the evils of a victorious enemy encamped within a few hours of the capital, dictating terms of peace to the government, bewildered by the suddenness of its reverses—a shattered army, and an exhausted treasury—the revolt of Genoa, that profited by the confusion of the moment to declare herself a republic, seemed to give the finishing stroke to an accumulation of disasters well-nigh hopeless.

It was then, by a rapid and skilful advance upon the insurgents, completely taken by surprise at his decision and celerity, that Alfonso La Marmora—the same who, the year before, had distinguished himself by his zeal at Milan on the king's behalf—had the good fortune, after a short bombardment, with little loss of life, and little injury to the beautiful city he was beleaguering,

to reduce it to obedience; establishing a reputation by his firmness and energy in attack, as well as his moderation in victory, which gave him a high place in the confidence of the government, and qualified him for his present position of commander-in-chief to the Sardinian forces in the East.

Upon the capitulation of the town, a complete amnesty was granted to all the inhabitants, with the exception of twelve individuals, notorious as having organised and headed the revolt: these, however, were allowed sufficient time, previous to the entrance of the royal troops, to effect their escape unmolested; so that no vindictive proceedings tarnished La Marmora's laurels. Neither has any subsequent act of the Piedmontese administration shewn any rancour towards Genoa, which has largely participated in the extension of commerce and development of industrial resources that six years of enlightened and progressive policy have already achieved.

But it must not be supposed that the task of consolidating a system, which, at its very birth, had to contend against the direful results of an unsuccessful war and internal rebellion, was proved easy of accomplishment; and it requires the indomitable energy and firmness of purpose which characterise such men as Count Cavour, the head of the cabinet of Turin, and the colleagues by whom he is worthily supported, to withstand the adverse influences surrounding them.

Combining, with the principles imbibed from his early education in Switzerland, a strong leaning towards the institutions and political economy of England, with which, by study and personal observation, he has made himself thoroughly acquainted; gifted with enlarged views, and a keen perception of the requirements of the age, yet capable of concentrating his faculties on the minutest details of finance, and indefatigable in the labours of his office; invulnerable to the shafts of satire and invective by which he is perpetually assailed; equally impassible amid the thunders of the Vatican, or the abuse of the Red Republicans; denounced as sacrilegious and levelling by one party; as still truckling to the pretensions of the priesthood and the prejudices of caste by the other—the extremes of antagonistic opinion only uniting in their opposition to Cavour—he, nevertheless, maintains his ground.

No coalition as yet has been able to cause his overthrow; every attempt to drive him from the ministry results in a triumphant recall, and leaves him to prosecute the great work of which he appears the destined instrument; while all those really interested in the welfare of the state, hail him as 'the man of the day,' conscious that, on his retaining the helm of public affairs, depends the solution of the great question, of whether the Italians are fit for a representative government, and whether Piedmont will continue to display to Europe, in contrast to the bondage and decrepitude of the rest of Italy, the favourable results of free institutions and religious toleration.

No stronger proof of the calm courage and contempt of present difficulties which distinguish this statesman and his associates in the ministry, can be afforded than their determined support of the treaty of alliance with the Western powers, that launches Piedmont into a war, in which, to the eyes of many, her present interests were not so closely involved as to render such a proceeding indispensable. But the cabinet, looking to the eventual welfare of the country, the great principles involved in the contest in which it was invited to take part, and conscious that a vacillating policy might fatally compromise its progress and independence, eloquently supported the proposed measure in the parliament, that it was carried by a large majority, though involving an amount of national sacrifice, which, from the limited knowledge people in England entertain of the actual drawbacks to be

overcome, or of the comparative magnitude of the enterprise, has not by us been appreciated as it deserved.

It is no slight undertaking for a country whose entire population is somewhat less than 5,000,000, to devote nearly 18,000 of her choicest troops to an expedition of which the profound political necessity is difficult to be explained to the masses at large, who cannot comprehend why distant enemies should be sought for ere the pride of Austria has been subdued—no slight courage in each individual soldier, that enables him to turn a deaf ear to the gloomy forebodings which *Codini* and *Mazzini*, alike averse to the alliance, have laboured to inspire—painting in the darkest colours the horrors of the Chersonese, and whispering that from that fatal bourne he would never more return.

In withstanding these influences, in shewing themselves cheerful, and unquestioningly obedient, the military—representing, be it remembered, every grade of society, through the working of the conscription—have given proof of the loyalty and devotedness which it is the peculiar attribute of these Italian northmen to display, and the privilege of the princes of this kingdom of Northern Italy to awaken. For it is in the inherent love still binding the people to the crown, where lies the secret of this ready acquiescence; a love which furnishes the best commentary on the history of the House of Savoy, an heirloom more important in its results than the annexation of territories or the most far-sighted political combinations.

That which was wanting to the rest of Italy, Piedmont and Savoy, throughout the 800 years in which we have briefly traced their existence, unfailingly possessed—a rallying-point, a dynasty deserving its subjects' confidence and affection; impressive by martial renown and knightly bearing, endeared by just and paternal administration. The annals of this house are singular, as containing none of the features we are apt to consider inseparable from the Italian character: no dark recitals of poisoning or assassination sully its pages; none of its princes met a violent death; none were ever rebelled against by their subjects, with the single exception of one count, Boniface, who died at Turin, a captive in the hands of the insurgents.

While the other states of Italy were split into miserable factions, each town, each street even, contested by rival families, the nobility of Piedmont and its dependencies were content to merge all conflicting claims into respect for the sovereign to whom they had sworn allegiance—preserving their country by the bond of chivalrous institutions, nowhere seen to such advantage as in its chronicles—realising in the present era of civilisation the dreams of improvement and extension to which, long centuries ago, the spirit of their princes was ever perseveringly directed. No other Italian family, among all the names famous in the history of the peninsula, have retained any sovereign sway, any popular ascendancy. The Sforza, the Visconti, the Medici, have all dwindled into obscurity. Those Italian states which have now a separate existence, have but secured it by arraying themselves under foreign domination: a Bourbon reigns at Naples; an Austrian prince of the House of Lorraine, at Florence; Modena and Parma have either Austrian princes on their thrones, or Austrian bayonets to support them.

But Piedmont has her nationality, her patriotism, her warlike traditions, deep sunk in every heart, familiar to the lips of every child. This spirit it is which gives nerve and impulse to her soldiers, sustaining them against the insidious whispers of political disaffection, by simple faith in the cause which their sovereign has pledged himself to support. This will shew itself by their hardihood and endurance in the fierce ordeal to which we are now witnessing their departure. This spirit it was which, on the battle-fields of Lombardy, enabled them, even in the agonies

of death, to smile when told their king was drawing near, and expire with the cry of 'Viva il Rè!' upon their lips. This led them, a few weeks since, at Alessandria, when assembled by Victor Emmanuel II. to receive his farewell before proceeding to Genoa to embark, to raise such a responsive shout to his address, to wear such honest determination written on their faces, as must have called forth the sympathy of the most indifferent spectator.

Except the historical associations of the spot upon which the review was to be held, the frowning citadel, humbled in 1849 by the occupation of an Austrian garrison, and the vicinity of the plains of Marengo, the scene presented on the morning of the 14th of April derived none of its interest from features of local beauty or sublimity. On a broad plain, about a mile distant from the town, a platform and tent for the celebration of mass and the benediction of the banners had been erected, with stands filled with spectators on either hand, projecting in the form of a crescent, decked with tri-coloured flags and military trophies. Beyond, far as the eye could reach, stretched a wide expanse of level pasture-land, unbroken in its monotonous luxuriance save by the distant Apennines, which marked the boundary between Piedmont and the province of Genoa. Fronting the tent, where, beneath draperies of crimson and gold, the altar, with its gleaming tapers and crucifix, could be discerned, while priests in rich vestments flitted around, the soldiers were drawn up in a vast semicircle, awaiting the coming of their king.

It was no mere holiday pageant, no empty display of the pomp and glitter by which the horrors of war are sought to be disguised, but a grand national gathering, deeply and solemnly suggestive; and as regiment after regiment appeared upon the ground, and took up its destined position, it was easy to discern, by the tearful eyes and quivering lips of many amongst those who thronged the platforms, how keenly domestic affections were bound up in this day's proceedings, and how every family in the kingdom almost had a representative in the serried ranks confronting them.

About an hour before noon, salvos of artillery announced the king's arrival from Turin; soon after which he came in sight, at the head of a brilliant following of fifty or threescore generals, aides-de-camp, and dignitaries of the state; and riding slowly along the lines, commenced his inspection of the troops, the band of each regiment striking up the Piedmontese national air as he approached.

During the time occupied in this survey, the lookers-on in the stands were too far removed to distinguish more than a gorgeous array, where plumes and helmets, steel and gold, flashed and quivered in the sunbeams; but when the tour of the field was completed, and the king and his train took up their stations at the open end of the amphitheatre, crowned by the chapel-tent, each gazer's curiosity could be gratified; while he had full leisure to contemplate the personages called to take such important parts in the momentous drama of which this seemed the opening.

It was one of those scenic representations that few occasions in real life could more completely furnish. As the dark masses of troops closed in, receding like a wave from the outskirts of the plain, an aid-de-camp galloped at full speed to the altar-steps, to convey the royal intimation that the religious services might now commence; and the bending attitude of the priest, who descended half-way to receive the mandate, contrasted with the careless martial air of the young soldier, with his waving crest and glittering accoutrements, was in itself a picture that an artist would have delighted in. This was eclipsed, however, in a few moments by the grand effect of the whole, when the archbishop of Tortona—his golden robes half veiled by fleecy clouds of incense

—appeared before the altar, surrounded by white-albed priests and youthful acolytes, preparing to offer the Sacrifice of Peace, amid the clash of warlike music, the gleaming of bayonets, and the clamping of the horses, fretting at the unwonted restraint to which they were subjected. The king, a little in advance of his followers, mounted on a snow-white Arabian, which curved its proud neck and dilated its fiery nostrils with suppressed impatience, though venturing on no other manifestation of displeasure, was on this occasion an object of more than usual interest, it being the first time he had been seen in public since the heavy calamities with which death had, but a few weeks before, stricken the royal house. In the short space of ten days, the grave had closed over the remains of his mother, the widow of Charles Albert; and of his consort, a lovely and loving woman, whose virtues were attested by the tears of an entire population, mourning over her untimely end as a domestic and irreparable loss. A month later, the Duke of Genoa, his only brother, was also taken—his companion in the glories and vicissitudes of the campaign of Lombardy—'the best soldier in Piedmont,' as he designated him in the first expressions of his grief—the destined chief of the Eastern expedition, towards which all his energies had been directed, and his last thoughts, in the delirious wanderings that preceded dissolution, still turned.

The grief of these successive visitations, in common shared, in common undergone, formed a new bond of sympathy between the people and their sovereign, whose affable, soldierlike demeanour, joined to the reckless courage of a paladin of old—hitherto his leading characteristics—had not prepared them for the deep feeling with which he watched each death-bed in its turn, or for the passionate sorrow that for a time had refused all consolation. The changed expression of his usually open and careless face; his attitude, as he sat stern and immovable, except when he occasionally stroked the flowing mane of his fiery charger—indicated the workings of his mind, additionally imbittered on the present occasion by his intense regret at not being permitted, from reasons of state policy, himself to assume the command, and, like his ancestor the Green Count, share the perils or triumphs of the approaching campaign.

Immediately behind him were La Marmora, appointed general-in-chief after the death of the Duke of Genoa, tall and erect, with a falcon-eye, and strongly marked iron features; Durando, minister of war; his brother Giovanni Durando, commanding a division of the expeditionary army; Alessandro La Marmora, likewise a general of division, with a jaw shattered at the bridge of Goito in '48—a grim medieval-looking warrior like his brother Alfonso; besides a host of others, appointed to various commands in the gallant little army drawn up around them, to enumerate whom would be superfluous to an English reader, this contribution being but designed to awaken his interest in the general history and prospects of a country now so intimately connected with our own.

The mass proceeded—the vast assemblage respectful, if not devout. The buzz of voices in the stands is lowered—the wide-spreading cavalcade remains silent at its post; no restless movement is perceptible in those long gray lines of soldiers in their loose campaigning-coats, weary as they must be, on foot since early morning, and burdened with their knapsacks, tents, and complete camp-equipage—when the sudden ringing of a bell announces the elevation of the host; and simultaneously, as if thrilled by an electric shock, the military present arms, the king and his officers salute, the men upon the platforms uncover, the women sink upon their knees and weep.

God of battles! what travail of soul, what aspirations, what thoughts too bitter and deep for words, does such a moment as this comprise, when the reality of the

approaching separation, the solemnity of that farewell, seem to strike upon every heart!—when the most careless spirits are impressed, the most impetuous subdued, and amidst the hushed stillness of thousands and ten thousands, a nation's prayers are wafted up to Heaven!

A few instants more, the bell rings again. *Ita, missa est*—it is ended. The cannons pour forth their thunder, the soldiers recover arms; the golden-mitred archbishop appears upon the platform, the standards are unfurled and brought before him; the king, followed by his staff, gallops impetuously to the foot of the steps; prolonged strains of music, repeated from the different bands stationed along the plain, and the solemn chanting of the choir, blend in the clear noonday air, while the banners, destined to float amid the deadliest battle-fields this generation has yet known, receive the archiepiscopal benediction.

The king has returned to his former position, except that now he faces his army; the officers, bearing the newly-consecrated standards, one by one approach him; he takes them from their hands, and delivers them to the colonels of the regiments for which they are designed, with a few words to each, but too low to be generally audible. A loud clear voice is now heard proclaiming 'Silence, in the king's name!' and every ear is strained, to listen, for it is known Victor Emmanuel is about to speak. But no: the courage which bore him headlong into every fight in Lombardy, which defied death with reckless audacity, has failed him here. He cannot trust himself to pronounce those parting words; he cannot calmly bid his beloved soldiers good-speed, while he remains behind in safety and inaction; he dares not task his powers of self-command, by uttering the farewell which is to be the signal of their final separation.

It is Durando, the war-minister, who reads the simple address which Victor Emmanuel had intended to deliver. The urgent necessity for the war, no less for the preservation of national liberty, than the eventual independence of Italy, is set forth; he tells them of his deep sorrow at not being enabled to place himself at their head—bids them remember that the cross of Savoy has already waved victoriously upon the shores to which they are bound, and intrusts its honour and the reputation of Italy to their keeping.

There is no attempt at eloquence in this composition. Thus unaffected and unstudied, it seems more genuine than is usual in royal speeches; besides, it needs but to gaze upon the young king, his clouded brow and compressed lips, to put faith in its professions. At its conclusion, a prolonged shout, thrice repeated, conveys the soldiers' response and assurance that his confidence in them is not unworthily bestowed; then, defiling before him, the glittering ranks tender him their last public act of homage, for the last time march with the consciousness that the approving glance of the representative of their honoured line of princes is bent upon them.

The king rides slowly from the ground; the day's ceremonial has come to an end. Confused streams of artillery, cavalry, foot-passengers, and carriages spread themselves in every direction across the dusty plain. In a few hours, not a solitary straggler will be seen where so many thousands have been congregated; and Alessandria, roused from the habitual monotony of an inland provincial town, views with astonishment the din and excitement with which the returning multitudes sweep along her streets.

And now to Genoa fifty miles distant beyond that blue ridge of mountains—to Genoa, where the giant transports of England are prepared for their reception, the troops in quick succession are to be conveyed; and when the ships of the Sardinian navy, chiefly manned by the swarthy islanders whence the kingdom derives its name, or natives of the coasts of Genoa and Nice,

are also making ready for their departure. But that space forbids, we fain would linger here a while, gazing upon that unequalled harbour, and tell how the palaces rise in unfading beauty from its bosom; how the clear waters mirror the glories of those mighty vessels, buoyant and sparkling as when, in centuries gone by, the galleys of the republic, sweeping forth on some eastern expedition, crested them with foam. It is a singular coincidence that, whilst the army, chiefly supplied from Piedmont and Savoy, has its traditions of the Green Count and his conquests in the Black Sea, so Genoa, to which the navy more especially pertains, has also her proud recollections of Oriental triumph and dominion. The Genoese are never weary of recapitulating how, in the first Crusade, with a large fleet, they materially assisted the cause of Christendom; how successive settlements and grants of territory at St Jean d'Acre, Tyre, and Constantinople attested their influence and power; how their numerous establishments in the Crimea, where they possessed Caffa, Cambralo (now Balaklava), and most of the towns or villages familiar to us through recent events, were for upwards of two centuries retained; and then ask exultingly whether the red cross of Genoa has not as good a right to boast of its achievements in the East as the white cross of Savoy could ever claim. May a common success attend them now! so that no rival chronicles need be searched to awaken unprofitable comparisons, or keep alive that spirit of disunion from which, as yet, Genoa has not had the magnanimity to divest herself. May she soon become sufficiently patriotic to extinguish all jealousy of a state on which the fate of Italy depends; and may our New Ally so act, both in the cabinet and the field, that the yearning hopes with which all real lovers of progress and rational liberty watch her career, be amply and speedily fulfilled!

SCOTTISH NEWSPAPERS FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

THE manner in which the daily newspapers of the metropolis are brought out, has been frequently described. Readers of the better class of periodicals are familiar with the consummate arrangements by which results so great are produced. Without being practically initiated, every well-informed man is acquainted with the thorough organisation of the daily press—of the clever and well-trained corps of literary men, editors, sub-editors, reporters, correspondents, critics, penny-a-liners, necessary to the elaborate production of a day's political and general news, gathered from all sources in every quarter of the globe. It is known that the division of labour obtains as strictly in the newspaper-office as in the best conducted manufactory; that every man has his own department, his own particular work to do; and being invariably of first-rate ability in his line, the accomplishment of his task is singularly rapid and satisfactory. The great secret of so vast an amount of intellectual labour being performed daily, or rather nightly, in a few hours, is the efficient staff drilled to exactitude in co-operative labour.

But while the brilliant and interesting literary economy of the daily press is generally known, how many know, or think, of the weary toil and thoughtfulness by which the provincial newspaper is brought forth? Not one, perhaps, in forty thousand. Yet every reader of 'the news' must see the local journal or journals of the town in which he resides. He must know what the editor has to say on this or that political subject—how he treats an absorbing local question—how the meeting in aid, or for the propagation of so and so, is reported—and what the members of the town-council and other local boards are saying and

doing. He must glance over the local paragraphs, to inform himself of all that has occurred in the town and neighbourhood since last publication. He expects regularly all that mass of local intelligence as a matter of course. He may be occasionally astonished how a certain bit of important news, or morsel of exciting gossip, has been picked up, seeing that it was known to few, and that every care was taken to prevent publicity; but, as a rule, he is as innocent of speculating on the editorial processes by which the weekly-newspaper is made up and produced, as his little son or grandson, who scarcely numbers half-a-dozen summers. At the present moment, when extraordinary changes are taking place in the newspaper-press, and even its heretofore steadiest members are yielding to the most absurd of panics, it may be well to pause for a moment, and take a glance at the way in which the Scotch provincial press has up to this epoch been conducted.

For all the ignorance of, and indifference to, the intellectual machinery of the provincial press, the Scotch weekly-newspaper is, in many respects, as great a periodical marvel of toil and forethought, and plodding industry and cleverness, as the daily leviathans of the metropolis. We say the Scotch weekly-newspaper, because, and for other reasons not necessary to mention, it is, on the whole, an excellent sample of provincial journalism; and also, because the English press is largely recruited from the newspaper-offices of Scotland. Be this as it may, however, our newspaper enjoys very few of the advantages, in the way of literary, political, reporting, and critical aids, possessed by the daily newspaper. Having a limited circulation, incapable, from local circumstances, of any considerable extension, the staff is, from motives of economy—sometimes mean and short-sighted—on the smallest scale conceivable. With the exception of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and a few other large towns, one individual executes the entire literary labour of the newspaper. He is editor, sub-editor, and reporter combined; and not unfrequently, when he has an hour's leisure, he has to betake himself to the reading of proof-sheets. He writes the leading articles, reviews, and paragraphs; attends and reports public meetings; selects the materials, patiently cuts them down, and rewrites when necessary. All this work is no trifle; and when our editor has his heart in his business, he is seldom or never idle. Reading, studying, writing; prowling about with quick ears and observant eyes in search of news; and reporting sad twaddle, which he has to extend into decent and readable English, the time does not hang heavily on his hands. Many a local celebrity has made a reputation for shrewdness and oratory by the prudent and kindly cleverness of the generally humble editor.

It will be seen that the qualifications of the provincial editor must, or ought, to be numerous. He ought to be tolerably well-informed, and capable of writing on any ordinary subject on the shortest notice; he ought to be possessed of prudence, patience, endurance; be quick to observe and combine, and not easily given to take offence. For such a profession, no little tact and discrimination are required. He has to humour proprietors and proprietorial friends—sometimes no easy matter—besides the general public. He has to watch the current of popular opinion and curiosity, and be perpetually racking his brains for fresh pabulum likely to interest and amuse his readers. From the peculiar position he occupies as conductor of a local journal, he is of necessity compelled to attempt hebdomadally the herculean task of pleasing the entire community among whom he labours. In the centre of dense and active populations, a newspaper can afford, with pecuniary advantage, to be the organ of a party; but in sparsely-peopled localities, if it would pay, it must address itself to the intelligence and wants of the whole reading-public. A kindly disposition, a modest

and affable demeanour, are pre-requisites for success in the profession; but the necessary firmness, prudence, and good-humour can be acquired only by experience. Moreover, the editor ought to have an excellent memory, and be extremely methodical in his arrangements; as otherwise, in attending to so great a multiplicity of details, he would be apt to overlook much of the really interesting and important.

It is seldom that any degree of importance is attached to the leaders, or editorials, as they are indifferently termed, of the provincial newspaper. Being in his own country, the editor, at the best, is accounted but a minor prophet. The great journals published at a distance are alone permitted to surprise, excite, alarm, or stimulate. Yet sometimes the leading articles of the provincial press are the products of great pains and reflection; and were they to appear in a journal of acknowledged ability and influence, would probably command attention by originality of thought and easy vigour of style. A few newspapers, some half-dozen at the most, have their leaders written at a distance, chiefly by the editors of other journals having more time at their disposal. Such articles, for this reason, are deficient in *actuality*: they are generally a r^échauffé of cold matter, second-hand literature, devoid of freshness and animation. Proprietors find it of much greater account to employ a correspondent in London to furnish the latest intelligence, or gossiping articles on subjects of passing interest. The *Lawrence Courier*, one of the best conducted weekly prints in Scotland, has long been noted for its admirable digests by a correspondent. Requiring to conciliate neighbours, the editors of provincial newspapers are dreadfully plagued with the literary efforts of persons totally unaccustomed to writing for the press. In such cases, the editor is fortunate if allowed to give a rough polish to the ungainly sentences, and bring the writer's crude thoughts into something like agreement with the acknowledged principles of the journal. Such articles are, in all cases, the lubrications of a useful friend of the proprietors, or an influential townsman. These communications are forced into print, and the writers know it; but a silly and vain ambition renders them incapable of perceiving that publication on such terms, instead of being an honour, is a degradation. Here the sensitive and aspiring editor finds one of his sorest trials.

The sub-editorial work on a weekly is more elaborate than on a daily newspaper. The news of seven days has to be condensed and crushed into the area of a single sheet, often of a size not much exceeding one-half of the maximum. Considerable judgment in 'cutting-down,' or abridging, is, therefore necessary. To know when to give prominence to some items of news, while others may be dismissed with a few lines, requires no little acuteness and experience. It is not every man who can use the scissors and obliterating-pen with discretion. It may be imagined that there is nothing so easy as to cut out paragraphs and articles, and hand them to the printer. Certainly, the mere use of a pair of scissors is not very difficult; but a great deal more is requisite. There is nothing to incapacitate a man with hands and fingers from cutting a coat out of a piece of superfine cloth; but where is the tailor who would present it to a customer when made up? In reality, the selecting is by far the most important department in a judiciously conducted weekly-newspaper. There is not a good newspaper of this class in the kingdom that is not remarkable for the care and judgment with which its contents are selected. One man may do as much in two hours as another can perform in six, but there will be a vast difference in the quality of the work. The one who has taken the longest time, will have double or treble the news of the other, free from the unnecessary orature of verbose penny-a-liners, for which a small newspaper has no space. He is neither the wisest nor

the cleverest editor who fills his paper in the shortest time. Every hour which can be spared from other duties, is well spent in this important department. Sometimes the editor has cause of annoyance and extra toil in being supplied with few exchange-papers, and these of a kind not quite suited to cull from for the wants of the local population. This is ill-judged economy on the part of proprietors; a few extra pounds would be a prudent and profitable outlay. The editor who knows his business, makes it a rule to have as great variety as possible in his columns—a little of everything going on, to please everybody's taste. This is a rule, however, which, if generally known, is very far from being generally followed.

As we have already stated, the country editor is frequently also the reporter. This department, in a stirring and active community, where the local rulers are unfortunately given to much talking, is wearisome and melancholy. The nuisance of wordy palavers would be greatly abated if facts and ideas were alone reported, as in most instances the members of town-councils and other boards do not speak to convince their brethren, but address the public in the knowledge of the universality of the opinion, that he who speaks most is the best servant, and most faithful guardian of the public interest. The editor is all the better of a tolerable acquaintance with short-hand. The accomplishment is not general in the country press; but it is practised by a good many, and is more and more coming into use. As a short-hand writer, the provincial editor does not occupy the highest place. First-rate verbatim reporters are never editors of country newspapers; these find no difficulty in getting into easier and more lucrative situations in the cities and large towns of the kingdom. In Scotland, with very few exceptions, the skill of those clever takers and transcribers of speeches is purely mechanical, they never appearing in print in any other form than as reporters of the ideas and language of others. Nevertheless, though the country editor does not possess the qualification of rapid writing in perfection, he gets along as well, perhaps better, without it, as the Peels and Russells who address his gallery require to have their speeches reported otherwise than verbatim. Besides reporting public meetings and lectures, meetings of town-councils, presbyteries, and parochial boards—one of which may occasionally receive two or three close columns—the editor, in this department, has to write critical notices of new publications sent for review. He has also to get up paragraphs of all descriptions. He is expected to notice the sermon of some famous clerical visitor, and know what is doing in police-courts, justice-of-peace courts, and sheriff-courts. He has to look after cattle and poultry shows, horticultural exhibitions; write musical and dramatic criticisms—if the town can boast the possession of a theatre; concoct puffs on numerous subjects, including patent hats, gingerbread, and dioramas; attend and report dinners, at which Mr So-and-so 'ably filled the chair'—the viands and wines doing infinite credit to mine host of the Bull. He must have an eye to the sanitary condition of the town, and be acquainted with the state of the local trade and markets. Nothing comes amiss to the editor. Out of some little bit of uninteresting gossip, by the skilful use of the few tenuous threads of fact, he can often weave a fabric of such showy material, that it receives the exalted honour of 'going the round of the press.'

If there be any peculiar feature by which a Scotch is distinguished from an English newspaper, it is the continual reference to ecclesiastical concerns. You may look over the columns of a metropolitan print for twelve months, and see, perhaps, not more than a dozen notices of things connected with the church; and by contrast, the reader might be led to infer that the religious institutions of England required remarkably little conducting, or, at all events, excited no sort of public

interest. On the other hand, judging from newspaper demonstrations, it would almost seem as if ecclesiastical subjects were the staple of endless discussion in Scotland—as if the kirk and its numerous splits called for an immense amount of management. Distant from the centre of political action, yet with an individuality arising from their separate and anxiously cherished institutions, the Scotch—to look at their newspapers—make ecclesiastical affairs their politics. Their General Assemblies become a kind of parliament, with every clerical squabble carefully reported; and records of the doings of presbyteries, the translations and the calls, and the sayings of clergymen, with accounts of presentations of pulpit-gowns, &c., altogether furnish a continuous stream of material for Scottish newspapers, of which the general press in England has the misfortune to be deprived.

Apart from this national or local oddity, the Scotch newspaper, whether produced in the larger cities or in the small country towns, is conducted in an eminently satisfactory manner. If occasionally dogmatic and intolerant, it rarely descends to vulgar abuse, avoids personalities, is generally discreet, and, what ought to be mentioned with approbation, it is a foe to immorality in every form. Take him all in all, the Scottish newspaper editor, though usually not a man of mark in literature, is certainly a most respectable individual, who writes an article neatly, and goes through his multifarious duties with the diligence of a gin-horse. To have a proper idea of his labours, you would require to see him in his den on the day preceding publication. Often that period is nearly doubled in length by more than proportionate exertions. The latest news have to be scudged up; every possible paragraph gleaned; one alone perhaps costs a walk of miles, and two or three hours' time, before all the particulars are ascertained; any meeting held that day must be written out, and in type; editorial comments on the last dispatches have to be written; matter, obliged to be left open for additional information, has to be completed; a 'destructive fire' breaks out, a 'melancholy and fatal accident' occurs, and both must appear next morning, 'spun out,' as far as facts and language can be made to extend. Besides the calls which the editor has to make out of doors, he has to submit to numerous prolonged calls of visitors within. When the infinitude of small details has been attended to, and the *Dreepdaily Chronicle* put decently to press, without even a 'space' shewing its black and ugly head, the editor takes his departure, a happy but wearied man, to sleep, 'perchance to dream' of some horrible omission, whereat the subscribers of the *Chronicle* may be indignant and disgusted.

The remuneration of the provincial editor bears no proportion to his labours, though, perhaps, it may be said, it does to their value. The rule in fixing his salary is, not according to what he is worth, nor to the respectability of the situation, but to the minimum for which his services can be procured. There is a great difference between the small provincial and the great metropolitan newspapers in this respect. Our editor would think himself singularly fortunate, if he had one-half, or even one-third, of the weekly salary of reporters on the London daily prints. The statement is made, not without knowledge, that the general weekly income of provincial editors is at the rate of about £80 a year. No doubt there are some who have more, but there are others who actually have less. The editor has the most easy and comfortable situation on the journal which is prosperous; not always that the proprietors are liberal because it is prosperous, but that it is prosperous because they are liberal. There is an extravagance in economy as well as in expenditure. High farming is believed to be pretty successful; high journalism is known to be more so. Newspaper proprietors are not guilty of the slightest injustice

in paying their editors no higher than the foremen of their printers; but they are unwise in not reflecting on the probability of such economy derogating from the dignity of their journals, and consequently injuring their own pecuniary interests, in keeping the social position of their literary workers on the same level with the well-paid operative. A newspaper business, like any other, so long as it is supposed to be struggling, has every chance of being left to struggle; and it is a notorious fact that, in small towns especially, the prosperity of a newspaper is judged by the manner in which the editor can afford to live. Subscribers, and above all, advertisers, have a strong aversion to a newspaper that seems to have a difficulty in making both ends meet.

THE CABIN-BOY.

On the 25th of April, in the year 1738, a fine brig named the *Triton* was preparing to leave the port of Havre, in order to go fishing for cod on the coast of Newfoundland. Her captain, Gilles Varenne, was a regular rough hardy seaman, caring little whether the weather was fair or foul, and accustomed to navigate his vessel as well through fogs as through sunshine.

The *Triton's* deck presented a busy scene. All the crew were occupied in getting on board and stowing away their sea-stock of wine, brandy, salt-meat, flour, lines, nets, hooks, leads, together with a vast quantity of salt. Amid abundance of noise, bustle, and loud talking, the long-boat made her last trip from the shore, and out of her there stepped on the deck, with a timid, trembling air, a boy of about twelve years old. He went up to a sailor who had just lighted his pipe. 'Sir'—he began, twisting a pretty cap of green velvet between his small hands. The rough seaman interrupted him with a loud laugh.

'Sir, indeed!' he repeated. 'My name is Malandin. What d'ye want, young chap?'

'Do you want a cabin-boy on board?'

'I know nothing about it; you must go ask the captain: there he is standing near the mast, with the large pipe and the bearskin coat.' The child approached the person thus described, and before he could speak, the captain exclaimed:

'What do you want, you young scamp?'

'To be a cabin-boy on board this vessel,' replied the boy courageously.

'Did you ever go a voyage before?'

'No, but I think I could soon learn my business.'

'Bravo! What's your name?'

'George.'

'Who is your father?'

'I am an—orphan,' replied the child, looking down and blushing.

'So much the better!' cried the captain. 'Here, Malandin, take charge of this new cabin-boy. Secure the long-boat, and weigh anchor.'

'Captain, take care of the icebergs!' said an old white-headed sailor standing by. 'You are setting out too soon. In my time, we used only to begin buying our salt in the middle of May, and now we are only at the end of April.' Captain Varenne vouchsafed no reply, but continued to puff forth immense volumes of smoke from his pipe, as he tranquilly watched the noisy process of weighing anchor. At length the sails were set, and the gallant brig left the port, amid the farewell cheers of those on shore, while a few prophetic voices shouted aloud: 'Beware of the icebergs, captain!—beware of the icebergs!'

On the first day, very little notice was taken of George, so he thought the life of a cabin-boy a most charming one; but the next morning the captain called him hastily, and gave some order, which to him was unintelligible: the boy hesitated, and his impatient commander gave him a kick which sent him to

the other side of the deck. George stood up, amid the derisive laughter of the crew, red and furious, more from shame than pain; but when he began to speak, his mouth was rudely stopped by the mate, who threatened him with a good rope's-ending if he attempted to say a word. Silent submission was all that remained for the child; but from that time, how often would he creep into some retired corner of the deck, and weep, and watch the waves, and call softly on the name of his mother.

'So you have a mother?' said the mate Malandin, who overheard him one day.

'Ah, yes, and a father also,' replied George; 'and I left them to become a sailor. Oh, how miserable I am!'

'You told the captain that you were an orphan.'

'I told a lie, for I was afraid that if I mentioned my parents, I should be sent back to them; and now I am punished for it!'

'Then they don't know where you are, George?'

'No. I wanted to be a sailor, and my father would not consent; so I took advantage of his and my mother's going for a day to the country, and I came on board here, as you know.'

'And what makes you dislike being a sailor?'

'The blows and kicks that every one here seems to have a right to give me.'

'Bah! a mere trifle. All that will only make you hardy, boy. The sea is the place—the true home for a man!'

'You mean for a fish, Malandin.'

'Well, yes, for a fish, for cod-fish. I hope we shall catch plenty this season.'

'Oh, how I always longed to go cod-fishing!' exclaimed George. 'I was quite a baby when I first thought of it.'

'Tis rough work, child,' said the sailor, shaking his head; 'hard cold work pursuing the fish for months together through a frozen sea and beneath a dark sky. Those who eat the cod at home little know the sufferings of those who get it for them. Only for a glass of brandy now and then, we should perish from cold and exhaustion.'

'I wish, Malandin, that now, as you're not busy, you would tell me all about it.'

'Well, child, I don't mind if I do. Sit ye down here next me. You must know that, first of all, we take strong lines of from twelve to fifteen hundred fathoms in length, and at the interval of each fathom we fasten a hook, baited with a piece of cod. Then, by means of the light shallops you see on board, we plant the lines every evening all along the coast. Next morning, we draw up the lines, haul them on board, and generally find a number of fish hanging from the hooks. Then every one sets to work: some cut off the cods' heads; others cut the fish open, take out the entrails, and carefully place the roe and the liver in barrels. From the latter, a sort of oil is extracted, which sells at a high price on shore, as a medicine for sick people. Thank God! we seldom want any physic on board ship, except an allowance of lemon-juice and potatoes, to season our salt-junk and biscuit. Afterwards, the fish are placed in a barrow, and carried to the salter, who spreads them out in the hold, the stomach uppermost, and salts them thoroughly with a sort of wooden shovel. As soon as this is over, we clean the deck, and bait our lines afresh, to have them ready again for the evening, weather permitting. And there's the whole process for you now, boy.'

They were in 51° 3' of north latitude, and 56° 58' west longitude, when the mate finished his recital. That same day—it was the 29th of May—they met floating icebergs. Suddenly a dreadful shock was felt; a cry of horror burst from all on board: the vessel had struck upon an iceberg, and the water poured in through her cleft side. She began to sink rapidly, and

a terrible scene ensued among the crew. Some ran about wildly; others fell on their knees, and prayed aloud; some of the faint-hearted wept and lamented like children; while a few, with more presence of mind, lowered the long-boat, and asked the captain to get into it with them.

'I must be the last to leave my vessel!' replied the bold seaman.

Meantime the ship's deck was nearly on a level with the waves, and poor George, pale and trembling, kneeling near the mast, exclaimed: 'O my mother! my mother! shall I never see you again?'

'All is not lost that's in danger,' said the gruff voice of the captain. 'Take a firm hold of my leg, child, and trust to Providence.'

George, almost mechanically, did as he was told; the next moment, a dark wave swept over him, and he lost all consciousness. When he revived, the ship had completely disappeared, and he found himself with the captain floating on two planks lashed together. Their situation was perilous in the extreme: nothing was to be seen around but the dark surface of the water, varied by icebergs and floating fragments of the wreck. Captain Varenne at length descried a large level piece of ice, and with the assistance of a broken oar, after long and painful efforts, he reached it. His dress consisted of a woollen shirt, a pair of thick trousers and stockings, together with his hat, which he had had the good-fortune to keep on his head; but poor George had scarcely any clothes, and was bare-headed. Thoroughly exhausted and numbed by the cold, they lay for some time on the ice without stirring, the captain pondering on the means of escape, and the boy thinking of his good mother, and of the tears she would shed if she knew the situation of her son. The darkness and the hard frost of night coming on, added to their misery. The cold was so penetrating, that in order to avoid being entirely frozen, the captain hindered George from going to sleep, and forced him to walk up and down with him on the ice, as the only means of saving themselves from falling into a state of fatal stupor. The pangs of hunger soon began to augment their sufferings.

At daybreak, they descried four men on a raft at a great distance off. In vain, however, did they shout and make signals; their companions in misfortune did not see them. Towards evening, their hopes were revived by the appearance of a three-masted vessel. Anxiously did our two shipwrecked mariners watch its movements. They saw it slacken sail, and presently after perceived that the four men on the raft had been taken on board. Now, would they come for them? Planting the broken oar upright, and surmounting it with his hat and handkerchief, the captain waved it continually, and shouted as loudly as he could. After half an hour passed thus in agonising suspense, the vessel sailed away without its crew perceiving them, and slowly disappeared from their eyes.

At this dreadful sight, poor George fell at the captain's feet, and exclaimed: 'Oh! must we, then, stay here to perish with cold and hunger?'

Without replying, the captain felt in his pocket, and taking out a biscuit wet with salt-water, offered it to the child. George seized it with avidity, and was putting it to his mouth, when remarking that the captain had none for himself, he said: 'And what will you do, captain?'

'Eat it,' said Varenne briefly.

The boy did not wait to be desired a second time.

The next night was dreadful. Varenne preserved a moody, despairing sleep; only from time to time he moistened with a piece of ice the lips of the poor child, whose strength was fast failing.

'O captain, I am very cold—very weak. O my poor mother!' And then came back vividly to his remembrance his little soft white bed, in which his

kind old nurse used to tuck him up so snugly every night; his nice supper of white-bread and hot milk—even the piece of dry bread which was given him for dinner whenever he behaved badly. Oh, what would he give now for even one half of that bit of bread! Thus passed the long weary night in dreadful sufferings and unavailing regrets. At daybreak, as soon as the fog was sufficiently dispersed to allow them to distinguish objects, they perceived floating past the ice a cask of cider. With great exertions, the captain at length succeeded in securing it; and a hearty draught greatly refreshed them both.

'Captain,' said George, 'we have forgotten one thing which may save us.'

'What is that?'

'To pray to God,' Varenne sighed deeply.

'Yes, captain,' continued George, as he tried to kneel on the slippery ice, 'whenever mamma was in grief, she used to pray to God, and He always comforted her. She often told me so, and she always spoke the truth. Do, dear captain, kneel down by me.' Whether from conviction, or merely from a wish to please the boy, Varenne obeyed; and George, in simple childish words, asked their Heavenly Father to forgive them all their sins, and especially his great one in disobeying and forsaking his parents, for which he was now justly punished; also, for their Saviour's sake, to take care of them, and deliver them from their dreadful situation.

They had not long risen from their knees, when they saw drifting by them a small empty boat, which the captain recognised as having belonged to his ship. They caught it, got into it; and Varenne guiding it carefully through the icebergs—the slightest shock from which would have crushed it like an egg-shell—soon perceived that they were not far from land.

At length they reached the shore, and landed, the captain carrying George in his arms, for the child's limbs were weak and numbed. The sun rose, and in some degree warmed them; and the captain filled his hat with mussels, which he found among the rocks. George had often eaten of these shell-fish, delicately cooked and sent up to his parents' table, but never did he think them half so good or savoury as now that he was glad to devour them raw. Their hunger in some measure appeased, a new fear took possession of the captain. He waited to explore the coast, and ascertain what chance they had of escaping; but George was too weak to accompany him, and he dared not leave him alone, for fear of the bears and other wild animals which infest these northern lands. Indeed, in his own weak and totally unarmed condition, he could make but little resistance were they to attack him. While ruminating over this dilemma, George suddenly gave a cry of joy, and with a trembling hand pointed out to his companion an English vessel sailing along the shore. What joy! The crew perceived them, and three men put off in a boat towards the spot where they were. The captain's habitual rough reserve gave way before the transport caused by this unlooked-for deliverance; he folded George in his arms, and with tears of joy embraced him as if he had been his son.

'Let us kneel down, captain,' whispered the boy, and thank God for His goodness in saving us.' The old sailor obeyed, and joined fervently in George's simple thanksgiving. Presently, the boat's bow touched the shore, and the three sailors leaping out, raised the exhausted pair in their arms.

'Carry the child,' said Varenne; 'I am still strong enough to walk.' As soon as they got on board the vessel, everything possible was done for their health and comfort. The captain's wife took George under her especial care, and he was soon perfectly restored. After a few days' sail, the English vessel crossed the track of a French brig, the *Natalie*, of Granville, bound for that port. They hailed it; and Varenne and George,

having taken a grateful farewell of their kind English friends, went on board their countrymen's vessel. They were landed at Havre, and Varenne invited George to accompany him to his inn. The boy thanked him, but said he must first go home, as he could not feel happy until he had seen his parents, and obtained their pardon.

'Well,' said Varenne, 'if you don't come to me to-morrow morning, I will go to see you at your father's house. By the way, I don't think I ever asked you his name.'

'Pléville-le-Pelley,' said George, as he walked towards his home.

We will leave it to our readers to imagine how the truant boy made himself known to his sorrowing parents—how speedily their grief was turned into joy—and how his mother shuddered, and drew him closer to her bosom, when he told of the shipwreck and the iceberg.

'Where are you going, my love?' asked Madame Pléville, when she saw her husband take up his hat, and prepare to go out.

'To bring here that brave Captain Varenne; but for him, this boy would have been lost.' He soon reappeared with the desired guest, and the whole history of their adventures was gone over again.

'I hope, my child,' said Madame Pléville, 'that you have now had enough of a sea-life, and will be content to remain quietly at home.'

'I hope quite the contrary,' said the captain roughly. 'I daresay he is only anxious to be off again.'

'If what he has suffered has not sufficed to disgust him with the profession,' said his father, 'it must be his vocation to become a sailor.'

And a sailor George-René Pléville-le-Pelley became, and continued during his life. After having made several voyages to Newfoundland and elsewhere, he entered his country's service, and in an engagement with an English frigate, he lost his right leg. This accident, however, did not impede either his activity or his promotion. Twice was the wooden leg shot from under him; and he used to congratulate himself that he thus gave work to the carpenter, and not to the surgeon.

In 1770, ill health forced him to retire for a time from active service, and he was made port-lieutenant at Marseille. While there, the English frigate, the *Alarm*, commanded by Captain Jervis—afterwards Lord St Vincent—was driven by a tempest into the bay, and ran an imminent risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocks. Pléville, with all the sailors whom he could collect, hastened to the rescue. The night was dark, and the storm so fearful that the boldest of the sailors refused to leave the shore. The lieutenant himself, despite of his infirmity, did not hesitate. Fastening a strong rope round his body, and grasping a cable, one end of which he had made fast to the ground, he let himself down into the sea. With almost incredible efforts, he succeeded in reaching the frigate when it was about to perish; and by his intimate acquaintance with the port, was able to pilot it in, in safety. On the next day, he sent workmen to repair the injuries which the vessel had sustained, and she was soon fit to return to England.

The English admiral testified his gratitude by sending Captain Jervis back to Marseille with a splendid service of plate, and a complimentary and grateful letter for Pléville. His noble conduct on this occasion met afterwards with what he esteemed a much higher recompense. During the war of 1778, his son, who was serving on board a frigate, was taken prisoner. No sooner did the English Admiralty learn who the young man was, than they not only ordered him to be set at liberty, but permitted him also to release several of his comrades.

The telegraph which still exists on the Hôtel de la Marine, is a proof of Pléville's noble disinterestedness.

Appointed in 1797 minister of the marine, he was directed to make a tour of inspection along the French coast, and 40,000 francs were allowed for his expenses. He spent but 8000, and on his return immediately sent the remaining 32,000 back to the public treasury. The government, however, refused to receive the sum, and Pléville employed it for the good of the nation in erecting a telegraph.

After a glorious, a happy, and a useful life, having been made chief officer of the Legion of Honour, George-René Pléville-le-Pelley died at the age of eighty years, on the 2d of October 1805. A simple monument, bearing an epitaph composed by M. Lemaire, was raised to his memory in the Cemetery of the East in Paris.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE progress of science during the past month has been shewn more in the accumulation of miscellaneous facts and suggestions, than in great demonstrations or discoveries; and philosophers, relieved from the pressure of the season, are beginning to think of the long vacation. Our learned societies wound up their sessions, as usual, by 'reading in' the titles of all papers left on hand, and are now indulging in a quiet breathing-time. Some of the active members have taken flight for the country or the continent, bent on a holiday which shall combine science with recreation, while others are busily preparing for the meeting of the British Association, which is to take place at Glasgow on the 12th September. It will be the twenty-fifth gathering of the peripatetic savans, and favourable results are looked for. The president, the Duke of Argyll, will be able to tell in his address of important advances in physical science generally, and in meteorology and magnetism in particular. It will not be the first time that Scotland has distinguished herself in the cause of science.

Oxford has been conferring rewards on some deemed to be worthy, and with more discrimination than on certain former occasions which might be named. Science, war, and literature came in for a share of the honours; and few will decline to dispute the merits of Colonel Sabine, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir De Laëy Evans, and the Poet-laureate, the Master of the Mint, Monckton Milnes, Dr Lloyd of Dublin. All these and the others can now write D.C.L. after their names, with the satisfaction of feeling that the university has but accomplished what the public approve. Tennyson is about to give us another touch of his quality in a new volume of poems—a promise that will gratify a host of readers.

Colonel Rawlinson gave his lecture at the Royal Institution, and to one of the most brilliant and crowded audiences of the season. He, however, told his hearers little beyond what has for some time been known through his communications to the Asiatic Society: we have on several occasions called attention to the particulars in our 'Month.' Among new matters, he exhibited a slab on which an interesting chapter of Nebuchadnezzar's annals is inscribed, relating the monarch's achievements in the building and embellishment of Babylon in terms similar to those in the book of Daniel; and containing in one place an allusion to his insanity. On this latter point, however, the colonel is not yet fully satisfied that he has made out the true meaning of the cuneiform

inscription. Should he find it confirm his first impression, it will certainly be one of the most remarkable instances of corroborative testimony on record.

Among recent doings at the Society of Arts, Professor Solly's paper, 'On the Mutual Relations of Trade and Manufacture,' deserves notice, for the way in which the subject was treated. It is at once highly suggestive and instructive; and those who wish to know how suicidal are the effects of an illiberal legislative policy, will do well to take it into consideration. A case in point was adduced. In 1824, a law had been passed for the admission of French silks into England; but British manufacturers made such a clamour, that parliament attached to the law a stipulation, that 'no silks should be imported from France under a certain length. Now, as the French manufacturers had been preparing during two years to supply the English market, and as their standard of length was shorter than that required by the law, it followed that the whole stock was a little too short; and so the British manufacturers' point seemed to be gained. But they are cunning folk at Lyon; and as the silks could not be sent into England under the sanction of the law, they were sent without it. The whole were smuggled into this country; and the men of Spitalfields had thus to compete with goods which had paid no duty at all. The moral of the story still admits of application. Carrying out their function, which is to be nationally useful, the Society of Arts, besides their 101st anniversary, have just held a conference of all the institutions in union; and the first instalment of the General Trade Museum, prepared by the society under the sanction of the commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851, has been exhibited. The articles comprised wools, skins, silks, horns and bones, furs, hair, wax, &c. As a means of instruction and reference, such a museum is of the highest value, as they best know who have had occasion to rectify their ideas of things by actual observation.

The Civil Engineers have had under discussion a subject particularly interesting at the present time, when we are feeling the effects of a long-continued deficiency in the supply of rain. The anomalous character of the season is indeed the subject of general remark. On 26th May, the thermometer marked 105 degrees in the sun, and 81 degrees in the shade. On the 30th of the same month, snow and hail fell. Then came rains; but much less than was expected; then cold winds again—so cold, indeed, that ice, sufficiently strong to be lifted entire from the surface of the water, was formed within a day or two of the summer solstice! While the cold is held to be due to cosmic causes, the drought is in part attributed to the diminished foliage consequent on the felling of trees and grubbing up of hedges, to which agriculturists have betaken themselves with so much energy of late years. Mr Pusey—no mean authority—has shewn with respect to one county, Berkshire, that whatever improvement may have taken place in the growth of wheat since the clearing of the land, has been accompanied by a corresponding deterioration in the quality of root-crops. In the adjoining county of Oxford, some of the farmers have had to send three or four miles for their supplies of water; and it is a fact that a traveller stopping to bait at a roadside-inn not far from Woodstock, had to give his horse a drink of beer, no water being to be had.

The subject above alluded to, was Mr F. Braithwaite's paper 'On the Infiltration of Salt-water to the Springs of Wells under London and Liverpool;' in which it was shewn that the infiltration has become greater since the level of the wells has lowered by reason of the decreased rainfall. In a well at one of the great breweries, even when there has been no pumping for twenty-four hours, the water 'does not rise to within 100 feet of Trinity highwater-mark;' and this well is sunk into the chalk. Under these circumstances, the natural drainage is said to be reversed, and water charged with saline particles infiltrates from the bed of the Thames in greater or less degree, according to the height of the tides. Thus the quality of the springs is altered, while the quantity is diminished. Among the facts brought out during the discussion were:—that 'the effect of tides upon wells in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate and other similarly situated positions, was well known; many of the wells nearest the sea were absolutely dry at low-water.' 'The level of the chalk-water had rarely been so depressed as at the present time.' 'The source of the rivers Gade and Ver, in Hertfordshire, were lower, down their respective valleys, than had been known for twelve years. In a well in the upper districts at Studham Common, an alternation of fifty feet had been previously observed, but the depression was now seventy-five feet from the highest point that had been noted. The prospect for those interested in mills was very gloomy, and it was difficult to overstate the inconvenience to which they might be subjected, during the summer, for water-power to carry on their business.' And further, that 'the depression of the water-level, under London, should be warnings against tampering with subterranean waters; and the present natural depression in the water-level in the districts where the rivers take their rise, plainly shews there is no such surplus of water in the chalk as had been presumed upon, for drawing a supply by the artificial means of pumping from that source.' At Liverpool, the scarcity is such that the streets are watered with sea-water.

We have dwelt somewhat on this subject, as it is one likely to come more and more into notice, seeing that the demand for water for social, domestic, and manufacturing purposes will more and more increase. Whether art can lay nature under contribution to an indefinite extent, remains to be seen. We would, however, suggest that the present juncture might very properly be chosen for testing the views thrown out by Mr Prestwich in his *Inquiry respecting the Water-bearing Strata around London*, of which a summary was given in No. 17 of our Journal.

Before leaving the Civil Engineers, we may mention that at one of their meetings a gyroscope was exhibited, constructed on so large a scale as to require a machine to set it in motion. It affords a most beautiful demonstration of the rotation of the earth. Also Callen and Ripley's 'Patent multiplying rotative motion, as a substitute for tooth-gear for multiplying or diminishing speed.' It is a substitute, and a surprisingly effectual one, for the wheel and pinion, formed 'of two rotating disks or frames, the one having grooves sunk on its face, and the other fitted with pins sheathed with rollers.' These pins pass through the grooves, and give a rapid rotatory motion to the large disk, with but little noise or friction. The construction embodies a well-known principle, familiar to those who know how to describe an oval; so simple, that the wonder is it was not applied before. And another noteworthy object was Mather and Platt's earth-boring machine, by which the ordinary boring-rods are done away with. It is 'a frame, supporting a vertical steam cylinder, acting like that of Nasmyth's hammer, raising and letting fall with great rapidity, and with any regulated length of stroke, a heavy boring-head, of about fifteen

inches diameter, armed with a number of strong, variously-pointed chisels, the head being so constructed that, after each blow, the chisels move onwards in a circle, so as that any individual chisel shall not strike twice consecutively on the same spot.' An iron cylinder, with an interior bucket, is used for clearing out the hole, and accomplishes its purpose satisfactorily. We hear that this machine can be depended on for precision and facility, and that one set to work near Halifax pierced 'a hole fifteen inches diameter, into hard compact rock, at the rate of ten feet per day of ten working-hours.' In leaving the subject of machinery, we may mention that Mr J. P. Muirhead has collected and published, in three handsome quartos, *The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt*, a worthy memorial of the great inventor. In the familiar and confidential letters to his friends here presented to us, and in the specifications of his patents, we may trace his ideas through all their stages, from the first conception to the complete machine.

The Photographic Society are taking active measures to prevent the fading of positives, and have a hope of success; and they are talking about recovering the waste silver from 'old hypo.' Mr Mascher, of Philadelphia, has invented a stereoscope, in which the two pictures and two lenses are so contrived as to fold to the size of a Geneva watch, wearable as a locket. In few words, it consists of a circular ring, with the two pictures hinged to one side, and the two eye-pieces on the other; and as the distance between them is not great, the pictures are covered by plano-convex lenses, to get rid of the secondary reflection. The same artist now takes two stereoscopic pictures at once in full daylight, and in the open air. To effect his object, he makes use of very small lenses, pierces his camera with two apertures the fiftieth of an inch diameter, and gets a picture with each. M. Pouillet, of the Académie at Paris, has an apparatus for determining the height of clouds by the aid of photography; and at St Petersburg, photography has been made to do good service in the reduction and reproduction of large topographical maps.

Liebig has published a method of making bread that will not readily turn sour, and that is more nutritious than ordinary bread. 'Pure flour,' he says, 'is not all that is required for alimentation; there wants the addition of a small quantity of lime.' It is to eating bread deficient in lime that some of the diseases of prisoners and children are due. By mixing the flour with weak lime-water, not only does it become more nutritious, according to the views of the celebrated chemist, but there is an increase of 8 per cent. in the quantity of bread. It is well known that the bakers of Belgium make inferior flour into palatable bread by mixing it with sulphate of copper—a hurtful substance; while lime in the small proportions contemplated, would be harmless, if not beneficial. In this respect, the method of decortivating wheat proposed at Paris by M. Sibille may be worth notice. He makes a wash of one part lime, three parts carbonate of soda, six parts boiling-water, mixed to shew a strength of three degrees by the alkalimeter, in which the grain being soaked for two or three minutes, it comes out with the outer husk perfectly removed, leaving the wheat bright and clean, and its germinating qualities uninjured. Sophisticators of food are not tolerated so patiently in France as in our moral country. The farmers, in some places, had for years been accustomed to put a few drops of oil on the shovel with which they turned their wheat; the grain had in consequence a lustrous, lively appearance, and fetched a higher price in the market. The tribunal of Chartres has, however, now pronounced the use of oil to be a fraud punishable by 100 francs fine and forfeiture of the wheat.

Boussingault, continuing to investigate what has for some time been a vexed question in agricultural

chemistry, now publishes as a conclusion, that 'the free azote of the atmosphere is never assimilated by plants. Atmospheric air does supply them with some traces of assimilable azotised principles; but it is essentially in the soil, or rather in the manures introduced therein, and in the water of rain, fog, or dew, that plants find the azotised aliments necessary to their development.'

M. Leclerc, of Tours, finds in sensitive plants not only a nervous but a muscular system. The muscles are placed in the irritable portions of the plants, and are tuberculous and moniliform in their structure—one set connected with the nutrition, the other with the life of the plant. And to pass from vegetable to animal races—a question much debated in France of late years has once more come up for discussion, and this time with authority. The Académie of Medicine have announced 'the physical and moral degeneration of the human race caused by vaccination,' as a subject to be argued at their meetings. The argument can hardly fail to be interesting; and while waiting the result, we may repeat that there are physiologists in this country who hold vaccination to be, on the whole, a questionable benefit.

As was anticipated, the Geological Society, at the close of their session, had a paper 'On the Earthquakes at Broussa,' in which an interesting account of the great catastrophe was given, as regarded in a scientific point of view. They had also a paper on 'Raised Beaches in Argyleshire,' and on fossil seeds—important subjects both. In Algeria, a gemiferous formation, similar to those which yield the precious stones of Brazil, is said to have been discovered in the valley of Arat.

The electric telegraph has again been employed for the determination of longitude—of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Simultaneous signals were made at that place, and at Harvard, in the state of Massachusetts, where the position of the Observatory has been determined by the United States' government, without stint of cost or labour, so that it might become the point of reference for the Coast Survey, in which their navy has been for many years engaged. The longitude of Fredericton, as now found, differs 27 seconds from the former determination by astronomical observation—a remarkably small amount. The comet discovered at Berlin and Paris on the same day in June last, was at first supposed to be the same that determined the abdication of Charles V. in 1556. Its return has been anxiously watched for; but the movements of the one now seen are precisely the reverse of those of its predecessor of three centuries ago.

Mr Airy, the astronomer-royal, has delivered his twentieth annual report to the Board of Visitors. It is for the most part a technical document; but there are a few facts that admit of notice. He states that, at his request, the Lords of the Admiralty supplied the necessary funds for the restoration of Halley's tomb in Lee church-yard; that the galvanic method is constantly employed for transits; that the self-registration of magnetical and meteorological instruments by means of photography continues unaltered; and the learned functionary adds: 'Application has been made to me from one of the important offices of government, for the galvanic regulation of their clocks. On considering the risks to which various galvanic communications are liable, and the financial necessity for occupying wires as little as possible, I perceived that it was necessary to devise constructions which should satisfy the following conditions:—first, that a current sent once a day should suffice for adjusting the clock, even if it had gone ten or more seconds wrong; secondly, that an occasional failure of the current should not stop the clock. I have arranged constructions which possess these characters, and the artist (Mr C. Shepherd) is now engaged in preparing estimates

of the expense. I think it likely that this may prove to be the beginning of a very extensive system of clock regulation.

TATAR BEAUTIES.

Madame Hommaire de Hell gives the following account of the daughters of a Tatar princess, Adel Bey, who still lives in the neighbourhood of Bakhteserai:—'Imagine, reader, the most exquisite sultanas of whom poetry and painting have ever tried to convey an idea, and still your conception will fall far short of the enchanting models I had then before me. There were three of them, all equally beautiful and graceful. Two were clad in tunics of crimson brocade, adorned in front with broad gold-lace; the tunics were open, and disclosed beneath them cashmere robes, with very tight sleeves terminating in gold fringes. The youngest wore a tunic of azure blue brocade, with silver ornaments: this was the only difference between her dress and that of her sisters. All three had magnificent black hair escaping in countless tresses from a fez of silver filigree, set like a diadem over their ivory foreheads; they wore gold embroidered slippers, and wide trousers drawn close at the ankle. I had never beheld skins so dazzlingly fair, eyelashes so long, or so delicate a bloom of youth. The calm repose that sat on the countenances of these lovely creatures had never been disturbed by any profane glance. No look but their mother's had ever told them they were beautiful; and this thought gave them an inexpressible charm in my eyes. It is not in our Europe, where women, exposed to the gaze of crowds, so soon addict themselves to coquetry, that the imagination could conceive such a type of beauty. The features of our young girls are too soon altered by the vivacity of their impressions, to allow the eye of the artist to discover in them that divine charm of purity and ignorance with which I was so struck in beholding my Tatar princesses. After embracing me, they retired to the end of the room, where they remained standing in those graceful Oriental attitudes which no woman in Europe could imitate. A dozen attendants, muffled in white muslin, were gathered round the door, gazing with respectful curiosity. Their profiles, shewn in relief on a dark ground, added to the picturesque character of the scene.'—*Travels in the Crimea*, by H. D. Seymour, M.P.

DEODORISING PROPERTIES OF COFFEE.

The *London Medical Gazette* gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell, on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a cess-pool, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee; whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee-roaster, although the cleansing of the cess-pool continued several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant, is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark-brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cess-pools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.—*Year-book of Facts*.

THE SCREEN-SCENE IN THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A ludicrous incident occurred one evening in connection with this scene, at the Hawkins' Street house, in Dublin, then under the management of William Abbott. When the screen was pulled down, Lady Teazle was not there, and thus the great point of the play was lost. She had gone into the green-room to gossip or rest herself, and calculated on being at her place in time. Before the house

could recover from their astonishment, or evince disapprobation, Abbott, who played Charles Surface, and loved a jest, with great readiness added a word to the text, and exclaimed: 'No Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!' A roar of laughter followed, in the midst of which the fair absentee walked deliberately on, and placed herself in her proper position, as if nothing had happened.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

TO —.

THE Dark hath promise of the Light—
And not a shadow ever hung
Over the heart, but God hath flung
Some beam of Day athwart the Night.

For briefest space one road we kept,
And trod it gladly hand in hand—
But very sadly now I stand
Upon the pathway you have left.

I cannot dare to murmur—yet
A bitter pang will rise and start
Across a weak and foolish heart,
Which hath its seasons of regret!

But at such seasons I do pray—
Howe'er myself be sadly urged—
That where our several paths diverged,
Your own may lead to Light and Day.

J. T. P.

THE SOAP-PLANT.

The Vienna journals announce that a firm of California has sent home to that city some seeds of the soap-plant. It grows wild in California, rising to the height of about a foot. The plant fades away in the month of May, and inside each is a ball of natural soap, superior, it is asserted, to any that can be manufactured.

DUELS OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

For a few hasty words, satisfaction with arms is desired and promised; cards are exchanged, seconds chosen, the cartel solemnly declared, and time, place, and weapon agreed upon. After a delay of some days or weeks, which are conscientiously made use of for practising at the noble art, the parties repair early on the appointed morning with their friends to the place of rendezvous, on some neighbouring heath. An umpire and a medical student must always be present. Arrived on the ground, they fix the spot and distance for the fight, mark the *mensura* or circles within which the combatants must keep, strip the upper part of their body, and after close examination of the weapons, the sanguinary contest begins. The umpire holds his rapier steadfastly between them, in order to stop them at the first wound that is inflicted, and to prevent foul play. Thus the two antagonists may stand, parrying and returning each other's thrusts for some minutes, until at length their vigour relaxes. Now comes the moment for the decisive blow. The contest becomes more desperate, and the swords glance almost invisibly, whilst the shouting of the anxious friends mingles with the rapid clash of the rapiers. Suddenly the umpire shouts: 'Sitz!' One of the two is hit; blood has been drawn, and the duel is over. And whilst the medical student advances to attend to the wound, the umpire summons the two antagonists to shake hands, and to promise that they will consider the offence as forgotten and as expiated, and that they will neither bear one another any grudge from it, nor allow any information of the occurrence to spread.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

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THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.

He who, forgetting mankind for a time, may direct his steps to the tracks of nature, will find amid its phases a world of romance which he had scarcely dreamed of, or at most but imperfectly realised, before; not, perhaps, the romance which smirks through sentimental love-tales, or frowns among the horrors of some impossible fiction, but rather that which steals upon us with delightful enchantment from the sunlight streamlet, or the bright green fen-leaf.

Forty days' journey in the desert, there is a lake shut in on all sides by mountains—deep in its waters lived a fairy with silver wings. Once upon a time, there came a traveller, footweary and sad of heart: he rested upon its shores. Struck with the lovely beauty of the spot, he built him a cell, determined to seek in nature what he could not find in men. The fairy watched the stranger—first with curiosity, then with interest, anon with pity, and lastly with love. Withheld from mortal converse, she could only speak with her beautiful eyes; and whenever the stranger looked fondly upon the waters gleaming in the sunshine, her glances were as living gems of light, besporting themselves on the bosom of the lake. Time passed on, and the stranger went his way: disconsolate, the fairy waited long, and watched hopefully. When at length he came not, she left her home, and wandered seeking him; even now, she haunts the lakes and the streams; and when perchance any one looks upon the sunlight waters, as did that stranger, she smiles; and those same flashes of light tell alike of her presence and her story.

And the sunshine on the waters, irrespective of allegory, is a most fairy-like scene. The flashes of light reflected from each ripple, singularly resemble the motion of a flock of sparkling butterflies. It is the same on the clear horsepond or the crag-bound lake. Either will furnish the attentive observer with one of the prettiest touches of the romance of nature.

Were I to dwell upon the romance of cloudland—fickle, strange, beautiful cloudland—I should only repeat in prose what Shelley has described in poetry, as aerial and as richly coloured as his theme. I would rather tell how artists have painted with its varied aspects warm in their memories—how Turner, with unaccountable twirls and sputterings of colour, has fabricated skies and atmospheres, wonderful almost as their originals—how Martin, with the more than mortal landscapes, that sometimes smile upon the heavens, ripening in his mind to more than mortal maturity, has revealed touches of lands that might well belong to an unseen world—how

Correggio, in his conception of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, has made clouds in the horizon with crimson night-tints; so sad, so dreary, and yet so natural, that forgetting the intrinsic beauty and romance of the original, we lose ourselves in wondering admiration of the copyist.

Many a place has acquired a romantic story from the halo which nature, prior to any scene-acting, has cast around it; many a lover's wall, so called, has become one in reality, because it harmonised with the engrossing dull selfishness of the class; many a haunted tree was scathed by lightning and weird with age before the legend was fitted to it. In order to see the steps of a process of this kind, let us take a behind-the-scenes' review of the history of a haunted hollow.

It was originally a gravel-pit, or a marl-pit—or say, if you will, a chalk-pit—dug, as such places are oftentimes, in a plantation of Scotch firs. As time passes on, it is disused: excavating enterprise mines elsewhere; or crotchety landlord, tender on the game-question, finds its working to be inimical to the nerves of the hares or the pheasants around. Water collects at the damp bottom—water looking dark and deep, with fiendish newts and lizards besporting themselves therein. A green cryptogam stains the sides of the pit; while a moss—say some sphagnum—takes root in the lower parts. A fern, too—let it be hart's-tongue or adder's-tongue—spreads about. Night after night, as evening comes on, the Scotch firs cast solemn shades on the brink above. The place, formerly dreary, begins to look strange in its loneliness: in point of fact, it wears that appearance which men call haunted.

Years pass by. Crotchety landlord is defunct; excavating workmen lie silently in excavations made by other hands. The memory of man excludes notions of a gravel or marl pit; it is a natural hollow, or a Druidical temple, or a Roman fossa, or anything else that may occur to the fancy. Romantic youth, of melodramatic turn of mind, walks that way alone, for trespassing enhances the charm of the stroll—the idea of a terrific game-keeper giving a pleasant fear. He discovers the pit—is struck with its dreariness—thinks it the very place for something tragic—starts as the hares spring frightened away, and in a state of nervous excitement, overtakes communicative rustic. Pouncing upon him, he asks if any one was ever murdered upon the spot—regales him with stories of demons, goblins, and saucer-eyed things—till Hodge or Higgins localises the innumerable horrors in the old marl-pit. Hodge tells the tales to others, with no particular limitations; others deride him, but take good care not to visit the

place by nightfall. Benighted school-boy does go there, hears the shrieks of some wild-cats, or the cry of some lonely owl, and comes home in convulsions. The place gets a name, and anything but a good one. Years pass on—the fir-wood grows more solemn with age—the ferns cover the sides of the hollow—strange lichens make their appearance amid the variegated mosses—Will-o'-the-wisps glimmer there at night. At this stage, Antiquary takes the matter up—fishes out of oblivion the legend of Sir Hildebrand de Nightstalker, and gains a world-wide reputation for his skilful performance of the task. But neither Youth melodramatic, Hodge credulous, nor Antiquary fabricatory, bethinks him that there is more romance in the appearance of the deserted marl-pit, than ever existed in the impossible stories its romantic appearance has won.

There is something, even in the staple flowers which smile upon our plains, that men in olden time, when thoughts were humbler and tastes less fastidious than now, saw and noted with a quiet joy. The mossy village-churches, where lichens have crept, and birds have built their nests, till they seem to us of later days to be as natural as the yew that shades them, or the ivy that clings to their gables—these mossy village-churches are as monuments of the men who carved the trefoil on their stones, or cut their wood into the leafy forms that grew around them—men with the romance of nature deep within their hearts; for in spite of their cataleptic paintings, and their absence of word-making sentimentality, the stone foliage in their chapels, the flowers that decorated their solemn feasts, the yews that shaded their church-yards—sombre, yet ever green—tell a story which no masonry at per foot, and no cemetery shrubbery at per contract, can ever tell, in these days of railways, Rhine-trips, and money-hunting.

Slumbering, as we do, through the noblest hours a lifetime might enjoy, seeing with eyes that are as no eyes, the great drama which nature daily enacts before us, it is not surprising that, vapid and depressed, we seek for some variation in the routine of our existence. There is red tape in private as well as in public life; and we, eloquent upon its evils in the grand departments of our state, forget that it is just as powerful and just as injurious in the little phases of our individual existences.

There are a hundred ways of walking through a wood, and a thousand media of viewing it. Toddy, the sporting gent, sees only nests and game as he creeps crackling along. Coowoo visits it with feelings of romance: 'her footsteps have pressed this leafy sod, her ears have heard its warbling nightingale.' Slirkun, too, visits it with feelings of romance, if he did but know it, in the dark night, with his snares, hiding from the gamekeeper. We—in all honesty, it may as well be I—also visit it, and with feelings of romance, but romance of another kind—feeling such as some hypothetical Greek might have felt when he invented the first Dryad.

In the sunshine, when the breeze is freshest and the wood the leafiest, where warbling birds swing on the waving branches, and the lights and shadows dance amid the underwood, or the rugged trunks—at such an hour and such a place one may hold converse with nature; or, in other words, kill time in a very enjoyable manner, while all kinds of delightful fancies are chasing one another through the brain. There is verily enchantment in those playful glimpses of sunny light, as they dart about, or bask for a second around and above you—ever changing, like phantasmagoria. At first, the spell is mild, and they are sunbeams, just like any other sunbeams, with a hundred class-room philosophies grinning through them. The spell works, and they become animated, besporting themselves to the sweet-toned music of the birds; playing at hide-and-seek, chasing each other, and performing who knows how many funny antics. The spell deepens:

there are voices in the wood, other than the humming insect or the chirping sparrow. There is a presence: eyes are looking on you—eyes that at first were nothing but dancing sunbeams: forms seem to float around—forms that whilom were waving shadows. Greeks of old, at such a time, first dreamed of Dryades, for it was not in the haunted hour of twilight that these graceful wood-nymphs first betook them each to its tree—then, imagination might have coined a Satyr or a Faunus. Scandinavians of old, when the sunlight glimmered before their Gothic eyes through leafy trees, bethought them of elves and fairies—fairies with their gem-like beauty and their merry tricks. O yes, I am not the first who has discovered that nature is gloriously romantic in her sunlight woods.

Twilight, that steals insidiously over hamlet and forest, has a strange romance in its dim misty shades. It is the hour when banditti are supposed to assemble, their faces shaded by broad-spreading hats, while, through the branches of adjacent trees, the western sky, with its streaks of dusky red, looms drearily. It is the hour when love and hope look forth upon the shadowy heaven in search of new-born stars. It is the hour when Jinks roams on the Queen's highway, cigar in mouth, and hands in pocket, in deep enjoyment of the quiet and the half-fear which belongs to twilight alone.

I say the half-fear—it is a sensation, nameless, but peculiarly pleasurable—a feeling of solitude, not exactly dreary, nor exactly solemn, but somewhat of both. The trees lose their colour, and stand out dark and well defined against the sky. Already imagination may conjure bushes or tree-stumps into anything it pleases—generally into something anything but pleasing. Already school-boy, becoming more gregarious even than he is wont, walks with his arm round the neck of school-friend—also gregarious—regaling him with the history of some stock-robbery which happened fifty years ago. Already old lady, nervous on the point of damps and night-air, vents experience upon companion, who being juvenile, and romantic withal, lolls upon a sofa, watching the shrubs through the garden window, her brown eyes hidden by the shadow of her delicate eyebrows—for she is a girl of twilight, dreamy, tender, beautiful.

Ay, and there is a romance in twilight; come when it, may, and where it may—a romance somewhat sleepy, somewhat tragic. A dyspeptic friend, cunning in his experience of numberless nightmares, tells me he can anticipate the advent of one of these delightful sensations by the twilight dimness observable in his vision; for romantic as an overworked and rebellious stomach will permit him to be, his fancy supplies appropriate accessories to the inconsistent horrors of his dream.

But the reader has doubtless had enough of these interpretations: they come upon him like those poetical truisms which are practical impossibilities. He holds, by his acts, at least, that what is easily obtained, cannot be duly used or appreciated. Hence it is that he shuts his eyes when nature, everyday nature, stands smiling and beautiful before him; and hence it is that the first exotic monster or learned tadpole claims his purse, and heartfelt inspection and consideration; thus, too, he, in a world strikingly pleasing and instructive, drags his lifetime on with joys and sorrows which are in the truest sense commonplace.

And thus it is that Shumneyseyne, bored to death in his pretty little box down in Blanksex, is also bored to death at Rome, up the Rhine, or in the Lake district. He is a somnambulist, who walks and speaks and acts after the manner of his fellows, but who does it all with his eyes shut, and his mind asleep. Morning after morning, the sun rises strangely over his paternal estate; evening after evening, it sets gorgeously, tinting

his ancestral trees with its parting buds; winter after winter, the snow and the frost combine to cover his branches with glittering gems—gems of the first water; yearly as the autumn returns, his fields are golden with harvest; shadowy voices whisper in his plantations as the leaves fall—plantations wonderful in their changing colours; and nightly the stars steal on the deep-blue sky that roofs him over, looking down on this earth with their golden eyes—calm, silent, eternal.

But Shumneyseyne, yawning as the years go by, tired enough of himself, and dying for a new sensation—Shumneyseyne, I say, wots not of it. So he tries his hounds, and he tries his evening-parties—he goes a-hunting, and he goes a-travelling; always despising common things, always searching for novelties, but never to be satisfied.

A word with you, Shumneyseyne!—Try a little common-place occupation, and season your endeavours with somewhat of THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.

POST-OFFICE SHOPS.

WHICH, I ask you, O patriotic British reader, is the wealthier government—that of the Grand Duke of Baden, or that of Her Majesty Queen Victoria? You answer, impartial friend, irately, promptly, strongly—feeling, doubtless, justly indignant at the audacity of the question. I anticipate your reply, and rejoin with a fresh interrogation: How, then, is it, that of the two potentates in question, his Serenity appears to be alone able to provide in every town of his dominions a handsome and commodious post-office, where you may stand and await your audience under shelter, and where you are attended to by an extensive staff of civil clerks, in the smartest and most stylish of scenic military uniforms? Nor is this instance of a sage liberality peculiar to Baden; for go where you will on the continent, from Naples to Ostend, from Lisbon to Vienna, you will everywhere find a well-appointed post-office, furnished with proper officials, all of whom understand their business, and attend to it. Is the Rhine a Pactolus, or are there crown 'diggings' on the banks of the Arno and the Senne, to explain this phenomenon? How else can we account for the fact, that every petty prince who lives by a *rouge-et-noir* table, and takes his toll from *roulette* instead of the civil list, can yet afford to maintain a postal corps whose number and costume throw into the shade that of Great Britain—of Britain, whose fleets whiten the sea, and whose colonies are planted in each hemisphere! Nor is it the *grozherzogs* of Germany, and the petty princes of Italy alone, who can contrive to maintain a battalion of clerks and letter-carriers, and to build fine stone-palaces for the reception of their subjects' correspondence: even poor little Switzerland manages to erect, in every town of tolerable size, a *poste aux lettres* of ample proportions, frequently adorned with an imposing row of pillars, and approached by a lofty flight of granite steps, and always well supplied with brisk clerks, in sable coats, or wearing the blue and red livery of the Republic.

Let us change the scene, and drop down in a quiet market-town, or a bustling seaport of our own pen-and-ink-loving island. Which shall we choose of all the hundred burghs that offer themselves for our inspection? Not wishing to make an invidious selection, we will pitch upon our own town, which we will call Mailbridge, and which enjoys a very fair share of postal accommodation. Let us drop down in the High Street of Mailbridge, and inquire the way to the post-office. We are guided to that institution, and discover it to be identical with what the Yankees call the dry-goods' store. 'Pluckley, Draper and Hosiery,' is inscribed over the door in huge letters, which throw the little V. R., and the words 'Post-

office,' visible on the black shutter that replaces a pane of one of the windows, completely into the shade. A few printed forms, a few notices, signed by Colonel Maberly, and embellished with the lion and unicorn of Britain, are hung up behind the dim glass of the shop-front, half concealed by lambs-wool stockings, knitted habiliments for a baby's wardrobe, and gouty-looking rolls of flannel. Is it possible, we ask ourselves with indignant wonder, that the British government can afford no better establishment than this—can devise no plan but that of bribing Mr Pluckley to divide his allegiance between the public business and the sale of his own calico and druggery? 'What a wretched, miserable, contemptible place must Mailbridge be!' you exclaim. Don't be so hasty in your criticism, my good friend. We are no worse off than our neighbours. At Castlebury, four miles off, the postmaster is a butcher; and if you want to lay in a stock of stamps, or to obtain a money-order, you must stand in the centre of a grove of raw meat, pendent from hooks in the ceiling; and if you remonstrate with the guardian genius of the spot for allowing you to wait for an unreasonable time among dangling sheep and gory quarters of beef, Mr Kings will probably rejoin, that the twenty pounds a year he gets from government does not make it worth his while to neglect his business for the sake of folks with letters; that 'it hardly pays his trouble, so it don't; and that he *du* think he shall resign his office, so he *du*.' And at Elderton, six miles on the other side of us, the postmistress keeps a bookseller's shop, which certainly seems more appropriate than a butcher's for the reception of letters; but when we consider that the old lady is stone-deaf and half-blind, and that her grandson, who sorts the correspondence, is as careless and mischievous an urchin as ever robbed an orchard, why, the chances are that the Elderton people must envy us our Pluckley, who is a good old fellow in his way.

But we are tired of rapping at this obdurate shutter, where nobody attends to us. Let us enter the shop. Mrs Pluckley is higgling with a market-woman for eggs; her husband is measuring out several yards of red ribbon for a round-eyed servant-girl; and the assistant is spreading out rolls of flannel for the approval of another purchaser, an old woman with a covered basket and list-shoes. There—Mr Pluckley has snipped the ribbon, and sweeps the girl's money into the till. He takes us for customers, and comes up smirking. What can Mr Pluckley have the honour of shewing us? We want some stamps, we say. 'Oh, is that all?'—only post-office business. Mr Pluckley looks disappointed; Mrs Pluckley tosses her head; even the 'young man' looks huffed with us for coming on so unprofitable an errand. The stamps are produced, however, and paid for. Now, do we want anything? 'Yes,' we reply; 'we want to know what is the postage of a book to India, and of a letter to Scutari.' There ensues an awful amount of turmoil and confusion. Mr Pluckley settles his old spectacles on his older nose, and tosses over numberless stockings and other gear, in searching for the mislaid forms and tariffs, grumbling audibly the while; and Mrs Pluckley favours us with a succession of expressive sniffs and glances, which shew us plainly enough what her opinion of us is for giving so much trouble. Poor old Pluckley is quite bewildered. He goes on diving into the most recondite drawers, and dragging into the light of day the most wonderful collections of snippings of calico, and odds-and-ends of baze and flannel. Still the desired papers are not forthcoming; and the gentle spouse of the postmaster grows more and more impatient—not with her husband for his slowness and negligence, but with us for our annoying pertinacity. The shop-bell tinkles, and several customers, most of them with a full complement of pattens, clogs, covered

baskets, and dropsical umbrellas, enter the emporium. The fair solace of Pluckley's life is harassed by having so many to serve; the assistant skips about like a commercial Harlequin; and Mrs Pluckley calls in a shrill voice upon her husband, to abandon ~~us~~ to our fate, and come and wait upon his patrons. Pluckley seems disposed to obey the call. He mutters that the papers he is seeking for must be lost—or perhaps they never were sent down to him—or very possibly no documents of the kind are extant; and gives signs of shuffling off to his yard-measure and his familiar shears, and sinking the official in the hosiery.

But we are firm, and not to be put off. We are convinced that it is the duty of Her Majesty's postmasters to give needful information respecting postal charges to the public, and we impart our sentiments on the subject to Mr Pluckley. Mrs Pluckley bursts into a little tittering laugh, and makes some perfectly audible remarks upon the Abstract quality of *imperance*. But Pluckley, as we have before said, is an honest man; and though he does most grudgingly the duty for which he is paid by government, yet still he performs it after his fashion. He glances on hunting for the lost papers, growling parenthetically, and casting longing glances at his till and yard-measure. Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy, was nothing to Pluckley between Conscience and Acquisitiveness. But though the tradesman wavers, the postmaster stands fast. The old man goes on sighing and searching, rooting among the sheeting and stockings like a pig among dead-leaves. Meanwhile, Mrs Pluckley perseveres in harassing us by various remarks of a satirical and hostile character; sometimes addressed in a stage-whisper to a confidential customer; sometimes taking the form of soliloquy, but invariably referring to the demerits and audacity of 'some people.' Pluckley's purple face grows yet more purple with stooping. He never had such trouble, he says, 'in twenty year, since he first took and kept the Post.' I know he feels tempted at this instant to set us at defiance; resign office and salary; hurl the mail-bags, stamps, and 'letters to be left till called for,' at our devoted heads; tear down the V.R. and the placards; and announce himself a free and independent haberdasher. But luckily this catastrophe is averted by the discovery of the printed forms, crumpled and musty, lying under a heap of hosiery. Pluckley puts them close to his spectacles, and spells over the words as well as his purblind old eyes permit. 'A book to the West Ingees costs so much. 'It isn't the West Ingees? Then, why did we say it was? We didn't say it was? Yes, we did! Well, then, a book to the East Ingees costs a shilling; so now we know! What was the name of t'other outlandish place? Wheef?—say 't agin! Scutari? What do we mean by that? Oh, that was it!—we meant Scutairgy, did we? Then why couldn't we speak plain? What did we say Scuttery for, when we meant Scutairgy? That was all we wanted to know? Was it? We were sattersfied? and a good job too!'

It will be evident, from the tone of these remarks, that worthy Mr Pluckley had worked himself into a passion, and felt seriously aggrieved because he had mislaid the tariffs of his office, and because we had asked a question which any post-clerk in Nassau or Tuscany, or indeed anywhere abroad, would have answered with perfect promptitude and civility. And considering that Mrs Pluckley had been for several minutes engaged in launching the shafts of satire at us, and had held us up to the contumely and disparaging observation of her customers, it will be plain that our position during the above search and colloquy was anything but agreeable. Mrs Pluckley levels a parting shot at us as we leave the shop, by asking, with sarcastic emphasis, whether we want any article *now*; and we retire amidst the laughter, and burdened by the contempt, of that lady and her allies. Why, O

why, should Great Britain be unable to provide for her country-towns more urbane and business-like officials than old Pluckley, more creditable and better-appointed buildings than Our Post-office?

THE MODERN YOUTH-CONSUMER.

You shudder, reader, even knowing it to be a myth, when you read of the Athenians having at one time to send periodically to Crete a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, the flower of their city, to be there devoured by the monster Minotaur. You fancy, perhaps, that mirth and enjoyment were at an end in Attica; that the dread of where the coming lot might fall, hung at all times like a gloomy cloud over the devoted city, extinguishing every joyous feeling. No such thing! Happily, men and women are largely endowed with *insouciance*—the faculty of cultivating their vines on grumbling volcanoes, and taking their supper under all sorts of Damocles' swords; and though we are not expressly told so, we have no doubt that the Athenians managed at most times to banish all thought of their situation, and danced and sang, feasted and married, much as usual. It is reasonable to infer this, because we ourselves contrive to be moderately jolly under far sadder circumstances; we, a much less joyous and enjoying people, who have daily to feed the maw of a monster, compared with whom the Minotaur was a minnow to a shark. The two agree, it is true, in taste: the modern Minotaur, like the ancient, is a 'delicate monster,' and will have youths and maidens as his chief fare. But what was fourteen now and then from the population of Athens, to the multitude of victims now demanded yearly from every civilised community?

The modern youth-devourer is Consumption, or Scrofula—the same disease, under an alias. This fell malady, at the lowest estimate, cuts off prematurely a sixth-part of the human race; and it is said that 90 millions of the present inhabitants of the globe are marked to be its victims. Its havoc is greatest where civilisation is highest; and in our own country it causes, according to Sir James Clark, one-third of the whole mortality; in addition to which, it weakens and deforms multitudes whom it lets live. Verily, truth is more terrible than fiction. What were the direst Hydras and Chimæras to this! We do not know a more striking illustration of the power of custom to reconcile men to any situation, than the amount of happiness which we can still snatch from life in presence of this devouring fate. And as if the actual evil had not been great enough, imagination has furnished additional terrors, and has invested consumption with a character of *necessary* fatality. The monster, besides being cruel and voracious, has been pronounced invincible and immortal. To do battle with him, or dispute his claim to a victim, has been held to be hopeless—nay, impious. If the mark of the beast is once seen, or fancied to be seen on any one, his friends speak of him in a whisper, as one inevitably doomed to early sacrifice, and only think of smoothing his way to the tomb.

This is no exaggerated picture of our situation; it is the sober, sad reality: so sad, that were it to continue as hopeless and helpless as it has heretofore been, perhaps the less said about it the better. If we call attention to this appalling thralldom, it is to spread, wider than it has yet reached, the good news that it is broken, or at least breakable. Recent researches have laid open the nature of this fell disease, so that those best entitled to judge now pronounce it to be among the most manageable maladies that the human frame is liable to, and that if we henceforth submit to its ravages, it will be our own fault.

If this is true, it is indeed glad tidings, deserving to be proclaimed from all house-tops. It has attracted

far less attention, we think, than it deserves. The knowledge of the facts on which these high hopes are founded, is too much confined to professional men. If the good news is to prove true, it must be by being spread, believed, and acted upon; and we presume so far to act as evangelists in the cause, as to invite all who will listen to us to examine and see if these things be so.

The demonstrations of the true nature and curability of consumption contained in the works of Laennec, Louis, Professor Bennet of Edinburgh, and other scientific explorers in this field, are addressed to the medical profession; and among them—at least those of them who keep up with the progress of discovery—the new views may be considered as known and received. Nor have there been wanting works on the subject, addressed to the public at large. Among others, Sir James Clark, twenty years ago, and before the grounds of hope were so fully known as now, earnestly called the attention of the British public to the extent of this evil, and what might be done to remedy it. But a long-rooted belief is not so easily shaken. Our Utter Despair, like Bunyan's, has as many lives as a cat; and it will require the assaults of many Great Hearts to bring him fairly to his knees, so is he incased in his panoply of fancied invincibility. Accordingly, here is the second edition of a more recent work* on this class of maladies, addressed both to the profession and to the educated part of the community generally. Besides a full and elaborate exposition of the results of recent researches, the book professes to throw additional light on the nature of consumptive diseases, and the way in which they are to be cured. Previous writers had traced the evil up to imperfect elaboration of the food, and defective nutrition. Dr Balbirnie thinks he has detected 'that specific deviation in the nutritive processes which is the most salient morbid phenomenon of tubercular disease.' On the point of the curability of the disease, again, this book takes a higher tone of hopefulness than anything we happen to have read on the subject, and maintains that 'when active exercise of the lungs and limbs can be taken, the worst cases are curable, or at least capable of indefinite arrest.' We cannot, as laymen, pretend to judge of the merit of Dr Balbirnie's special theories or modes of treatment, though we think them well deserving of consideration. But his book has an interest independent of these. We notice it simply as being among the most recent on an intensely interesting subject, and written by a man of science, who evidently knows the subject theoretically and practically.

Lest any of our readers should take up the notion, that this is only another case of 'wonderful cures,' effected in some specific and mystical way, and so dismiss the matter without more ado, we will attempt to sketch shortly what consumption actually is, and the leading features of the new mode of treatment, that they may see that this does not look like quackery, but deserves to be examined and tried.

Consumption, or pulmonary phthisis, and scrofula in its various forms, are now known to be only different forms of the same disease: they are only, in fact, local symptoms of a disorder affecting the constitution generally. This constitutional 'taint,' or predisposition to actual consumption and scrofula, goes by the various names of tubercular disease, tuberculosis, scrofulous or strumous constitution, &c. Its origin and causes will be noticed afterwards: we are now concerned with its appearances and results. It is specially seated in the blood, and may be described generally as consisting in a low vitality of that fluid. More minutely examined, the blood of a tuberculous

person is found to be thin and watery; it is deficient in red globules, and the clot is less in quantity than in a healthy person. But as the solid parts of the body are formed from and nourished by the fluids, the whole frame, even to the outward aspect and physiognomy, is secondarily affected, especially when the taint is hereditary, as in the majority of cases it is. This is indicated in the current expressions—a consumptive look, 'a scrofulous appearance,' &c. Thin, feeble blood builds scanty and flabby flesh, weak and relaxed blood-vessels, and a whole frame deficient, generally in symmetry, always in tone and energy.

All this exists, and may be recognised, before there is any appearance of what is usually understood as consumption or scrofula. These local diseases are only the fruits of this root-disease. To understand how these fruits grow out of it, it is necessary to advert to the process of nutrition: for it is in the performance of this function that tuberculous blood gives rise to actual tubercle in the lungs and elsewhere.

The blood, as everybody knows, consists of two parts: of a multitude of red corpuscles, floating in a clear fluid—the *liquor sanguinis*. Now, the walls of the minute blood-vessels called capillaries, which are spread through every tissue of the body, are thin enough to allow more or less of this liquid part of the blood to exude or filter through, the red corpuscles being retained. This exuded substance is the *plasma*, from which the tissues derive their nourishment, by assimilating it to themselves. In contact with muscle or membrane, part of the plasma becomes muscle or membrane: only part, observe; the rest is incapable of becoming solid or organised, and, in health, is absorbed by a set of vessels provided for the purpose, and carried again into the current. The difference between these two parts of the plasma is seen when a portion of it, or of blood, is taken out of the body. A part collects into a clot, formed of threads or fibres; hence it is called *fibrine*. It is, in fact, vital liquid flesh, with a tendency to grow into solid organised tissue. The other part, though it consists of the same chemical elements, has no such tendency—it does not clot, but remains granular; it is raw, unspun, unorganisable material.

Now, in some blood, there is a much larger proportion of fibrine or plastic substance than in other; and we need hardly state, that, in the one case, the flesh and other solid parts will be well nourished; in the other, ill. Tuberculous blood is markedly deficient in fibrine; and hence such persons are emaciated, even when they eat well—in the homely phrase, 'they put their meat into an ill skin.'

Let us now see what takes place when the circulation is deranged. When an excess of blood flows to any part, from inflammation or other cause, there is an excess of exudation. If the blood is good, little harm results; the whole may be absorbed again and removed, or perhaps the fibrine goes to form additional tissue, thickening the parts, still it is *live tissue* that is formed. But the case is different with scrofulous blood. In the scrofulous constitution, the blood-vessels, like all the other tissues, being weak and easily distended, particular organs, such as the lungs and glands, are apt to become congested or gorged with blood; and the excessive thinness of their walls allows the liquid part of it to be poured out copiously. But this being unhealthy and aplastic, does not fibrillate or form tissue; the little life it had soon ceases, now that it is out of the vital current, and it remains a dead, foreign deposit among the living parts. Such is the origin and nature of *tubercle*—so called because it forms little *tubers* or swellings. These deposits may be formed in any organ of the body. In childhood, they occur mostly in the glands of the neck and elsewhere, constituting *scrofula*. After puberty, the chief seat of tubercle is the lungs, where it fills up the air-cells, and where it proves most fatal. It at first hardens

* *The Water-cure in Consumption; a Demonstration of its Curability.* By John Balbirnie, M.A., M.D. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

and concretes, but afterwards it generally softens and suppurates, and in its own destruction involves that of the part of the lung in which it is imbedded. This is pulmonary consumption or phthisis, as usually understood.

We have thus seen that tubercle is directly caused by a deficiency of fibrine in the blood; but what causes the fibrine to be deficient? This leads us to look to the material supplied by the digested food—the *chyle*, namely, before it enters the blood. When that is first taken up by the lacteals, it is granular, with no tendency to coagulate; but soon traces of fibrine begin to be seen in it, and this transformation is accompanied by the appearance of multitudes of those important vital agents called *cells*. Cells are little transparent sacks containing fluid and a solid nucleus, and endowed with a kind of separate vitality. They are short lived; they spring up, imbibe fluid, burst, and give rise to a new race. Everything distinctively vital is found to be effected by them, and it is clearly they that convert the raw albumen of the chyle into vital fibrine. They spin the warp and weft of organic tissue. Here, again, the low vitality of the tuberculous constitution shews itself; it is deficient in cell-action. The crop is scanty, the cells are ill formed, or the nuclei prove abortive and never develop. This is a step at least in accounting for the deficiency of fibrine; we must still ask: Why are the cells deficient?

We look again to the *chyle*, which is the soil that the cells grow in; perhaps the fault may be in its composition. The basis of *chyle*, in the normal state, is a multitude of molecules or minute particles, each of which is found to consist of a particle of oil or fat surrounded by a film of albumen—the substance that composes the white of egg. *Chyle* is, in fact, an *emulsion*, such as may be formed mechanically by rubbing up together a quantity of oil and albumen. The nuclei of cells are composed of an agglomeration of these oleo-albuminous particles; and it is reasonably inferred, that cells can be produced only when oil and albumen are both present in the *chyle*, and, moreover, properly emulsified. The necessity of oil is indicated by the fact, that though fat of any kind may have been altogether wanting in the food, oil is always found in the *chyle*, being produced by the process of digestion from the starch and saccharine ingredients of the food. Now, it seems pretty well ascertained that the *chyle* in tuberculous subjects is faulty, in this respect. It is deficient in the fatty element, and contains albumen in excess; or if fat is present, it is degraded fat—the cholesterine of the chemist.

This at once throws light on the previously known fact of the efficacy of cod-liver oil, and of fats in general, whether administered internally or externally, in cases of consumption and scrofula. It is now clear how they act; and thus what was once a piece of blind empiricism, has become one of the few instances of really rational medical practice. Oil is a necessary ingredient in the *chyle*; the organism cannot in certain states make it for itself; art, therefore, supplies it ready made. It is as food, then, not as medicine, that oil acts, and the iodine theory is exploded.

But we are not yet at the end of our string of whys. Why are the oil and albumen in the *chyle* not in the same proportion in all cases if the food is the same? Here authorities differ somewhat. Professor Bennet and others look to deranged digestion as the source of the error. Dr Balbirnie, while admitting the importance of this, suggests another cause. He points to the narrow chest, slow circulation, and scanty red globules of tuberculous subjects, as combining to produce a deficiency of oxygen in the blood; and as this is the primary necessity of the animal organism, he infers, that to supply the deficiency, the raw materials of nutrition—the oil and albumen—are robbed of their oxygen, and thus spoiled for further use. No cells,

and consequently no fibrine, or plastic blood, can be formed of such degraded materials; and it is this deoxidated fat and albumen that he holds to be the real matter of tubercle. Dr Balbirnie calls upon chemists to test this pregnant suggestion of his; and to them we leave it.

Now comes the consideration of cure. The error of the tuberculous constitution has been traced up to a point where it can be directly acted upon. From some fault in the working of the machinery, the constitution of the *chyle* is faulty. Either the digestive apparatus does not do its duty, or defective airing of the blood makes the *chyle* be spoiled after it is produced, or both. In any case, the error can be helped. The digestion, it is well known, can in many ways be rectified and invigorated; and the airing of the blood can be helped by keeping the lungs and limbs in constant play. These two points indicate the general aim of the new mode of treatment. It is to invigorate the digestive and blood-purifying functions so as to produce plastic blood. It is the constitutional taint that is now chiefly looked to, and not the diseased lung or the scrofulous sore, as heretofore. Hence the means are not drugs, but diet—air, exercise, and rich nourishing food. Dr Balbirnie, as was to be expected, lays special and primary stress on exercise and air. Shutting up patients in close rooms, and keeping the lungs inactive for fear of exciting inflammation, has, in his view, been the fatal error.

With regard to water-cure in this malady, even those who speak slightly of it in other respects, admit its efficacy in digestive disorders; nor can its stimulating and bracing effects on the skin and other excretory organs be denied. In a disease, then, where good digestion and blood-purifying are the grand desiderata, there is a presumption, even before trial, that water will prove a powerful agent. For proofs that it does so, we must refer to Dr Balbirnie's book, which, in addition to a long list of authenticated cases of cure in all stages of the malady, contains some striking instances of his own experience. Better still, let the reader go to Bridge of Allan, and observe, for a time, the progress of Dr Balbirnie's patients; or, if he needs it, put himself under the treatment. Examine and try. For our own part, we have no doubt that a month's observation and experience at Bridge of Allan, or in Dr Lane's hydropathic establishment in the classic seclusion of Moor Park, Farnham, or in any of the temples of hygiene where water-cure is pursued on physiological principles, if it do not make him a convert to water-cure, will at least send him home with a deeper conviction than he ever had before, *how much our health is in our own hands*.

It may not unnaturally be asked, why, if consumptive diseases are so manageable, they should have so long been held necessarily fatal? For all answer, we point to the long-established treatment as described by Professor Bennet. 'It has, on the whole, been antiphlogistic, to combat supposed inflammation. It consisted of antimonials, cough mixtures, and opiates, leeches applied frequently to the chest, and, occasionally, general bleeding; sulphuric acid, astringents, counter-irritants, &c. As diet, milk and farinaceous food were the rule, and meat the exception.'

We need not wonder, then, that doctors could not cure consumption—they actually, in this case, killed; and what their art could not cure, was pronounced, of course, incurable. Cures, indeed, have never been infrequent, but chiefly spontaneous—when nature, by happy accident, and in despite of medical rules, was placed in unusually favourable circumstances. But when a cure did occur, the dogma of incurability was saved by maintaining that the patient could not have had real tubercular consumption, but only something like it. This subterfuge was put an end to by post-mortem examinations. The evidence is beyond dispute,

that multitudes who die from other causes, and who have been for long previous to their death in fair health, must have had at one time extensive tubercular disease; the cavities in the lungs are found puckered and healed, or the dead tubercle enclosed in glistly cists, and rendered harmless.

It was by observing the conditions under which such spontaneous cures were wrought by nature, and imitating them, that a style of treatment was originated the very opposite of the old, and which has substituted hope for despair.

After all, though it is a grand thing to be able to tell the victims of this disease never to despair, it is a still grander hope that the constitutional malady may be nipped in the bud, and tubercle prevented from ever forming. All authorities agree on the comparative ease of this task; and they hold out the hope, not merely that a person with an original tendency to consumption shall be able to rub on to the end of man's usual span of life with whole lungs, but that judicious measures, early begun, and systematically pursued, will eventually eradicate the constitutional taint itself.

It is this prospect of *permanent and self-sustaining* improvement that we look to as the brightest feature of the whole matter. If, in order to keep consumption in arrest, there were no prospect for the patient but the use of cod-liver oil to the end of his days, or the keeping up a system of forced exercise and regimen inconsistent with the common ends and enjoyments of life, it might be doubted whether the object were worth the price. But the theory of hygienic cure is more inviting. Cod-liver oil is a temporary resource to gain time and strength until the system can be trained to elaborate oil for itself. The patient, again, is induced for a time to give up all other pursuits, and make a business of helping his organs to make good blood; he is encouraged to practise frequently long inspirations; to climb hills till he pant again; to quicken the circulation of his blood by keeping constantly in motion in the open air; and to submit to ablutions and frictions innumerable, to make his capillaries do their duty. This he is incited to sustain for weeks and months with the hope that if, with this mechanical aid, his blood can be kept in an improved condition for a length of time, the solid organs themselves, by means of the constant waste and removal that is everywhere going on, will at last be completely renewed—the old tissues removed, and tissues, built up from the better blood, put in their stead; so that he will be literally a new man, with a frame of improved texture and tone, which in its turn will elaborate better blood of itself, or at least with a diminishing amount of artificial assistance. Such appears to us to be the rationale of the hygienic method of renovating the constitution; and if the reader does not see the difference between it and the proposal to charm disease out of the system by 'metallic tractors,' or eject it from the blood by so many boxes of Morrison's pills, or by any drugs whatever, he or she is not the person we have been writing for.

Whence come scrofulous constitutions? Are they on the increase? or is there any prospect of the race getting altogether rid of the pest? In these respects, the first view of the matter is far from cheering. For the tendency to scrofula and consumption is hereditary; more than half the sufferers from this cause have it as an heir-loom from their parents. And while the bad blood already existing seems thus secure of being continued from generation to generation, abundant causes are at work constantly adding to the stream. The chief of these is want of air and exercise: this is a more fertile source of consumptive maladies than all other causes put together; even bad food is only secondary compared with it. *A sedentary life, whether of industry or of indolence, is the prime hatcher of tubercular*

disease. These are serious facts; for employments of the sedentary class are inevitably on the increase; while the amusements and fashions, the characteristic vices and virtues—if we must so call them—of civilisation take the same cast. They rarely call forth, where they do not actually check, free and buoyant movements. Taking this tendency along with the hereditary nature of the disease, instead of a prospect of extinction, it would seem as if the stream of misery must become broader and broader; and it is growing broader, and will continue to do so, if left to itself as heretofore. While the deaths from all other diseases are in this country decidedly on the decrease, it is the conviction of Sir James Clark, that the deaths from consumption are on the increase; and without any doubt, the scrofulous taint is spreading, producing a general delicacy of health, corroding the stamina of men and women, and causing a degeneracy of the race!

But, courage! This is so only because we allow it. The causes are now known, and may be avoided or counteracted. Sedentary work is not in itself incompatible with the preservation of health. Secure a certain amount of free motion in the air several times a day, and it becomes innocuous; but observe, this free motion must be secured, not merely permitted. The truth is, civilised life is at the same time too artificial, and not artificial enough. We have interfered with nature, and arranged labour as she does not prompt; and in doing so, have left out the bodily exercise that attends it when pursued in nature's way. Let us be consistent in our artificialness, and systematise play as well as work; art will thus become nature again—an improved nature. As to the bad blood already in the world, if those who ought would pause before entailing certain misery on posterity, and the rest would use the means available for the renovation of their own and their children's constitutions, we are assured that in three generations the plague might be extirpated from the earth.

Will this ever be realised? Granted that it is possible, will men ever be induced to use the means? Perhaps they may, when the laws of health shall be taught as universally as the catechism. For the agitation of this subject, we could almost wish for a new sect or religion, whose leading tenet should be, that man's body is to be revered and cherished as well as his soul, and in which high health should be a cardinal virtue, and 'rosy gills' entitled a man to the highest seat in the synagogue. The worship of Health would, at all events, be a more genial superstition than the worship of Mammon.

MORE LIFE IN TURKEY.*

ASIA MINOR has been in many respects so lavishly gifted by nature, that strangers passing through the country, enchanted by the beautiful scenery, and excited by the clear air and sunny skies, feel inclined to believe they have found an earthly paradise. A longer residence might perhaps dispel this delusion; but the climate is indeed delightful; and although the mid-day heat in summer is far too great for outdoor exercise, the mornings and evenings are delicious, and a plentiful dew refreshes the parched vegetation. The cold in winter is extreme, which braces the enervated frame. The houses are so badly built, that the inhabitants suffer much in the cold months; for instance, the panes of glass are let into the frames by a groove, without a morsel of putty—thus forming a complete trap for draughts, besides playing a most noisy accompaniment to conversation in a storm. Then, the basement story of a country-house has seldom any side-walls: the upper stories are raised on pillars, so the wind sweeps through perfectly unchecked; and the flooring-planks

* See Life in Turkey, No. 69.

are so carelessly laid down, that, looking through your parlour-floor, you see the servants killing and plucking fowls for to-morrow's dinner, with other agreeable sights; and if you try to lay down a carpet, it balloons up, till walking over it becomes quite a work of difficulty. These minor evils, however, could be easily removed by a very little trouble; and house-rent is not high, though it is the dearest item in expenditure here. The constant fires make property so unsafe, that, in towns, the builder, calculating that his house will not last more than six years, charges you for rent a sixth portion of the original cost. As the houses are chiefly built of wood and plaster, they are not very expensive. We paid 1.30 a month for our house and bath; but then the proprietor was accustomed to make money by the bath-house, which source of profit was lost to him during our residence, and added consequently to the rent; and we had large outbuildings and stabling—in a very ruinous and dilapidated condition certainly, but still they were there.

The great evils for residents to struggle against, are the country fevers—some of a very bad kind, but the most usual one the common intermittent fever and ague, which is not dangerous, but weakens much, and is difficult to be shaken off, even after returning to England. High and low, young and old, are all equally affected by this curse of the country. When you go into the bazaars, you see a great bundle of cloaks heaving in a corner, and are told that so and so has just got the cold fit on: you turn round, and see a poor trader, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, languidly collecting his goods—his cold fit is just over; and he is going home, with parched lips and burning brow, to toss through the next few weary hours of fever. The natives yield unresistingly to the attacks of their enemy, and look upon every other day as sacrificed to it without hope of redemption: they know it will disappear with the season that brings it, and scarcely make an effort to stay its violence. Every one you meet has, of course, a different idea as to what gives you fever: if you eat peaches, and go out in the sun, you are sure to get it; if you drink cold water before walking, you are equally certain of a fit; if you venture to touch *caimac*—a delicious preparation of half-boiled cream, made into cakes a little thicker than pancakes—there is no hope for you. Many kinds of fruits are looked upon as 'humps of fever.' If you venture out when the dew is falling, you deserve to be laid up. This last rule really seems to have some truth in it. Sulphate of quinine is an unfailing specific for common ague, and we used to keep it mixed with acid, in quart-bottles, for all who chose to apply for it; but it is an expensive medicine, quite out of the reach of poor people; and really when you see them feeding entirely on upripe fruit, or sleeping in the open air in a perfect steam-bath of dew, you only wonder they do not all die, instead of being only unwell. The eldest child of a Greek, who acted as a sort of porter at our gate, was a perfect martyr to fever. She was a very pretty little girl; and we promised to try to cure her with quinine, on condition she attended to some rules of diet during the process, as the children were all constantly eating raw cucumbers, pumpkins, and other such unwholesome viands. For some days, everything went on well; but one morning I saw her in the court, presiding at a feast of green pomegranates, and instantly ran out, saying: 'Ah! naughty Ghullanie!'—a name equivalent to our Rose—'you know you were forbidden to eat fruit till you were well.' This being duly translated to her, the little lady, aged about ten, rose up, and with singular grace and dignity informed me, in the liquid tones of her beautiful Greek, 'That she would not eat fruit after having been forbidden to do so, but every one knew that pomegranates were not included in that category; and, in fact, the lining membrane of green ones

especially was known to everybody as an excellent thing for fever.' Certainly people here do eat pomegranates in every stage of fever, and the inside skin being very bitter, may have some good effects; but I wonder what English girl of that age would have been able to defend herself in such a manner. The children, from being constantly at liberty, and not confined to a nursery like ours, are all precocious. They are generally pretty, and look so funny dressed up in their miniature turbans and trains, that I always expected them to begin acting some charade or play. Both sexes are dressed exactly alike while they are juvenile.

We went one day to visit the pacha's wife; and her son, a boy about twelve, left the room at once, with an absurd assumption of manliness, pretending not to see his mother's visitors. He was habited, as his father might have been, in a *fez*, and a dark badly-fitting surtout of English cloth, with a leather belt. All Turks in government employment must wear this dress, which looks mean and paltry beside their own flowing native costume. The pacha's wife was a dignified, middle-aged woman, who had been handsome, and still possessed beautiful almond-shaped dark eyes. Her high-bred ease of manner would have done honour to any drawing-room, and completely distinguished her from the chattering crowd of slaves around. When asked if she was the only wife, she replied in a very stately manner: 'Yes, my husband and myself have always been sufficient to each other.' I am sure she was a very superior woman, and her husband was a wise man. The house was in great confusion; many curious-looking rounded hair-trunks, with iron bands, were lying about, ready packed, as the family were just moving down to Stamboul; and the husband, a man of progress, intended going on board a steamer, shortly expected on the coast. The women had never seen a steamer, and were much alarmed at the prospect, and much relieved to hear we should be there also, thinking our presence a kind of guarantee for their safety. We did afterwards meet the poor things on board—at least we saw some bundles of clothes stretched on the deck, lying quite motionless—till at length starting into life, the unfortunate creatures beneath, tortured by the attacks of an enemy there was no escape from, in paroxysms of despair hastily tore off the mushin bandages which had hitherto concealed their faces from the gaze of the unfaithful, and then, struck with horror at the profanity of the act they had been guilty of, sank back in a state of utter prostration, and were one by one summarily carried down stairs to the ladies' cabin, and delivered over to all the unknown miseries of sea-sickness.

There was a remarkably lovely child in the pacha's house, with the most purely blue eyes I ever saw; but the Turks do not admire blue eyes—indeed, are very much afraid of them, believing that their possessors have the power of casting the 'Evil Eye.' A friend of ours was one day standing watching some poor bullocks, yoked to a load of wood far too heavy for them to move. After several ineffectual attempts to make them stir, the driver turned to the Englishman, and in no measured terms begged him to go away instantly, as it was of course utterly impossible for the bullocks to move, when his blue eyes were transfixing them. If you admire a child in Turkey, you are supposed to have thrown the Evil Eye on it; and the nurse will most probably spit at you, to avert any evil consequences to her charge. The Turkish domestic servants are nearly all slaves, both black and white, and seem very comfortably off. No doubt, they are, often tyrannised over, and sometimes harshly treated; but, on the whole, their chains appear to be as light as the chains of slavery can possibly be. Even after death, their identification with the family continues. When walking through the lovely cemeteries, you will see a square space railed off, containing perhaps a high headstone,

with a sculptured turban on the top, indicating the spot where sleeps the lord of a household; beside it, a peaked stone—perhaps two or three—with a rose on it, tells you a wife lies beneath; some smaller stones will probably complete the family circle; and then adjoining will be a tiny piece of ground, also enclosed with an inscription relating that here lies a beautiful Mustapha, or Ibrahim, who had been in the family fifty or sixty years, and was laid to death, and who had lived, close to the master he had served so well.

The peasants here have a great dread of being taken in the conscription for the army. One day, when we were visiting the consul's wife, in rushed a poor woman in a dreadful state of agitation, followed by a group of sympathising friends, and dragging along her unfortunate son, a puny sickly lad, who had just been drafted for a soldier. He looked about fourteen, and seemed quite scared and totally unmanned by the fearful prospect opening before him. The weeping mother bravely implored the great lady to take her son into service in any capacity—the servants of British subjects are exempt from the conscription—vehemently lamenting her hard fate, and pointing by turns to the youth of her son, his great delicacy, his want of height, and above all, to a slight deformity in one of his fingers; any of which reasons ought, in her opinion, to be sufficient to prevent his going to the wars. All the women chimed in in chorus; while the young candidate for martial honours stood behind, sobbing piteously, and certainly looking a most unfit subject to aid in upholding the glory and honour of the Ottoman Empire. It really seemed a hard case: he was the mother's only son; and after some consideration, we at last were set at rest by seeing him appointed to some small post about the children, where I often afterwards saw him looking very happy. The soldiers are generally small, dark-complexioned, wretchedly poor creatures, from the interior—very different from the sturdy Turk of the capital. They have a simple, good-natured look, which is very pleasing. I always find them spoken of as having good stuff in them, from the attempt to dress them in a sort of European uniform makes them feel uncomfortable, and look awkward.

On going into the town one day, we went, as usual, to leave our horses at a very decent sort of hostelry as things go here—kept by an Armenian and his wife. They had a pretty daughter, whose round gold-rimmed face had often attracted our attention. By this time we were looked upon as old acquaintances in the country, and friends of the house, who were taken into consultation on the subject of a proposal which had just been received for the young lady from a Frank visitor—I believe Italian—who attracted solely by her rosy cheeks and dark eyes—for he could not speak a word of any language intelligible to her, wished to transplant her to his own home. The mother explained the whole affair to us most warmly, and the daughter listened with frightened looks, and seemed altogether more alarmed than flattered at the honour done her by the Frank. The elderly man seemed to have settled the matter in the most sensible possible manner—quite provokingly so, to my ideas. She informed the dismayed and eager suitor, that 'many foreigners coming here, take a fancy to our daughters, and wish to have them for wives; but then they go away, and forget their promised brides. Go back, thou stranger, to your own country, and remain there as ever; at the end of that time, if you have not altered your way of thinking, return here, and I will gladly give you my daughter.' After such a speech, there was nothing to be added or suggested by us; and in a few moments both mother and daughter were deep, in the discussion of a Turkish dress, which I wanted to have made, and appeared far more interested

in the details of colours and trimming, than in the consideration of the poor unbeliever's offer of marriage. The only thing that puzzled me was the fact, that in this country, where one hears so much about the subjugation of women, no one seemed to think of referring to the paternal parent for his opinion. The mother held forth to her friends, and discussed minutely her own ideas on the subject, without paying the smallest attention to the melancholy, and decidedly henpecked man, who was quietly pursuing his daily avocations in the house. Certainly, the ordinary class of Franks in this country are calculated to give the natives but a poor idea of European society: they are usually the very refuse of Southern Europe—men who, from bad conduct, or some unfortunate circumstances, find the home-circle closed against them, and come out here to pick up a living as they best can. From the talented members of this class springs up that witty, wicked, and dangerous man called a *chevalier d'industrie*.

We fell in with a brilliant specimen of this genus, who made his debut at the before-mentioned hotel, where he led a rollicking, pleasant enough sort of life. I scarcely know how we first became acquainted with M. Achille: people are not particular with regard to introductions so far from home; and he was perfect in the art of suiting himself to his company. He spoke both French and Italian so well, that I knew not which country claimed him for her son. He sang exquisitely; and possessed a power of sketching I have never seen equalled: any blank piece of paper that fell in his way, the backs of letters, the fly-leaves of books, were instantly covered with fanciful designs, ruined mosques, and Moorish palaces. I still possess many of these specimens, all finished with a delicacy and rapidity that appeared to my inexperienced eyes quite miraculous. He soon made himself notorious by his furious and reckless riding through the crowded bazaars. We afterwards heard, that when pressed for the payment of some silver-mounted pistols, scimitars, and other fancy articles he had selected, he pointed a bright stiletto at the startled trader, and replied: 'That's the only payment you'll get from me!' He succeeded in borrowing £10 from my father, and gave him, at the same time, a little gold-headed cane, which he said 'his honour was pledged to redeem at all hazards, as it was engraved with the arms of his family.' I need not say the family-arms are still in the possession of strangers. It is pleasant, however, to find that the Turks have learned to distinguish between the English Franks and others, and I have not a thrill of national pride at hearing, 'On the word of an Englishman!' used almost as a solemn oath in their bazaars. The children of Englishmen who have married Armenian or Greek wives, are very interesting specimens of humanity. They are generally pretty, and very quick and intelligent. Indeed, to English people, they appear remarkably clever, from the extraordinary number of languages they can all speak. Their nurses are chiefly Greek, and they, of course, talk to their nurslings in their own beautiful language; daily intercourse with the natives around, instructs them in Turkish; the father speaks to them in English, and the mother probably in Armenian; every visitor teaches them French, and Italian is learned as easily: so that by the time our children at home begin going to school, these little things are conversationally perfect in five or six different languages, and have thus already mastered a great deal of that knowledge our school-children toil so painfully after, and so seldom attain. Another characteristic of this class that struck us, was the wonderfully large appetite they are generally blessed with; fortunately, the necessities of life are cheap out here, of the housekeeping-bills would be something frightful. I used to sit in silent amazement, watching the celerity with which immense

piles of food disappeared down the throats of pretty piquant girls, who had certainly never been taught to be ashamed of the act of eating. We were much amused once by the naïve speech of a young lady who was dining with us. There were two dishes of meat on the table; and when asked which she would prefer, she replied, looking alternately at each: 'I'll take some of both, if you please, sir.'

Some of these families have passed through most stirring and exciting scenes. I am sure their histories would open thrilling pages of romance to the reader. I remember two girls were giving me a description of a morning alarm they had spent some time before, near Constantinople. It was a time of great tumult; the town was almost in a state of siege; and bands of lawless Albanian soldiers were wandering about, recklessly plundering whatever they could lay their hands on. The street where these girls lived was almost deserted; the inhabitants had fled, shutting up their houses—they had no servants—the mother was very ill, confined to bed; the father was compelled to go out, leaving these two girls, with two or three little children, alone in the house. He directed them to keep perfectly quiet, shut all doors and windows, and by that means strive as much as possible to escape observation. The immediate neighbourhood was quiet, but the distant sounds of riot sometimes reached them; and their suspense becoming at last intolerable, they went to the top of the house, to discover if possible what was going on. The death-like silence of the street was for some time unbroken; but at length one of the much-dreaded Albanians appeared. The sisters watched with breathless anxiety, and saw him trying the different doors, till, finding one close to them that yielded to his hand, he entered; and in a few moments, what was their horror and despair to see him come out of a window on the top of the house, and walk along the parapet, apparently looking in at each window in succession, as if to see which promised the best prospect of plunder. It was a fearful moment, but Providence shielded these defenceless children from harm, for the fierce Albanian passed the window behind which the frightened girls were cowering, without looking in.

OUR HOLIDAY.

THERE are thirteen of us altogether, and I am the eldest. Of course, I don't count papa and mamma, nor our old nurse Hopkins, that brought mamma up from a little baby. Altogether, including these, we are sixteen, and Mary makes seventeen. I have always had a great deal to do with the children, for, as I said, they are all younger than I am: although there is only one year between my brother John and me, there are thirteen between me and baby. There is so much to be done in a large family, and mamma is never very strong; besides, there are always some of us ill, although papa is a medical man, which is fortunate, or I don't know what the doctor's bill would cost. I don't think, considering other girls' houses, that we live in a nice place. It seems to be growing smaller every year; and we are now obliged to turn the front-kitchen into a nursery, and keep the blind down all day, which makes it dreadfully dull; and I am sure it's as much as ever Hopkins and I can do, to keep the little ones away from the oven, which they want to make into a doll's house, now the fires are left off. Besides, Mary is obliged to make her bed up every night in the surgery, which she couldn't bear at first, because she was so frightened. I am sure she used to think papa kept subjects in the drawers and bottles;

but she only owned to being afraid of what she calls 'the combustibles' blowing up in the night. It's rather awkward, because of papa's having to go in sometimes two or three times in the night; but unless we put her under the dresser, I don't know what we could do.

We have a piece of garden behind, which does for hanging clothes in, and for the children; but as it's no use trying for flowers, we keep fowls. Mamma did try to grow a little parsley and some herbs, but it was never any good. I don't much think anything would grow here, it is so closely built; there are such numbers of small streets and courts, and in summer the air is so hot and close—'stybaky,' Mary calls it.

We should soon get into a better house, only that papa is obliged to live in his district. He has so much a year paid him by the guardians for attending the poor; besides, he is just in the centre of his work, and can pop in and out every now and then, to see if he has been sent for. I am sure he is hard worked: it's a great deal worse since he got the parish, for he never sleeps a night in his bed, particularly in cholera; but I think it's more babies now. It's quite shameful the way some of the patients ring him up all for nothing, just as if he was a policeman, and didn't want sleep. There was last year, he'd been up seven nights running; and at last when he came in, he usen't to go up stairs at all, but lie down in his clothes on the mat at the street-door, ready for the next ring. Of course, I don't mean to say it is always like that. Sometimes every one is quite well, and then we are so happy—papa only pays friendly visits, and often takes one of us with him, or else he stays at home, and does something about the house: one of these times, John and he built the fowl-house at the end of the garden.

Some years ago, before there were nearly so many of us, we used to have a holiday every year. I don't mean we children, for of course, in vacation, we had plenty, but every one of us. Papa used to make a day, and we then went altogether into the country, and enjoyed ourselves in the fields. It was generally on his birthday, which is fortunately in June, when the haymaking is, and the roses are in the hedges. John used to say he wished it was blackberry-time instead; but I thought—for I was only a child then—that there was no fun so good as getting into a hayfield, and making papa lie down, and burying him in the sweet beautiful hay. We could not go always exactly on his birthday, because we often had to put it off, but as near it as possible. We used to think more of it a great deal than Christmas; and I am sure we used to talk about where we should go, and what we should do, for a whole year.

The last place we went to before this one that I am going to tell about, was down to the Forest, five years ago; and weren't we happy! We had a carriage and two horses; and papa drove, with John and Willie outside; and then there was mamma, and Aunt Jane, and Ann—it was before Mary came, and we left nurse at home, because she is so careful—and three of us, besides baby, inside. Papa thought we could all have gone; but when he came to put in the baskets, he soon found out his mistake; so three of us, and the biggest hamper, had to go down in a cab; and we had such fun all the way down, seeing which should get first, for Uncle James was outside, and he was so merry. I am sure I never was so happy in all my life, and so they all said.

We dined on the grass, under low trees that met overhead, with the roses and honeysuckles all twisting up them, and the birds singing—just like fairy-land; and we all helped to lay the cloth, and John and Willie ran down to the public-house for water and beer. I don't know what we should have done, only for Aunt Jane—for what do you think? We had forgotten the

salt; but when we were in such a way, she opened her bag, and took out a packet. Wasn't it thoughtful? Uncle James quizzed her about being an old maid; but she said she never went out for a holiday without salt, pins, needles, and thread; and sure enough, we wanted them all before long. After dinner, we had the cold punch that papa makes out of a book, and we all drank his health, even baby; for Uncle James would make him have some too, though he coughed dreadfully; and then papa got up, and made such a funny speech, in which he called us 'ladies and gentlemen;' and I really thought that stupid Ann would have died laughing. Then—just as if everything had determined we were to be happy—when he had finished, and the boys were hurrahing, up comes a man, with a hurdy-gurdy. Nothing would serve Uncle James but we must have a dance: papa said the punch had got into his toes, and so I think it had into all our toes, for we had such a dance! Even mamma stood up, and Ann and baby went off as partners a little way down. Then we had donkeys; and it was such fun to see Uncle James and papa, with their legs almost touching the ground, riding a race; but papa's donkey won. Then we went into the fields, and had a tumble in the hay, and picked such a nosegay; and we dressed Uncle James's and papa's hats with flowers. Then we met some gipsies, and papa made mamma have her fortune told, but—it just shews! They thought Uncle James was mamma's husband; and they told papa he should marry a beautiful lady, and have two little children, and drive in a coach-and-four. Such stuff! Ann was not with us, for we left her and baby, and Popsy and Dolly, with the baskets; but I know some of them had been telling her nonsense, for she asked me next day to explain the planets to her. Then we had tea and water-cresses at the little inn: they gave two of us tea for the price of one, but I don't think that was very clever considering the boys. We had a great big basket of cherries too, and three baskets of strawberries, besides the cake that poor nurse had made the day before; and after tea, we went out into the field, at the back of the house, and if you only saw papa and Uncle James playing at football! We were obliged to start early, on account of the children; but just as papa had gone to see the horses got ready, up came a pedler with a basket of all sorts of things; and what did dear, kind Uncle James do, but buy us a present, every one of us! Mine was a lovely white ivory needle-case, with 'Remember, Love, Remember' round it in red letters; and I have got it now in my work-box. At last, we all got off again; but I was so tired, that I fell fast asleep, and did not wake till we stopped at our own door, which I was so vexed at, as I wanted to enjoy the ride through the streets, all full of people, and lighted up.

We talked of this holiday ever so long: if we wanted to remember when anything happened, we used to say, 'that was before,' or 'that was after Our Holiday;' and if the little ones were naughty, we told them that they shouldn't come to the Forest next year. When spring came, and the wall-flowers and primroses were being sold in the streets, we used to say: 'The trees are all coming out now; June will soon be here.' But when June came, just fancy! there was another baby ready to go with us—a funny, fat little thing, with blue eyes like a kitten's; and we talked to her, and said: 'Baby has never had a holiday yet in this world; baby shall go and see the trees, and flowers, and grass, and gipsies, and donkeys.' Of course, I knew this was all nonsense; but one always does talk stuff to those little mites, because they can't understand sense.

Well, all that summer after, poor mamma was so ill that she could scarcely go about the house, much less for a long day into the country; so we had to give up Our Holiday for that year, although

we scarcely believed we shouldn't go, and went on hoping until the snow fell.

The next year, we thought we were all right, and it was such a lovely weather; and baby began to feel her feet, just as if she wanted to be off, when a great trouble happened to us. Papa had been out attending a case of scarlet fever; and just as he came in, and was going to change his coat, as he always does before he comes near us, Bibbs—that's the old baby—set up such a screaming, that he ran to see what was the matter, and so brought the infection among us; and first one, then the other, at last every one of us, caught the fever—and I'm sure it took six months to go through us all—you see, there are so many; and by that time there were two more, because that was when the twins were born.

Well, when the third year came, we thought the charm must be broken, and that we certainly should not be disappointed again. Indeed, we were very near going, for the day was fixed twice; but that didn't do a bit of good, for poor papa had just got the parish, and I think all the people in it wanted to try the new doctor, so he couldn't leave. He wanted us to go without him. The idea! I'm sure if we never had gone till we were a hundred, we wouldn't have stirred without him: besides, his going was all the pleasure. At last, we began to forget all about it, at least the little ones did; and Bibbs and baby, and the twins and Petsy—that was the other baby—never did know anything about it; but sometimes, when John, and Willie, and I used to see the schools going off in vans, early in the summer-mornings, and hear them hurrahing as they drove past in the dusk, waving green branches they had brought home from the Forest, we used to say: 'When ever will Our Holiday come?'

It was one Sunday last June, after dinner, when papa said: 'Mamma, what day will the twenty-eighth fall on?' Every one of us cried out 'Thursday,' for we had been talking about it ever so long, because it was to be his birthday. 'Well,' said papa, 'I do really think we can have Our Holiday at last: if I can only get Mrs Brown off my list, we can go comfortably.' Oh, if you only heard what a noise those boys set up! cheering as if it was a royal family going by—particularly Jimmy; but poor papa couldn't be angry. 'Now,' said he, 'I have thought about it a good deal, though I was afraid to say a word, for fear of another disappointment; and I tell you what—you shall choose yourselves where we shall go. Every one shall have a vote; and whichever place has the most votes, we shall go to.' Then there was a noise, all talking together: some calling out the Forest, and some Gravesend, and some Hampton Court; and Bibbs—but of course he didn't know any better—shouting out Africa! We had quite fun about the votes, and couldn't wake up our minds for such a time. Willie did all he could to make the twins and Petsy give him their vote for Chatham, because of the dockyards, where they build the ships; but as mamma kept these herself, and we were all against him, he had no chance—it was not likely. It lay between the Forest and Hampton Court; but at last we settled it should be the dear old Forest again: no place could be better than that. We were so overjoyed, that we could scarcely sleep, for it was only ten days off; and when I went to get Jimmy up in the morning, I found him singing and dancing about the room, like a wild Indian, in his night-gown.

I am sure poor nurse, and Mary, and mamma, heard enough about it: indeed, nurse got quite put out at last, and said she wished papa had kept his own counsel, and not told us a word about it before the time. The children were all day at the end of the passage before the weather-glass, seeing if it would be fine weather, although it was so long off; and watching the sky, as if we were just going to start. As for

Jimmy, he got so elated that mamma could not manage him at all, and so she sent him on a visit to Uncle James, until the time came.

But the best of it all was, how we were to go down. We talked about it, and counted heads; and papa said, what with the hampers and all, we couldn't have less than three carriages, which would be a great expense, unless he could get an omnibus. This set the boys off again, because of the idea of being conductors; but at any rate papa said he would see; so he went over to his patient, Mr Wicks, who lets out carriages. Old Wicks has a gruff cross way of speaking, from being about the yard with his men, and I don't think people like him. I know our children are dreadfully afraid of him, for if they only look in at the gate, he says in his rough way: 'Now then, you young gents, I suppose you want my osses to knock you over; and then he makes at them with his whip, although I am certain he only does it to frighten them out of the way of harm, because he likes papa very much, and wouldn't hurt one of his children, I know. Well, papa told us he found him in the yard as usual, storming at the men. However, he told him how he was going to take us, every one, out for a holiday, and wanted three carriages, and that he hoped he would let him have them as cheaply as ever he could. What do you think old Wicks said? He said: 'Now, doctor, you're not going to have any such a thing as three carriages: you're a family man, and ought to know better. This is your style;' and he shewed papa a great large sort of private van, standing under one of the sheds. Papa was quite delighted, for it was just the thing, and asked old Wicks what would be the expense. Well, old Wicks went over it in his mind, and said: 'You must have four horses to do it properly, and a driver. I couldn't let it go out of the yard without—suppose we say six pound.' That was a great deal of money, when you come to think of all the other expenses; and papa said he felt quite frightened; however, he thought he would try; so he asked if he wouldn't take five, considering he was a friend. Papa said he felt directly almost sorry he had asked him, for he got so red, and began to chuckle so, that he felt sure he had put him into a passion, and he's a very good patient after all. 'No,' said old Wicks: 'certainly not, considering you're a friend, I couldn't take anything of the sort, and I wonder you could ask me. And I wouldn't take four, nor three, nor two, nor one more I would one; but I'll tell you what I'll take—I'll take nothing, doctor; not a half-penny of your money will I touch. I should rather think not, after all you've done for me and mine by night and day. And I'll tell you what else I'll do: I'll have him painted, and made the same as new; and put fresh curtains and cushions in for the occasion; and when you ride along, you just say to yourself: "I've made Joe Wicks a proud old chap to-day, by accepting of this here testimonial of his gratitude and respect." Of course, papa didn't want this; but old Wicks seemed so offended when he talked about payment, that he had to give in, but he said he would make it up to him in physic. How one may be deceived! Who ever would have thought old Wicks was so kind! I'm sure the boys were quite ashamed of all the names they had called him, and the faces they used to make when he wasn't looking.

Everything was now settled; the only thing was, that we all felt dreadfully anxious about Mrs Brown, the lady who was ill; and papa couldn't come into the house without our asking how she was. At last, two days before the twenty-eighth, to our great delight, we heard she was better; so that everything was right. The van was going on beautifully; for the boys used to see it, standing in the yard, as they went to school, four times a day, and they used to bring home the news.

Weren't we just delighted when the day before came, and the curtains and cushions were put in, and it

waited all ready for us to start! It was such a beautiful evening: there was not a single cloud in the sky; and papa said there was no fear for to-morrow.

We had all the things packed—not forgetting the salt this time; and hadn't we fun getting the things ready—the great big pies, and the salad, and the lobsters, and such a cake! The punch was made, only cooling in the surgery, fit to put in the great stone-jar; and our frocks and things laid out, all ready to put on the first thing in the morning, because we wanted to be off early. It was settled that we should have Jimmy at home the night before, so that he might be dressed with the other children, and not be in Uncle James and Aunt Jane's way; so papa set off to bring him, and took me with him. Uncle James did not live a very long way off then; and I was so happy, walking along with darling papa, who was quite delighted himself at the treat we were all going to have so soon.

Well, we knocked at the door, and we thought it rather strange that Jimmy did not come running into the hall as usual; only Aunt Jane came out by herself, looking rather troubled.

'Oh,' said papa, 'where's Jimmy? I hope he's not gone to bed.'

'Why,' said aunt, 'he's had a little fall. He's not hurt himself; but he was very cross, and cried a good deal: it's only temper, but he's lying down.'

Just as she spoke, the poor little fellow heard his papa's voice, and came out of the parlour, crying as if his heart would break; and directly papa saw him standing at the end of the hall, he knew what was the matter, for his little arm hung straight down by his side, and he could not stir it, for it was broken.

There was not much holiday for us, as you may suppose; but the children bore the disappointment very well, considering. Poor little Jimmy! of course it was dreadful pain, but he went on very well, and papa said he didn't see why, in about a fortnight, we should not go. We all said, and so did Jimmy, that the air and change would do him good—the only thing was the shaking. We thought of all sorts of things—of carrying him in papa's arms, or of having a bed made up in the bottom of the van. At last, Willie thought of a little hammock, like the sailors sleep in, hung up in the roof, where he could swing comfortably, and there would be nothing to knock against his poor little arm. Papa said directly this was the best plan; so the day was fixed again, and the pies made, and everything got ready all the same; only, I don't think, somehow, we were quite so merry—we had had so many disappointments, and there was going to be one now, and oh! the worst of all.

Poor darling little Petsy, that we loved so dearly—my sweet baby-sister—she was never to have her holiday out! Nurse took us early in the morning, when the sun was shining into the room, where she lay on a pillow, so white and still, with her little eyes shut, and a grave smile on her dear angel-face. Nurse said: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven;' and I like to think of her there, with the sweet smile and the shut eyes.

We never talk about Our Holiday now. Uncle James went to Petsy in the winter; and papa does not look as if he could enjoy it in the same way he did five years ago. Mamma says, when people grow old, and know trouble, they don't care for holidays in this world. I daresay. I know I think more of past holidays now than of those that are to come. I think of the Forest and the fun; and of Uncle James, the merriest among us all; and of poor little Petsy, that wasn't born then; and of darling papa lying on the ground, so still, covered up with hay. And then comes in the middle, somehow, a patch of the outside world, far away, black, and misty, and I grow cold and shivery; for some of the boys are speaking of business, and of scattering away, and papa looks anxious, and his hair is growing so gray.

But all that is no use; our month is here now, and I shouldn't much wonder if we were to go for Our Holiday yet, although not quite so merrily, and sit under the trees, and talk of our friends that are away.

SERVICE AND SLAVERY.

We are about to glance at two institutions—that of service and that of slavery. Into the social and political relations of these we have no intention of entering into; we would simply select a few striking instances of the effect of the two institutions on individuals; and we begin with a couple of anecdotes, in which the system to which each relates is carried to extreme. The one seldom presents any striking feature that is not absurd or provoking, and very rarely brings out the comedy or tragedy of our nature, as is so commonly the lot of its graver and more terrible compeer.

The following instance of the effect of our system with regard to our servants is perfectly authentic:—Many years ago, a Duke of Marlborough wanted a tutor for his sons, who was required to be a clergyman, and who would, nevertheless, condescend to dine at the second table. Now, however honourable the company of my lord duke's valet and house-steward, and my lady the duchess's housekeeper and lady's-maid may be in their own eyes, it was not very easy to find an ordained clergyman who would consent to form one of the party, even with the allurements of a table quite equal to that of the duke himself. However, the duke did not choose to have the restraint of a clergyman at his own dinner; it was inconvenient to give the tutor his meal by himself; and the duke insisted upon his point. At last a young man just ordained, sprung from humble origin, who had taken honours at Oxford, but who had been a servitor there, consented to the conditions. For three years, N—— passed his ordinary life with the upper menials; but his behaviour was exemplary, his manners those of a gentleman, and the duke ended by having him for a part of the day in his own apartments, besides those which he spent with the children. Here he saw much of a young lady, a near relative of the family. N—— was strikingly handsome, and the young lady fell in love with him. N—— prudently, as well as properly, refused to take advantage of his conquest, and behaved so well in the matter, that the duke was more than pleased—gave the young curate his patronage; and building on this foundation, with the assistance of very excellent talents, N—— ultimately became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Before finally reaching this dignity, however, and when he was still nothing higher than bishop of M——, the duke paid him a visit, and stayed to dinner. He had brought with him his valet, the quondam associate of their host, and who never ceased boasting that, in former times, he had dined for three years with an embryo bishop. Presently, the bishop's butler came to his master in great perplexity. The episcopal establishment at that time had but a single servants-table. The duke's valet was indignant beyond expression at the idea of sitting down to table with scullions and stable-boys. Dine on such terms, he would not; and the butler came to his master, to know what was to be done with him. The bishop paused, and then desired that the valet should be sent up. He shook his old messmate warmly by the hand, begged him to be seated, and entered into conversation about old times. At last he said, he had heard with great regret the difficulty about the dinner; that he had not forgotten how agreeably they had once dined together; and he would be delighted to see him, the valet, at his own table. However, he added, that as his master was going to be there too, it might be as well to mention the arrangement first to the duke, as it was just possible that he might object. The

valet was frightened almost out of his senses; implored the bishop not to say a word about the matter to his master; and declared that he was grieved that he had given any trouble—that he would dine anywhere, and at any time. The bishop, more proud of his ingenuity than careful of his new dignity, used often to tell this story with great unction.

It was this same Duke of Marlborough who once called for a particular wine, and was told by the butler that there was no more of it. The next day, the identical wine made its appearance on the servants-table. Some one observed to the domestic, that he had told the duke the day before that there was none left. 'No more there was,' said he—'none of *his* share. This is part of *my* share; and if he has been less careful than I have, that is his look-out. He is not going to have any of mine.'

The perquisite-system is at the bottom of all this. A servant extends his claim upon the property of his master, till the line of distinction becomes obliterated; his notions, never very clear, are confounded; and he commits robberies under an almost ludicrous impression of his own perfect honesty.

Appropos of the manner in which servants in certain positions provide themselves with the good things of this life—we remember hearing a late peer observe, that he believed many squires in Buckinghamshire had never seen such a dinner as Lord Grenville's servants sat down to every day of their lives. We could corroborate this to some extent from our own personal knowledge. To be sure, at times, Lord Grenville was a valetudinarian; never left his chamber; had in the house a succession of visitors—often three or four sets the same day—for each of whom a dinner was provided; so that the servants had an excuse for any extravagance.

The story of the great Russian statesman's cook is well known.

'Why do you rob me so?' asked the prince of his servant, as they were travelling confidentially in the same carriage.

'My prince,' replied the cook, taken aback only for the moment, 'I must have my pleasures. The fatigues of your service require recreation. I have imbibed from your princely presence rather expensive tastes. I should have no genius for composing a dish, unless I refreshed my faculties with a little music; and I always arrange a feast when my ideas are put in order by the motion of a comfortable carriage. What else can I do?'

'Let us understand one another,' said the prince. 'You are necessary to me, and I am necessary to you: neither can do without the other. Is there no means of arranging matters? I will give you any amount of wages you require.'

The cook hesitated, stammered, and at length burst into tears, and exclaimed: 'My prince, I would rather rob you!' It was the sublime of rascality!

But we are forgetting ourselves. We promised an illustration of the slave, and are losing ourselves in the servants-hall. Let us redeem our word.

The following incident happened in the United States not long ago. Some of the facts have, we believe, already appeared in an English periodical, but in a very incomplete state, and without the singular termination. The story, as we are about to tell it, is perfectly authentic. A young gentleman at Charlestown met in society a young lady of great beauty and singular accomplishments. He courted and married her, without inquiry as to her birth and connections, satisfied from her manners that she belonged to good society. After a union of some years, with somewhat more than the usual amount of matrimonial felicity, the husband received, one morning, the visit of a stranger. After a very ominous preliminary warning of the disagreeable nature of his errand, the stranger asked him if he had

ever inquired into the previous history of his wife. The gentleman naturally demurring to such a question from a man of whom he knew nothing, his visitor told him bluntly that the lady was *his slave*—that he possessed the documents necessary for the proof of his claim; but before producing them, he begged the gentleman to consult his wife, whose avowals would most probably save him the trouble. He added, that he was willing, under the circumstances, to compound his claim; and mentioned a sum which would have absorbed somewhat about one-half of the gentleman's fortune. The husband, in a state of great terror, rushed to his wife, who avowed the fact without hesitation, and added, that she was not only the stranger's slave, but his daughter. The husband forthwith repaired to the most eminent lawyer of the town—one, in fact, of the most eminent in the state—and detailed his case, saying, that the sum demanded for his wife would almost ruin him. Mr P—— inquired into all the circumstances, and after some reflection, told him to tranquillise his mind—that he thought he saw his way out of the difficulty, and begged him to refer the stranger to him. He advised him simply to say that he, Mr P——, was instructed to settle the matter, and to pay the money. The gentleman, somewhat astonished, took his leave; and on his visitor's repeating his call, referred him to the lawyer, as he had been advised.

The lawyer required of the man the ordinary proofs of his proprietorship—expressed himself satisfied—produced the sum demanded, and took a full receipt, on which the fact of proprietorship was, of course, definitely stated. The stranger had already risen to take leave, when the lawyer begged him to rescind himself, and said that his turn had now come.

'The sum,' said he, 'is a large one for a slave; but no doubt the peculiar accomplishments of the lady make it reasonable. You must,' he added, 'have expended considerable sums, as well as much trouble, in making her education so perfect?' The stranger nodded assent.

'Are you not aware,' continued Mr P——, 'that, by the laws of the state, you have rendered yourself liable to many pains and penalties by educating a slave at all, to say nothing of giving her the education as you have now boasted of? I hold in my hands your own acknowledgment of your proprietorship; the fact of the education is one of which the proof is in our power; and it is for you to consider whether you will expose yourself to the consequences.' The man, thoroughly frightened, not only resigned the money, but fairly made over the slave to her husband without consideration, on the promise that he should not be molested for his violation of the law.

Thus the great distinction between slavery and servitude is the immense individual difference between one slave and another, while servants, as a general rule, differ but little amongst themselves. Hence, while distinction acquired by slaves is a common occurrence, very few servants have ever risen far above their own rank. Dodsley the bookseller, it is true, could, from the musty recesses of his shop, boast that he had been Darteneuf's footman. Rousseau, in real life, and Gil Blas, in that of fiction, rose by no very violent transition from the kitchen to the parlour. In the days of Lord Bute, when it was the fashion to caricature the Scotch, an adventurer of that nation would be represented at four stages of his career. In the first, he was on the great North Road, with his knapsack, rubbing himself against a milestone; in the next, he was in a gorgeous livery, standing behind the chair of my lord the minister; in the third, he was my lord's confidential agent, closeted with him on business evidently of the highest importance; in the fourth, he had become minister in his own person, with a double of his former self standing behind his chair. All this

is very well in caricature. But in reality, as we have said, the one or two examples we have cited form almost the only instances among the countless host of domestic servants. But of slaves, on the other hand, from Eliezer of Damascus and Joseph, down to the pachas of three tails and guardians of the scraglio of Oriental history, how many hundreds have played a conspicuous part in the annals of their several countries—how many have been authors, administrators, conquerors, despots, the scourges or the ornaments of their race! In fact, the Eastern organisation cannot exist without a slave in a commanding and dignified position. The slave of the Greek and Roman—member as he was of the family—ministered to the body, not to the mind, of the master; a distinction all-important when it is recollected, that in the East the slave is the mental assistant of the prince himself. Add to this the necessities of the harem, and there is little to wonder at in the magnificent developments of Oriental slavery.

The characteristic of the ancient and Oriental slavery, as distinguished from the slavery of the middle ages, is that the first involved personal service, while the latter was mainly confined to out-of-door work. One of the most important causes of the differences between ancient and modern society is to be found here. Gibbon remarks, that the meanest freeman would not have undertaken for Augustus or Trajan those posts of personal service which are eagerly courted by the proudest nobles of Britain. It is true that the first we hear of the classical monarchs, would lead us to suppose that they wanted little of personal service of any kind. These doughty heroes, when they wanted their dinners, took their swords in their hands, killed, flayed, roasted, and ate. The whole process is summed up in a couple of Homeric lines. They took great care of their stomachs notwithstanding, for it appears that the siege of Troy was indefinitely protracted, like that of Sebastopol, by the requirements of the commissariat. In the same way, although the list of Abraham's servants is so large that one wonders what he could have done with them in days when there were no houses and little tillage, when the slaves of the patriarch must have spent their time lounging in the sun, and listening to Oriental tales, we yet find their mistress dressing the dinner for the guests of her lord, and almost waiting upon them herself. But the slave was too ready an instrument for the indolent master for all this to last long. In process of time, every function about the person of the master was performed by the slave, while, to make the contrast with the middle ages yet more striking, the master held his own plough, accompanied by his wife. The system was carried out to its full extent, even in the wealthiest times of Roman history—the lands were cultivated by the farmer, with little or no assistance from the slave—while the slave filled the offices of the household, from the highest to the lowest: he was the tutor of the son, the steward of the expenditure, made his master's speeches, read Greek plays to him, played the lute and the lyre, was elegant in his dress, accomplished in his manners, and shared in all the luxuries and pleasures of his patron.

A jolly time they seem to have had of it, those Roman slaves. Each had his separate apartment—their amusements were regularly organised—they had their master of the revels—their stated times of entertainment—and it could not be supposed that a body who counted in their own numbers all the professors of amusement, could fail of amusing themselves, any more than that with all the cooks belonging to them, they could fail of a good supper. It is true that every now and then they met with a bad master, who threw them into his fishponds, to see how carp would fatten upon slave-flesh; but the punishment and the hubbub which followed the action is a proof of its rarity.

On the other hand, the following story is a curious

proof of the early period in which free menials were employed in noble houses amongst the Germanic races. It occurs in the old Norman poetic life of Duke Robert, the Rollo of that Norman history, known as the *Roman de Rou*, and published at Rouen some years ago. The duke misses some plate from his feasts; suspicion falls upon a certain knight, who is watched, and detected in the fact. The kind-hearted duke objects to taking extreme measures. 'No doubt,' says he to his attendants, 'the knight is poor. Very probably, he owes wages to his servants, and has left the plate with them in pledge. We shall get it again when the pledge is redeemed.' The servants of the duke are directed to make inquiries, and they find, as he had anticipated, that the spoons are in the possession of the knight's attendants. Thereupon, Duke Robert summons the knight to a private conference; tells him that he is come to ask his advice; that one of his servants—'whom I would have trusted,' he says, 'almost as surely as thyself'—had been purloining his goods; and begs his advice as to the most Christian mode of acting under such circumstances. The knight blushes, and stammers out an excuse for offering advice to so wise a man as the duke; whereupon the duke claps him on the shoulder, tells him that he much regrets to find him so poor a man, and that his servants have been satisfied from his private purse to the full amount of their wages. The knight, as bound in all justice, especially poetic, becomes the most faithful amongst the many faithful servitors of 'Duke Rou.'

Certainly, the ideas of chivalry, like those of the East, are not only very unbusiness-like, but involve a very lax system of social morality. The offence of the knight would be quite forgotten in the generosity of the duke; and the petty pilferer, by attaching his name to a good story, becomes a hero. We may remark, as an etymological fact, that the word 'gages,' used from this early time to the present for 'wages,' is a proof that the custom of leaving pledges for their pay in servants' hands was a very general one, even if that were not implied in the readiness of the direction taken by Rollo's suspicions. Thus, the attendants were not only free, but looked sharply after themselves. The consequences of this to western society can scarcely be overestimated. It is evident, from the very nature of things, that it is far more easy to emancipate slaves who are exclusively employed in tilling the ground, than those who are employed in domestic services about the person. The one involves gradual abolition: the labourer may work partly for himself and partly for his master; but it is not easy for a domestic to be half a slave and half not; hence the quiet abolition of the serfage of the feudal system, while domestic slavery has never yet been got rid of, except by such violent convulsions as those which destroyed the Roman empire. Again, the one involves the membership of the slave with the family, with its attendant social consequences; in the other, the slave has nothing to do with the family. More than this, the modern system permits menial offices to be performed without the same degradation. This is not only seen in such exceptional cases as offices about royal personages, but in many other phases of modern society, especially in the institutions of education. The servitors of Oxford, who for so many centuries performed menial offices in hall, form by no means the strongest instances. The Spanish students—as shewn in the comedies of Calderon, and more especially of Cervantes—when they are short of money, have no scruple whatever in hiring themselves to wait on their more fortunate fellows. In one of the plays of the latter, a master and his servant betake themselves together to the university; both study alike; both, as far as discipline and education are concerned, are on terms of perfect equality; and yet the one retains his position of servant to the other—making his bed, bringing his dinner, and doing many

other offices which would make the hair of a modern footman stand on end.

There is no doubt, that what we most admire in every other portion of society—independence—produces precisely the qualities in the menial, both towards his master and other people which we most dislike; and that his dependence, as it is more or less perfect, binds him more or less to the interests of his master, and makes him more or less endurable by other people. Independence is, by its very nature, mutual; the independence of the servant in his position begets that of the master in his own; and the servant, aware that his master can supply his place at any time, and would care little about his loss, has recourse to the servility so often objected to English servants. On the other hand, not fully certain of his own position—not, like the slave, fixed either in his social position, or in his position as one of the family—he endeavours to maintain the consequence which he knows will be questioned, by insolence and bravado to all of equal or little superior rank. The knot of servants who, when their masters were at the House of Lords, held their club at the ale-house, and while there, were the Duke of A—, the Earl of B—, and the Bishop of C—, would be likely to take their station behind the carriage with no very settled notions of themselves. There is nothing in any rank of life for producing an offensive manner like an undecided position in society—the holder always assumes airs to which he knows he has no right, lest people should dispute those to which he thinks himself entitled.

We remember a baronet of high rank purchasing a large old folio at a second-hand bookseller's. The bookseller offered, of course, to send it. 'No,' said his customer, 'I shall carry it; but,' pointing to his servant, who stood at a little distance, 'he wouldn't.'

From all this, the slave is entirely free. His position is irremediably fixed—he is not excited to quality, airs by forming a false estimate of his position, nor tempted to arrogance by the possibility of assuming it. If there is a fixed position in existence, it is his own. In return, he is one of the family—we are speaking, be it understood, rather of the ancient and the Oriental, than of the negro slavery—shares in its vicissitudes; is irrecoverably mixed up in its fortunes; interests himself accordingly; and is treated with severity or kindness as it may be, but with that sort of severity or kindness which a man uses towards his familiars. In fact, familiarity, in its original sense, is 'one of the family;' and familiarity is the distinguishing characteristic of the domestic slave.

This would lead us to the subject of negro slavery; but on that thorny question, we will content ourselves with a rough extract on what may be called its antiquarian times, so far as Europeans are mixed up with it. In the travels through Europe of a Bohemian duke in 1465, described by two of his suite, and published a few years ago by a German literary society, the following curious notice appears. This duke, Leo von Rozmthial, visiting Portugal, with strong recommendations to the king, was received by his majesty at Braga with great cordiality. The king, delighted with his visitor, begged to know what he could do for him. The duke had noticed a couple of black boys in the royal train, and emboldened by the offer, requested 'those two Ethiopians.' Upon this, the king's brother, who was standing by, burst out into a loud laugh at the idea of the duke's asking seriously such a trifle. The duke then begged that a monkey might be added to the gift, since black boys were held so lightly. Whereupon the prince laughed louder than before. 'It seems,' said the duke, 'that you must have a granary somewhere of monkeys and Ethiopians.' 'Why,' replied the prince, 'my brother has three towns in Africa, from which he makes constant expeditions, and never returns without a hundred thousand slaves. These

are all sold like cattle, people coming for that purpose from all quarters. The king derives his chief revenue from this source. Even the little ones fetch twelve or thirteen pieces of gold.

The writer speaks of the sale of slaves as a thing not practised in his own country. He adds, in another place, describing Lisbon, that the women and children taken in their forays are distributed among the principal towns; where the municipalities are compelled to support them, until they are fit to be sold by the king's agents. The children of the slaves were, in like manner, according to the writer, supported by the towns until they were fit for work.

Such were the commencement of negro slavery. Little did the European then imagine the strange march of circumstances which would, at this day, invest the system he was then originating with so strange an interest, with a past so dreary, a present so anomalous and full of danger, and a future so difficult to divine.

ORIGIN OF THE IGNIS-FATUUS.

The water of the marsh is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day, bubbles of air were seen rising from it; and at night, blue flames were seen shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected that there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked during the daytime the place where the latter rose up most abundantly, and repaired thither during the night: to my great joy, I actually observed bluish purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot, they retired, and I pursued them in vain. On another day, in the twilight, I went again to the place, where I awaited the approach of night: the flames became gradually visible, but redder than formerly, thus shewing that they burned also during the day. I used a narrow slip of paper, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing it take fire. The gas was evidently inflammable, and not a phosphorescent luminous one, as some have maintained. But how do these lights originate? After some reflection, I resolved to make the experiment of extinguishing them. I followed the flame: I brought it so far from the marsh, that probably the thread of connection, if I may so express myself, was broken, and it was extinguished. But scarcely a few minutes had elapsed when it was again renewed at its source, the air-bubbles—without my being able to observe any transition from the neighbouring flames, many of which were burning in the valley. On the following evening, I went to the spot, and kindled a fire, in order to have an opportunity of igniting the gas. As on the evening before, I first extinguished the flame, and then hastened with a torch to the spot from which the gas bubbled up, when instantaneously a kind of explosion was heard, and a red light was seen over eight or nine square feet of the marsh, which diminished to a small blue flame about two and a half or three feet in height, that continued to burn with an unsteady motion. It is, therefore, no longer doubtful, that the *ignis-fatuus* is caused by the evolution of inflammable gas from the marsh.—*Gallery of Nature.*

PRICE OF LAND AT MELBOURNE.

We think L.1000 or L.2000 per acre near London high, but here it fetches from L.4000 to L.6000! Houses are frequently pointed out to me in the outskirts as having recently been sold, with a garden, for L.10,000 or L.12,000, which in the finest suburbs of London would not fetch above L.2000. Little houses in the town, which in London, in good streets, would let for L.40 a year, here let for L.400. My brother has built two good houses near his own, which would not let in London for more than L.70 a year each, or L.150 together; he lets the two for L.1200. And there is a single house near, worth in London or its environs perhaps L.120 a year, for which the modest sum of L.2000 a year is asked!—a sum that would purchase it at home.—*Howitt's Land, Labour, and Gold.*

FLASHES THROUGH THE CLOUD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

FOOLISH am I, and very sad, sometimes—

The sadness on the folly following fast!
So grief on glee, repentance upon crimes,
Darkness and shadows on the daylight past,
Are in attendance; so funereal chimes
Make bridals look aghast!

I know not whether of my head or heart
Cometh this fault—if fault it be—or if
Some morbid action, of the mind a part,
Dashes it to and fro, like some poor skiff
Upon a fitful sea: I have no art
To guide the wind-blown leaf.

When the short transport of exempted pain
Fills me with strange wild joy, as wine might do,
I cannot answer for the buoyant strain
Of merriment that pierces through and through
The echoing woods, whose loneliness in vain
Startles me with its hue.

Not solitude, nor silence, nor the thought
Of what must soon ensue—returning throes—
Can then by any reasoning be brought
To quell the ebullient stir that through me flows
Like leaping draughts of pleasure, which have caught
Hues of the sun and rose.

The flowers are mine, the dells in which they pasture;
The birds are mine: their voices, which I mock;
The happy insects—of them I am master,
As of the rushing brook and rivet rock:
Fast speeds the brook, the bird, the bee—but faster
Fond fancies round me flock!

Yet in my momentary glee of health,
A hymn—not frivolous, though its sounds are gay—
Soars up to Heaven, that thins from out its wealth
Hath deigned to scatter on my thorny way
A sunshine all my own; nor ta'en by stealth
From Earth's imperfect day.

Oh! should I call it folly, then, when I,
Released from inward pains, forget a while
That Time must bring them back? Should I deem
That buoyancy as sin, which gives a smile
To clear the hollow cheeks which agony
Too often doth defile?

No! let me deem it armour sent of God
To shield me 'gainst despair! We cannot wage
A holier war than that which strives the load
Of gloom to banish from our souls! No cage
Can mar the lute's songs: the longest road
Must have its fitting stage.

And so, 'twixt us and pain, and care, and all
Life's gloom (save Sin, whose ever-endless ring
Weds to immortal Wo!), Time's regal call
Shall place divorce. Oh, let us, therefore, bring
All innocent laughs to lighten up each hall
Where sickly sorrows cling!

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MR LEITCH RITCHIE'S NEW WORK OF FICTION.

In reply to correspondents, we have to mention that considerations of convenience have induced us to postpone the appearance of the new novel, by the author of *Wearfoot Common*, till the first week of January next.

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A CALM IN THE CITY.

WHEN, far away from the banks of the Thames, the recollection of London comes across the mind, it comes like the vision of a whirling vortex—a confused maelstrom of heady life and activity, to plunge into which is to be borne along in an irresistible current, to be dinned with noise and tumult, and to be chased with excitement and anxiety, until cast up again upon some quiet shore. And this vision is no exaggeration, but just the simple fact. London is a vortex, into which everybody and everything that comes near is drawn, and kept whirling round a common centre, from one week's end to another. But when the week is over, and the Sabbath-morning bells ring in the Day of Rest—then comes a remarkable change—a contrast so marked as probably no other spot on earth exhibits. Whatever may be the case in some parts of the vast area of the metropolis, in the old city district, which is under the immediate jurisdiction of the corporation, Commerce, folding herself to sleep with the last breath of Saturday, moves not a limb till Monday morning dawns, and for four-and-twenty hours upon this usually turbid sea of conflict there is a dead calm.

It is drawing towards eleven, on a summer Sunday-morning, as we find ourselves crossing the area in front of the Exchange, bound for a lonely ramble among the solitudes. As we traverse Cornhill, there is but a single figure in view, and that is the policeman, whose footfall, echoed from the opposite side of the way, is the only sound, until it is broken by the rattle of the wheels of a distant omnibus, which reverberates with unwonted distinctness from the lofty walls around us, and then dies away. We turn down a court in which the clear song of a black-bird, perched somewhere above in his lone cage, echoes among the chimney-tops. No sign of life greets us in the court, which opens into another, where also silence and sunshine reign together. The court debouches into Lombard Street—'a shore where all is dumb.' We read on signs aloft of 'coupons' and 'rates of exchange;' but there is not a chink of coin, not a blink from a single half-opened shutter among all the banks, whose wealth might purchase a kingdom. Alone and thoughtless, we proceed along the street—the spectacle of carved stone-cherubs and death's-heads—of battered foliage and mingled cross-bones, upon the lintels of a narrow entrance, beguiles us into exploring it; and we find ourselves, after a few steps, standing in front of Allhallows Church—a church literally jammed against the walls of surrounding houses, and all but hermetically closed from the air of heaven. While we are speculating on the probability of finding a congregation in a neighbourhood

apparently deserted, we hear the voice of the minister reading the lesson of the day, and, softly opening the door wide enough for a scrutiny, perceive that the congregation consists of four figures in bonnets, who alone occupy the body of the church. We decline figuring as the fifth part of a congregation, and retreat softly. As we regain the street, distant St Paul's peals out the hour, and in the echo of each note we can distinguish, so unbroken is the calm, the octave, fifth and twelfth which makes the perfect tone. Looking into the church of St Edmund's, in the same street, we find a congregation of full twenty people at their devotions; and again peeping into St Mary's Woolnoth, at the corner of the street, there are almost as many as thirty more. Three national churches standing all within a stone's-cast, and containing on a fine morning in summer not threescore individuals of the nation among them, strikes us as an exceedingly liberal allowance of church-accommodation to the privileged Londoners; and we cannot help contrasting it for a moment with the alleged wants on that score in distant parts of the realm.

And now we dive among the narrow ways that abut upon the river's brink below the bridges. Here, somnolent in dust and sunshine, stand the tall warehouses crammed with the cargoes of that countless fleet of vessels which sleeps this morning in the Pool. They are all fast locked in a noonday slumber—the only sounds are the incessant twittering of sparrows, and the stilly surge of the river, that runs lazily by as the high tide begins to lag in its landward course. Now and then a lean cat stalks across the road, and disappears through some shivered pane or fractured panel. The chain-cables from the cranes and windlasses in the upper stories hang down motionless—the half-loaded wain stands motionless below, and beneath its cool shadow a brood of aldermanic ducks have settled themselves for a comfortable sleep after a morning's forage in the mud of the river.

Back to Cheapside, where a few listless loungers are taking the air in shirt-sleeves, shaven chins, and slippers, which constitute the Sunday toilet of an unmistakable class who all the week long are toiling in the service of eating and drinking and conviviality-loving man. They do not come boldly forth to promenade. Here a waiter, swinging his body from heel to toe, while his hands are clasped behind him, puffs a surreptitious cigar—then retires for a moment, and comes forth again, looking now up at the sky, now down at his neat slippers—and then dives again into the darkness of his peculiar den. There a chambermaid, in neat muslin gown, with lace sleeves of her own working, with bare head half-hidden in

shining ringlets, with neat ankle and on tripping foot, darts out and in from the clean-swept court, and flits coyly with the sunshine or with her own shadow, for want of better entertainment. Then there is the old stager, portly and bald-headed, plush-waistcoated, with an enormous allowance of shirt-front brilliant with sparkling studs, divested, for one day of the week, of his everlasting white apron, and of that atmosphere of steaming-hot joints, which he respires from Monday morning to Saturday night, and cool, comfortable, and convalescent after the six days' fever of his avocation. He blinks peacefully at the sun, and listens to the unwonted music of the green leaves he hears rustling in the solitary tree opposite, which was once a thriving rookery, with a populous colony of feathered Cockneys, and where yet the last rook's eyrie lingers in the topmost branches, and sheds from time to time its decaying fragments, as they are scattered by the breeze upon the heads of the passers-by.

A booming hum comes stealing along from St Paul's Cathedral as we cross over the end of Cheapside. It is the deep-toned organ pealing a chant, which dies into silence as we enter Paternoster Row. There the posts which guard the narrow footpath from the intrusion of wheels on the week-day are now enjoying a quiet holiday, and have it all to themselves. There is no sign of life or motion—so still is the hush, that the flutter of a torn placard taps audibly upon the shutter as it flaps in the wind. We read on the lintels, sign-boards, and panels around the names that have figured, some for many generations, on the title-pages of millions of volumes; and we think of the myriads of books upon the weary miles of shelves piled up in this narrow repository, now silent as the grave—and perhaps we speculate for a moment on their fate, and ask how many of them has the past week, or the past year, consigned to an oblivion of which the present moment is so suggestive a type. But we feel instinctively that such a question is too personal for the sole scribbler at this crisis in the Row, and we defer its consideration to another opportunity—running away from it, and from a nauseous smell of tallow—and crossing over into Doctors' Commons.

There is nothing in Doctors' Commons, save and except a convocation of sparrows, which have met to decide some important case, whether of bigamy or divorce, of brawling in church or a disputed will, we do not pretend to say; but they are extremely earnest and vociferous in argument; and make, for such small-fry, a prodigious noise—all the noise, in fact, that is audible just now in this famous district. As to the courts, they are as silent and dumb as their worst enemies could wish them to be—not so much as the ghost of a proctor or doctor, or dean or judge-advocate, or a single clerk of one of them, or even a souter in white apron, or anything legal or ecclesiastical or vagabond, save the sparrows aforesaid, which may be all three, for aught we know, is either to be seen or heard. The place looks exceedingly dingy and bewitched in spite of the pleasant sunshine; and we move away from it involuntarily—past Carter Lane, where there are no carters—past Shoemaker Row, where shoes are never made—past Printing-house Square, where the thunder of the *Times* is hushed into temporary repose—and so down into Bridge Street, where we cross over into watery Whitefriars, meeting but few stragglers by the way, and on into the Temple.

The Temple this morning is a temple of repose. There is a whispering of leaves from the tall trees, and a soothing murmur from the river; but we hear nothing beyond that, except now and then the echo of a lonely footfall in one or other of the shady penetralia of the place. The gardens bounding the river shew a gleaming sward, which invites us by its softness; but the gates are closed, and entrance forbidden. We are attracted towards the fountain, playing

its never-ending tune, to which the small birds in the trees above respond in a fitful, twittering, quiet kind of chorus, which harmonises well with the pattering fall of water. By the side of the fountain, watching in contemplative mood the sparkling, glittering, flying drops of spray, and the busy bubbles beneath, stands—not a Niobe, or a nymph, or a naiad—but a rather brawny-looking man in top-boots, and wearing a hat and coat, both of them a couple of sizes at least too big for him. He has his back towards us at first; but the echo of our footstep wakes him from his reverie, and he turns round—and we see that it is Mr Figg, of Birchin Lane. We know Figg, who is a very fair type of a peculiar class; and it may serve to give a little life to this dreamy sketch, if we introduce him to the reader.

Figg is a humble client—one of a very considerable number—of the corporation of London. He was born beneath the shadow of the old Exchange; and, as far as ever been, in his whole life, out of the sound of Bow Bells, we may be sure that it was but for a few hours, and then on some municipal excursion up or down the river. Among his ancestors, whom he can trace further back than, judging from the cut of his second-hand coat, you would expect, there flourished one who was a common-councilman in his day—a fact which has an influence even yet upon the destiny of his remote descendant. But Figg was born poor; he saw the light in a garret in Little Bell Alley, and he saw there little besides, the garret having been stripped bare by the necessities of his parents before he opened his eyes upon its emptiness. As soon as he was able to run, the City helped him into a charity-school, where he got what little education he was capable of receiving. Because he was a Figg, the corporation regarded him kindly, and put bread in his mouth by putting occupation into his hands when he grew up. In process of time, Figg became a licensed porter, authorised to ply in Billingsgate Market, and master of an average income of five shillings a day. Then he found out that it would be a matter of economy in him to marry, and of course he married; and from the first hour of his wedded life, up to the present moment, he will tell you, if you get into his confidence, that he has not paid a half-penny of rent. For why?—the descendant of the common-councilman, as soon as he possessed a wife, found no difficulty in getting the charge of a set of chambers—in other words, of getting the basement-floor of a noble house to live in, on the condition of his wife's sweeping and dusting the several apartments, and carrying up coal from the cellar in the winter; and receiving from the tenants of each floor five shillings a week for her trouble. With a blissful ignorance of taxes, and poor-rates, and quarter-day, and all such abominations, Mr Figg has led a tolerably comfortable life for a labouring-man. He has brought up his boy to tread in his steps; and the youngster will become a licensed porter in his turn before many months are over his head. Figg has grown exceedingly broad in the shoulders, and heavy and square about those facial muscles, which his Billingsgate friends denominate 'the gills;' and it is thought that he will retire from active life, and repose for the rest of his days in the ground-floor of the banking-house, which has been so long under his protection.

'Good-morning, Mr Figg; who would have thought of meeting you here? We imagined you would be keeping guard on Sunday over the gold in your charge.'

'The same to you, sir. No, sir—never of a Sunday, sir—leastways, not till the evening, sir.'

'Then you have no fear of robberies by daytime—is that it?'

'No, sir, by your leave, that's not it neither. The bank is never left, sir, day nor night. But the clerks takes it turn about, and keeps guard on Sundays. My

wife, sir, cooks their dinner for 'em. 'Tis Mr Bailey's turn to-day, sir, and she'll cook *his* dinner. He'll go home at six o'clock, or maybe seven, and by that time, and afore, I shall be back. No, sir, the bank is never left. If you was to go into any bank, in all Lombard Street, at this moment, you'd find one or other of the clerks there—they does it everywhere by turns, sir—turn and turn about.'

Figg is as positive as he is explicit and oracular upon this point, and no doubt his assertion is true. As he finishes speaking, he looks complacently at his top-boots, and flaps a little dust from them with a snuff-coloured handkerchief. We bid him good-day, and saunter on into Pump Court, wondering in our own mind what upon earth can induce Figg, who in noway differs from his brethren of the knot on other days, to array his nether-extremities in breeches and top-boots on Sunday, as he has done every Sunday for these twenty years past. Pump Court offers no solution to the mystery—it is a particularly dull, old-world, and drabby area, silent just now as a crypt—paved with cracked and crumbling flags, each one of which looks as though it were the monumental-stone over some buried life. How many hungry litigants have worn hollows in these irresponsible witnesses of their fears and their despair! and how many more shall pace them in distracted thought under the anguish of hope deferred? 'Tong!' goes the bell from the old church, where the grim templars lie cross-legged on the cold stones; and at the same moment comes the boom of the organ, telling us that in another minute the congregation will be upon us, and the sleeping echoes awake once more. We are startled out of our reverie, and into Fleet Street, where already the publicans are opening their doors and windows, and the dead calm of Sunday-morning in the City wakes up into the current of common life.

THE NECROMANCY OF SCIENCE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A LIVING philosopher has written a book to point out that there is poetry in science, and has occupied a goodly number of pages with his demonstration. I think, however, his work altogether one of supererogation. I not only admit the claim, but it is my present purpose to attempt to shew, that science also possesses another attribute which people are generally less likely to expect to find in connection with it. The driest matter-of-fact has commonly mixed up with it a romance that the wondrous tale-teller, who amused the sleepless nights of the Arabian caliph, would have thought too wild for her fictions. The little barber, who stood upon his head, never saw anything with his inverted organs of vision half so strange, as scenes Englishmen of the present day may look upon, whenever they please, with their upright eyes. The Genius of the Lamp was an incompetent bungler in his profession, compared with a certain member of the same fraternity who now attends the summons of such Magi as possess the spell that entitles to his service. A short time since, it was my good-fortune to receive an invitation to witness an exhibition of the power of this genius, in one of the secret haunts of its activity. Some little misgiving came over my mind, when I found myself about to enter the circle of enchantment, in reply to my invitation; but being a true grandson of Eve, my curiosity proved too strong for my discretion. This I rejoice to say. For having come out from the ordeal unscathed, I can now, like the Latin poet who knew the Augustan Cæsar, recount how near my 'sublime head' has been to 'striking the lofty stars.'

When I entered the Magi's cave, to which I had been bidden, under the kind guidance of the sage ruler

of its mysteries, I found myself in a spacious hall, illumined with a soft dim light, by means of which I perceived, scattered around me, strange cabalistic instruments—the material agents, no doubt, of the enchantments. Here, a huge tube of iron balanced itself, with outstretched arms, upon massive pyramids of masonry; there, brazen wheels were braced upon faces of rock, and were bound with bars, that looked as if prepared for the manacles of some wretched Ixion, who was expected soon to arrive, in execution of his sentence. Giant screws, that seemed to have nothing but themselves to carry, but which, nevertheless, ran upon wheels, skulked in remote corners. Strange pieces of upholstery, that were neither couches nor chairs, and that yet looked as if they could be either or both upon occasion, with odd joints in their backs, and slippery rollers under their feet, waited some necromantic occupants, for whom they were obviously intended to serve as locomotive cars. But conspicuous beyond all the rest, and with his back firmly planted against a neighbouring wall, stood an uncouth figure, made up of a long stiff quadrangular body, surmounted above by a round staring face. This particular object at once attracted my attention, in consequence of its being manifestly possessed of some peculiar life of its own. For as it stood there on its pedestal, calm and erect, it continued to chant an unvarying monotone song, that was plaintive, not from modulation, but from the even repetition of its rhythm; and as it did so, it jerked one slender finger onwards round and round upon its face, in never-ending circles, and in unison with the chant. There was an earnestness in this grotesque performance, that did not allow one moment's doubt to be entertained of there being some object and definite purpose involved in it. I could not help fancying, that the resolute performer meant something which I was expected to understand, and that he might soon become angry at my slowness of apprehension if I did not catch his purport. I therefore turned to my guide with a look of inquiry, which at once appealed to his considerate kindness.

'Oh, that,' said he, 'is merely my slave; he is the Ariel of my enchantments. He is a very good fellow in his way, and worthy of implicit trust, if he is only kept out of the reach of temptation and dissipation; so I fix him to my wall, as Sycorax planted a kindred spirit of old in a cloven pine, in order that I may know where to find him when I want him. Look! I will shew you the secret springs of his present movements.' As he spoke, he opened a little window or shutter in the front of the quadrangular body, and through it I saw, in the place of vitals, a glittering heavy weight, swinging backwards and forwards, from side to side at each repetition of the chant. 'There,' said he, 'we have made that honest fellow do some things for us that will astonish you very much, when I tell you of them. We have made him find out for us the precise shape, and the exact dimensions of this stupendous world, that is accorded to us as a basis for our incantations. We have compelled him to exhibit that world to our senses engaged in the performance of its daily whirl. And besides this, we are now causing him to weigh its enormous mass against an ordinary pound-weight, hung in an ordinary pair of scales; and when he has accomplished this task, we intend to make him perform the same office for the other spheres of our family of worlds—those magnificent planets that shine down upon our vision at night from out the dark immensity, where the measures of distance become millions of miles instead of feet. Just now, he is merely checking off the movements of the stars. He is engaged in keeping an account for me of the doings of the heavenly host; so that I may know where to find any one of the vast community when I chance to have business with it.'

Observing that my countenance wore more and more

an expression of awe, as my glance was rivetted on the swinging weight and jerking finger, while he made these astounding revelations, my host suddenly interrupted his narrative by an exclamation: 'By the way,' said he, 'you would perhaps like to see some of our stars.' See some of our stars at noonday! Who ever heard of stars by daylight before? Hitherto I had always associated their twinkling forms with darkness and dreams. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I was sensible that my host's kindly meant interruption had unfortunately rather increased my stupefaction and bewilderment than otherwise. However, I did the best I could to keep my own counsel, and answered, with an awkward attempt at nonchalance: 'O yes, by all means. Everybody is fond of stars. I am particularly so, and shall be proud to have the opportunity of making some new acquaintances in the line.'

As I spoke, my host laid his hand upon a cord, and at a touch a wide rent opened out in the roof of the dim chamber, revealing a strip of bright blue sky, and letting a flood of clear daylight radiance pour into the sombre space in which our conversation had hitherto been carried on. He then held a few minutes' private consultation with his slave, referred to some registers lying near, and returned up the tube with the sprawling arms to some particular inclination, which he seemed to fix by means of a narrow wheel that was attached at the extremity of one of the arms. Whilst he was effecting these preliminary arrangements, and I stood watching intently to see whether I could detect any sort of prestidigitation in his proceedings, one of the chair-couches considerably came up to the end of the tube. I saw nothing move it. I am certain the genius of the lamp against the wall, the star-accountant with the slender finger and swinging weight, never stirred from his perch. It is my firm conviction that the couch wheeled itself up when its service was required. I was now directed to recline myself upon it. Aware that any sort of resistance on my part must be altogether out of the question, I did as I was bidden; and, as soon as I was fairly and firmly placed on the couch, I felt its back doubling up more and more, until my right eye was brought into all but close contact with the end of the magic tube.

'There,' said my friend, 'tell me what you can see now?'

'Round blue sky,' was my answer.

'But is there nothing else in sight?'

'O yes. There are some threads of a spider's web stretched across it. I can see now that there are five stretched up and down, apparently at equal distances, and there is another running transversely across them; but they are exceedingly fine. It must have been one of the little gossamer weavers which—'

'Never mind the weavers, but attend to me,' was the reply of my conductor, his voice now almost stern from the importance of the moment. 'The middle one of those fine upright threads hides the meridian-line of the sky; however the tube is placed, that thread never leaves it. It runs up and down in front of it, as the tube plays up and down on its arms. Whenever a star is behind that thread, it is really on the sky's meridian, or half-way line; that is, it has then accomplished half its journey between rising and setting. Now, listen to the chant of my slave. One—two—three—four—in ten more chants, you will have a star come into sight just above the transverse thread.'

'Very well—nine—ten. There is the star. Why, it is twinkling in the bluish-gray daylight almost as clearly as if it were its own proper dusky field of night!'

'Now, notice; the star is travelling towards the left. It will go behind all the five upright threads. Count the chants of the slave, and tell me at which chant it is behind each of the five several wires.'

'Travelling! why, it is going by railway. It is past the first—no, it is the second thread. Seventeen—eighteen—I can't count. It is over the third—and fourth—and fifth. And now it is gone out of sight altogether to the left,' and as it did so, I fairly leaped from my seat in the excitement of the chase, half believing that I was still about to pursue it.

My friend, however, stopped me, laughing. 'Can't count!' he said. 'Why, who taught you arithmetic? There was plenty of time, if you had been cool about it. The star takes eight seconds, at least, to get from one thread to the other. When I am on the watch myself, I can tell not only the chant at which the star is hidden behind each thread, but even the fractional part of it to a centh. I notice how far the star is on one side of the thread when my slave chants, and then how far it is on the other side when he chants again; and I then divide the intervening distance into ten parts, and consider how many of the parts belong to each side. A friend of mine, who resides not a hundred miles from Greenwich, employs another slave in the place of the chanting one, who makes every second little pricks upon paper ranged in a line; and by the help of this slave, he is able to determine when the star passes behind the threads within the hundredth part of a second, instead of within the tenth part of a chant.'

This little episode led to a long and very lucid explanation from my kind companion, out of which I gleaned many notable truths. In the first place, I certainly had seen the star rush through the little measured space upon which my gaze was fixed at a most furious pace. It went trembling through the haze of daylight, as if from eagerness of speed, and it literally seemed as if my glance could not catch it. But I noticed during this rapid passage one very remarkable condition: the star had a singular method in its hurry. Tremulous as its progress unquestionably was, there, nevertheless, was no halting or hesitation in its gait. It was one constant onward sweep, that impressed the eye with a sense of grand immutability, even in that fleeting moment. Now the truth was made apparent to me, that, after all, there was no movement in the star. I was the subject of an illusion; but how magnificent the illusion! That magic tube and I were firmly fixed upon the terrestrial surface, but we were moving with it, as it whiffled round the central pivot of the great revolving globe, to which it acted as a shell. That tube and I were looking out into the infinite universe, and catching glimpses of the forms that dwelt in the far immensity as we drifted or swept over the positions they occupied. It was really my own earth's grand sweeping movement that I witnessed, when I saw the twinkling star shoot across my field of vision. But rapid as was its passage, I was distinctly sensible that there was an appreciable fraction of an instant when its form was entirely hidden behind each of the delicate threads, which were themselves many times finer than hairs. This fraction was the shortest conceivable interval; still, it was not beyond the detective power of the eye-glance. There it assuredly was. The star did hide itself behind that infinitesimal fibril; but that star, my companion told me, he had good grounds for saying had a breadth of its own of at least a round million of miles. A million of miles hidden behind a spider's thread! What is the camel and the eye of the needle to this? Here, indeed, is romance sufficient to overwhelm the most lively fancy—stars seen in bright daylight! The ideal of stability, the firm foundations of the world, that only tremble for a moment beneath the throes of the earthquake, cast adrift from their moorings, and sweeping palpably along! and immeasurable immensity compressed into nothing! The millions of miles of the vast sphere, from which that twinkling light issued, were lost in a point that could be covered by one fibril of a gossamer's web, because immense as they were,

they were yet hundreds of thousands of times more remote; so far, indeed, that they were altogether imperceptible *as extent* to the eye, although their resplendent glory still struck upon it with the force of a miniature blaze.

The manner in which the chanting slave accomplished his task of keeping an account of the starry host was this: from the time the star I had seen was lost behind the middle thread, until on the morrow it returned into the same position again, he had to mark 86,400 even beats, each one of precisely the same length as the rest; his jerking finger, as it went round his face, pointed to figures to shew that he was doing so. Now, every star in the heavens has its own individual beat amongst these 86,400, at which it ought to present itself behind the thread, provided it be one that has no motion amongst its brethren. If, on the other hand, it is a wanderer amongst them, then it takes some new beat for its companion at each return. Suppose, for instance, that I had seen a second star, and had carefully observed that it came to the half-way thread one hundred beats after the first one; and that on the morrow, looking again, I had found the second star was lost behind the thread only ninety-eight beats after the first one; I should then have known that the two had approached towards each other during the interval of the twenty-four hours; or, in other words, that one at least had moved. It is in this way that the Magi, who are called astronomers—knowing in the laws of the stars—identify and ascertain the doings of the heavenly bodies. They mark as fixed such as return to the half-way thread punctually after each successive daily interval, and they keep a record of the irregularities of such wanderers as do not, so that they may find from it the exact paths in which they are travelling. The earth's steady revolution upon its pivot-like central line, affords them the means of doing this. The accuracy of the count of the recording slave is itself tested by this movement; for there must never be either more or less than 86,400 beats between the successive disappearances behind the thread of some selected stars, chosen for reference on account of their well-known freedom from vagrant habits. Nothing can be conceived more grand than this steady, even whirl of the huge terrestrial sphere. Since the Chaldean shepherds began to watch the stars as well as their flocks, that whirl has gone on day after day, but has never varied in its pace, even to the extent of the hundredth part of a second of time, in any proportional stage of the journey. By long and careful observation, with the aid of the meridian thread, and the seconds' recording slave, no less than 15,000 stars have been identified and recorded as possessing fixed and steady characters. In 1845, twelve were known as erratic vagrants; and since then, twenty-eight others have been added to the wanderers' list. These, however, are almost as nothing to the crowd that yet remains visible, but undistinguished in the celestial vault. As many as 200,000, of what are termed the first nine orders of brilliancy, are yet waiting to be marked and named; and beyond these, the telescope discerns yet other myriads that millions would fail to number. The 'shepherds of the stars' have, indeed, a flock that it will take them long to count.

By the time I had managed to comprehend all these startling truths, I found that my sense of awe was entirely transferred from the first object upon which it had been concentrated. It henceforth deserted the slave, to be fixed with increased intensity upon the master. I now understood that the slave was nothing more than a piece of beautiful mechanism, whose sole life was mechanical law,* and that the true genius of the lamp was the intelligent mind which had been able

to bend stubborn material to such wondrous results. As I looked at my kind instructor, standing by my side so quietly, unconscious of his own dignity, while he was thus revealing to me his intimacy with mighty secrets, and almost making me for the time a participator in his magic power, I became sensible of how much is really involved in the quality which men agree to call intellect. Here was a human creature, with two hands and five senses like myself and many millions of my compeers, who had put together a few pieces of brass, iron, and glass—all of them materials with which we, too, have dealings every hour of our lives—in such a way that he could measure the universe, number the stars, and compass the forces with which nature works out all her majestic plans.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

It matters little, perhaps nothing, how Widow Walsh came to be so sadly reduced in her worldly circumstances as to resolve one fine autumn morning upon placing her eldest daughter Emily in service. Such, however, was the fact; and though it had cost the poor widow many a pang, the more she thought of it, the more she felt convinced that, if she would ward off starvation or the 'union' from her household, Emily must 'go out.'

This sacrifice to stern necessity was not the less felt, from the fact of the family having formerly been in easy circumstances. The wrecks of better days might have been, and still may be traced scattered about their stricken home. The shadow of departed gentility hovered about them, and though some of their less charitable neighbours declared they were vain and proud, it could not truly be said that they did more than attend to the niceties of dress and propriety of manner. They were always respectable amidst their most pinching poverty; and although frequently clad in what would have been dowdy upon many, they contrived at all times to appear neat and clean.

Emily was not old—barely fourteen—yet she remembered their better days: she had not forgotten the noble house and beautiful garden; she had a distinct recollection of her many charming dresses and pretty ribbons; and a composition-doll of the ancient régime was still in the possession of one of the junior members of the family, to be looked at, but not played with. She had been early taught to work, and for years past had toiled hard and cheerfully for her young sisters and brothers. Yet equally with her mother, she retained all the old feelings of the past; and though living amongst the poor, felt she was not of them.

Emily found time, somehow, to tend a pretty little garden—a gem of a place—and besides, in spare moments, to ply her needle. The envious and the unfriendly declared that the Walshes starved themselves to dress like fine folk; but the truth was, that little Emily's fairy fingers did it all. A penny-ribbon at her magic touch took the guise of the most costly article from Coventry, whilst humble edging was made to appear the produce of Valenciennes. Then Emily was pretty, and had a light graceful figure, and a sweet, gay, happy way that made her look like the roses in her own garden.

We have said it was autumn. It was; and it was the prospect of a hard and long winter that determined the widow upon placing her daughter out in the world. But where was she to go? Their village was but a score of miles from London, yet they were as much strangers to it as though a thousand leagues distant: in their own neighbourhood there appeared to be no opening for her. At length, a friend amongst the neighbours undertook to write to a friend in the great metropolis; and before a week had expired, the said friend in London found a place for Emily in a family as nursery-maid. The salary, it was true, was small

* See Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, No. 257, p. 214.

enough—just a shilling a week, to be paid every seventh day—but it was a beginning, and who could say what it might lead to. What indeed!

The Sharpes, to whom Emily was now engaged, were what is ordinarily termed 'respectable people'; that is to say, they kept a gig; and Mr Sharpe had an office—not a shop—somewhere near the Monument, up a very narrow, business-like lane. He was in the hardware or Birmingham line of business; and not only so in profession, but in nature. Had he been cast and bronzed instead of having been born, he could scarcely have assumed a harder, harsher texture and disposition. He appeared metallic in all his movements; perhaps it happened that, having lost his heart when courting Mrs Sharpe, he had ordered a brand new one from a Birmingham foundry.

However, Emily made very good progress notwithstanding her cast-iron master. Mrs Sharpe was a great invalid, and quite satisfied to leave the nursery entirely in her charge. She could scarcely have done better. It was quite delightful, or rather it would have been, to any but the Sharpes, to see what a marvellous change the widow's daughter wrought amongst that young family. How she loved them, played with them, watched over them, worked for them as though they had been her own brothers and sisters, I can scarcely hope to relate as it deserves to be told. How they found a new life with her; and how much neater and prettier they all appeared, with less actual cost to their Birmingham parent, who in return doled out the weekly shilling as reluctantly as though it had been coin of purest gold.

Weeks, months passed away, and Christmas came. There had never been such a holiday-time in the Sharpes' house ever since it had been a house. Why, little Emily, pretty, fairy-fingered Emily, made as many beautiful things for the Christmas-tree as would have furnished many a small fancy-bazaar. People wondered how she managed to find time for so much work. Emily was not the least happy of all that merry throng: it would have done you good to have seen how light-hearted she was, and how much prettier she looked when freed from the poverty and care of her village-home.

Winter passed away; spring came, and with it the bright sunshine and brighter flowers. But no blossom in the broad sunlight wore a brighter, sweeter look than did Emily amidst the little children on the lawn. Her happy laugh rang amongst the shrubs and flowers; her pretty figure might be seen darting along the gravel-walks in pursuit of some recreant little Sharpe; and altogether the widow's daughter scattered so much mirth and happiness around, and appeared so essential to the domestic welfare, that the great difficulty was to imagine how they had ever contrived to live without her.

At length spring waned, and birds and sunny cloudless skies gave promise of a joyous summer. Just then Emily was flung into an ecstasy of delight by the arrival of a cousin and former schoolmate and companion of younger and better days, who, having learned her new abode, came to renew the old friendship. Hugh was now an artist, and had passed some years in Paris, where, besides his professional education, he had acquired many elegant arts and accomplishments, which were well calculated to find favour with one so young and impressible as Emily. It was not difficult to see that they were mutually pleased at the renewal of their acquaintance: he, with her simple, happy, winning ways; she, with his gay and polished manners. They parted, resolved to meet again, and often.

From that day a new life dawned upon the widow's daughter. Hugh was in all her thoughts and aspirations. She dreamed of him; she thought of him; she talked about him to the children. He was so, finished in dress and manner, and had seen so much of which she had not even heard; and when Emily contrasted

her own simple scant dress with his ample and fashionable garments, a blush of vexation stole across her face, and tears dimmed her blue eyes.

Hugh had asked her to accompany him to see some flower-gardens in the neighbourhood, and enjoy a stroll through the parks; and as her mistress had given permission, Emily prepared for that delightful evening. She looked through her scanty wardrobe, to see what she should wear. Had she been less regardful of appearance, had she loved and admired Hugh less, or had her own person been less attractive, she might have felt contented with the humble dress and few simple adornments she possessed. Unhappily, it occurred to her as she looked over her little store of wearing-apparel, that a new ribbon on her bonnet would greatly improve her appearance; that, in fact, she could scarcely walk out with her cousin, so gaily dressed, and herself wearing such a poor faded weather-beaten ribbon as was then on her bonnet.

But the difficulty lay in obtaining this new ribbon. Her last month's salary, save a few pence kept back for the children, had been sent to her mother, and she should have no further means until the following week. Pondering this in her mind, it occurred to her how easy it would be to obtain what she required at the shop where her master dealt, in the next street, if asked for in his name: she could pay for the ribbon next week, and no one would be the wiser. Without allowing herself time to weigh the dishonesty of the act, she put her plan in execution. She was known at the haberdasher's, and had no difficulty in obtaining the ribbon: so easy did the process seem, that she was tempted into taking a new pair of gloves and a handkerchief for the neck to match the ribbon, all of which were charged to the account of Mr Sharpe; whilst Emily left the shop, thinking only of the happy morrow evening, and the walk with her cousin.

That evening came, with a gorgeous sunset and a mellow summer air. They strolled through the parks, and passed the most magnificent gardens; but Emily had heard and seen nothing but her cousin, who had entertained her with such delightful stories of so many charming places and people, that she was perfectly amazed and disappointed when she found herself back at the Sharpes' door, shaking hands, and bidding adieu—her last—to Hugh. He was to set out on the following day for Germany; and with many protestations of regard and remembrance, they parted—he on his travels, and she on a journey she had but little anticipated.

What could Mr Sharpe want with her in his library next morning early! Alone, seated at his desk, with a more than usual Birmingham face, he bade her close the door, with a hard metallic echo in his voice that made it sound like a human gong. Flinging on the table the fatal purchases of the day previous—ribbon, gloves, and handkerchief—the metal voice inquired when he had given her authority to use his name at the haberdasher's, and how many more swindling transactions of a like character she had been concerned in. The wrong she had committed, the offence against the law, worked out by her in that thoughtless evil hour, came full, and vividly, and painfully before her, magnified even beyond its proper proportion by her ignorance. Confusion gave place to terror, vague and oppressive; and sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, and gave full vent to her passion in a flood of tears.

Mr Sharpe, being a very virtuous and remarkably upright and good man—in his way—delivered himself of a long oration upon the depravity of human nature as existing in the lower orders, and upon the great necessity which existed for nipping in the bud every germ of vice and crime amongst the said orders. He laid some emphasis upon the duty which men at the head of families, and of elevated station—like himself,

for instance—owed to society in general, and to themselves and children in particular; and although Emily, amidst her tears and terrors, could understand but little of all this harangue, she caught the sound of the words 'felon,' and 'jail,' and 'majesty of the law.'

Some people would have been weak enough and silly enough to have sent the weeping girl to her room, with an injunction as to her future conduct, under the impression that justice would gladly have connived at such an arrangement. But, then, how could the 'majesty of the law' have been upheld! How was outraged society to have been vindicated! True, we had forgotten that. The Birmingham master did not, however. His memory, like his wares, was of an enduring kind; and he did not in this instance forget to stand up for the outraged grades of society against the criminal enormity before him.

The children cried a good deal; Mrs Sharpe did not know what she should do; and the servants declared it was monstrous when they learned that poor pretty little Emily had gone off in a cab to a terrible prison. It so happened that just at that identical time the sessions were on, and Mr Serjeant Kain was in the very thick of his very flourishing business, busily engaged in upholding the majesty of the law. The widow was not long in making her way to her poor child's side; and a sad scene was that of their meeting, even for jailers and such stony people to witness.

The terrible, dreaded day of trial came. Emily was led into court in a state of hysterical terror, which Mr Serjeant Kain, in the fulness of his judicial wisdom, pronounced the very essence of hypocrisy. Her mother remained as near to her as she dared, whispering in her ear comfort that she herself scarcely dared to feel. The process of hearing the case was not by any means a tedious one, and might have been quickly despatched, had the bare facts only been gone into. But the learned serjeant having been just previously defrauded of two noted pickpockets, whom he had inwardly reckoned on as his particular property, determined to wreak his disappointed 'majesty' upon the next comer, which, unfortunately, happened to be Emily.

There were no witnesses beyond the tradesman and the master, and their story was soon told. The prisoner did not deny the act of obtaining the goods under false pretences—which was the charge—and would have said more, but was too terrified. The foreman of the jury—a mild-looking man, no doubt the father of a family—began to observe that the case was scarcely such a one as should have been brought on, but was cut short and frowned down by the serjeant, who, trembling for the safety of justice and the legal majesty aforesaid, proceeded to sum up the evidence—not a very abstruse affair, one would suppose. But Mr Serjeant Kain worked it up so artistically, judicially, and threw in such a heap of horrors and monstrosities, that the gentlemen of the jury scarcely recognised the case. A Surrey dramatist or a Whitechapel tragedian might have learned a few things from that charge. When people listened to the learned serjeant's denunciation of serpents, and vipers, and pests of society, and at the same time cast their eyes upon the youthful form and sorrowful face of the prisoner at the bar, they must have thought it one of the least venomous and dangerous specimens of the serpent tribe they had ever read or heard of, or seen in picture-books.

But Serjeant Kain was not the man to be humbugged by crime, simply because it cried when detected. He knew what the world was made of; and he maintained that it was perfectly shocking to see young women of her age, seventeen years or more—the widow shrieked out, 'scarcely fifteen;' but Serjeant Kain frowned her down very indignantly, as though she did not know the prisoner's age much better than her mother, and repeated with emphasis, 'seventeen'—

to see such young women so hardened in the practices of vice; but the jury would of course do their duty—in fact, they had no choice in the matter, for the creature had confessed her guilt.

Amidst the most profound and painful silence in the court, the fatal word 'guilty!' was pronounced; but people breathed more freely as the foreman of the jury, with trembling lips and moistened eyes, added, 'with a strong recommendation to mercy!' Again the court was hushed, and only the hysterical sobbing of the prisoner was heard, whilst the serjeant proceeded to pass sentence: 'Six months' imprisonment, with hard labour!' The foreman of the jury groaned and wept like a child; and there was scarcely a dry eye beyond those of the Birmingham prosecutor and the Birmingham judge, as the prisoner—the convict, was carried fainting from the court.

That same evening, the foreman sought the prison in which poor Emily was confined. The governor of the place had fortunately a better heart than the judge, and had seen the nature of the case at a glance. Risking all consequences, he had conveyed the young prisoner to his own room; and when the juryman arrived, he found her surrounded by kind friends and watchful nurses.

Early on the following day, the kind juryman posted in a cab to Whitehall, and obtained an instant interview with the Secretary of State. His lordship had no sooner heard an outline of the case, than he decided what course to adopt. There was no doubt in his mind; and a 'free pardon' was mentioned as a matter of certainty, greatly to the joy of the kind-hearted foreman.

He posted back, radiant with genuine delight, and reaching the governor's house, had the pleasure of kissing poor weeping Emily. He tried to rouse her from her lethargic stupor by whispering the words: 'Pardon from the Queen!' but, alas! it came too late. The majesty of the law had been too quick and potent for the majesty of mercy; and though the broken-hearted girl rallied for a few minutes, opened her eyes, and pronounced the words: 'Mother!—Hugh!' the struggle between life and death was soon over.

She was buried in the quiet village church-yard: every villager far and near followed the sad procession to the grave, headed by the foreman and others of the jury.

Reader, this is no idle fiction, no tale of fancy. Emily's green resting-place may be seen any day in that country burial-ground. Roses blossom upon her early grave, whilst the serjeant still upholds the stern Majesty of the Law!

A CHAPTER ON BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of meriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to wink

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells!

E. A. Fox.

PLEASANT and venerable are the associations connected with bells. They are the special poets of man's life; the unconscious assistants of his deeds; the ministering servants of his religion. At his birth, they rejoice; at his marriage, theirs are the merriest voices; at his death, alas! they are too often his only mourners. They swell the clamorous alarms of revolt—they herald in the triumph—they peal sweetly and holly over meadow and valley, calling the prayerful to the

old gray church on the Sabbath-morning. No other object, of common manufacture and general use is hallowed by memories so various; no other tongue tells a story so touching to the ear of universal humanity.

The use of bells is so ancient as to be lost in the gloom of remotest antiquity. Setting aside that bell which, as we are told by an Eastern writer, was manufactured by Tubal Cain, and used by Noah to summon his ship-carpenters to their daily labours, we may content ourselves with the earliest authentic mention of them, as it occurs in the Book of Exodus, where we find that the high-priest was ordained to wear golden bells, alternating with golden pomegranates, on the blue vestment in which he was robed during the performance of religious ceremonies. It is remarkable that the same fashion was observed in the decorations of the regal costume of the ancient Persians.

The Romans had bells and knockers at their doors, and porters to answer the inquiries of visitors, as we have in this present day; and their night-watch carried each a bell, to give the alarm in case of accident or danger. They hung bells, also, to the necks of criminals on their way to execution, that persons might be warned from their path, as it was deemed a bad omen to meet those sacrifices devoted to the *Dii mænes*; and Phædrus mentions that bells were commonly attached to the necks of animals. To remove them was theft, according to the civil laws of Rome; and if the animals were lost, the person who had stolen the bells remained answerable for their value. That the ancient Jews were in the habit of suspending bells round the necks of animals, we ascertain by these words of the prophet Zechariah: 'In that day there shall be upon the bells of horses, Holiness unto the Lord.'

The Greeks hung bells, with whips, to the chariots of victorious generals, by way of reminding them that, notwithstanding their services and valour, they were still within the pale of law and justice. Those soldiers who went the rounds of their garrisons and camps by night, carried small bells, which it was their duty to ring at each sentry-box. In funeral processions, a bellman walked before the body; and at Athens, a priest of Proserpine, called Hierophantus, rang a bell to summon the citizens to sacrifice. All Greek and Roman market-places, temples, camps, and frontier towns, were furnished with them; and in the vast public baths of Rome, notice was given of the hours of opening by the ringing of a bell.

It is an agreeable instance of the generous chivalry practised by the ancient Florentines, that so far from seeking to obtain any advantage over their enemies by means of a surprise, they always gave them a month's warning before they drew their army into the field by the continued tolling of a bell, named by them *Mortinella*.

The earliest mention of bells, as applied to the purposes of religious worship, is by Polydore Virgil, who states that Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, in Italy, first adapted them to his church in the year 400; hence the word *campanile*, belfry, still used in Italian. They were not adopted in the churches of Britain till near the end of the seventh century; but they were in use in Calcedonia as early as the sixth; and in the year 610, we read that the army of the French monarch, Clothaire II., was terrified from the siege of the city of Sens by the ringing from the bells of St Stephen's Church. The second emperor of Egypt, in 750, commanding every priest to sound the bells of his church at the proper times, and then to perform the sacred offices, is translated into an antique French capitulary of 801, enforcing the supposition that by this time bells were common to the parish-churches of both countries. Alletius asserts, that bells were used for churches

by the Greek Christians up to the period when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, who forthwith prohibited their being rung, lest their clamour should disturb the repose of souls, which, according to their belief, wander through the realms of air. He adds, that they were still used after this in places remote from the ears of the new rulers, and that there were very ancient bells on Mount Athos.

The passing bell took its origin in a superstition that dates back to the earliest Egyptian periods—namely, to the belief that at the moment of death good and evil spirits lay in wait for the liberated soul, and fought together for it on its way to Heaven. These wicked demons, according to Durandus, were terrified even unto flight at the sound of bells; and the louder the ringing, the more complete our victory over the powers of darkness. This singular superstition is thus recorded by W. de Worde in the pages of the *Golden Legend*: 'It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon of hayre doubte moche when they here the belles rongen: and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen whan st thondreth and whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee, and cease of the moyynge of tempeste.'

Not only to drive away evil spirits, but in later ages to counteract the natural influences of storm and pestilence, did it become customary to ring the bells of churches. 'Let the bells in cities and towns be rung often,' says one Dr Hering in a treatise upon pestilential contagion, 1625, 'and let the ordinance be discharged; therefore the air is purified.' And there still exists a belief in Switzerland, that the undulation of air caused by the sound of a bell breaks the electric fluid of a thunder-cloud. Lobineau observes, that the custom of ringing bells at the approach of thunder is of great antiquity; but he adds, that the design was 'not so much to shake the air, and so dissipate the thunder, as to call people to church to pray that the parish might be preserved from that terrible meteor.' Be these opinions as they may, they scarcely balance the written evidence of legendary lore, the graven inscriptions upon bells themselves, the still lingering superstitions of many lands, and the graceful perpetuations of them in the pages of our poets.

Thus Longfellow, on the alarm and rout of evil spirits on the ringing of cathedral bells:

I have read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
• Belleguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
• The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning-prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Uprose the glorious morning-star—
The ghastly host was dead!

It is amusing to know that so recently as 1852, the bishop of Malta gave orders for all the church-bells on

the island to be rung for the purpose of calming a violent gale. Many church accounts of ancient and more modern date bear entries of 'bread, cheese, and beer provided for the ringers during thunderings.' This reminds us of the statements regarding the influence of bells on storms recorded on the bells themselves, and brings us at the same time to the subject of inscriptions.

Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango.

I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning. This brief and impressive announcement was common to very many church-bells of the middle ages, and is to be found on the bell of the great Minster of Schaffhausen, and on that of the church near Lucerne. Another and a usual one, which is, in fact, but an amplification of the first, is this:

Funera plango—Fulgura frango—Sabbato pango.
Excito lentos—Dissipo ventos—Paco cruentos.

I mourn at funerals—I break the lightning—I proclaim the Sabbath.
I urge the tardy—I disperse the winds—I calm the turbulent.

On the largest of three bells, placed by Edward III. in the Little Sanctuary, Westminster, are these words:

King Edward made me thirte thousand weight and three;
Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me;
which recalls to us a Cambridge tradition, that the bells of King's College Chapel were taken by Henry V. from some church in France after the battle of Agincourt.

On the famous alarm-bell, called Roland, in the belfry-tower of the once powerful city of Ghent, is engraved the subjoined inscription, in the old Walloon or Flemish dialect:

Mynen naem is Roland: als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.

Anglice. My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

The books of the Roman Catholic faith contain a ritual for the baptism of bells, which decrees that they be named and anointed—a ceremonial which was supposed to insure them against the machinations of evil spirits.

The Curfew Bell is popularly supposed to have been introduced by the Conqueror, and imposed as a badge of servitude upon the nation; but it was really a precaution against fire, then prevailing throughout Europe, and only a stricter observance of the old law was enforced during the reigns of the two first Williams. The practice is now more interesting to us on account of the pleasant allusions which it has furnished to our poets, than for any records or traditions resulting from the custom.

On a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with solemn roar.

Longfellow has a brief suggestive poem on the curfew, beginning thus:

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew-bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

Gray says:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;

and Dante, in the *Purgatorio*, makes it weep for the day that is dying. In Shakspeare, Benedick 'hath a heart as sound as a bell;' Hamlet's intellects are 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune;' Lady Capulet, on the discovery of the dead lovers of Verona, exclaims:

O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre!

a clown in *Twelfth Night* quotes the 'bells of St Bennet,' in hopes of ringing the changes on Duke Orsino's gold; and Falstaff, in that famous dialogue at Justice Shallow's house, jocularly reminds his old companion of their youthful frolics: 'We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow!'

Sweeter, gentler, holier, perhaps, than all bells, are those of the vespers in the ear of the peasant returning from his toil in the vineyard—in the ear of the fisherman pausing upon his oars in the still bay—in the ear of the traveller weary of the day's long pleasure. Heard under a deep Italian sky, lapsing in with the latest songs of the birds, and with the shrill note of the cicada, that sound echoes along the quiet shore, beautiful and melancholy, like a voice out of the dim past.

'The stanza respecting the Ave Maria,' says a living critic of rare taste and feeling, 'is surely the best in *Don Juan*:'

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft

Have felt the moment in its fullest power

Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft,

While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,

And not a breath crept through the rosy air,

And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Few readers, we trust, are unacquainted with Schiller's *Song of the Bell*; which, answering a double purpose, depicts with equal truth and splendour the casting, completing, and uses of a bell, and the birth, progress, and duties of a man's life.

A DASH DOWN A SIBERIAN RIVER.

In the *Norsk Folkekalender* for 1855, we find the description of a tour from Irkutsk to Yeniseisk, on the river Angara, in Siberia, by Professor Hænsteen of Christiania, who once visited that country on a scientific mission, and who expresses his wonder that English tourists, ever in search of new fields of adventure, have not in greater numbers turned their steps towards the wastes of Siberia, and tried the novel excitement of a descent of the falls of some of its streams. At the present moment, probably no Englishman would turn to that quarter in search of amusement; and therefore, until we can have a graphic description of these new scenes from a native pen, our readers may perhaps find entertainment in a curtailed account of the Norwegian professor's experiences during his trip.

Let us first remark, that Siberia is a great inclined plane, which, from the frontiers of China, slopes gently northwards towards the Arctic Ocean, on the shores of which it ends in great swamps; in consequence, all the rivers run in a northerly direction towards the Arctic Ocean. Their current is generally slow; but at certain points, where the land dips more abruptly, the smooth surface of the water becomes troubled, the current increases in rapidity, waves are formed, and the rush of the waters becomes audible.

The boat in which the voyage was performed may, in appearance, have been of the genus Noah's Ark—such

as it is known in the nursery—a wooden shed, with roof sloping down on both sides, being constructed midships, and occupying half the length of the vessel. One-fourth of the space in the interior of the shed, partitioned off by rough deals, and lighted by a small window at the back, constituted the professor's private cabin, the *ameublement* of which consisted of a small table fixed under the window, and one chair, for which, however, there was scarcely room; for when the chair was placed before the table, the door to the outer compartment could not open, and ingress and egress could only be obtained through a little trap-door on one side of the slanting roof. In the outer compartment stood the body of a Polish britzka, taken off the wheels, which served as the professor's bedstead; and beyond this was a covered cart, containing his scientific instruments, and used on this occasion as lumber-room as well. Still further forward, the crew had their quarters—that is to say, a shelter for their heads, for the shed being open at this end, the accommodation did not extend beyond. In the forepart of the boat were benches for the rowers, who propelled it with four unusually long and stout oars, when rowing was deemed advisable; while in the stern, the captain, as a general rule, assisted by one man only, steered, also by means of an oar, the vessel having no rudder. At times, when the navigation of the river presented difficulties, four or six men would be required to assist in this work; and on such occasions, a long oar was put out from the prow also, to help to turn the craft quickly when necessary. The crew consisted of a captain and eight men, whose number was, however, recruited from time to time at various stations along the route. Mr Hansteen, having freighted the boat at his own expense, flattered himself that he and his attendants were to be the only passengers. On arriving on board, however, he found installed under the shed two bearded Russian merchants, on their way to a fair with their wares, and a Polish Jew, domiciled in Krasnoyarsk, and wishing to return home in as cheap a manner as the merchants got to the fair, for none of these parties was prepared to pay his passage. The merchants were not to proceed above 100 verst; and the Jew looked so much and so imploringly, that the kind professor had not the heart to turn him off, and was rewarded for his generosity by finding in Schmerka—such was the Jew's name—an intelligent, good-natured companion, able to initiate him into the mysteries of Hebrew orthodoxy, which, to a Norwegian, was an unknown and interesting subject. Besides, Schmerka was well acquainted with the ways of the country, for, being a butcher by trade, and the only one within a wide district, he was obliged to travel from place to place at stated intervals to butcher for his orthodox brethren, who, failing his aid, would have had to abstain altogether from fresh meat.

Professor Hansteen and his party set out from Irkutsk on the 23d of May, and drifting gently down the Angara without the aid of sails or oars, arrived on the 5th of June at Bratzkoi; and having now reached the region of the porógs, or rapids, we shall leave the professor to tell his own story, although in a more condensed form than that in which he has given it to the Danish public.

The preparations for the descent of a poróg have a certain solemnity of character that fills the mind with awe. When the boat draws so near a rapid that the roar of the waters may be heard, and the foaming crests of the billows descried, the skipper, who stands aft managing the great oar by means of which the craft is steered, calls out: 'Sadites!' (Sit down!), the real meaning of which is, however, that the rowers are to draw in their oars. His next command is: 'Molite Bogd!' (Pray to God!), at which words the crew, assembled forwards, turn towards the picture of the saint nailed on the shed, and incline themselves before it, while the skipper pronounces a prayer in a loud

voice. This over, the rowers suddenly seize their oars again, and at the words: 'Grebite silno!' (Row hard!) exert their utmost strength. Anxious suspense seems to prevail in all minds, and to increase as the boat draws nearer and nearer to the fall. The pilot places himself at the prow, with a white handkerchief, twisted like a cord, in his hand. With this he makes signals to the steersmen in the stern, for the sound of the voice is drowned in the roar of the waters. Four men have now hold of the large oar, and anxiously watch the signals, to be able to obey them with the utmost promptitude. If the fall be a very precipitous one, two more men are placed forward with a similar oar, in order to govern the boat with greater certainty at the decisive moment, the important thing being to keep the prow of the vessel in the direction of the current. If the craft turn her broadside to it, she is lost. At length we feel the first wave; the ordinary oars are drawn in; every one is in breathless suspense; the boat begins to toss; the rapidity with which it is carried along, increases every moment; the roar becomes deafening, the men strain every nerve. After a while, the troubled waters cease to rage; the pilot descends from the prow, wipes the perspiration from his forehead, and stepping up to the principal personage on board, says, with a radiant face: 'I congratulate your honour!' and then addresses a similar congratulatory phrase to the steersman or captain. The exclamation: 'Praised be thou, Lord!' is heard from all lips, and the deep silence that has reigned for a time is suddenly succeeded by loud bursts of merriment; and no wonder; for the descent in an ark-like machine on the seething, frothing, tossing billows of these porógs, pent in between perpendicular walls of rock, and which carry you forward with a rapidity exceeding that of the swiftest horse, is in the highest degree exciting, and may be compared to that of a *Montagne Russe* on a grand scale. However, the navigation of these rapids is not dangerous when there is sufficient depth of water in the river, and there are no rocks in its bed.

On the morning of the 6th of June, I sent one of my Cossacks to Bratzkoi with the governor-general's open letter, and requested to be allowed eight men more to assist in navigating the boat. The pilot from Padunskoi, a venerable old man, with silvery hair and a mild and gentle expression of countenance, also came on board here, and we then continued our voyage. About nine o'clock, we descended the Pochmélie, and, an hour later, the Piánoi Falls, with the ceremonies above mentioned. After leaving Bratzkoi, the country became very picturesque; the high, almost perpendicular, rocks that bordered the river on both sides, were crowned with beautiful pine-woods, and even their precipitous sides were here and there clothed with verdure. At a quarter to eleven, we came within sight of the Buyk (Ox) Fall; and as this is dangerous, on account of two large blocks of stone between which it is necessary to steer, our pilot, thinking to evade the danger, ran the boat into a side-arm of the river. Unfortunately, the water here was too low, and, at a quarter past eleven, we ran aground. The wind blew high, and from the north, and the bark turned its broadside to the current, which forced it violently against the shoal. I could see no possible means of getting afloat again; for the power of man is small, indeed, compared with the force of such a current. However, a fisherman from the neighbourhood at length came to our assistance. In accordance with his advice, the whole of the crew landed on a little island hard by, and by means of ropes, hauled the boat off. In this way, we got afloat again by one o'clock; and somewhat later, we approached the fourth poróg Padún, the fall *par excellence*. The pilot and the skipper having declared that it was necessary to await calmer weather and a more favourable wind before attempting to descend this

precipitous fall, the dangers of which were enhanced by two rocks, only a few fathoms apart, between which, as in the Buyk Fall, it was necessary to pass, we cast anchor in lee of the high cliffs on the left bank of the river, where the roar of the cataract reached our ears.

Sunday, 7th June, I rose after a refreshing sleep; and feeling quite recovered from a slight indisposition from which I had been suffering, in consequence of too assiduous labour at my astronomical and magnetic observations in the confined space of my little cabin, I set out after dinner for a walk on the cliffs under which the vessel lay. Strolling in a northerly direction, I enjoyed a most delightful ramble under the verdant canopy of the woods which crowned the heights, and which consisted of a mixture of pine, birch, cedar, and other trees; keeping constantly within reach of my eye the broad foaming belt of the river, whose loud voice also made itself heard among the trees. Having walked three or four versts, I arrived at a spot where the bank made a bend westward, thus forming a basin, bearing the resemblance of a little lake, on the calm surface of which lay, in deep repose, a small flat island. On a lovely sloping plain, descending towards the inner side of the bend, was the cheerful village of Padunskoi, surrounded by groups of beautiful trees, which, having just come into leaf, displayed hues of the brightest and tenderest green. The little island also was carpeted with verdure, and ornamented with trees of varied foliage, refreshed by the showers of the preceding day; and the whole, lighted up by a brilliant afternoon-sun, and vaulted over by a canopy of the purest blue, presented as smiling a landscape as can be met with in the most favoured regions of the earth. Deep silence brooded over the scene, except when a spotted snake, startled by my approach, rustled through the withered foliage of the past year that strewed the ground. From the deep solitude that surrounded me, my thoughts reverted to my distant home, and all the loved ones that it encircled, and my heart swelled with the pain of absence; but it was one of those tragic-romantic moments in which the mild beauty and calm grandeur of nature deprives sorrow of its poignancy, and melts it into gentle melancholy—a mood in which, though with tears in our eyes, we acknowledge the blessings of life.

In Siberia, as in Norway, they burn off the grass that grows under the trees, in order that the crop of the following year may be finer. The whole surface of the cliffs, below the mould and the roots of the trees, was covered to the depth of one fathom with a very fine sand of reddish hue, and containing small crystals of quartz and mica (Glimmer). I could not help suspecting that it also contained gold-dust, as it was exactly like the sand in the Ural Mountains. For several versts, the cliffs form a perpendicular wall towards the river-side, with horizontal layers of sandstone and other friable substances, perhaps clay. Upon the whole, the bed of this river would no doubt prove very instructive to a mineralogist or a geologist; for the banks contain innumerable small smooth pebbles, constituting a catalogue of the mineral riches of the Baikal tract—milkywhite agates as large as ostrich-eggs; striped stones of all colours, with veins of different hues; conglomerates of most remarkable appearance—in a word, a motley variety, which often tempted me to ramble along the shores, to examine their divers hues, while deploring the ignorance which prevented my knowing what specimens would be most valuable to science.

On my return to the boat, I was told that Popov the captain, and the two pilots, were of opinion that we might now try our luck in Padun; I therefore entered the shed, packed all my instruments in their cases, put a roll of 6000 rubles in my side-pocket, and provided myself with a Kongsberg folding-knife, that in case

we should be wrecked I might have some instrument at hand with which I could secure a hold upon a plank. I was disturbed in my preparations by Gustav, my interpreter, who came to tell me that the old pilot refused to attempt the descent unless the master (*barin*) would bless him (*blagoslovit*). As neither Gustav nor I knew how this ceremony was to be performed, I bethought me of making the sign of the cross with my hand before the old man's forehead; and this satisfied him. The men asked for a wax-taper to burn before the *obras* (picture of the saint); but we could not find one in a hurry. In the meanwhile, the boat had been put in motion: the old silver-haired pilot stood at the prow, with one of my hand-towels rolled into a sausage, to serve as signal-rod, in his right hand, and with his left holding on by a rope. The fisherman who, on the preceding day, had helped us to get afloat in the Buyk, now climbed up on the roof of the shed to look out, then went astern to help Popov with the long oar. The crew recited the usual prayer. Silent, with fixed attention, and with thoughts of the fate of those who had met their death in attempting the descent at the same unfavourable period of the year, we draw near to the fall. We have passed its outermost white frothing edge, and begin to pitch and to move forward more rapidly. At this moment, the sun, unobscured by the slightest mist, shews us the upper half of its disc, the lower half being hidden behind the cliffs; and a little above it appears the pale sickle of the moon, only five days old. In a few minutes, the keel of our boat is grating over the stones forming the bottom of the river-bed, and suddenly we come to a stand-still in the midst of the most violent rush. Universal consternation prevails; the billows dash wildly against the great immovable mass that obstructs their path. Popov cries: 'Row—row hard!' The oars begin to work, the rushing waters lend their aid; we advance a little, then ground again. New exertions—again we advance, and again we stick. At length we get fairly afloat once more, and are carried rapidly along. At this critical moment, disunion takes place between the old pilot at the prow and the fisherman in the stern—the one insists upon steering to the left, the other to the right. At length the latter runs forward to the former, and screams something into his ear. On returning, he gives me a look, and, with a countenance radiant with joy, points to a large black mass of rock on our right, which we are rushing past. Presently another appears on our left, and the dangerous passage is accomplished. The venerable pilot descends from the prow, wipes the perspiration from his brow and the tears from his eyes with the signal-bowel, and the blood again mounts to his face, which, until then, was of a deathlike hue. 'Sláva tebä Bogu!' sounds from all lips, and congratulations are exchanged. I presented a glass of brandy to each of the men, and a dram of rum to Popov and Gustav, and then regaled the Jew and myself with a glass of toddy. This, with ten rubles to the pilots, and five to be divided among the crew, diffused universal satisfaction.

After this came the descent of the longest but least dangerous of the rapids—a Norwegian mile in length. On the night of the 12th June, we stopped near Selö Käschemy. At five o'clock in the morning, I went, in a very high wind, to the church-yard, to make observations. While in the midst of my work, with my sextant and appendages placed upon a grave-stone, I received a visit from a Mr Komlevski, the only official in the town, who came, he said, to pay his respects to me. Having intimated to him that I knew little or nothing of the Russian language, I continued my observations, and he remained for some time standing respectfully behind me with his cap in his hand and in deep silence. After he had retired, two well-dressed servants made their appearance, bearing trays containing waffles and other light cakes, cream, fresh-churned butter, and a slice of

raw osetrin (the sturgeon, the roe of which is known under the name of caviare), which they presented to me in the name of their master. Subsequently, Mr Komlevski sent for my interpreter, and through him further presented me with a mosquito-mask, the necessity for which he said I would soon feel. This mask was constructed as follows:—To the edges of a round piece of thin pasteboard, covered on the outside with orange-coloured Chinese silk, was attached three rectangular pieces of horsehair tissue, of the kind used for sieves, but so open as to be perfectly transparent, and sewed together, the seams being bound with orange-coloured ribbon. The whole affair resembled the crown of a hat so large as to admit of its being drawn down over the face, and reaching down to the throat. To prevent the mosquitoes from getting in under the mask, a curtain of the same soft silk, and of the same colour as that with which the crown is covered, is sewed round the lower edge of the horsehair mask, and falls down over the shoulders, the back, and the breast. This apparatus is very light and cool, and without it one could not sleep, indeed, I may say live, in Siberia in summer. Even the peasants wear such masks, to protect themselves from the small, white, greedy mosquitoes which are constantly endeavouring to enter the mouth, ears, and nose; but the curtains of the peasants' masks are made of white-cotton cloth, and they are in consequence very hot. However, when the horsehair mask is shoved up on the head, the white-cotton curtain forms a turban-like head-dress of very picturesque appearance.

The 13th of June, at half-past six p.m., we passed through a *scheverá*, and an hour later through the *poróg* Anlinsky, and then passed under a cliff on the right bank, the foot of which was composed of horizontal strata of various colours, reposing on vertical masses of a different kind, and which might perhaps have been common sandstone. At ten o'clock, we entered a *poróg*, at the termination of which we did not arrive until towards noon; the latter part of it, however, bore more the character of a *scheverá*. The cliffs and slopes of the banks were here covered with leaf-trees, clad in the freshest green of summer. At noon, we passed the village of Kova; and between the hours of four and six, we passed through five different *scheverás*; at eight, we arrived at a sixth, and at nine, at another *poróg*. Here, consequently, the land must incline more decidedly towards the river Yenisei.

Sunday, the 14th of June, we found ourselves at half-past nine a.m. under an overhanging cliff on the right bank, formed of a yellowish white stone, of which Gustav brought me a specimen, which he said he was able to break off without any trouble, the rock being very brittle. In connection with this cliff was a sandy hill, which we reached soon after, and on which stood the village of Tschádobetz, with a pretty church. The high cliffs now began again to recede. A little below Tschádobetz, we ran aground, and remained here until the afternoon. As we were making our arrangements to get off again, we discovered a deputation from the village, headed by a woman, advancing towards us. It consisted of six or seven persons, each carrying a present—one, a basket of new-laid eggs; another, some pike; a third, a dish with some slices of sturgeon; a fourth, a jug of cream; a fifth, three large loaves of home-baked bread, &c. They presented their offerings in the name of the village, and begged that I would deign to accept of them. I invited them on board, and offered each a small glass of brandy. Before putting the glass to their lips, they crossed themselves, and prayed to God to grant me a prosperous voyage; but when, at the close of their visit, I offered them five rubles as a gratuity, they unanimously exclaimed: 'Ních batruschká! (No, little father!) we cannot take money; it is an honour to the village that a man like you should accept a present from it.' Subsequently, a

troop of pretty little urchins tucked up their snow-white Sunday-trousers, and waded into the water, to put their little shoulders to the boat, and help to shove it off. In the evening, the wind was again so high that the skipper found it necessary to lay-to in the immediate vicinity of another village, and here we met with the same good-will. Two women directly waded out, to place blocks of wood in the water, over which we might throw planks to form a landing-bridge; and subsequently, an old woman and some children brought us fish, butter, and eggs. The old woman refused to deliver up her gifts to any but the master himself, and I was obliged to come forward to receive them from her hand. She partook of a glass of brandy, and her youthful suite were regaled with Mr Komlevski's waffles. I went ashore, and bathed in the river, at a distance of about 1000 steps from the village. When returning, I saw the same old woman with her husband. They were bringing me new gifts, and called to me to stop; but knowing that I should not be able to converse with them without the aid of my interpreter, I pretended not to hear them. They overtook me close to the boat, and presented me with a dish of sweet cream, and a large home-baked loaf. I asked the fine old man if he drank brandy. He shrugged his shoulders, and answered with a waggish smile: 'Ja greselni!' (I am a sinner!) and he got his dram.

At nine o'clock the following day, the oft-performed ceremonies, previous to the descent of a *poróg*, were once more gone through, for we had again reached one of these falls, situated, as usual, under perpendicular cliffs, on the left bank. Large masses of snow still lay here in the ravines and on the slopes, in shady spots protected from the sun either by projections in the cliff or by clumps of trees, and in some places came right down to the water's edge. At ten o'clock, we passed the river Votaiven, beautifully situated on the left bank, on a level, at the foot of a high-wooded cliff. In the afternoon, I rowed to shore on the right bank, and gathered up a number of the beautiful pebbles that strewed the beach. In returning, I met a boat with Tunguses on their way to pay their *iasak*, or yearly tribute of furs. At half-past nine in the evening, we reached the village of Bogutschansk; and at half-past three p.m. the ensuing day, having rowed the whole night, we passed the mouth of the river Kámen, which comes from the north, and on the high banks of which, formed like the walls of a fortress, is situated the village of the same name.

Between nine and ten in the evening, the travellers reached the village of Polaskoiskaja, and towards noon, the ensuing day, 17th June, passed Rybinskoje Seló on the right bank. Later in the day, they were surprised by a violent thunder-storm with hail and wind. The hail-stones were as large as hazel-nuts, of a conical form, and very hard, half of each being transparent, and the other half of an opaque white, as if enclosing a kernel of snow. While the storm was at its height, the crew, evidently much alarmed, murmured prayers, crossed themselves, and made numberless inclinations before the *óbras*. But when it was subsiding, and the last clap of thunder was heard from the distance, one of the men turned in the direction whence it came, and with a look of utter contempt, pronounced the lowest and most abusive term which a Russian ever addresses to an enemy. Another violent storm which occurred later in the day, and which lasted the whole night, obliged them to cast anchor again at about one verst from the mouth of the river Bjélaja, and twenty-four versts from Rybinskoi, where they remained until three p.m. on the ensuing day. Two hours later, they went through a *schevéra*, and passed the embouchure of the river Taseiéva; and at half-past seven in the morning of the 19th June, they entered the Yenisei—the limpid stream of the Verkhne Tunguska remaining distinguishable from the dull grayish tint of the waters of

this river, for the length of several versts after joining it. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the professor reached Yeniseisk, where he found a *lodka*, a smaller kind of river-boat, in readiness to convey him to Turnchansk, and where he took leave of all his former travelling-companions with the exception of his interpreter. At Yeniseisk, he met with the same kindness and politeness as at every other place at which he had touched; even the nuns of a convent in the town having deputed two of their sisterhood to make him an offering of cakes, which they presented on a large tin dish, covered over with a white cloth fringed with silver.

The last day in Yeniseisk was spent with the mayor; and among the company present was a major in the army, ninety years of age, who had served the Empress Elizabeth, and who on this occasion appeared in the military uniform of her reign—namely, a light-green coat with broad skirts, rounded in front, large brass buttons, and no collar, but two long strips of cherry-coloured cloth attached to the back of the neck, and hanging down the back; a white kerseymer waistcoat, cherry-coloured knee-breeches, white stockings, and boots reaching half-way up the leg.

CHINESE SOCIALISM.

'It is a curious fact,' says M. Huc in his recent work on the Chinese Empire, 'that the greater part of those social theories which have lately thrown the public mind of France into a ferment, and which are represented as the sublime results of the progress of human reason, are but exploded Chinese Utopias, which agitated the Celestial Empire centuries ago.' As far back as the eleventh century, the Chinese nation appears to have presented a spectacle very nearly analogous to that of which several countries in Europe, and France especially, have of late years been the scene. The great and knotty questions of social and political economy which are now in agitation in the West, at that period filled all speculative minds in China, and split into parties all classes of society. Those people who, in ordinary circumstances, seem quite indifferent to the proceedings of their government, on that occasion flung themselves passionately into the discussion of systems which aimed at an immense social revolution, and which kept the general public mind for a long time in a state of desperate excitement. The thing promised and attempted by the reforming party, was a total renovation of the social system—an all-pervading Communism, under the control of a despotic centralisation; and after enormous agitation, the prophet or leader of the movement actually gained an opportunity of reducing his experiment to practice, on a scale commensurate with the extent and resources of the kingdom.

The name of this Socialist reformer was Wang-gan-ché, a man famous in Chinese history—a man, too, so far as we can learn, remarkable for talent, intellectual cultivation, and for a force of will which qualified him to take a leading part in statesmanship. He could speak with grace and eloquence; had the art of giving weight to all he said; and knew, moreover, how to throw an air of magnitude and importance over trifling things when his interest might require it. His private life was regular, and modelled after the most unexceptionable pattern of Chinese respectability. This much is recorded of him in the way of commendation. On the other hand, he is represented as being exceedingly ambitious; as 'a man who thought any means lawful to gain his ends; self-willed to obstinacy, when he had to support an opinion he had once advanced; haughty, and filled with an idea of his own merits, esteeming only what agreed with his own opinions and views of politics, and

desirous of uprooting and utterly destroying the old institutions of his country, to replace them with new ones of his own invention.'

He seems to have addressed himself to the work in a deliberate and decided fashion, quietly feeling his way, and covertly preparing the public mind for the acceptance of his novel doctrines. To forward his object, he imposed upon himself a long, difficult, and even repulsive task: this was to make voluminous commentaries on all the sacred and classical writings, wherein he took occasion to insinuate his own opinions; and to compose a universal dictionary, in which he gave to certain words an arbitrary meaning, to favour his enterprise. By thus ingeniously intruding and enforcing his political notions, he gradually gained adherents, and, in course of time, had raised himself to a position of commanding influence. The Emperor Chén-tsoung, charmed with his brilliant qualities, gave him his entire confidence, and intrusted him with all the powers required for realising his schemes of social regeneration. The executive offices and the tribunals were soon filled with persons of his own selection, on whom he could rely as active partisans; and the business of innovation and reform was straightway vigorously commenced.

The object of Wang-gan-ché as a reformer, was nothing less than that of procuring infallible happiness for the entire population; and the means by which he thought to effect it, lay in the development and equitable distribution of the resources of the empire, so as to afford to every one the greatest possible amount of material enjoyments. 'The first and most essential duty of a government,' said he, 'is to love the people, and to procure them the real advantages of life—which are plenty and pleasure. To accomplish this object, it would suffice to inspire every one with the unvarying principles of rectitude; but as all might not observe them, the state should explain the manner of following these precepts, and enforce obedience by wise and inflexible laws. In order to prevent the oppression of man by man, the state should take possession of all the resources of the empire, and become the sole master and employer. The state should take the entire management of commerce, industry, and agriculture into its own hands, with the view of succouring the working-classes, and preventing their being ground to dust by the rich.'

Any one on reading this curious manifesto, will detect in it a striking resemblance to some of the writings and harangues of our modern French and English Socialists; though there is no reason to believe that the latter were at all acquainted with Wang-gan-ché, or the political dogmas which he propounded to his nation in the eleventh century. Theories of this kind would seem to be the spontaneous product of speculative minds under various forms of civilisation, and may have sprung as naturally out of the disordered relations of one period and people as of another. The same ideas appear and re-appear in history, according to certain inherent laws of the human mind, acted upon by similarity of circumstance. A state of discontent, occasioned by a wide discrepancy in the condition of different classes, will produce conceptions of remedy essentially alike, in all ages and in all countries. The only differences that may be expected, are the varied developments or modifications which the ideas receive from differences of race and culture. Thus, in times like our own, when the political tendency is towards democracy, these ideas will seek to express themselves in democratic regulations; whereas in communities accustomed to a rigid centralisation, they will claim a recognition by means of despotic changes. That there should be so marked a resemblance between the doctrines of a Chinese reformer of the eleventh century, and those of European theorists, who claim to be the latest reformers of the nineteenth, is a coincidence which

seems to establish the identity of human sentiment and aspiration in all the varied races and social aggregations of mankind. All alike are liable to disarrangements and perplexities in their social organisation; and, under the pressure of uncomfortable circumstances, all alike are apt to fly in their bewilderment to Utopian experiments for relief.

It is the peculiarity of our Chinese regenerator, that he alone, among all the Socialists we have heard of, had the great advantage of being able to reduce his experiment to practice. According to the regulations of his plan, tribunals were established throughout the empire, fixing the price of provisions and merchandise; and taxes were imposed for a number of years, to be paid solely by the rich. The tribunals were to decide who was rich and who was poor. The money thus collected was to be reserved in the coffers of the state, to be distributed to aged paupers, to workmen out of employ, and to whomsoever there might be who was judged to stand in need of it. The state, moreover, was declared the only proprietor of the soil; in each district, the tribunals were to assign the land annually to the farmers, and distribute among them the seed necessary to sow it, on condition that the loan should be repaid, either in grain or other provisions, after the harvest was gathered in; and in order that all the land should be profitably cultivated, the officers of the tribunals were charged to fix what kind of crop was to be grown.

'It is evident,' said the partisans of the scheme, anticipating the plausibilities of our modern Socialists, 'that by these means abundance and happiness will reign throughout the land. The only people who can suffer by this state of things are the usurers and monopolists, who never fail to profit by famine and all public calamities, to enrich themselves and ruin the working-classes. But what great harm will it be to put an end at last to the exactions of these enemies of the people? Does not justice require that they should be forced to make restitution of their ill-gotten gains? The state will henceforth be the only creditor, and will never take interest. As it will watch over agriculture, and fix the current price of provisions, there will always be a supply proportionate to the harvest. In case of famine in any one spot, the great agricultural tribunal of Peking, informed by the principal tribunals of the various harvests of the empire, will easily restore the equilibrium, by causing the superfluity of the fertile provinces to be transported into those which are a prey to want. Thus the necessities of life will be always sold at a moderate price; there will no longer be any classes in want; and the state, being the only speculator, will realise enormous profits annually, to be applied to works of public utility.'

A revolution so radical as is here implied, involving the destruction of all large fortunes, however acquired, and the reduction of all classes to a uniform condition, was not likely to be sanctioned or acquiesced in by the owners and friends of property. Some degree of opposition from them, of at least a temporary sort, was only natural and inevitable. We accordingly find, that the property interest for the time being had also its representative among Chinese statesmen, who argued and contended manfully against the Communist innovation. This was an accomplished poet and eminent literary personage, named Sse-ma-kouang, one of the most illustrious men in Chinese history, a wise Conservative, who, standing resolutely on the ancient ways, had sufficient penetration to discern the fallacy of the revolutionary policy. The chronicles of the time relate, that on the side of Sse-ma-kouang were seen all the most distinguished men of the empire, whether renowned for wit, experience, talents, judgment, or rank; but it is obvious that they must have been immeasurably outnumbered by the partisans of Wang-gan-ché, whom, doubtless, the emperor supported in

his reforms, because they were acceptable to the general population. A revolution of so sweeping and radical a character could not have been possibly accomplished against the sense and wishes of the nation, even under a despotism like that of China, any more than in France or England; since, in reality, the Chinese government, though an unquestionable despotism, has always been a despotism tempered largely by the influences of popular opinion. It is not to be denied, however, that Wang-gan-ché had to contend with considerable clamour, and perhaps some violent attacks, from the party that naturally stood up for property; and in his conduct under these formidable assaults, though nowise sympathising with the principles he represented, we fancy we can discern in him a genuine statesmanlike steadfastness and imperturbability. Thoroughly persuaded of the soundness of his own policy, he set himself calmly to bear the brunt of whatever obloquy or opposition it might encounter, patiently reading the declamations and satires which his enemies, from time to time, presented to the emperor under the name of respectful representations, humble supplications, and so forth; but being no more moved by them, than as if they had not in any way concerned him. In this total indifference to clamour, he shewed himself possessed of one of the most essential of a statesman's qualifications. The partial dissatisfactions occasioned by his novel measures, he doubted not, would be certain to subside as their success became apparent, and meanwhile he could complacently abide his time. 'Beginnings,' said he, 'are always difficult, and it is only after overcoming many obstacles that a man can hope to reap the fruit of his labour. . . . Ministers, nobles, and mandarins have all risen against me. I am not surprised at it; they cannot quit the common routine, and adopt new customs. Little by little, they will grow used to these innovations, their natural aversion will die away, and they will end by applauding what they are now so eager to decry.'

The completeness of his own persuasion secured his ascendancy. Throughout the reign of the Emperor Chen-tsoung, Wang-gan-ché maintained his power; put all his plans in execution; and effected an entire revolution. He even attempted to remodel the national scriptures; causing his own commentaries on the sacred books to be adopted, and ordaining that the signification of the characters should be referred to the great dictionary which he had himself composed. Everything was changed by the genius and the will of this one man; and if Chinese society could have been regenerated by any such method of reconstruction as he devised, there was nothing wanting, so far as the power and resources of the reformer went, to have raised it to a state of absolute perfection. But a centralised Communism was no cure for the evils it was designed to rectify. According to Chinese historians, this great social revolution was utterly unsuccessful; and the nation became, by means of it, more deeply plunged in misery than ever. The express effects of its operation are not on record, or, at any rate, are not furnished by our authority; but of its complete failure, there is sufficient evidence in the fact, that after some years' trial of the experiment, the country returned to its former habits, and society was reconstituted on the old imperfect basis. The defects of the ancient system might be manifold and obvious enough, but they were felt to be less intolerable than those that were produced by a system which levelled all the natural gradations of hereditary and personal acquisition, and tended to extinguish every effort of independent enterprise.

On the death of Chen-tsoung, the empress, who succeeded him as regent during the minority of his son, almost immediately deposed Wang-gan-ché from his place in the administration, and made his old enemy, Sse-ma-kouang, prime-minister and governor

of the prospective emperor. The first act of the old Conservative was to efface every trace of the government of his predecessor, who, we learn, died shortly afterwards—probably from chagrin and disgust at the overturn of his reformation. Sse-ma-kouang, however, did not long survive him; and the two have since stood side by side in history, to point the moral of their opposing policies. Sse-ma-kouang had most honour at his departure, and his memory was long embalmed in the national admiration and affection. The old annals tell that when he died, the public grief was universal: 'the shops were closed; the people went into mourning; and the women and children who could not kneel beside his coffin, prostrated themselves before his portrait in the interior of their houses. These signs of sorrow accompanied the funeral wherever it appeared, on its way to the native place of Sse-ma-kouang.'

To the universality of this sorrowing demonstration, we suppose we must except the disciples and adherents of the Socialist reformer, who, in all likelihood, were more disposed to rejoice than mourn at the event. It, indeed, opened for them a second opportunity of imposing their system upon the country, and they left no means unemployed by which that object could be accomplished. They insinuated themselves into favour with the youthful emperor, and he, on arriving at age, re-invested them with power. Eleven years after the death of Sse-ma-kouang, everything he had done was overturned, and himself stripped of all his posthumous titles, and declared to have been the enemy of the kingdom. His tomb was destroyed, and the marble monument bearing his epitaph ignominiously cast down. In the place of it, another was erected, bearing an enumeration of all the crimes a lying imagination could attribute to him; many of his writings were burnt; and his name was never mentioned by the ascendant faction, except with hatred and reviling. Meanwhile, the memory of Wang-gan-ché was publicly restored to honour, and his political system pursued with uncompromising earnestness. 'In reading the history of these sudden changes of popular opinion,' says M. Huc, 'we might well imagine it was written of some European nation.'

The Socialist economy, however, for the second time proved a failure. Scarcely had three years elapsed before it was finally abandoned, and the name of its originator loaded with execration. And now the Socialist party became the objects of an unrelenting persecution, and were eventually obliged to fly the country. This occurred in or about the year 1129, just at the time when the terrible Ghengis Khan was rising into power in the steppes of Tatar, which were soon to pour forth as conquerors their numberless barbarians. This coincidence is worthy of being noted, as it was to Tatar that the Chinese Socialists, in large troops, betook themselves; where, leading a vagabond and unsettled life, they soon communicated their inquiet spirit to the Mongol tribes, and are believed to have been influential in stimulating them to that dreadful career of devastation on which they shortly entered under the command of their ferocious leader. Already remarkable for their fierce and savage disposition, it may be readily imagined what a monstrous combination was produced by the union of these people with the outcasts of Chinese civilisation. What might be anticipated from the ascendancy of Socialist principles in Europe, in the present era, it would be impossible to tell; but that their application and development here would be more happy or successful than formerly in China, we cannot, with our present lights, see any reason for concluding. It is true, our Modern Socialism is a democratic movement, whilst that of China was a thoroughly despotic one; yet it seems to us, that in any effort to realise a Communistic system, the

democratic element must gradually disappear before a necessary centralising tendency, which, however different in the form it takes and in the objects which it proposes to attain, would eventually produce a despotism as rigid as any that has ever existed.

A MANX RECRUIT.

HE was born on the bleak mountain-side, in a thatched cottage; the walls of unhewn stones, roughly mortared together and whitewashed. The fire on the hearth, of turf or wood, or even of chaff or flax-rubbish. The chimney, open to the roof, save for a high mantel-piece that stretches quite across the cottage, decked with bright brass candlesticks, tin canisters, tiny-coloured pictures in tawdry frames, and odds and ends, that are there because they cannot well be anywhere else. Within the chimney, and around the hearth, are rough three-legged stools of various sizes, an ancient angular arm-chair, a pair of bellows, two or three goose-wings for dusting, a pair of short tongs for arranging the turf, a frying-pan, and a small broom. Down the chimney's ample throat depends a huge chain, with hooks on which to suspend various pots and pans over the low fire; and on the chimney's sooty sides hang hams and hitches for the benefit of the smoke, frequently in friendly companionship with a dried and salted bullock's liver, and some stock-fish. The other principal objects in the dusky apartment are a tall dresser—garnished with a few plates, dishes, and cups, and a perfect glut of basins of all sizes, and of the gaudiest colours—a large kitchen-table before the window, and a long wooden bench in front of it.

The uneven earthen-floor has been trodden here and there into small puddle-holes, which in wet weather serve as drinking-bowls to the tailless poultry, that stray in at will. Nor is the pig an unfrequent visitant, boldly disputing possession with chance-callers, until driven out with the Manx pig-exorcism, 'Utchuck! Utchuck!' Two or three cats, totally devoid, like the poultry, of the vulgar and inconvenient appendage alluded to, prowl about, anxious for milking-time, for a cow is kept on the premises; a motherless lamb crouches close to the embers, shivering and desolate, and lame from its feet having been brought too near the tempting glow; and on the heap of flax or chaff in the corner reposes a huge curly sheep-dog, his nose between his paws, and his drowsy eyes glimmering within their half-closed lids.

The Manx soldier's mother is a stalwart dame, with frizzly black hair pushed carelessly beneath a thick linen cap, and combed only about once a week. Her gown is of a peculiar material, that might be taken by the uninitiated for dirty green baize, but is, in reality, a fabric culled from the backs of the half-dozen sheep belonging to the Manx soldier's father, and spun and carded by the good woman herself. The coarse gray stockings on her sturdy legs are likewise indigenous, being of the same wool, spun and knitted at leisure hours in the chimney-corner through the long winter-evenings. A nondescript apron, an equally nondescript shawl on her wide shoulders, wooden shoes strengthened at the toes with bits of brass, an old black bonnet half pulled down over her face, complete her domestic equipment. Loud-voiced and piercing of eye is she, with good high features, ruddy cheeks, and teeth as white as the milk and mealy potatoes that form so large a portion of her daily diet.

The Manx soldier's father is scarcely so well-grown and personable as his wife, but he considers himself a great man in his own house nevertheless; assumes a mighty tone with his 'woman' and the children; and consumes an enormous quantity daily of milk and porridge, of bacon, potatoes, and herrings, with

occasional varieties of salted goose, pig's fry, or dried bullock's liver.

The Manx soldier's father wears a flannel shirt in all weathers. His mouth is awry; his teeth are yellow from constant smoking and chewing of the coarsest pig-tail tobacco; and he vociferates Manx with his cronies as if he was in a perpetual passion. As to the war, he is somewhat Russian in his sympathies, having a kind of undefined grudge against the English and their government; which latter, he thinks, wants to bring the glorious, independent little Isle under its official finger and thumb, that it may bring a handsome revenue from the labours of honest Manxmen. If we add, that the Manx soldier's father occasionally imbibes a considerable quantity of weak ale and bad rum at the village public-house, and believes on his way home that he is unnecessarily detained by the fairies; that, when attired in his best, he wears an eccentric suit of blue Manx cloth, dressed with the oil in it, to resist the weather; and that he puts faith in witches, and goes to a 'wise man' to have his cows charmed—we know nearly all that is worth knowing about him.

The Manx soldier's brothers and sisters are a set of ragged, unkempt urchins, with small promise of the after-comelines that may be theirs. They are strong believers in the supernatural, like most of their elders; and will, if you gain their confidence, tell you startling tales of glamour—how, playing at twilight on the brink of the deep glen adjoining their cottage, they have seen, in the hollow far below, the newly-washed linen of the fairy households spread out on the rocks to dry; how they have heard the tinkling sound of tiny musical-instruments blending with the gurgle of the unseen brook beneath the gnarled and ivy-clad trees; and how, above all, one memorable day, towards dusk, two of the 'little people' were beheld advancing hand in hand, as if to speak to them—withered hobgoblins three feet high, clad in little jackets and short red petticoats. What then? Why, then they saw no more, for they instantly turned their backs and fled.

For the rest, the Manx soldier's brothers run abroad on bare brown feet; spend great part of their time in playing truant, and catching trout, salmon, and other forbidden game, in the small shallow rivers of the isle; are knowing at blackberry and mushroom hunting; and on May-eve, kindle up the barren hills with huge bonfires of gorse, for the purpose of burning out the witches and other unholy beings that are supposed to take refuge in that particularly uncomfortable shrub. They seldom use bad words, and never swear; they are humane to the brute creation, save when they go out, in compliance with an ancient tradition, to shoot the wren on St Stephen's Day; and they are satisfied with a very small coin for a good deal of service.

The girls help their mother in the house, run errands, devour barley-porridge and milk in any vacant corner they can find; drag about the great heavy baby, which is so fed up, that as soon as it begins to walk, it acquires bow-legs as an inevitable consequence of its own ponderosity; wear their sun-bonnets as half-masks; and instead of being hooked or buttoned, like neat little maidens, are pinned or stitched into their slatternly clothing.

But the Manx soldier himself, what of him? What of him! have we not already told everything about him—or almost everything: his parentage, his home, his rearing and education? He was enlisted a week ago, in a drunken frolic, by a sly sergeant who lay in wait in Douglas, like a huge spider, surrounded by a web of promises, flattery, good-fellowship, drink, and fun. The Manx mother, came striding down from the mountain region as soon as she heard of it, and inundated all her friends and acquaintance, rich and poor, with a torrent of complaints, tears, and supplications.

She did more; she went to some half-dozen of the Keys, she visited the head deemster, she forced her way to the governor—for whose family she had formerly washed—she invaded the sacred precincts of the venerable and very benevolent archdeacon himself. In vain. Even could she have raised the money to provide a substitute, her lad was too fine a fellow to be so easily let off. Six-foot-one in his stocking-feet, strong as a lion, and agile as a panther, he was just such a man as Queen Victoria wanted to beat the Russians; and Queen Victoria would take no denial. So, at least, the sly sergeant told the Manx mother, when she besieged him in her passionate sorrow. Besides, the lad himself, said the same pompous authority, wanted to 'go in' for pay, promotion, and glory, and wherefore hinder him? So there they tramp, he and his fellows, an awkward squad enough as yet, but with the making of humble heroes in them. The crowd follow at their heels, and remark aloud that Hughie Corkill, of Ballaballsilla—God speed him, and send him safe home again to the mother!—towers above the rest, like Saul of old among his fellows.

The band strikes up a merry tune; the steamer is panting its hot heart out with impatience at the pier-head; the blue heavens smile down on the blue waters of the bay; the green hills, yellow rocks, and white-washed houses contrast brightly in the sunbeams; and with tearful gaze, fixed on the lovely panorama before him, the Manx soldier sails away—not without a lingering thought given to a shady nook in the hills, where pretty blue-eyed Bell Christian, his 'own girl,' sits weeping his departure beneath the 'trammons.'

A BATTLE-FIELD.

The grouping of falling men and horses; the many heaped up masses of dead moved strangely by the living maimed among them, showing the points where the deadly strife had been the most severe; the commingling of uniforms of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell; the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth. The stretchers borne from various points, each carrying some officer or private soldier, . . . still dreaming of the charge in which he met his wound, and the thoughts of home that flashed upon the heart as it seemed to commit that heart to a moment's oblivion of all else. Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed—hope of life growing stronger, but with it now the dread of some operation to be undergone—the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish impatient desire to know the result of the battle. Again, a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his attendants seen as through a mist; the deafened feelings causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered begins to take effect; the voice of a comrade or friend lying close by, himself wounded, yet speaking to cheer; the operation borne bravely, and felt the less as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope; through it all fresh news ever arriving from amidst the din of the strife still raging—all this has a life and motion and spirit in it which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.—*Rev. S. G. Osborne.*

THE GRASS-TREE.

Not far off, we saw the grass-trees, but only the dwarf ones, splendidly in flower. The flower is on a rod of two or three feet high, which rises perpendicularly from the centre of the grass-tree, and surrounds some half a yard of it in the manner of the flower of the club-rush, but white, and the florets resembling those of the water tussock.—*Howitt's Land, Labour, and Gold.*

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KITCHEN AND PARLOUR.

'Oh, that will do for the servants.'

'My dear,' I observed, as the jagged half-raw remnant of the gigot went down stairs, 'what may be the derivation of that word servant?'

'La! aunt, how can you ask such silly questions?'

'Servo, servavi, servatum, servare,' mused my nephew-in-law, a young divine, with a turn for philology. 'Servans—literally, a person who serves.'

'A definition referring simply to the occupation, and not necessarily extending to the species?'

'No—O no!'

'Nor indicating any *a priori* difference of race?'

'Certainly not.'

My pretty niece opened her eyes—as she always did when her aunt was talking 'nonsense' with her husband. But at this minute Mary-Ann brought in little Johnnie for his pudding; and of course it was the last thing to be wished that the domestics should suppose our table-talk was about them. So we rushed hurriedly to the subject of Master John's new frock, and left the former question, apropos of the gigot, to be thought out at leisure.

I have since done so, rather deeply, for I go about a good deal from house to house, and see many people in their intimate domestic relations. And of all such relations, it seems to me there is none which in the present day so much wants remodifying, as that of master—or mistress—and servant. I wonder whether a plain woman may speak a few plain words on this subject?

Among all matronhood, the universal moan is 'servants—servants'—'Where shall I get a good servant?'—'Oh, I have been in such trouble about my servants!'—'They are all alike—those servants!' There seems an undying feud, or at best a sort of armed neutrality, existing between above and below stairs—the powers that be, and the powers that suffer. 'The family' and 'the servants' are quite a different race—as different as the Helots and the Lacedæmonians. If I hinted to Mrs Marianna, my niece, that Mary-Ann, her parlour-maid, was quite as pretty a woman as herself, and, with one-half her advantages of education, would probably have been twice as intelligent, I should be scouted indignantly, and never asked to dinner any more. Yet such is the simple truth, though, luckily, neither party knows it. I am no preacher of 'equality'; there is not such a thing in the world. How should man make what Nature does not—not even in a lettuce-bed? There will ever be varieties—the tallest, the most delicate, or the earliest plant. When you can grow in a bed of vegetables all

alike, then I will grow you a human race whose first principle is equality. To the world's end, there must be high and low, rich and poor, masters and servants—all must 'meet together,' and we know Who 'is the Maker of them all.' But while I recognise this natural and immutable law of superior and inferior, which, having existed always, is evidently right to exist, I do not recognise that unnatural system of antagonism, which divides a household into two distinct species of humanity, organises one set of interests for the kitchen and another for the parlour, one code of morals for the server and another for the served.

Let us look at the thing in its root, and consider the origin of 'servitude.' A household, not sufficient for its necessary work, accepts hired help, in which, as a natural consequence, the practised hand directs the unpractised, and rests from its own labours. Our first hint of this state of society is Abraham, with his 'men-servants and maid-servants,' his 'young men,' his 'trained servants born in his house'—and probably born of his own kindred, certainly of his own Hebrew race. Doubtless he was a true patriarch, a 'great father' among them all, and they were free 'servants.' Not a word find we of bondsmen or bondswomen, save in the case of Hagar the Egyptian.

A servant, then, is originally one who, from outward circumstances, or inward organisation, finds himself incapable of ruling, and is therefore necessitated to obey; to become not the dictator, but the minister—not the head, but the hands. It may be, he will in time rise out of this inferior position; if not, he gradually settles in its level, grows familiar with its cares, duties, and pleasures, and leaves the same to be inherited by his descendants. My niece Marianna, did it ever strike you that yourself and Mary-Ann might have been sisters, or at least cousins' children? Yet I have known a family, a highly respectable family too, where such was actually the case. One man sinks, another rises—each by his own momentum of character. Am I to blame if, while my daughter plays the harp in the drawing-room, my third or fourth cousin has to clean the kitchen-grate? Not a bit of it—if fortune has reduced her to the position of my hired maiden, and I pay her honourable wages for honourable work. But it is my duty to see that the said grate-cleaner, be she who she may, is treated as if she and myself both came from the one blood of the great human family, and is allowed every possibility that fate likewise allows, to raise herself in the scale of society, or become as perfect as she can be in that position for which she is fitted, and to which she was born.

But I am reasoning on special points or generalities.

I will come to the practical question of why it is that in one-half the families of one's acquaintance, especially in large towns; the grand burden and complaint is—servants.

Let me look around—for examples are necessary, and shall be made quite harmless.

There is Mrs Smith. You will never once enter that lady's house, without hearing of a change in its domestic arrangements; you will thrashily knock at the door four successive weeks, without its being opened by a strange damsel. To count the number of servants Mrs Smith has had since her marriage, would puzzle her eldest boy, even though he is just going into his multiplication-table. Out of some scores, surely all could not have been so bad; yet, to hear her, no imps of Satan in female form could be worse than those with which her house has been haunted—cooks who sold the dripping, and gave the roast-meat to the policeman; housemaids who could only scrub and scour, and wait at table and clean plate, and keep tidy to answer the door, and who actually had never learned to sew neatly, or to get up fine linen! Nurses wickedly pretty, or thinking themselves so, who had the atrocious impudence to buy a bonnet 'just like my straw one,' with flowers inside! Poor Mrs Smith! Her whole soul is engrossed in the servant-question. Her whole life is a domestic battle—of the mean, scratch-and-snap, spit-and-snarl kind. She has a handsome house; she gives good wages—that is, her liberal husband does—but not a servant will stay with her.

And why? Because she is not fitted to be a mistress. She cannot rule—she can only order about; she cannot reprove—she can only scold. Possessing no real dignity, she is always trying to assert its semblance; having little or no education, she is the hardest of all judges upon ignorance. Though so tenacious of her prerogative, that she dismissed Sally Baines for imitating missis's bonnet—(Heaven forgive you, Mrs Smith! but do you know where you might find that poor pretty sixteen-year old child now?)—still, the more intelligent of her servants soon find out that she is 'not a lady;' that, in fact, if one stripped off her satin gowns, and sold her carriage, and made her inhabit the basement-story instead of the drawing-room of her handsome house, Mrs Smith would be not one whit superior to themselves. Her quick-witted parlour-maid is fully aware of this, as you may see from the way in which, notwithstanding all occasional airs of authority, she contrives to wind missis round her little-finger, get her own way entirely, and rule the house arrangements from attic to cellar. This being not unprofitable, she will probably outstay many of the other servants—not because she is any better than the rest, but merely cleverer.

Mrs Brown's household is on quite a different plan. You will never hear the small domestic 'rows'—the petty squabbles between mistress and maid, injustice on one side and impertinence on the other. Mrs Brown would never dream of quarrelling with 'a servant,' any more than with her dog or cat, or some other inferior animal. She strictly fulfils her duty as mistress; gives regular wages, very moderate certainly, for her income is much below both her birth and her breeding; exacts no extra service; and is rigidly particular in allowing her servants the due holidays—

namely, to church every other Sunday, and a day out once a month. Her housekeeping is economical without being stingy; everything is expected to go on like clock-work; if otherwise, dismissal follows, for Mrs Brown dislikes to have to find fault, even in her lofty and distant way. She is a conscientious, honourable lady, who exacts no more than she performs; and her servants respect her. But they stand in awe of her; they do not love her. There is a wide gulf between their humanity and hers—you never would believe that they and she shared the same flesh and blood of womanhood, and would end in the same dust and ashes. She is well served, well obeyed; and justly, but—and that is justice too—she is neither sympathised with nor confided in. Perhaps this truth may have struck home to her sometimes; as when her maid, who had been ill unnoticed for months, in waiting on her one morning dropped down, and—died that night; or when, the day there came news of the battle of Inkermann—she sat hour after hour with the *Times* in her lap, in her gloomy, lonely dining-room—and not a soul came nigh her, to ask or learn from her speechless looks 'what of the young master?'

In the Jones's highly respectable family, are most respectable servants, clever, quick, attentive, and fully conscious of their own value and capabilities. They dress quite as finely as 'the family,' go out with parasols on Sundays, and have their letters directed 'Miss.' They guard with jealousy all their perquisites and privileges—from the tradesmen's Christmas-boxes, and the talk outside the nearly closed front-door with unlimited 'followers,' to the yearly prized right of a pert answer to missis when she ventures to complain. And missis—a kind easy soul—is rather afraid of so doing; and endures many an annoyance, together with a few real wrongs, rather than sweep her house with the besom of righteous destruction, and annihilate, in their sprouting, evils that will soon grow up like rampant weeds. This is no slight regret to Mrs Jones's friends, who see that a little judicious authority, steadily and unwaveringly asserted—a little quiet exercise of will, instead of fidgety or nervous fault-finding, and needless suspiciousness, would make matters all straight, and reduce this excellent and liberal establishment, from the butler down to the little kitchen-maid, to the safe level of a limited monarchy. Instead of which, there is a loose sway, which often orders upon that most dangerous of all governments—domestic republicanism.

This last is the government at Mrs Robinson's. She has long let the reins go—leaned back, and slumbered. Where her household will drive to, Heaven only knows! The house altogether takes care of itself. The mistress is too gentle to blame anybody for anything—too lazy to do anything herself, or shew anybody else how to do it. I suppose she has eyes, yet you might write your name in dust-tracks on every bit of furniture in her house. She doubtless likes to wear a clean face and a decent gown, for she has tastes not unrefined; yet in Betty, her maid-of-all-work, both these advantages are apparently impossible luxuries. Mrs Robinson can't, or believes she can't, afford what is called a 'good' servant—that is, an efficient, conscientious, responsible woman, who requires equivalent wages for valuable services—therefore she does with poor Betty, but it never seems to strike Betty, or her mistress either, that though poverty may be inevitable

dirt and tatters never are—that a girl, if ever so ignorant, can generally be taught—a house, if ever so small and ill furnished, can at least be clean—a dinner, if ever so plain, nay, scanty, may be well cooked and well arranged; and however the servants fall short, every mistress has always her own intelligent brain, and has, at the worst, her own pair of active hands. Did you ever consider that last possibility, my good Mrs Robinson? Would Betty honour you less if, every morning, she saw you dust a chair or two, or hunt out lurking ambushes of spiders—so that she was shamed into knowledge and industry by the conviction, that what she left undone, her mistress would certainly do? Would you be less amiable in your husband's eyes by the discovery, that it was you yourself who cooked, and then taught Betty to cook, his comfortable dinner? Would he have less pleasure in your dainty fingers for seeing on them a few needle-marks, caused by the making of tidy chair-covers, or the mending of clean threadbare carpets, so as to make the best of his plain, quiet home, where Heaven has at once denied the blessing and spared the responsibility of children? But you may be as ignorant as Betty herself. I am afraid you are. Nevertheless, if she can learn, surely you can. Let me give you a golden rule—'Never expect a servant to do that which you cannot do, or, if necessary, will learn to do, yourself.'

Mrs Johnson, now, will be a very good illustration of this. I doubt if she is any richer than Mrs Robinson; and a few years after her marriage, I know it was very uphill-work indeed with the young couple; especially for the wife, who, married at nineteen, was as ignorant as any school-girl. She and her cook are reported to have studied Mrs Glass together. To this day, I fancy the praise of any special dinner would be modestly received as conjointly due to 'missis and me.' So, doubtless would any grand effect in household arrangements, though, where all goes on so smoothly and orderly, that the most sudden visitor would only necessitate an extra knife and fork, and a clean pair of sheets in the spare room, there is not much opportunity for any coup d'état in the housemaid-line. As for the nursery-staff—but since her boys could walk alone, Mrs Johnson has abolished the nursery altogether. If she has no more children, these two lads will have the infinite blessing of never being 'managed' by any womankind save their mother. Of course, it is a busy, and often hard life for her; and her handmaidens know it. They see her employed from morning till night, happy and merry enough, but always employed. They themselves would be ashamed to be lazy; they would do anything in the world to lighten things to missis. If little delicate Fred is ailing, Jane will sit up half the night with him, and still get up at five next morning. Mary, the cook, does not grumble at any accidental waiting, if missis, in her sewing, has the slightest need of Jane. Both would work their fingers to the bone any day to save her the least trouble or pain. Not a cloud comes across her path—not a day of illness—her own or her little ones—shadows her bright looks, but is felt as an absolute grief in the kitchen. Jane's face, as she opens the front-door, is a sufficient indication to all friends as how things are with 'the family'; and if you, being very intimate, make any chance inquiry of Mary in the street, ten to one she will tell you everything Mrs Johnson has done, and exactly how she has looked, for a week past, ending with a grave, respectful remark, ventured in right of her own ten years of eldership,

that she 'is afraid missis is wearing herself out, and would you please to come and see her?'

And missis, on her side, returns the kindly interest. She likes to hear anything and everything that her damselfs may have to tell, from the buying of a new gown to the birth of a new nephew. Any relatives of theirs who may appear in the kitchen, she generally goes to speak to, and welcomes always kindly. She is glad to encourage family affection, believing it to be quite as necessary and as beautiful in a poor housemaid as in a sentimental lady. Love, also. She has not the smallest objection to let that young baker come in to tea on Sundays, entering honestly at the front-door, without need of sneaking behind area-railings. And if, on such Sundays, Jane is rather absent and awkward, with a tendency to forget the spoons, and put hot plates where cold should be, her mistress pardons all, and tempers master's indignation, by reminding him of a certain summer, not ten years back, when—&c. Upon which he kisses his little wife, and grows mild.

Thus the family have no dread of 'followers,' no visions of burglarious swagbarts introduced by the kitchen-window, or tribes of locust 'cousins' creating a famine in the larder. Having always won confidence, Mrs Johnson has little fear of being deceived. When pretty Jane can make up her mind, doubtless there will occur that most creditable event to both parties—the maid being married from her mistress's house. Of course, Jane would be a great loss, or Mary either; but Mary is growing middle-aged, and is often seen secretly petting Master Fred, as only old maid-servants do pet the children of 'the family.' Freddy says, she has promised never to leave him; and her mistress, who probably knows as much of Mary's affairs as anybody, does not think it likely she ever will.

The Johnson household is the best example I know of the proper relation between Kitchen and Parlour. True, Jane and Mary are estimable women, might have been such in any 'place'; but I will do human nature the justice to believe, that the class of domestic servants contains many possible Janes and Marys, if only their good qualities could be elicited by a few more Mrs Johnsons.

It is a clear but often unrecognised law of social advancement, that any reformatory movement must necessarily commence in the higher class, and gradually influence the lower. By higher and lower, I mean simply as regards moral and intellectual cultivation, which, continued through generations, and become a habit of life, makes, and is the only thing that does or ought to make, the difference between master and servant, patrician and plebeian. I, as Mrs Thomson, descended from the clan Robertson, a very superior family, have a great deal more chance of being a lady than Peg Thompson, my nursery-maid, whose father, grandfather, &c., have been farm-labourers. But if, by any of her not rare freaks, Dame Nature should have placed in Peg's uncouth body the soul of a gentlewoman, together with that rare quality of rising, which, in spite of circumstances, enables many refined minds to reach their natural level—if so, I shall not have the slightest objection to assist that desirable end in every possible way. Nay, even finally, it would be rather a pleasure to me some day to sit at table with Miss Margaret Thompson; and I would altogether scorn the behaviour of that fine gentleman who once 'cut' honest Dodsley the publisher-footman—of whom the meek old fellow only observed: 'Yes, he knows me; I used to wait behind his chair.'

But since the laws of nature and of circumstance have made me a mistress, and my servants, servants; have given me incalculable opportunities of becoming their superior—Heaven knows whether I am or, no!—the only way in which I can prove this fact, and profit by it, is by trying to realise the proverb; that a good mistress can make a good servant. I believe this to be

possible; while, as any one will own, it is impossible for the best servant in all the world to make a good mistress. The 'reformatory process, if needed, must commence with me.

Let me never lose sight of the fact, that my servants are women like myself—women with thoughts, feelings, habits, bad and good; with weaknesses, mental and physical; with aims and hopes distinctly defined, however limited; with a life here meant to be their school for the next life; with an immortal soul.

As duty is the great end and blessing of existence, one of my first duties to my maiden is to see that she performs hers—to exact from her, kindly but firmly, the strict performance of that amount of service for which she was hired. Nothing more. I have not the slightest right to more. I did not buy her soul and body; I merely entered into a compact that, for just wages, she should do something she wished and was fitted to do; anything over and above which she does for me, is an act of supererogation on her part, which I am bound to receive with pleasure, as springing out of those kindly relations which place the whole human race on one level of love.

Then, as to her comforts. I know—as many of us sadly know!—the value of health myself. I don't see why the same sanitary laws that apply to me should not apply to her. I do not think I have any right—if I have a right to keep a servant at all—to make her sleep in an unwholesome bedroom, be it hot, smothery kitchen, or damp back-kitchen, or close attic without either chimney or ventilator. I have no right to despatch her on needless errands in pelting wet nights or burning summer-days. Not the slightest right in the world to keep her 'on her feet' nineteen hours out of the twenty-four—sending her to bed at one A.M., and feeling surprised if she does not rise the next morning at six. There is no condition of physical health which I claim for myself that I ought not to grant to her, subject always to our different habits of life, and constitutional requirements. Morally speaking, I most certainly am responsible, so far as my influence and authority extend, not only for her soul's but her body's welfare. But if these appliances fail, and sickness comes to her, as it comes to all, God forbid I should ever forget that she and I are alike His children.

You suppose, I daresay, Mrs Smith, that it is against you that Emma or Betsy sins when she mimics your satins and laces in flimsy silk or cotton blonde; or, going a step further, actually flaunts in the very same materials you wear? Not a bit of it; no more than if you were to purchase the same Cashmere shawl as Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. Certainly you might; you would harm nobody—except yourself. So, whenever your maid-servant errs in buying unmeet finery, she errs against herself; lowers her own self-respect, and the honest dignity of her position, by trying to appear what she is not; wastes in shabby showiness the money which ought to be laid up against old age; loses the simple neatness of the serving-maid, and becomes ridiculous as the sham fine lady.

I have no objection to a pretty servant; on the contrary, it is rather a pleasure to see her about the house. But if she, whose total income is from eight to twelve pounds per annum, tries to make an appearance equal to myself, who justifiably spend thirty guineas a year on clothes alone, I will certainly shew her, without a shadow of poor thing, she does not harm me!—the folly of such a proceeding. I would try to make her understand that in her station as well as mine, respectability lies in the woman herself, to which no mode of dress can add nothing, and may take no deal away. But in this matter, as in most others, the mistress's personal example is at once the best and the most infallible reproof.

Depend upon it, my dear Mesdames Smith, Brown, and Jones, that if you make a point of appearing at your breakfast-table invariably at eight A.M.—I will not insult you by supposing any later hour possible in your well-regulated establishments—there will be little fear of your finding Martha drowsily opening the parlour shutters, or Sarah sulkily lighting the kitchen-fire: if, in all your prandial arrangements, you fix a convenient time, and are punctual to it, satisfied that, except on emergencies, it is quite as unjust to Cook to keep her dinner waiting, as it is for Cook to keep the family waiting dinner—you will not long have that indescribable nuisance, injurious both to health of body and quiet of mind—irregular, ill-cooked, uncomfortable meals.

Lastly, if when things go wrong, as in the best of households must happen at times, you, the mistress, are seen to take it quietly, reproving and remedying as much as you please, but still always *quietly*; never for an instant allowing yourself to give way to that 'temper' which you would remorselessly condemn in your inferiors—will you have still to complain of the 'impertinence' of servants?—I think not.

'How strange!' said a lady once in my hearing to another, who was violently inveighing against the insolence of her domestics; 'I never had a saucy speech from a servant in all my life.'

A fact which, much as she wondered at, I did not—knowing her. The secret was simple enough: she was a woman who had rule over herself, and therefore was capable of ruling other people. Out of her own conscientiousness, she justly judged her inferiors, and her own weaknesses taught her lenity towards theirs. With all her individuality of ladyhood, her sympathies were wide enough to give her some meeting-point of interest with the meanest Cinderella that ever scudded slipshod across a floor; and her large charity could, even in the darkest picture of humanity, trace a little brightness—a little hope. Above all, she had the rarely feminine quality of being able—let the vexed question be ever so confused, and her own feelings ever so mixed up therewith—always to see clearly *the other side*.

It is this other side—the Kitchen-side—which I would have viewed more clearly, and more often in parlours: viewed as a question of simple justice, in which the one wide law of a common humanity, with its common rights, merits, and errors, is perpetually recognised. Not by preaching up an unnatural, unwholesome, and impossible equality; not, in any case, by lowering the position of the mistress, but by raising that of the servant. Small fear that, so raised, she will grow 'above her place'—above the condition where her lot is cast, and for which she is best qualified. I have always noticed, that the higher a man or woman rises on the scale of intelligence, the more both gain of that honest pride which knows that it best respects itself in respecting its superiors. There is no humility like that of wisdom, and no presumption like that of ignorance. I would wish to see every human being whom it has pleased Heaven to place in the ranks of servitude, raised by moral example, by judicious and liberal education, and especially by invariable justice of treatment, to that safe height of self-knowledge and self-respect which alone is true 'respectability.'

Honour and shame from no condition rise;

Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

Finally, I would fain refer to a Higher Authority still—one, read unconsciously by my clerical nephew-in-law on the very Saturday-evening when the gigot went down stairs; heard unconsciously by my pretty niece in her fireside arm-chair, as well as by cook, housemaid, and nursery-maid, sitting apart by the dining-room door, in a white-aproned respectful row—an Authority which, among many others, society acknowledges with its lips, but would recoil in astonishment if expected to

believe in, or, still worse, to act upon. Did you ever, my dear church-going friend, think of the plain literal meaning of these plain words: 'For one is your master, even Christ: and all ye are brethren?'

MR BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

ONE fine summer-morning, a few years since, there was wonderful excitement in the Irish village of Ballydooley. All the idle men, women, and children in the neighbourhood—comprehending about nine-tenths of the population—were assembled on the large level common which served as a race-course and galling-green; and all thronged towards some object in the centre, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

'Yea, then, what's the name of it at all, at all?' demanded one ragged *gossamer*.

'Is it tied to the tail of it he's going to go up?' asked another.

'Ah, don't be foolish!' exclaimed an old man, the 'sense-carrier' of the district: 'don't ye see the long ropes he's going to hold on by?'

'Well, well!' groaned an old woman, taking her *dudeen*, or short black pipe, out of her mouth, and sticking it, lighted as it was, within the folds of her cross-barred cotton neckerchief; 'them English are mighty quare people. I'm sure, when we heard that this Mr Brown, with his sacks of goold, was coming to Ritclarm, after buying out the rule ould stock of the Deasys, we thought he'd have carriages and horses galore, and maybe a fine yacht in the harbour; but it never entered the heads of any of us that nothing less would serve him than going coorsing through the air, like a wild-goose, at the tail of a ballone, or whatsoever they call it.'

For some time past, the process of inflating the balloon had been going on; and now the great gaily-painted orb towered tremulously above the heads of the gaping spectators, and pressing against the cords by which it was held down, it seemed only to await the arrival of the bold aeronaut to dart upwards on its way.

'Here he is!' exclaimed the outward stragglers of the crowd; and presently a carriage drew up, and out stepped Mr Brown the English millionaire, who had lately become an Irish landed proprietor. Mr Brown was a little dapper man, whom a very small amount of pugilistic force would have sufficed to lay level with the soil of his adoption. He was one of those unlucky individuals who meet an accident at every turn—who, in entering a room, invariably slip, tumble, knock down some piece of furniture, or sit down beside their chair instead of upon it. He seldom escaped upsetting his ink-stand; sending his meat and drink the 'wrong way,' and then coughing and choking for half an hour; cutting his fingers, tearing his coat, or knocking his forehead against a door, so that he rarely appeared in society without scars, plasters, or bandages. In practising gymnastics, he had knocked out three teeth; in yachting at Cowes, he had been four times nearly drowned; in shooting on the moors in Scotland, he had left the grouse unharmed, but had blown off two of his own fingers. A taste for pyrotechny had singed handsomely his eyebrows, hair, and whiskers; and as to railway travelling, his hair-breadth escapes and moving accidents, amid collisions, upsets, and explosions, would have served to fill two or three handsome orange-coloured volumes of the *English Railway Library*, or the *French Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*.

At length, having tried the three elements of earth, water, and fire, it occurred to Mr Brown that the remaining one of air, as a medium of locomotion, might be more agreeable, and could not be more perilous, than

the others. He accordingly, the year before, when residing on his estate in Devonshire, had purchased an excellent balloon, and, strange to say, had made several ascents, and had come down again in perfect safety. On this occasion, he meditated a flight over the Green Isle, and intended to come down at Belfast; but the best informed members of the crowd asserted that he was going 'every step of the way to Amerikky.'

A London friend, who had come to Ireland on a fishing-excursion, had promised to join Mr Brown in his flight; but, as it would seem, his courage failed, and he came not. In nowise discouraged, however, Mr Brown was just about to step into his aerial car, when a tall strongly-built man suddenly stepped forward, and politely saluting the aeronaut, said: 'May I ask you a question, sir?'

'Certainly.'

'Is it true that you are going to America?'

'No; merely to Belfast, wind and weather permitting.'

'Belfast,' repeated the stranger in a musing manner—'the north of Ireland.' 'Well, that is just the direction towards which I want to go, and I hate land-travelling. Will you, sir, accept me as a companion?'

Mr Brown hesitated for a moment; but as he really wished for some one to accompany him, he saw no serious objection to the plan, and accordingly signified his acquiescence, merely remarking to the stranger, that his costume seemed too light for the regions of cold air which they would have to traverse.

'Bah!' was the reply. 'I have passed through more changes of climate than that, and I am happily very robust.'

'Well,' said Mr Brown, looking at the massive frame of the unknown, 'my car is large enough. Come, in the name of Providence!' So they took their places, and the word was given: 'Let go!'

The fifteen men whose hands were severely pressed by the straining cords, desired nothing better, and in a moment the freed balloon began to ascend majestically. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands.

'Ah!' cried Mr Brown, 'this is delightful! Don't you think so?' Not receiving any answer, he turned and looked at his travelling-companion. There he was, lying almost flat on his face and hands, with his head over the side of the car: his eyes were fixed, his hair bristling!

'Are you afraid?' asked Mr Brown.

No answer. The balloon ascended rapidly, and ere long arrived at the region of the clouds. Turning once more to his immovable companion, Mr Brown shook him slightly by the arm, and said: 'Are you ill?' Still no reply, but a fixed and stolid stare. They were now at a great elevation; clouds lay beneath their feet, above their heads a burning sun, and infinite space around them.

Suddenly the stranger stood upright, his face pallid as that of a corpse.

'Faster! faster!' he exclaimed in a tone of authority, and seizing in succession three of the bags of sand which served as ballast, he flung them out of the car, at the same time laughing in a strange wild manner. 'Ha!' he cried, 'that's the way to travel! We shall distance the swallow, we shall tower above the eagle. When I was in the Abruzzi with my rifle in my hand, watching for stray travellers, I never felt so excited as I do now. Then their lives were in danger, now it is my own.'

Very pleasant! thought the owner of the balloon. I have picked up some rascally Italian brigand.

'Better to fight with the elements than with custom-house officers!' continued his companion. The balloon ascended at a terrific rate, in his turn, Mr Brown stood up, and laying his hand on the stranger's arm, said:

'For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our lives are at

stake. I must allow some of the gas to escape, in order to repair your imprudence.'

'How do you do it?'

'I have only to draw this string, which is connected with the valve.'

'And if you had not that resource, what would be the consequence?'

'We should continue to ascend, until everything would burst from excessive dilatation.' The man continued for a few moments in deep thought; then suddenly drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as high up as he could reach.

'Faster! faster!' he reiterated. The stranger was a giant compared with Mr Brown, who, perceiving that he could obtain nothing by force, began to try conciliation.

'Sir,' said he in a soothing tone, 'you are a Christian, I make no doubt. Well, our religion forbids homicide!'

'Faster!' shouted the giant; and seizing the remaining sacks of sand, he scattered their contents to the clouds. Mr Brown fell on his knees.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'if you have no regard for your own life, at least have some pity on mine. I am young, rich, happy; I have a mother and a sister: in their name, I conjure you to stretch your hand up to the valve, and save us from a dreadful death, by allowing some gas to escape.'

Shaking his wild locks, the stranger drew off his coat, and exclaiming: 'We are not ascending!' flung it out.

'Your turn now!' he continued; and without the smallest ceremony, he despoiled the unfortunate Brown of his paletôt, and threw it over.

The balloon pursued its wild career without stop or stay.

'Ha! ha!' said the stranger: 'while we're thus climbing so pleasantly towards the sky, I'll tell you a story—shall I?' His unhappy companion did not stir. Already, from the extreme rarity of the air, the blood was gushing from his eyes and ears. 'Listen! Three years ago, I lived in Madrid. I was a widower, with one little daughter, a gentle, bright-eyed angel: her long curling hair is waving this moment before my eyes. One day, I went out early, and did not return until late; my child, my beautiful Emma, was gone; banditti had come and stolen her from me. But, my friend, have you a cannon here?' Mr Brown made mechanically a sign in the negative. 'What a pity!—I would have bombarded Spain! Ever since, I have searched for my child in every country of Europe, but in vain. Now I think she may be in the north of Ireland. Have you a lucifer-match here?' Mr Brown made no reply, but shook his head. 'You have not? Ah! if I could get one, I would set the balloon on fire, and then, when reduced to ashes, it would be much lighter! When you first saw me this morning, I was examining the stupid faces of yon crowd, to see if the dark foreign one of my Emma's robber might be amongst them.'

It was evident to poor Mr Brown that his travelling-companion was a confirmed lunatic. A sudden idea struck him.

'What is your name?' he asked.

'Gerald Annesley.'

'The very same!'

'What mean you?'

'I know where the wretch lives who stole your child; we are now just above the spot. Draw the valve, Mr Annesley, and in a short time you will embrace your Emma!'

'No, no, you are deceiving me. My Emma is not on earth; she is in heaven. Last night, she appeared to me in a dream, and told me so. That's the reason I want to ascend higher and higher. Come, my friend, help me: let us both blow as hard as we can on the

balloon. As we are beneath, our breath *must* help it to rise. Blow! blow!' Mr Brown, moved by terror, tried to obey.

'It does not stir! Come, mount on my shoulders, and *push* the balloon!' And without consulting him any further, the giant caught him up, as if he had been a feather, and held him above his head, saying: 'Now, push the balloon!' The unlucky victim tried to obey, but the blood blinded his eyes. There was a horrible buzzing in his ears, and lights flashed before him. For a moment, he thought of throwing himself over, in order to end his torments.

'Ha!' shouted the madman, 'it does not go!' At that moment the trembling hand of Mr Brown touched accidentally the cord of the safety-valve. He made it play, and the collapsing orb began to descend rapidly. Through the clouds it darted downwards, and the earth re-appeared.

'Ah!' cried Annesley, 'instead of pushing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it downwards. Push upwards!—push, I say!'

'You see that I am pushing as hard as I can.'

'No; for here is the earth!'

'It is only that the clouds are rising towards the upper regions.'

'Well, let us do the same. Let us throw out all our ballast.'

'We have no more.' Gerald Annesley laid Mr Brown gently in the bottom of the car.

'We have no more ballast, you say?' he asked, looking fixedly at him.

'No more.'

'How much do you weigh?' This question fell on poor Brown like a stunning blow. 'How much do you weigh?' repeated his companion in a louder tone.

'Ah, very little—nothing that could make the slightest difference—a mere trifle.'

'A mere trifle! Well, even that will make some difference.' The imminence of the peril gave our aeronaut presence of mind.

'My friend,' said he, 'your child is not dead. I saw her last week near Belfast. She is living with a family who love her, and treat her as their own. In a very short time, if you will allow us to descend, you will meet her.' The madman looked at him with a wild doubting gaze.

'Yes,' continued Brown eagerly, anxious to confirm the impression he had made; 'you will see her, your darling little Emma, running to meet you with outstretched arms, and her fair golden curls waving in the wind.'—

'You lie! you lie! Emma's hair was as black as jet! Man! you never saw her! How much do you weigh?'

'Ah! a mere nothing—only a few pounds!' Gerald Annesley seized Mr Brown with both hands, and held him suspended over the side of the car. In another moment, he would have dropped him into the abyss of space.

'Annesley!' exclaimed the poor man, 'you want to mount higher?'

'Yes! yes!'

'Your only wish is to lighten the balloon?'

'Yes.'

'Then, how much do you weigh yourself?'

'Two hundred pounds.'

'Well, if you were to throw yourself over, the balloon, lightened of such a great weight, would dart upwards with inconceivable rapidity.' The madman reflected for a moment.

'True!' he said; 'you are right!' He laid Mr Brown in the bottom of the car, and stared wildly around.

'My Maker!' he cried, 'I go to meet Thee; I go to embrace my child, my Emma!' And flinging himself over, he disappeared.

The balloon and its owner reached the earth in safety: the latter, however, lay for many weeks raving in brain-fever. When he recovered, he gave orders to have his perilous plaything sold at any sacrifice, and soon afterwards provided himself with an excellent care-taker in the shape of a pretty young wife, under whose tutelage 'the masher,' as his Irish valet remarks, 'is growing a dale more handy in himself.' So this was Mr Brown's last ascent to the clouds.

THE SERVIAN S.

THE Christian populations of the Turkish Empire, after remaining for four centuries unnoticed and forgotten, have at length, in the course of the present war, excited the attention of the Western world. Still, the public has but a dim notion of their existence, their social condition, development, and aspirations. We heard them, not long ago, in parliament called Greeks, because, no doubt, most of them belong to the Eastern Church, which we erroneously call the Greek Church; but only an insignificant fraction of the Christian inhabitants of European Turkey claims the illustrious name of Hellenes; indeed, the great majority would feel insulted by such a denomination; neither their history nor their traditions having any connection with the Macedonian Alexander, or the Ionians and Dorians of Athens and Sparta. They constitute several groups of nations, feeling no communion of race, but each striving for supremacy. Those groups are—1. The Southern Slavonians, including the Servians, Bosniaks, and Montenegrins, allied to the Croatians and Dalmatians, and forming what the Germans call the Illyrian triangle; 2. The Roumans or Moldowallachians, on the left bank of the Danube and in the mountains of Macedonia; 3. The Bulgarians, on the plain between the Danube and the Balkan; 4. The Albanians and Mirdites, in the fastnesses of the Acroecavunians, the Greeks proper, and the Armenians, chiefly inhabitants of the towns, scattered all over the empire.

Of all those races, the Servians undoubtedly form the most interesting nationality, having for at least eight centuries maintained the semi-independence of their country; and even when they yielded to the Turkish conqueror, re-establishing it by force of arms. As long as we know them in history—that is to say, from the time of the migration, the country south of the Danube and Save, from Srebernie to Widin up to the Balkan—the Moesia Superior of the Romans—was ruled by a race of native princes owing allegiance first to the Byzantine emperors, and later to the kings of Hungary. The country, protected by mountain-ranges and dense forests, remained nearly independent, and the suzerains in Constantinople and in Buda were fully content with maintaining a nominal supremacy over the warlike nation, which readily supported them in war, but never paid tribute in peace. When the Turkish hosts, in the first triumphant period of their history, swept over the dependencies of the Byzantine Empire like the waters of an overflowing river, the Servians tried to stem their progress. But the power of the nation was broken in the year 1389, by the victory of Sultan Amurath I. on the field of the Blackbirds, when King Lazar of Servia was taken prisoner. In the evening, the sultan was riding over the scene of his triumph, covered with dead and wounded enemies, when suddenly one of the Servian braves, though mortally wounded, bounded up, and stabbed him in the heart. The dying sultan had now the prisoners, and among them King Lazar, brought to his tent, and executed before his closing eyes. From this time the princes of the House of Brankovich pursued a policy of duplicity and double-dealing, in order to

maintain their position between the powerful empires of Turkey and Hungary—allying themselves in turn to the sultan and the king, according to expediency, and betraying both: until at last Soliman the Magnificent, weary of the tergiversations which had continued for more than one century, extinguished the national existence of Servia. During the struggles preceding the catastrophe, the aristocracy of Servia had emigrated gradually to Hungary, and taken part in the long war between Hungary and Turkey, which filled up a period of 150 years—a way retaining the hope that the German emperor might be able to restore them to their country. When at last Hungary was reconquered from the Turks, in the time of Leopold I.—end of the seventeenth century—the patriarch of the Servians, Arsenius Csernovics, with 60,000 families, left Servia, despairing of the overthrow of Turkish supremacy beyond the Danube, and settled in the deserted plains of Southern Hungary, allured by the promise of the emperor, that the nationality and self-government of the Servians would be maintained. Ever since that time, the Servians and Hungarians were played against one another by the German emperors, until the independent national existence of Hungary, and all the liberties and privileges of the Servians, were swamped alike by Austrian functionalism in 1867.

The landed aristocracy of Servia having left the country, the Servian serfs became of course freemen. They were oppressed by Turkish pachas, and often driven to despair by the unjust exactions of tax-gatherers; but the continuous action of the feudal lords, which had formerly ground them down and degraded their character, had completely ceased. A manly spirit of independence grew up among them, and in the beginning of the present century they succeeded, after several partial failures, in expelling the Turks from the principality, and in concluding a treaty by which the sultan acknowledged their right of national self-government and the free election of their princes, and transformed his sovereignty into a suzerainty for a moderate yearly tribute and assistance in case of war.

The sturdy, warlike, illiterate freemen of Servia had now the task of constituting their country, and of organising its administration. They executed this in a creditable way, though their first prince, Milosh Obrenovitch, and several of his ministers, never arrived at so advanced a stage of civilisation as to be able to write their own names. Still, one of the friends of the prince, his private secretary, Wuk Stephanovitch Karachich—that is to say, Wolf, the son of Stephen the tax-payer—was a man remarkable for his scholarship. He had collected and published the popular songs and epic traditions of the Servian race, which were admired by Goethe, and by every lover of true poetry. Wolf, the son of Stephen, was a tall, strong-built man, with a powerful forehead, grizzly hair, and a wooden leg. I met him often at my bookseller's at Vienna, and listened to his spirited description of the primitive manners in Servia and the mountains of Montenegro. The Hungarians at that time took a great interest in the intellectual and national movement across the Danube. Several of our acquaintances, young country gentlemen of Servian extraction, but long ago naturalised in Hungary, went over to Belgrade and Kragujevatz, and paid their attentions to the daughters and nieces of Prince Milosh, who considered an alliance of his princely house with the Hungarian gentry very honourable. His daughters married Hungarian gentlemen, and his sons, the heirs-presumptive to the Servian throne, were sent to Temesvar, a provincial town in Hungary, to learn good manners and gentlemanly behaviour.

My friend, Mr Possavetz, the sheriff of the county Forsega, became quite an enthusiast in the primitive virtues and manners and customs of the Servians, who, according to him, resembled entirely the heroes of the

Iliad, whilst all the Western nations, the Hungarians included, were emasculated, and tainted by corrupt civilisation. This state of feeling was reported in Serbia; and as Mr Possavetz was known not only as an accomplished scholar, but likewise as a gentleman of considerable administrative talents and long official experience, Prince Milosh invited him to pay a visit to his court at Kragujevatz, and eventually to become his prime-minister. My friend was delighted with the invitation; he saw himself already as the Solon or Lycurgus of the new country, framing its laws, organising its administration, and carrying it forward on the path of civilisation to the standard of other European countries. He hastened to Belgrade in the steam-boat, and was here received by an aid-de-camp of the prince, ready to accompany him to Kragujevatz. My friend was not a good horseman, and felt rather nervous at mounting the fiery steed the prince had sent; he remarked, with a sigh, that the heroes of the *Iliad* were always driving in chariots, and did not ride on horseback; but the aid-de-camp seemed not to understand the allusion, and my learned friend soon found out that the condition of the roads in Serbia did not admit of the use of carriages; and as soon as he became a little familiar with his horse, he pondered over the necessities and advantages of a good system of communication throughout the principality as the first measure of his future administration.

Arrived at Kragujevatz, in the palace of the prince—rather primitive, and although more spacious, by far less comfortable than his own residence in Porsega—he was received by Milosh in the most cordial way; and after a conversation of a few hours, and a Servian dinner, at which pork and spirits were profusely served in different forms, Mr Possavetz came to the conclusion, that the prince was the most humane and kind-hearted man he had ever met with—far superior to the haughty and often unkind Agamemnon; and that there was every reason to accept the offer of a sovereign who seemed so anxious to enter into schemes that might advance the moral and material condition of his people. Besides, the position of a principal secretary of state in Serbia presented itself, under favourable aspects, as the means not only of acquiring immortal renown, but securing likewise very acceptable worldly advantages in the shape of L.1500 a year, not including perquisites. Still, though the prince pressed my friend immediately to accept the proposition, Mr Possavetz required some hours of leisure and meditation before he could give his final answer, whether he should exchange his independent, comfortable position in Hungary, for the higher but more toilsome station of a legislator and organiser of Serbia. Accordingly, he took a walk through the gardens of the prince—in fact, a large oak-forest, where the royal pigs were feeding upon acorns, wealth in Serbia consisting mainly in herds of hogs. Rambling along the footpaths of the forest until dusk, he suddenly ran his head against something hanging from the branches of a lofty tree. He looked up, and to his disgust found that it was the corpse of a hanged man! Unaccustomed to such sights, he asked the swineherd about the matter, and was coolly told, 'It was the corpse of the late chief-clerk of his highness, who, suspected of being in communication with foreign courts, was hanged at the command of the prince without trial, since traitors did not deserve any ceremony.' My friend was horror-struck; his dreams about Solon and Lycurgus, and the primitive virtues of the Servians, vanished at once. He hastened to the palace, and under pretext of enjoying a ride in the clear moon-shine, he had his horse saddled, and fled to Belgrade, and across the Danube, as if hunted by all the Homeric warriors of Serbia. As soon as he arrived in Hungary, he wrote a most respectful letter to Prince Milosh, declining the honour intended to be conferred upon

him. He no more longed for the primitive virtues of Serbia, and became quite reconciled to the corrupt civilisation of the West.

A CONCERT IN SYDNEY.

FROM THE DIARY OF A WANDERING FIDDLER.

Our readers probably remember Mishka Hauser and his Tahitian Concert;* we have now from his pen the following sketch of his Australian adventures:

It took us five dreary weeks to reach Port Jackson from Tahiti. Dense mist covered the beautiful bay when we arrived on the 25th of November, but the rays of the rising sun soon dispelled it, and we beheld Sydney with delightful surprise rising, like the fata morgana, from the waves. The town is situated between two promontories, which form the Bay of Sydney, protected by two forts, and affording safe anchorage to the largest ships. Charming groves of trees and villas are dotted over the shores, proud steamers and innumerable ships, gaily displaying the flags of all the sea-faring nations, float on the waves; and on the landing-place there is a concourse of men of different races clustering and moving like bees. Sydney is the centre of the commerce of the Pacific; it is the seat of the government of New South Wales, has large public buildings, three theatres, many banks, an orphan asylum, a philosophical and an agricultural society, a topographical bureau, several hospitals, schools, and even a university and observatory. All the streets, as well as the dials of the clocks, are lighted with gas; the brick-houses, of light structure, look comfortable; the paving is tolerably good; whilst a motley crowd of Europeans, Chinese, Papuans, and Malays, in picturesque attire, enlivens the novel scene.

Several Germans called on me soon after my arrival: they had seen my name in the papers; and since in a foreign country it is pleasant to meet even with those slight acquaintances we scarcely notice at home, I was very agreeably surprised by their attention, and went under their guidance to see the sights of Sydney.

The centre of the town is Victoria Place: it is the head-quarters of its civilisation. We see here book-shops, reading-rooms, coffee-houses, hotels, confectionaries, elegant stores, and a rich display of jewellery, shawls, and all the luxuries of European life. And what a crowd of people of all nations, languages, manners, and customs! Here Englishmen, with their angular deportment and apathetic countenance; there the calculating Americans, with their sharp features; the bashful Germans, green and awkward, scarcely daring to speak aloud; forward Irishmen, quite at home in Australia; and, again, ugly Papuans, combining cunning and stupidity in their expression; and natives of the Celestial Empire, sauntering about with comical gravity, and staring with small twinkling eyes at the wonders of Sydney. Every individual of these varieties of mankind seems to be possessed by the demon of money-making. Mammon is the idol worshipped by the whole population.

We paid a visit to the Chinese quarter, and I feared I should lose my hearing by the deafening noise. Jugglers, dancers, and pedlers stop the thoroughfare—all shouting at the top of their voices, and trying to carry off the stranger by force into their shops and stalls; but each neutralising by competition the attempts of his neighbour. A dispute arises, and ends in a row; and whilst they take hold of one another's tails, we escape from the riotous neighbourhood and its furious din.

After sunset, weary and exhausted by my wanderings, I entered a coffee and eating house in one of the most fashionable streets. I found a merry company there,

* See No. 74, p. 337.

laughing and shouting, with billiard-balls rattling, and the corks of champagne bottles popping. It was the strangest assembly of adventurers and gold-hunters—of respectable men and swindlers—of physicians, gamblers, and merchants—of Americans, Chinese, and Jews; the last mostly from Germany, apparently well pleased with their new home, the country of gold, which has everywhere so strange an attraction for the children of Israel.

Deep, I might say solemn, silence prevailed in the adjoining rooms, which are the palaces of play. Recklessness and crime are seated here round the green table, many thoughtless young men are fleeced every day; law has as yet no sufficient weight here to stop the doings of vice. The rage of gambling has a baneful influence on social life in Sydney. Rapacity and sensuality have established their head-quarters in the town; and though much has already been done, still more remains to be done in establishing a higher moral tone of society in a commonwealth founded originally by the thieves and swindlers of England, and now given into absolute anarchy by inconsiderate immigration, the natural consequence of the discovery of the Diggings.

The hotels and eating-houses are established on the English principle, but they are just as expensive as the American hotels at San Francisco. It was in vain I watched carefully the strings of my purse, for it requires here fully four pounds a day to live respectably. But even such expenditure seems too slow for some lucky miners, who are anxious to spend their money as quickly as they gained it. Nearly 500 gambling-houses disgrace the town, and many thousands of men spend their lives in them. It is impossible to describe the wiles and tricks of the miserable corrupters of public morality; no means is too vicious for them, and the most refined allurements are resorted to, in order to lead the unsophisticated stranger to perdition. There is, for instance, a gambling-house here, which twice a week gives free dinner-parties. Well ever has a black dress-coat, white waistcoat, and patent-leather boots, may enter and enjoy the dainties on the open table. Of course, after dinner he is invited in return to try his fortune at dice, when the fumes of champagne have clouded his brain. Many a foreigner has gone into this house for the sake of fun, and left it a despairing beggar.

The Botanical Garden—the Hyde Park of Sydney—is dreary and dusty, since the dry season, lasting eight months in the year, destroys the vegetation, and produces clouds of sand and dust. Two rows of stiff gum-trees form a long avenue leading into the Garden, filled with the fashionables of Sydney. Seated on chairs and benches, we see ladies who have long ago passed the summer-solstice of their life: these centres of attraction are surrounded and courted by young men, and in this paradise of the passées they are sure to arrive speedily at the blessedness of married life. Many a bachelor in Sydney remarks, sighingly, that the choice among the unmarried ladies lies within a rather too narrow compass; but the demand is great, the supply small, and Europe very distant. Close to this place, on a green meadow, the hopeful offspring of the Australian gold-ocracy are gambling, and making as terrible a noise as if they tried to prove themselves the worthy children of those men who, under the shade of yonder coffee and ice-cream stall, are transacting business—buying and selling gold with tremendous yells.

A few days after my arrival, I paid my visits to the different editors of Sydney. At my first call, I came to a palace-like house, the ground-floor occupied by the printing-office. On the first-floor, among other advertisements, I found a tablet informing visitors, that the editor cannot be spoken with unless paid for his valuable time: accordingly, everybody without

exception is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing 10s.; half an hour, 6s.; fifteen minutes, 3s. Such were the contents of this singular price-current of time. I went into the waiting-room, and buying from the Australian negro, in red livery, an hour of his master's time, I entered the parlour with a strong feeling of curiosity. The editor received me in a very unprepossessing and sluggish manner. "You are an artist, and come from Europe to make money?" said he in a not very friendly tone. But when he understood that I had come from South America and California, his face lighted up, and his voice became less abrupt. He asked me, without longer preface, what pecuniary sacrifice I was ready to make in order to be puffed by his paper. I was startled by this bluntness, and replied that, in case of success, I would surely give him material proofs of my gratitude; but he did not find my answer precise enough, and requested me to come at once to a definite understanding, and to pay a certain sum, without which, according to him, it would be impossible for me to succeed. Telling him that I wished to adjourn the conference, as I could not at once come to a decision, I left this temple of editorial integrity and public spirit. The other editors were less rapacious and more friendly: they gave me, indeed, the best advice about my concerns. The costs are enormous, but so are likewise the prices of tickets: a box, £5; stalls, £2; pit, 10s. On the whole, however, my prospects were far from promising. I could not feel sympathy with the population of Sydney, and did not expect to meet with any from them. Everybody here being immersed in the cares of profit and loss, is cold and reserved, and in society dull and stupid. Political meetings alone are apt to draw out their eloquence, and nothing but drunken revels and cock-fights amuse them. How could we expect a taste for the fine arts in such a state of society?

The English maintain here the stereotyped customs and manners of the mother-country; although the climate should suggest some modification, still nobody deviates from the English routine, even the ugly Austral negroes copying the habits of their masters in the most ridiculous way, though they hate them cordially. The Papuans are probably the dirtiest race of humanity—ugly, lean, and long; they are dull, though cunning, thievish, and cowardly; the sight of a sword or pistol frightens them into fits. Several thousands of these benighted people live at Sydney where they have accepted the vices of civilisation; their dress is made up from the most heterogeneous articles—for instance, they wear a black dress-coat with a lady's straw-bonnet, or the Chinese cap and broad Malay trousers. Most of them are clever barbers or lazy servants in the hotels, pickpockets or policemen; all of them are enthusiastically fond of brandy; and their propensity for thieving is scarcely to be checked by any means. Thus it happened that, my black dress-coat which, on the day of my first concert, I handed to the servant to be brushed, disappeared in an inexplicable way. Happily I had another in reserve, and made a most careful toilet. Suddenly the waters of the sky poured down in a truly Australian shower, though no clouds were visible; but soon this ceased, and full of the brightest hopes, I had an open cab called, and hastened to the concert-hall. But, oh! what a discomfiture, unheard of in the annals of musical adventures! Half an hour before the beginning of the performance, on the way to Australian fame and its golden reward, I was upset by the stupid driver, and lay in the mud of Sydney. What a fall! my dress-coat and gloves were spoiled, and the question arose how to remedy the loss. Like King Richard, I raved through the streets. 'A dress-coat, a dress-coat! a kingdom for a dress-coat!' A German tailor took pity on my despair, and with truly German amiability he sold me

for L.8 a dress-coat—not precisely black, but light-blue, with yellow buttons, and not exactly fitting me: still it was a dress-coat. I now hastened to the Royal Victoria Theatre.

The house was half empty when I arrived at the overture of *La Gazza Ladra*—was just verging to its end, and the curtain was raised. I stepped forth, made a respectful bow, and was about to put my fiddlestick in motion, when suddenly an outburst of indignation was heard in the dress-circle, and I was ordered to withdraw. Confused and surprised by such a greeting, I retired bashfully; and behind the scenes the manager received me with a desperate countenance, and the most serious reproaches, for having dared to insult the gentry of the city, the best society of the antipodes, by appearing without gloves, and in a sky-blue dress-coat. Indeed, it was too bad; but what could I do? In a few words I told him of my mishap, whilst the audience shouted, 'The conductor!' He made his appearance, and related in a confused way the lamentable story of my two dress-coats; adding an extemporised biography of myself, and suggesting to the honourable company that, under such circumstances, a genius might be forgiven for his want of courtesy even to so distinguished an audience; and he wound up his speech by asking whether the ladies and gentlemen would allow Mr Hauser to play or not. 'Yes,' replied a voice from the dress-circle; and 'Yes, yes!' was the general shout throughout the assembly.

I was rather nervous at my second appearance on the scene of action, but with the *Siciliana* I made a bold attack on the ears of the punctilious public. Tremendous applause rewarded and encouraged me; and when I struck up *Rule Britannia*, with Onslow's variations, the audience grew rapturous, and the ladies in the dress-circle clapped their hands, and said, 'Very fine!'

The concert, in short, which had begun under such ominous forebodings, ended in the most gratifying way. The public seemed to be content, and all the places for my next performance are taken and paid for.

THE NECROMANCY OF SCIENCE.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUDING PART.

KEENLY sensible of having derived both pleasure and instruction from my interview with the Star-watcher, in the penitential of his enchantments, I found myself in a few days again standing, with the tubes, and wheels, and recording-familiar around me, and with the pleasant features of my kind and intelligent instructor before me; and looking reverentially upon the strange implements, I remarked to my flesh-and-blood companion, that he 'seemed to be exceedingly well served by the material aids he had subjected to his will.'

'We do the best we can,' he answered, 'with the imperfect appliances at our command; but you would hardly conceive that we are, nevertheless, compelled to wage a never-ending war with matter. We are always striving to circumvent its obstinacy, and to overcome its opposition. It persists in being rigid when we want it to be pliant, and it yields whenever we desire it to be firm. The earth itself whirls in space with a movement that has neither tremor nor jar, and that is absolute in its smoothness and evenness. Friction and irregularity are alike impossibilities for it; yet you observed how that star tottered the other day as it passed before your vision. The shaking palsy you witnessed was neither in the earth nor in the star; its seat is exclusively in the tube and its attachments. After all the pains we have taken to make our instrument of

observation steady, this is the measure of our success. Look at that iron tube, with its massive arms; you would think it must require some very strong impulse to disturb it from its repose. Notice those pyramids of stone in which the arms are imbedded; you would say it would take something heavier than a feather to shake their equanimity. There are hundredweights upon hundredweights of solidity in them, and we have done all in our power to make them as stable as the rock—you shall judge with what result for yourself.'

Suddenly the strip of sky overhead was shut out, and instead of it a little trap-door was opened beneath: through this there appeared, when I glanced down into it, a clear depth, out of which peered a very familiar and well-known object—the face I had contemplated in the morning in my looking-glass whilst making my toilet. A small iron trough of bright quicksilver rested quietly down there, and reflected whatever image was thrown upon it with startling clearness. The great tube was now moved upon its arms until its mouth took the position my face just now occupied, and contemplated itself in this subterranean mirror. Its interior was artificially illuminated by lamplight, and I was mounted up on a ladder, that I might look down through the tube into the quicksilver, instead of up into the sky. I there saw, first, a strong black line: this, I was told, was a spider's thread placed within the tube, and magnified by a glass. Lying close by the side of this, so near to it that it seemed all but touching it, was a twin-thread, exactly like the first in every particular, excepting that it was ghostly and faint, instead of being dark and plain. This was simply the image of the first thread, reflected up from the bright surface of the metallic pool. In obedience to directions now given to me, I first laid the tip of my little-finger against the side of the tube as gently as I could; the concrete and the ghostly thread separated themselves to the extent of half an inch. I removed my finger, and the threads were restored to their position of quiet contact. By a touch that would hardly have ruffled the plumage of a butterfly, I had bent the rigid mail of that thick iron tube—not moved it upon its supports, but absolutely bent its strong substance out of the straight line, as I might have done with a thin slip of elastic whalebone. Next, I laid my finger in the same gentle way upon one of the stone pyramids at my side—which, by the way, I was informed had a separate foundation of its own far down in the solid rock—and instantly both the dark thread and its image were swept away out of sight. The granite block trembled so at the touch, that the thread and its image were rapidly danced backwards and forwards by the disturbance until they both ceased to be visible. When I took away my finger, they gradually became distinct again—something as images in water do as its surface grows still after having been ruffled. This lesson accomplished a complete revolution in all my previous notions of stability. I do not think I shall ever again be able to put my trust in iron and stone.

The great iron tube, I now learned, was the chief trust of the star-watchers, notwithstanding the strong self-will and obstinate perversity it exhibited on certain points. In the technical language of the initiated, it bore the designation 'transit tube,' because its principal employment was the observation of the passage or *transits* of the heavenly bodies over the half-way line of the sky. At the outer end of the tube, there was placed a large lens of glass, whose office it was to catch the rays of the star, and so sort them within, that they formed a bright image there, as the lens of the dark chamber of the photographer forms an image upon its screen of the objects towards which its glance is directed. At the nearer

end of the tube, a small magnifying-glass was fixed, so that the spider's threads could be scrutinised by it, and the exact instant of the star's disappearance behind them be determined. It was by the power of the larger lens that sufficient rays of light were caught from the star to make it visible, as I had seen it, in the midst of clear daylight. The one grand condition that was essential to the accurate performance of the tube—the feature that was indispensable, beyond everything else, to its possessing the confidence of its ruler, was simply this—that its middle upright thread should always be kept in strict coincidence with the half-way line of the sky; in other words, that it should be unvaryingly towards the south. At one time, this was only imperfectly managed; but the tube now marks the meridian passage of each star so accurately, that by a few occasional interrogations, made in cabalistic characters with the point of a pencil, in algebraic form, absolute certainty, to within a few fractions of a second, is attained. In this way it is that mind rules matter, and makes its gross imperfections disappear from the deductions of science, as clouds are dissolved by the blaze of the sun. I should have remarked, that the Ixion-suggesting wheels also carry tubes and spider's threads, and that their rims are figured all over by delicate lines. It is their duty to measure the height of each star in the sky as it crosses the half-way line. By the combined agency of these two instruments, the height-measuring and the sideways-movements marking one, aided by their simple auxiliary the seconds-beating pendulum, the star-watchers work out all their momentous and subtle lore.

As my companion and instructor upon this interesting occasion extinguished his lamp—the real sperm-oil, and not the figurative one—and shut down in its iron sepulchre the quicksilver, now tamed to surprising stillness, and evidently forgetful of its mercurial nature, he said: 'By this time, I do not doubt that you have come to the conclusion, that we star-watchers are a very abstract set of fellows, occupying ourselves with poring into deep things, and more fit to go at once among these still and silent orbs than to remain in connection with the busy world. But in this you are altogether in the wrong, and I cannot let you depart without endeavouring to correct the impression. The world cannot do without us: it is constantly looking to us in the retirement of our secret penetralia for practical guidance in its affairs. We, on our parts, keep ourselves away from the contamination of its bustle, but we are not regardless of the appeal, and we throw out our signals in reply to it. I am now going to hoist the order of the day, and you must come with me to witness the operation. I yesterday carefully noted the passage of a couple of dozen stars beyond each of the five threads of the transit tube. I have added all those observations together, to diminish the chances of error in the matter of fractional parts of seconds, and have tested and corrected the reckoning of the recording-pendulum by the result, and I shall now, in a few minutes, make the clock itself signal the exact moment of the day, in such a way that the signal may be read for miles around, even down to where the ships are lying in the port. It is an understood thing that, when that signal is thrown out, it is exactly one o'clock at the Observatory of Greenwich. We use the time of that place in preference to our own, which differs from it by a trifle more than twelve minutes, because it is taken by general consent as the national standard of time. Every particular place on the earth's surface has its own particular time; and the exact interval that elapses between the noon of two places, shews how far they are asunder east or west of each other, in proportional parts of the earth's circumference. Every hour of time marks a twenty-fourth part of the terrestrial circle as intervening, and every minute of time a sixtieth portion of that.

We give captains the time by means of a large ball, which is disengaged from the top of a lofty mast; out in order that there may be no possible mistake in the matter, the clock itself launches the ball by means of electricity, which, you are aware, moves with the speed of lightning. How this is managed, you shall see for yourself.' He then conducted me from the instrument-chamber across an open space, and we entered a tall column of masonry, and mounted a narrow winding-stair, up—up—until I was glad to pause near the top. We there stopped upon a little platform, and my companion applied a winch to an iron axis, and worked away at it until he was fairly out of breath, turning it round and round. When he rested from his labour, he said: 'There, my ball is now half-mast high, over our heads; that is a hint to my friends down below to get their time-keepers ready, and keep a sharp look-out. Presently, I shall wind the ball to the top; and then they will have to note the instant it starts from that top on its descent, which a good observer may do within the fifth part of a second. You notice here this little iron horseshoe: it is plain soft iron, such as the smith might employ for shoeing a horse's foot; but there, is wound closely round it a coil of copper wire. There is nothing in that wire now, but presently there will be a stream of electricity coursing along it. So soon as that stream begins to run, the iron will for the time be turned into a magnet; and its power of attraction will be very great, because although there is but one stream of electricity, that stream is multiplied by being made to run in the coil, round and round the iron again and again. Whenever plain iron is encircled in this way within the folds of a coil of electricity, it always becomes for the time a magnet, but ceases to be so again the moment the electric stream ceases to flow. Monsieur Pouillet, of Paris, has in this way, by coiling ten thousand feet of wire round two iron horseshoes, made a magnet that was capable of upholding by its attraction several tons. Now, in our case, the electricity comes from a battery, in which plates of copper and zinc are immersed in acidulated water. But the electricity so set free, cannot flow into this wire until a little gap in its continuity is filled up: that gap will only be filled up when the clock over the way below has its hand on the second that completes the hour. The spot which generally marks this second is here a little metallic peg, in the place of the ordinary black dot. When the hand of the clock passes over that peg in completing the hour, it will press it in, and make the circle of wire-communication complete. As it does so, the electric stream will rush along the wire that is laid beneath the ground, and up this staircase, at a quicker pace than we used in mounting; it will then flow through all the coil that is rolled round the horseshoe. The horseshoe will become a magnet, and pull to itself this small iron lever; but as it does so, the lever will act upon a sort of hair-trigger, and loose a detent that upholds the ball at its highest elevation—then down will come the ball. You observe that the slightest touch can pull home this trigger; nevertheless, the ball that is sustained by the mechanism connected with it weighs no less than a ton. Less than this would not have a sufficient impetus in its fall, to make its start instantaneous. But the time is now nearly up. I must finish my winding.' Another spell at the winch, and another pause, and then the trigger is cocked. 'There are now just two minutes to the fall. Go out on the top of the tower, and you will be able to see the ball descend. Just keep your head out of the way—that is all.'

Obedient to order, I mounted a few more steps, passed through a trap-door which flapped to beneath my feet, and found myself upon a small round space, enclosed by battlements breast-high, with a strong mast ascending from the middle. I then looked up,

and there was the ball at the top of the mast, a few feet above my head; but it was a large hollow sphere, wider, I thought as I scanned it with an anxious glance, than the platform upon which I was standing. It weighed a ton, and it was to fall in another minute, and I was to take care of my head; but how was I to do this? I was perfectly sure there was not room for it and my head too on that platform. A pretty finish this was likely to be to my adventure! I felt, without needing to think, that my friend's purpose must be to knock me down with this his last argument, otherwise he never would have chosen a ton for its weight, and this narrow stage for my standing-ground. My first impulse was to beat a quick retreat through the trap-door to the regions below; but how should I get the trap-door up? There was not a minute now to do it in, and if the ball caught me in the attempt, it would certainly convert me into an unwilling Atlas up in these airy realms, and make me bear more of its burden than I had bargained for. Impressed with this obvious state of affairs, I adopted the only alternative left, and did what certainly was the wisest thing under the circumstances of the case—I crouched myself down as close to the battlement as I could get, and set every fibre of my frame to the task of compressing my bulk. I then fixed my eye upon the globular fate that hung over me by the hair-trigger, and that was to be sent down upon me directly by electricity, when the clock over the way chose to complete its aim, and make the bit of iron a magnet. The ordinary course of proceeding with time was certainly reversed upon this occasion, that I might have a full opportunity of realising my position—that minute of anticipation was made up of sixty hours. At last, however, the painful suspense was past: I saw the huge spherical mass start with a dash. It was half-way down to me in the twinkling of an eye; but then, strange to say, it paused, leaped a little upwards again, and then slid gently down through the rest of its descent with a faint rushing sound, and a slower and slower movement. Had there been nothing to receive the impulse of that heavy sphere but the solid masonry of the tower, it would probably have been shattered by the shock; accordingly an elastic cushion of air had been provided to break the blow. A piston was driven down before the ball into a tube of air, furnished with only a small hole below as an outlet, so that the air was forcibly compressed by the descent. On this account, the ball finally came to a rest upon its permanent bearing almost imperceptibly, and without even a trace of concussion. Its dimensions were so vast, that although when it had done so it pressed nearly upon the platform, its outer edge was still a wide distance above my head when I stood upright near the battlement. There was, therefore, no ground for the alarm, which the inability of my eye to make a correct estimate of size and extent, under these unusual conditions, had occasioned me. Nevertheless, when the trap-door was raised from beneath, and a friendly voice invited me to descend, I did so with an unmistakable sense of relief.

At the entrance of the tower, I took my farewell of its keeper, with a few cordial words of thanks for the pains he had been at to lay bare the secrets of his Eleusis—the sacrifices to a Power who had sown the heavens with sparkling spheres as well as the earth with corn. My words, however, very imperfectly expressed what I felt. The courteous attention I had experienced, and the full and lucid explanations I had listened to, all indicated the ready and shrewd perception that I was no indifferent neophyte, visiting the purlieus of a sacred place with rash and unholy tread. For this appreciation I was grateful, but my admiration of the simplicity of the sage exceeded my gratitude to the man. As I turned my back upon this quiet haunt of high and abstract science, to return to

my home in the south, I could not help feeling a slight passing thrill of envy at the lot of the accomplished Magus whose home is amidst the stars upon the Northern Hill.

THE MERCHANT OF ST MALO.

THE great Catholic Feast of the Assumption on the 15th of August happening to fall on a Sunday, and the weather being superb, the usually dull and dirty town of St Malo assumed an aspect of unusual joyance and brilliancy. The clear chiming of the cathedral and church bells, the animated strains of several military bands, the chanting of priests and acolytes at the head of numerous processions of young girls, dressed in white, garlanded with flowers, and bearing lighted tapers in their hands, passing slowly along, to make their first communion, through buzzing crowds of admiring spectators, a large number of whom shone in the glory of regimentals, either of the Line or National Guard—produced a singularly gay and imposing effect; and one would have supposed that some sparkles of pleasurable emotion must have been excited in the saddest minds within reach of the exultant *carillon* of the streets. Not so, however. The fierce disquietude of M. Paul Fontanes, the prosperous and rising, if not as yet decidedly eminent merchant of the Rue Dupetit-Thouars, was exasperated thereby, not soothed, as he nervously tore open and glanced through a heap of correspondence brought him that morning by the American mail. 'Curse the distracting din!' he savagely exclaimed, as a more than usually joyous burst of military music mingled with and seemed to sharpen the serpent-accents of a letter he had just opened. 'It is impossible to comprehend what one reads.' An exaggeration, at the very least, M. Paul Fontanes! Say the undulations of the music do assist in zigzagging the lines before you, their purport is plain enough even to your throbbing eyeballs—plain and frightful—as ruin! bankruptcy—fraudulent bankruptcy, which, according to a definition of the Code Napoleon, consists in recklessly trading beyond your means; and the punishment which may be awarded for that offence—oh, it is easy to see you hear that also distinctly enough through all the din and bustle of the streets—is—the galleys! "

The history of M. Paul Fontanes up to this period of his life—he was in his thirty-second year—may be very briefly sketched. He was the only much-indulged son of a cautious painstaking father, to whose property and business he had a few years previously succeeded. The property consisted chiefly of about 80,000 francs, in cash and *rentes*, and the business was a profitable connection with the Mauritius, in consignments of colonial products, for sale in France. Fontanes *filis* had not, unfortunately, been long his own master, when his sanguine temperament, and anxiety to become speedily rich, induced him not only to enlarge greatly his sphere of commercial action, but to change entirely its character, by shipping large quantities of French goods to the American markets, for speculative sale, at his own risk. He had been for some time tolerably successful; but fortune had of late proved adverse; and in the letters now before him, he read the disastrous results of his last and boldest speculation in silks and brandies, upon which an immense loss had been sustained; and he knew himself to be irretrievably insolvent, to the extent of at least 100,000 francs. 'In about six weeks,' he murmured, after a feverish glance at his private bill-book, and tearing open another letter, 'the mass of my acceptances for those goods, which the remittance will scarcely more than half cover, fall due, and I shall— Ha! what is this?' The blood rushed swiftly back to M. Paul Fontanes's pallid features as he ran over, in a hurried trembling sort of confidential whisper to himself, the lines which

had suddenly caught his attention:—‘With reference to your inquiries concerning M. Jerome Bougainville, of Louisiana, we have to inform you that that gentleman died suddenly on the 18th ult. at New Orleans of fever, after having taken his passage for Europe per the *Columbia* packet-ship, bound for Havre-de-Grace. By the next mail, we shall be able to forward an attested copy of the deceased's will, by which the bulk of his property—over twenty-seven thousand pounds realised, and temporarily lodged by deceased in the St. Louis bank, where it of course still remains—is bequeathed to his niece, Eugénie Bougainville, eldest daughter of the Sieur Edouard Bougainville, formerly captain in the 17th Carabiniers, for whom you are interested, burdened only by a pension of two hundred a year to the said Edouard Bougainville, with remainder to his daughters by a second marriage. We shall be glad to act for the aforesaid legatee; and if furnished with properly attested powers, and official proof of identity, there will be no difficulty in the way of the immediate transmission of the money, through such channel as may be advised.—Your obedient servants,

SMITH & GREEN. New Orleans.’

M. Fontanes read this letter over and over again, each time with increasing palpitation of tone, before he seemed to have thoroughly mastered its meaning. ‘Twenty-seven thousand pounds sterling!’ he presently exclaimed; ‘nearly seven hundred thousand francs! Grand Dieu!—can it be possible! And to Eugénie Bougainville, the daughter of a beggar or thereabout—indebted to me something about a thousand francs, which he can only pay by miserable dribblets of instalments, always in arrear! If the devil, now, would only help me to the possession of this— Well?’

Henri Jomard, a frank, intelligent-looking young man, in holiday attire, after tapping gently at the door, had entered the room, probably mistaking the loud soliloquising tones of M. Fontanes for permission to do so. He was that gentleman's principal clerk.

‘Pardon, monsieur,’ said Henri Jomard in respectful deprecation of his employer's loud and angry ‘Well?’ ‘Pardon, monsieur, but Mademoiselle Bougainville’—

‘How!—what!’

‘Mademoiselle Bougainville,’ repeated Jomard, ‘having accompanied her youngest sister Marie from Plaisance to receive her first communion, is desirous to see you, though not precisely a day for the transaction of business, to make a payment on account of the debt due by Monsieur Bougainville. Shall I ask her to come in?’

An assenting gesture was immediately followed by Mademoiselle Bougainville's entrance. She presented herself with the graceful ease and *aplomb* which usually distinguishes a well-educated Frenchwoman, and said she had brought monsieur a hundred francs, in part liquidation of her father's debt. M. Fontanes took the small canvas *sac*, poured the silver upon the table, seemed to count it with his eye for a moment, and scrawled an acknowledgment. The shaking of his hand, which could scarcely hold the pen, shewed that his recent agitation had increased rather than subsided.

‘Monsieur has heard nothing, I fear,’ said Eugénie Bougainville as she placed the paper in her reticule, ‘in answer to the inquiries he has so kindly made relative to my uncle Monsieur Jerome Bougainville?’

‘Nothing, mademoiselle,’ was the quick reply; ‘that is,’ added M. Fontanes, as if recollecting himself, and glancing towards a number of unopened letters—‘that is, nothing in either of the letters from America I have yet opened. Should, however, there be any intelligence concerning him if those I have not read, it shall be immediately forwarded to Monsieur Bougainville.’

Mademoiselle Bougainville sighed, courtesied her

acknowledgments, and left the office, escorted by Henri Jomard. They had hardly gained the street when the clerk was recalled.

‘Tell Mademoiselle Bougainville,’ said M. Fontanes, ‘that if I have anything of importance to communicate, I shall do myself the pleasure of riding over to Plaisance this afternoon for that purpose. I suppose there would be no doubt of finding Monsieur Bougainville at home?’

‘Assuredly not, monsieur. It is his youngest daughter Marie's *jour-de-fête*, and we shall of course have a dance; therefore’—

‘We!’ echoed M. Fontanes with quick interrogation.

‘Yes—that is, Eugénie—Mademoiselle Bougainville,’ stammered Henri Jomard. ‘Being an intimate friend of my sister, I naturally accompany her when she pays a visit to Plaisance; and thus’—

‘I understand. You may as, and do not forget to deliver my message.’ M. Paul Fontanes rose and locked the door the instant it closed after his clerk, as if determined not to be again interrupted, and was soon profoundly meditating upon the probable and possible consequences of the day's American advices; the charming face and figure he had just seen helping, we may be sure, to colour—and direct his train of thought.

The result of his reflections was to take an unusually early dinner, dress himself with great care, mount his horse, and ride off in the direction of Plaisance—a small farinstead, seven miles distant from St. Malo, on the road to Avranches. When about halfway, he turned off to visit a M. Messeroy, an old and intimate acquaintance. He was fortunately not only at home, but without company; and host and visitor gradually warming into eloquence over M. Messeroy's excellent wine, upon the current topics of the day, the splendour of the weather, and of the morning's religious ceremonies, the improved tone of the markets, and of commercial affairs generally, M. Fontanes took occasion, after a time, to remark in an off-hand careless sort of way, that his late American speculations had been attended with a success so much beyond his expectations, and they were sufficiently sanguine, that he had half a mind to try and make a bargain for Plaisance, if it was still in the market. Plaisance was in the market, as M. Paul Fontanes well knew; and after much disputing and haggling, M. Fontanes agreed to become its purchaser at the somewhat extravagant price of 45,000 francs, upon condition of possession within one month, and especially that it should be concealed from the world that he had entered into any negotiation for the farm till after its present tenant, M. Bougainville, had been ejected.

‘Bougainville,’ said M. Fontanes, ‘is a good fellow enough, and, spite of his poverty and unluckiness, is much respected. I should not, therefore, like to have it said that I had sought to deprive him of a home.’

‘Rest satisfied on that point, my dear Fontanes,’ replied M. Messeroy. ‘Bougainville is so much behind with his rent, that I was determined he should turn out at St. Michel, or at anyrate at Christmas. But why do you purchase a house? Ho! ho! Maître Paul; you are going to be married, are you? I half guessed so from the first. Well, courage! It is a fate which overtakes the best and wisest of us; and here's the lady's health, whoever she may be.’

‘With all my heart! And do not forget that what is as serious as a wedding or funeral, is that, to-morrow by ten o'clock, I lodge five thousand francs in your hands as a pledge of the completion of the bargain upon my part, if you do not fail on yours.’

‘I'll take care of that, you may depend. Au revoir, then, if you will go: at ten to-morrow.’

M. Fontanes regained the high-road, and trotted leisurely along towards M. Bougainville's. As he neared Plaisance, the bridle-path, winding round at a

considerable elevation from the level of the house, gave to view the smooth green-sward in its front, upon which still fell the rays of the fast westering sun in large patches of golden light, or broken into tremulous light and shadow by the tall fruit-trees that partially enclosed it. The sisters Bougainville, and a number of young friends, were dancing thereon to the music of Henri Jomard's flute; and several aged guests, amongst whom the *Sieur Bougainville* was conspicuous by his thin white hairs, erect military bearing, and the glittering cross upon his breast, were looking on, and, the male portion of them, smoking, in apparently measureless content.

'Quite an Arcadian scene!' mentally sneered *M. Paul Fontanes*. 'Who would believe, now, that an abode of such rustic simplicity contains almost as grim a skeleton as mine does? Well, we must contrive that they destroy each other, and then *Monsieur Bougainville* and I may sleep sounder than either of us did of late.'

The dance was arrested as *M. Fontanes* approached and respectfully saluted *M. Bougainville*, with whom he almost immediately withdrew into the house. They were absent about ten minutes only; and as, upon their reappearance, the countenance of the veteran wore its usual aspect of calm impassibility, dancing was resumed with increased spirit, and after a time was joined in by *M. Fontanes*, with *Eugénie Bougainville* for a partner. Respectful, subdued, yet ardent admiration—admiration surpassed at itself, as it were, has seldom been more adroitly displayed than by that gentleman upon this occasion; and whether the consciousness thereof, betrayed by *Eugénie's* tell-tale blushes, was pleasurable or otherwise, it would have been difficult for a spectator to determine. Poor *Henri Jomard*—whose flute, momentarily becoming weaker and more uncertain, was at last superseded by a volunteer violin—sat apart from the gay dancers, partially concealed from observation by his anxious and sympathising sister. *Eugénie*, however, must have noticed his agitation, for never had her voice and manner revealed so much of womanly tenderness as on parting with him at the close of that sad and ominous evening.

'*Eugénie*,' said *M. Bougainville* after all in the house but themselves had retired to rest, 'I have ill news for thee. Thy uncle *Jerome*, whose address *Monsieur Fontanes's* agent had no difficulty, after all, in ascertaining, gruffly told the messenger who delivered the letter that it would receive no answer.'

'*Hélas!*' sighed *Eugénie*, 'I feared so; and he was our last resource!'

'Our position is embarrassing,' said the father, with an unsuccessful effort to assume a more cheerful tone. 'The harvest has been a bad one; but things will not always turn out like that. Thy uncle has disappointed me, *Eugénie*,' he added after an interval of melancholy silence; 'but what, after all, could be expected of a man who left France to avoid the conscription?'

'Nay, father, let us be just. Have I not heard you say that Uncle *Jerome* was betrayed in his affections by a faithless woman?'

'Tut, my girl!' rejoined *M. Bougainville*, with a levity of tone contradicted by the keen scrutiny of his look, which was, however, baffled by the growing darkness of the room. 'Love-wounds are rose-brier scratches merely—a momentary smart, that neither hinders nor controls one's march through the rough wilderness of life. I have been pretty familiar with the flashes which herald real wounds and death, and they did not leap from maidens' eyes.'

'I am glad to hear,' softly murmured *Eugénie*, 'that heart-griefs are so fugitive with men. Good-night, dear father.'

'Good-night, *Eugénie*,' said the veteran, embracing her with tenderness; 'and be not too much cast down.

The guardian-angel is never forgetful of a gentle and pious child like thee.'

Before noon on the following day, the stock, farming-implements, and furniture at *Plaisance* were sequestered by 'justice' at the instance of *Pierre Messeroy*, *Ecuyer*, for arrears of rent; and *M. Bougainville* was at the same time served with notice to quit, according to one of the covenants of his bail, by which right to retain possession was forfeited by default of rent-payment. 'Diablo! but this is serious—terrible,' murmured the old soldier; 'and unless I can obtain a loan of'——*M. Bougainville* checked himself, and after a time added, addressing his dismayed, and weeping family: 'I shall set off at once for *St. Malo*. Courage, my children! It is upon the darkest hour of night that the new day breaks. Perhaps my old friend, *Bertin* the notary, may be able to assist us in this strait.'

M. Bougainville did not return home till about ten o'clock in the evening. The family were in bed, with the exception of *Eugénie*, whose anxiety was deepened by the pale excitement of her father's countenance.

'*Eugénie*, my girl,' he said, after a few unsuccessful whiffs at the pipe she presented him with, 'come nearer to me; I would speak with thee.'

'I am listening, father,' said *Eugénie*, seating herself behind her father.

'*Bertin* cannot assist us, but——*Eugénie*, it is necessary, above all, that we should be frank and open with each other. *Henri Jomard* loves thee; there can be no doubt of that. He is a well-principled brave lad, of fair prospects too, and the son of a brave father, who fell by my side at *Eylau*. There is no one with whom I would more readily trust thy happiness. But thou hast never, I think, shewn any open decided preference for him?'

'Never—by words.'

M. Bougainville winced, but went on to say: 'That being so, I may tell thee that *Monsieur Paul Fontanes*—

—Ah! the name shocks thee—I will speak of him and his offers no more.'

'Yes, yes, dear father,' murmured *Eugénie*. 'It was a sudden, a slight pain; that is all. Go on—speak!'

'As thou wilt. *Monsieur Fontanes*, then, solicits thee in marriage. If his proposal is accepted, he will pay all thy father's debts, purchase *Plaisance* of that tiger-hearted *Messeroy*, and settle it upon thee beyond his own control.' *Eugénie* did not answer, and *M. Bougainville* added, after a few moments' silence: 'The case stands thus. *Eugénie*, *Monsieur Fontanes* is rich, generous, young, well-looking, of irreproachable character, and it is plain loves thee deeply. I doubt not, therefore, that after a time, thou wouldst be a happy wife; but it is for thee to decide; and my blessing, beloved *Eugénie*, is on thy choice, whether for acceptance or refusal.'

'For acceptance, then!' replied *Eugénie* in a low voice, the firmness of which surprised as much as it pleased *M. Bougainville*; 'but with this change in the terms of the pur—of the contract—that *Plaisance* be settled not upon me, but upon you, *Françoise*, and *Marie*.'

M. Bougainville was charmed with this ready acquiescence; and when *Eugénie* made no objection to *M. Fontanes's* request, that the marriage should be celebrated without delay, he almost persuaded himself that he had been mistaken with respect to the sentiments she entertained towards *Henri Jomard*. That pleasing illusion would have been dispelled had he known that *Eugénie* passed that night on her knees, weeping, at first with convulsive, but gradually calming grief, before the crucifix in her bedroom.

The civil marriage was arranged to take place on the following Thursday, the conditions of settlement to be signed at the office of the notary, *Bertin*, on the previous evening. These arrangements, at

M. Fontanes's urgent request, Eugénie remaining entirely passive, were kept scrupulously secret; and so successfully, that even Henri Jomard had no suspicion of what was going on, till the Wednesday morning, when he chanced to overhear some disjointed sentences of a conversation between M. Fontanes and the notary's clerk, who had called at the Rue Dupetit-Thouars, which terminated by M. Fontanes saying in a low voice: 'Tell Monsieur Bertin I will send him the required particulars in writing before two o'clock.' Astonished and indignant at what he apprehended the partially overheard colloquy to mean, he, as soon as possible, invented an excuse for going out, and hastened to impart the dire discovery to his sister Adèle, who, however, proved obstinately incredulous. His interpretation of the sentences he had imperfectly caught was, she persisted, that of an unreasoning jealousy. M. Fontanes had, her brother knew, a pecuniary transaction with M. Bougainville, and it was no doubt with reference to that the two were to meet at the notary's, as the conversation seemed to intimate. Somewhat calmed by this consolatory construction of the menacing words, Henri returned to his employment. There was no one in the clerks' office, and M. Fontanes was busy writing in his private room. Something presently occurred which rendered it necessary that Henri should speak with him; and as he did so, his eye fell upon a small pile of letters enclosed and directed, but not sealed, of which the topmost one was addressed to 'M. Bertin, Notaire-public. Numéro 9, Rue Sablonnière.' Instantly the criminal thought, which only his excessive mental agitation could in the least excuse, suggested itself, that if he could obtain a moment's possession of that letter before it was sealed, the doubts which half distracted him would be one way or the other set at rest; and the possibility of effecting his object kept him for the next ten minutes in a state of feverish restlessness. The chance at length presented itself. The presence of M. Fontanes was required in a distant part of the warehouse; and his back was hardly turned, before Henri Jomard darted into the private cabinet, seized the top letter of the pile, and extricated the enclosure from the envelope. Confusion! A glance at the address shewed him he had mistaken the letter, the envelope in his hand being addressed to Messrs Smith and Green, New Orleans. Had he but unfolded the enclosure, what a discovery awaited him! Unfortunately, he threw it impatiently upon the table, and seized the next upon the pile, which was that he sought. Could he believe his eyes? 'M. Fontanes, upon reflection, acquiesced in the change proposed by M. Bertin in the marriage-contract, and would be at the notary's office punctually at five o'clock to meet M. and Mademoiselle Bougainville.' Henri Jomard had hardly perused these lines, when the step of M. Fontanes was heard approaching. He hurriedly thrust the letters into their respective envelopes, replaced them on the letter-pile, and had barely regained the curtained concealment of the clerks' office when the merchant returned. In about ten minutes, M. Fontanes summoned a porter, gave him a number of letters, some for the post-office, others for delivery in St. Malo; and shortly afterwards, himself went out, saying, as he passed through the counting-house, that he should not return till the following morning.

Eugénie Bougainville, as she alighted at the notary's door in company with her father and Françoise her half-sister, looked charmingly, though very pale, and trembling with agitation. M. Fontanes had preceded her; and his respectfully kind and unpretending manner seemed, after a time, to soothe and calm her spirits, and the sweet, grateful, if faint smile with which she acknowledged his unobtrusive courtesies, was an earnest that if the marriage should turn out unhappily, it would not be the fault of the wife, however reluctantly she accepted M. Fontanes as a husband.

M. Bertin was apparently about to commence reading the marriage-contract, when an unseemly and distressing interruption took place. Henri Jomard, spite of the strenuous opposition of a clerk, forced his way, in a state of wild excitement, into the office, and forthwith burst into a torrent of invective and entreaty, of bitter reproach and humblest solicitation, to which passion and despair lent fire and eloquence. Uselessly so! Eugénie was indeed terribly agitated by his frenzied violence, but did not for a moment swerve in resolution, and she was the first, though with white quivering lips, to request that the business which had brought them there might be proceeded with. M. Fontanes, who appeared both alarmed and angry, wished the audacious intruder to be expelled by force, but at a gesture from the notary, who had been silently observant of what was passing, he desisted, drew near the table, and seated himself beside Mademoiselle Bougainville; whilst Henri Jomard, throwing himself into a chair, wept aloud in the bitterness of unavailing grief and rage.

'Now, Monsieur Bertin,' said M. Fontanes, who, spite of himself, covered beneath the keen derisive look, it so seemed, with which the notary, as he slowly unrolled the contract, regarded him—'have the goodness to proceed as quickly as possible.'

'I doubt, Monsieur Fontanes, whether I shall proceed at all. It seems to me that the nuptial-conditions, in a pecuniary sense, are grossly one-sided and partial.'

'Monsieur Bertin,' interrupted M. Fontanes with dignity, and greatly relieved, 'that is my affair, not yours. The balance of obligation is, in my own opinion, greatly on my side,' added the young merchant with a respectful bow to Eugénie.

'That is precisely my opinion also,' rejoined the imperturbable notary, 'Mademoiselle Bougainville being at the present moment a rich heiress in her own right.'

A bomb-shell falling in the midst could not have produced a more startling effect than these words, which caused every one of the auditors, Henri Jomard included, to start to their feet in various attitudes of astonishment and consternation.

'This information,' continued the notary, 'reached me only about two hours since, and, strangely enough, Monsieur Fontanes, from you. A letter, certainly in your handwriting, and addressed to me on the cover, but the contents of which were intended for Messrs Smith and Green of New Orleans.'

'Malediction!' screamed M. Fontanes. 'Can it be possible—that I—that I—'

'That you misdirected the letters,' suggested M. Bertin; 'no doubt of it.—It appears, Mademoiselle Bougainville,' he added, 'that by your uncle's will, the contents of which the last American mail made known to your very disinterested suitor, that you are the absolute mistress of, about seven hundred thousand francs! If, under these circumstances, you wish me to proceed—'

'Henri—dear Henri!' gasped Eugénie, turning with outstretched arms towards her lately despairing lover. 'Henri—believe!—But I have no words for the description of the scene which followed; the reader's imagination can alone realise its tumult of rapture, bewilderment, and despair.'

Henri Jomard must, in his hurry and confusion, have changed the envelopes of the two letters: that addressed to Smith and Green being consequently delivered to the notary. I have only, in conclusion, to state, that Fontanes was arrested, at Havre-de-Grace, on board of an American liner, and is now undergoing the punishment of a fraudulent bankrupt; that Eugénie is Madame Jomard, and a happy wife and mother; that the Sieur Bougainville still inhabits Plaisance with his two daughters, and to his day remains firmly of opinion, that the misdirection of the letter was due to the actual interposition of Eugénie's ever-watchful *ange gardien*!

CHINAISM AT HOME.

In an extraordinary *Letter to the Queen**—the cry of a fearfully oppressed and injured woman—it is pointed out that, by the present laws of England, only rich men can obtain divorce from their wives—an act of parliament being required for it—and that no more than four women ever obtained a divorce from their husbands. A woman who has been married in England, however she may have been obliged to live apart from her husband, has no independent standing in law. He may have driven her from his house by the harshest usage, or by his profligacy: it is no matter. 'As her husband, he has a right to all that is hers: as his wife, she has no right to anything that is his.' If she gains money for herself, or has it bequeathed to her, he can take it from her. In short, the position of a married woman in England is a monstrous anomaly.

To the north of the Tweed, a wholly different system of law prevails, under which women are not nearly so ill treated. There the wife, if accused of infidelity to her husband, can defend herself, which she cannot do in England. 'Her property is protected; rules are made for her "aliment" or support; and her clothes and "paraphernalia" cannot be seized by her husband. Above all, the law has power to divorce, *a vinculo*, so as to enable either party to marry again; and the right of the wife to apply for such divorce is equal to the right of the husband.'

It has often been proposed to remedy the shocking absurdity, not to say cruelty, of the English law towards women, especially in the matter of divorce; but always some bugbear starts up to deter legislators from interfering. They fear to encourage wives to be unforgiving to their husbands, by giving them independent rights, or affording them a power of divorce. It seems to be thought that advantage would be taken of any facility in this respect to an extent shocking to morality. Now, there is Scotland, a part of the same island, represented in the same parliament, visited for shooting every August, with this power of divorce for good cause nearly three hundred years old in it, and where returns shew only about twenty cases at an average per annum; proving, so far as experience can prove anything, that there is no undue inclination in women to sue for divorce from their husbands. Yet, near as Scotland is, all this is in vain as a means of enlightening the House of Peers. If English women knew the comparative justice they secure by marriage in Scotland, they would all insist on being taken there by their fiancés, though Hymen were only to appear before them in the form of a blacksmith or a justice of peace. As it is, we wonder that the western railways never yet thought of advertising cheap trains to Gretna, on the pure ground of humanity towards their countrywomen.

With all this staring us in the face, are we not entitled to regard England as a kind of China, which shuts itself up from all benefit from the example of other countries? Is it not in a manner worse than China, in as far as it ignores, not the advantageous usages of the outside barbarians, but of its own kith and kin? Another striking example of its inaccessibility to any new ideas from without, is presented in connection with the late newspaper stamp-laws. The advocates of a cheap press had all along the case of America to point to. There, newspapers could be purchased by all classes, and every place had its newspaper. The posting, where necessary, implied only a half-penny envelope. Nothing could be simpler or clearer, both as an encouragement to a similar system here, and a plan for working it. But all this was long in vain; and even when an

unstamped press was at length resolved on, a most valuable part of the American arrangements was slighted. 'The penny stamp was retained on a part of the impression of each paper, as the equivalent of post-conveyance, that so a large part of the circulation of newspapers might still remain under the old bondage. It is satisfactory to know that the design, if there was any, of this modification, is in a great degree defeated, for the railways are so liberal and active in transporting cheap newspapers to distant places, that the stamp is comparatively little resorted to: as an example, we are assured that a new daily journal of the west of England, out of a circulation of 14,000, stamps only 400! But this does not excuse the Chinese obstinacy of the minister and his advisers in refusing to act by the light of a thoroughly similar case laid before him by our transatlantic cousins. Nor will it save him from the disgrace manifestly in store for him, of having, after all, to adopt the plan of the half-penny envelope, as the only one which is calculated to give the entire public the benefit of a cheap press.'

ON THE SHORE.

'If I were a noble lady,
And he a peasant born,
With nothing but his good right hand
Between him and world's scorn—
Oh, I would speak so humble,
And I would smile so meek,
And cool with tears this fierce hot flash
He left upon my cheek.
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Let's watch the anchor weighed:
For he is a great sea-captain,
And I a fisher-maid.

'If I were a royal princess,
And he a captive poor,
I would cast down these steadfast eyes,
Unbar this bolted door,
And walking in the whole world's sight,
Low on his feet would fall;
Sceptre and crown and womanhood,
My king should take them all!
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Alone with sea and sky,
For he is a bold sea-captain,
A fisher-maiden I.

'If I were a saint in heaven,
And he a sinner pale,
Whom good men passed with face avert,
And left him to his bale,
Mine eyes they should weep rivers,
My voice reach that great Throne,
Beseeching—"Oh, be merciful!
Make thou mine own, Thine own!"
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Love only cannot fade:
Though he is a bold sea-captain,
And I a fisher-maid.

Close stood the young sea-captain,
His tears fell fast as rain,
'If I have sinned, I'll sin no more—
God judge between us twin!
The gold ring flashed in sunshine,
The small waves laughing curled—
'Our ship rocks at the harbour bar,
Away to the under world!—
'Farewell, farewell, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Now Heaven us bless and aid,
For my lord is a great sea-captain,
And I was a fisher-maid.'

* *A Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill*. By the Hon. Mrs Norton. London: Longmans & Co. 1855.

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CHAP-PICTURES.

THE love of pictures, of representations of familiar or unfamiliar objects by outlines or colours, or both, if it be not a universal passion, is something very like it. The savage indulges it, in his way, as much as the man of education and refinement: in default of other means, he scores and tattoos designs upon his own skin or that of his fellows, and bedaubes his flesh with gaudy colours, making of himself the picture he loves to contemplate. All nations have had their pictorial representations; of not a few, these have formed the national monuments and records; and of more, it may be, than we are aware of, they have been the originators of the alphabet, and thus the pioneers of literature. Perhaps the man was never born who, with the ordinary powers of vision, had not some taste, or, to say the least of it, some liking for art under some form or other, and who was not capable of deriving some instruction, as well as satisfaction, from gratifying that taste. We intend, with the reader's permission, to glance for a few moments at some of the popular methods, so far as they are traceable from present existing remains, which have been for a number of generations past in operation in our own country, for supplying the humbler orders with the means of such gratification.

There was a time when comparatively few of our industrial classes could read, or cared to read; but there never was a time when they would not have looked with pleasure upon a picture. What were the household pictures, or whether there were any at all to be found in the humbler dwellings of our land even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we cannot undertake to say, but are inclined to think there was nothing of the kind; and that rude images and quaint casts or carvings constituted the only sort of domestic art familiar to the people. Though engraving on wood and copper has been practised for almost four hundred years, it would appear that, with the exception of such small specimens as were used for the illustration of a few books and ballads, but little of the engraver's work made its way to the mass of the populace. At any rate, we can meet with little or nothing now of a kind adapted for the walls of a cottage or humble residence, which dates further back than the close of the seventeenth century. We have a notion that the first commercial experiment in engraving pictures to meet a popular demand, was made about that time. The works of the best continental engravers, and of the old etchers, were too expensive for general circulation; and, what is more, they were too learned for the general taste. To create a demand for pictures, it was necessary to descend to the comprehension of

the multitude, and at the same time to give them enough for their money. The first popular engravings, judging from their style of execution, must have been exceedingly cheap. Probably they were not engraved upon copper, but upon some softer metal or admixture of metals; they were intended to be hung on the wall, portfolios being known only to artists and collectors; they were for the most part coloured, and were framed in a narrow black moulding. Among the oldest subjects now to be met with—and these must be looked for in the butler's parlour, or housekeeper's or servants' room of some old mansion in the country—are views of the palace and gardens of Versailles and of Fontainebleau, in which the old-fashioned trim gardens as they existed once, but exist no longer, are shewn in a bird's-eye species of perspective, not very correct. The walks are mathematically squared or circled, the trees are cut into formal spires or pyramids, and the fountains spout in arches geometrically true. The figures are long-legged gentlemen with pigtails and powdered hair, collarless coats, waistcoats which repose on the hips, ruffles, and tremendously lanky swords; with these are ladies in exalted head-dresses, with wasp-like waists, and enormous swelling hoops below, and supporting themselves on heels of perilous height; in addition to the gentlemen, the ladies are attended by poodles, with head and shoulders shaggy as a lion, and hind-quarters bare as a frog. Contemporaneous with these were garden-scenes, something in the Watteau style, in which nature was allowed a little latitude, and Damon and Phyllis, in wig and hoop, danced together on the green-sward, or posed themselves in picturesque attitudes beneath a shady tree by the running stream, or sent one another aloft in a swing, while the rest of the party picnicked together in the foreground.

Pictures of this sort—and most persons must have met with them in the course of their experience—did their work in paving the way for something better. Before Hogarth's time, conversation-pieces, and rude engravings of good pictures, had got into the market. They were mostly, however, too dear for the agricultural districts, where the people chose to buy, at a cheaper rate, a new class of subjects brought to them by the pedlers and hawkers, and which were nearly all illustrations of Old or New Testament history, or scenes from the martyrology. The trade in engravings of a popular description had assumed a degree of importance by the time that Hogarth came upon the scene; the advantage he derived from it, and the benefit he conferred upon art in this country in so doing, are well known. His unrivalled productions did not, however, save in exceptional cases, penetrate beyond the cities and larger towns; and it is a rare occurrence,

even at the present moment, 'to meet with one of his original plates in the country districts. They were not, in fact, cheap enough for the hawkers' and pedlers' market, and, in consequence, they remained unknown in the cottages and villages of the country.

But the country trade was not allowed to languish. It must have been somewhere about the time of Hogarth's death that some ingenious fellow, with an excellent eye to business, hit upon the mode of manufacturing those paintings on glass which for more than threescore years have deluged the country, and which even now are sold in considerable quantities, though the traffic in them has declined, according to the testimony of a rather extensive manufacturer, to less than one-twentieth of what it was within his recollection. These paintings, which the reader will immediately call to remembrance, are nearly all of two uniform sizes—14 inches by 11, or 14 inches by 22. They are what they profess to be—oil-paintings on glass; and having an undeniable title to this description, they took amazingly with the common people, and sold in immense numbers. We may form some notion of the traffic from the fact, that it is hardly possible even now to walk through a village or market-town without seeing them exposed for sale, or to enter the cottage of a poor man or the farmer's kitchen, without finding a pair of them, and it will be oftener half-a-dozen, hanging on the walls. The smaller size predominates, the larger ones being comparatively rare—a circumstance which may be accounted for by their liability to fracture, the cheapest and thinnest glass being invariably used. Viewed at a little distance, they have a striking resemblance to old oil-paintings; they have all dark rich backgrounds—are mostly on sacred subjects—show strong contrasts of light and shade, and but a small variety of tints, for a reason which will be obvious presently. A slight blow cracks the thin glass, and then they are ruined, until the pedler comes round with a duplicate of the same subject, and for a couple of shillings or so makes all right again. We must not omit to notice one peculiarity in these glass-paintings. Though their number is legion, and their designs almost endless in variety, yet these are all, or nearly all, the property of the manufacturers: it is rare, indeed, that one meets with an instance of piracy from the works of living artists, or even of copies from standard and classical works—the only exceptions being in the case of single heads, such as Madonnas and *Ecce Homos*. It is but fair to state, however, that this recommendatory fact is not attributable to the honourable independence of the manufacturer—we shall not call him 'artist'—so much as to the necessities of his trade, which drive him to the use of the simplest design and the fewest possible tints, in order to make the more profit. Most of these pictures are made in London, and the manufacturer generally has recourse to some struggling artist for his design, who for a couple of guineas or so will supply him with what he wants; and he can get the engraving done for even less.

The manner in which these paintings are produced is a mystery to all but the initiated; it is a riddle even to the practical artist; and it is possible that the reader who has tried to penetrate the secret, after puzzling his brain to no purpose, has given it up in despair. We shall take the liberty to make some revelations on the subject which will clear up the enigma; and in order to do it effectually, we shall introduce our friends to the atelier of Mr David Daubham, who at present holds a large share of the country trade in his hands.

Mr Daubham's place of business is in Leather Lane, where, however, he is under no necessity of making any demonstration, and does not make any. His atelier is a roomy brick-chamber in the back-yard, lighted from one whole side. Upon entering, we find

Mr Daubham engaged in a warm discussion with a glass-dealer upon a question of sixpence in the gross of 'eleven-fourteens.' Pending the settlement of the debate, we look round amid an odour of oil and strong varnish almost too much for our olfactories. A couple of girls and four or five lads are busy in the prosecution of their work. Before we have watched the several processes for five minutes, the whole art and mystery is as patent to us as it can be to Mr Daubham himself. The glass being first cleaned, an operation in which extra carefulness does not appear to be necessary, the surface which is to receive the picture is rubbed completely over with a preparation of turpentine varnish. Upon this, as it dries rapidly, an impression from the engraved plate is laid, and rubbed firmly upon the glass with the palm. It is then left to dry till a batch of a hundred or so is done. The paper upon which the impression is taken is the flimsiest material that can be used, and is rubbed off by a momentary application of the sponge, leaving every line and touch of the print adhering to the varnish. But the varnish has not only fastened the ink of the print to the glass, it has also primed the glass for the reception of the colours. In this state, the squares of glass are stuck up on a kind of scaffolding which may be called the easel, with their faces to the light. The easel will hold a score of them at a time. Then each of the lads seizes a pot of colour and a brush, and sets to work at their rear. One covers all the faces and hands with flesh colour; another dabs on the greens; a third does browns—and so on, till all the tints are dabbed on and the glass is covered. The whole twenty do not take twenty minutes in the colouring, unless the tints are more numerous than they usually are. It seems unaccountable that any pleasing effect should be produced by such a process; but, in fact, as the engraving supplies all the shading, the effect is not bad, considering all things; and there is no reason why really excellent pictures should not be produced by a similar process, if it were thought worth while to improve it by cautious experiment—though it would be impossible to paint even a decent sky in such a way. Hasty and careless as the work appears, it will be easily conceived that a certain amount of dexterity is necessary in laying on the colours within the prescribed outline; and it must be done quickly, lest the varnish be disturbed, in which case the colours would not adhere.

The pictures thus finished have only to be framed in order to be ready for the market. Mr Daubham contracts for his frames with a firm in the neighbourhood, and finds that he has as much as he can do himself in putting the pictures into them—a job he does not choose to trust to his 'hands,' who would break too many. The frames are of two kinds—wood, and shining lacerated metal pressed into a sort of flowery pattern by a die. The far greater proportion of his goods are, however, sold to the trade unframed. The market-price was 9s. a dozen previous to the war, but has fallen a trifle since, though not so much as the demand. The wooden frames cost not quite the same—and seeing that these precious works of art are hawked at the present moment at from 6s. to 7s. the pair, it is clear that profit has not been lost sight of. The number of manufactories similar to Mr Daubham's, he tells us, is eight or ten, exclusive of the small shops of amateur dabblers in the trade who get up pictures of exceptional sizes at a low rate by working from exhausted plates purchased as old metal. Looking to the vast numbers which may be and are produced, amounting to several gross a week from a single workshop, we are puzzled to know what becomes of them, considering that the country demand has so greatly declined. 'But,' says Mr Daubham, 'you don't take into account the exportation. They go abroad, sir. A hundred gross, at least, of my pictures go to Catholic countries every year. Most of my plates is

Catholic subjects—Madonnas and Martyrs, and the blessed saints St Francis, St Januarius, St Nicholas, St Theresa, and so on. Then I've got twelve different Holy Virgins, and lots of subjects that is Catholic or Protestant, and will do for the home or export market either. I pack 'em without frames in racks made on purpose, and they travel safe enough. The poor people abroad likes to have their patron saint; and then they vows a picture to the Virgin perhaps, and so they get stuck up in churches. I've heard tell that you can see 'em in most of the churches in Italy, as well as in Spain and Portugal. I used to send twenty to thirty gross to Oporto every year, but the vine-disease has very much injured that trade, and I don't send half as many now. We commend Mr Daubham's candid summary to the notice of bookmaking travellers and tourists, some of whom, if we are not very much mistaken, have dwelt with curious yet blundering minuteness upon these identical pictures, without conjecturing that in so doing they were describing the products of English industry. But we must leave the obliging Mr Daubham to the prosecution of his trade, and take a look at another and more pretentious branch of equivocal art.

We have said that the home-trade in the productions of Mr Daubham and his congeners, has of late greatly declined. This is not because the love of art has declined, but because it has become more ambitious—we can hardly say more discriminating. The glass-painting has at length been pretty generally discovered not to be the genuine thing; and oil-paintings on canvas are now extensively superseding the oil-paintings on glass. In the new trade, the Jews mingle very largely, and take the lead. They get up new frames from old worn-out moulds, gild them with Dutch metal, clap a landscape of a good thumping size into them, and sell a pair of them for five-and-twenty shillings. They have a gorgeous appearance, and impart an air of luxury and grandeur to a poor man's cottage or a farmer's parlour, which pleases him none the less that it is barbarously out of keeping with all the rest of his domestic havings. The middle classes accept the same bait; and even in London, several thousands of such cheap wares are annually retailed. Nothing is more common in the streets of the suburbs than the spectacle of a wandering Jew, with a couple of pair of these tawdry pictures slung round his shoulders, back to back, and stopping to display them at positions favourable for effecting a sale. Both in London and in the country towns and villages, they are sold by the furniture-brokers in large numbers, and, like the paintings on glass, they too are exported—not to Catholic countries, where they would be a drug, but to the colonies, and especially to the emancipated negroes of the West Indies, who have a prodigious appetite for violent colours and gilding. The Jew-school of art is a peculiar one, and none can excel in it who have any conscientious scruples on the score of finish. About half-a-crown the square yard is the usual tariff paid to the artist—the employer finding the canvas. It is by no means indispensable that the canvas be covered by the painter, as, for the majority of subjects, the work is half done to his hands when he receives it. The artists' colourman has to look to this. For moon-lights, which are great favourites, he primes the cloth with a bluish lead-colour tint, which answers for the sky—for sunsets, he primes with a vivid orange-colour—for rocky scenes, with a dark umber—for snow-pieces, with pure white; and so on, to spare the painter unnecessary labour and expense of paint. It is found that an adept in this wholesale style of art, notwithstanding the immense area he has to get over before he has earned a guinea, will make a comfortable thing of it, and win more money than many a studious artist whose works have gained the applause of the critics. These pictures are not painted one at a time

—that would never pay. One pallet is made to suffice for half-a-dozen or so of the same pattern, the whole of which will be generally finished in the day's work. We have known the trade to brisk in speculating times, that two batches per diem were exacted by a well-known Jew exporter from an expert practitioner, whose earnings, while the pressure lasted, could scarcely have been less than ten guineas a week.

We have remarked in a former paper,* that to educate the eye is a slow process. Nothing, in fact, seems to make less satisfactory progress among the common people, than the power of distinguishing what is true and good in art, from what is false and vicious. In spite of Art-unions, of cheap illustrated books, and myriads of pictorial periodicals and newspapers, the very feeblest designs in which have more truth and value than whole cargoes of the chap-pictures above described, we see the people running after this palpable rubbish because it has the appearance of a bargain. The worst of it is, that the classes we generally term the uneducated, are by no means alone in this kind of preference: the vile daubs above described are found not only in the dwellings of the poor and uncultivated, but, with broader frames and, more luxurious gilding, in the houses of persons with some pretensions to fashion and taste. People who would not be seen abroad in an ill-cut coat, or a bonnet a month behind the mode, are yet content to gibbet their gross ignorance of the simplest principles of art on their own walls, for the information of all comers. We do not like to recommend the establishment of a censorship to take cognizance of pictures, or anything which would interfere with an Englishman's privilege of spending his money as he likes; but we may express our conviction, that the public would profit astonishingly by a despotism which should abolish at once the unprincipled manufacture of that which is not 'goods,' and the sale of which is a swindle, and compel the busy hands employed in it to work at some useful occupation.

It is to be feared that, notwithstanding all the remedies in the shape of Schools of Design, popular works on art, the flood of engravings and the deluge of illustrations weekly issuing from the press, we are really making but little progress in helping the great body of the community to the faculty of discriminating between a good and a bad imitation of nature or natural objects. A celebrated German critic, who wrote some years back on the state of the arts in this country, attributed what otherwise would have appeared to him the unaccountable insensibility of our populace to the æsthetic qualities of art, to some general defect either in the organs of vision or of the brain. We shall not accept any such theory. In our cities and towns, we have improved wonderfully since this dictum was promulgated; and if there has not been the same improvement among those living away from the centres of civilisation, it may be that it is because the same opportunities of comparison between what is really excellent and what is not so have not been afforded them. The establishment of provincial galleries and museums of art, and the throwing open of the numerous collections in private mansions, would place the villager in some respect upon a level with the citizen. To a limited extent, this is already being done. Education, by the press and by the schoolmaster, must imbue our rising youth with a right appreciation of these advantages, so that all shall be eager to make the right use of them. When that is the state of things with us, the right feeling will spring spontaneously out of the right soil; and what is an instinct with the southern nations of Europe—the ready perception of the beautiful—will be an instinct also with us. We shall hope, in the face of the verdict above quoted, that the day will come, and

* See 'Commercial Art,' *Chambers's Journal*, No. 46.

that some of us will live to see it, when the queer schools of art described in this paper will be numbered with the fossilised facts of a vanished era, and their relics be regarded only as the monuments of a barbarous age.

A CRIMINAL CASE IN RUSSIA.

It is now more than twenty years ago, that a Jew named Abraham, the son of Abraham, made his appearance one day in November at the office of Captain Ispravnitz, the head of the police in the district of Radomyset, in the province of Kiev. This Abraham, the son of Abraham, was a tavern-keeper, and, in fact, had the post-house at the little village of Semenowe-Lozy under his management. Like all other Jews, not only in Russia but elsewhere, he was strongly averse to any regular agricultural pursuits, and consequently, in a country agricultural par excellence, was driven to the alternative of eking out his pittance in life by retailing spirits, jobbing horses, and making as much as he could of whomsoever the ill destiny of thirst, or hunger, or fatigue might lead to his wayside house.

When, therefore, Abraham, the son of Abraham, deposed before the head of police that Francis Salezy Krynszloff, lord-proprietor of the village of Semenowe-Lozy, a rich and respectable man, was an impostor who bore a false name, and had acquired his wealth and station by the most complicated system of roguery, the head of police gave evident signs of incredulity. He observed, at the same time, that an accusation of so serious a nature required the most irrefragable proof; and that the peril was great which he, Abraham, the son of Abraham, incurred in thus attacking a powerful and wealthy individual, who enjoyed the reputation of civic virtue and Christian charity. But Abraham, the son of Abraham, persisted, and gave substance to his accusation by the following recital:—

‘In the year 1800, there lived at Mozir a poor gentleman, who was a widower, and had two sons—Francis Salezy Krynszloff, and Joachim Krynszloff. Being without any means of existence, the three took service under Major Fogel, receiver of the taxes, at Mozir. The father died at that town on the 26th of May 1802, as can be proved from the public register of deaths. The elder son, Francis, entered the military service of Russia, became captain in the regiment of dragoons of the Zver, and was killed at the battle of Borodino in 1812. An official communication of this glorious death was made to the authorities of Mozir. As to the younger son, Joachim—accused in 1814 of having poisoned the Countess Sero-Komoleka, and, moreover, of having crowned the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand-nephew of that lady—he was thrown into the prison-fortress, and arraigned before the criminal court. But in the course of his trial he died suddenly at Mozir, on the 12th of November 1819.

‘You see, your honour,’ added the Jew, ‘that there can no longer be a family of the name of Krynszloff: ’tis a dead race. Consequently, the actual proprietor of Semenowe-Lozy is either a spirit or an impostor.’

Struck with the logic of this argument, and with the warmth with which Abraham, the son of Abraham, concluded his deposition, and half persuaded by the appearance of sincerity which pervaded the general tone and language of his informant, Captain Ispravnitz

bethought him that the affair might be worth investigating, and despatched an officer to Semenowe-Lozy to commence the research.

To this officer, the lord-proprietor shewed his family documents, and, among others, the register of his birth, with the name of Francis Salezy Krynszloff upon it, born at Mozir the 22d of September 1777. This date exactly tallied with the age which the captain of dragoons, who was killed at Borodino, would, if still living, have attained. But in spite of the coincidence, the officer thought it his duty to conduct the lord-proprietor to Radomyset, where he was thrown into prison, and made the subject of an indictment.

The fact of a wealthy landowner being suddenly torn from his home, incarcerated in the public jail, and threatened with an inquisition which should prove him an impostor, both in rank and title, was sufficient to arouse the attention of the public. No one could imagine what possible cause the feigned Francis Salezy Krynszloff could have had for assuming an extinct name, that had even no connection with the property. With the most minute precision were the facts of the case entered into by the authorities. More than three hundred witnesses were heard, and more than two hundred registers, civil and military, examined. Officers and soldiers who had served with the real Francis Salezy Krynszloff were brought from the army of the Caucasus, and even from the distant garrisons of Siberia, to prove his death at the battle of Borodino.

On all sides, the proofs of the death of the two brothers Krynszloff seemed established beyond a doubt. The lord-proprietor was therefore an impostor, and, as such, must be exposed before the public tribunal of justice, and punished according to his deserts.

Pressed on all sides by the evidence of these facts, the pretended Simon Pure at last made a full confession. He admitted that he was not entitled to the name he bore; but that he was entitled to that of Joachim Krynszloff, who was supposed to have died in prison in the year 1819, he firmly asseverated; and this view of the question he confirmed by the following recital:—

After the death of my father, I was in the service of Major Fogel. The major took kindly to me, and I soon became his secretary, his confidential servant, but never his confidant. I fulfilled to the letter all the orders he gave me; but I knew nothing of his projects and designs.

At that time there lived at Mozir a very rich widow, the Countess Sero-Komoleska. She had no children; and every one supposed she had left all her property to the Father Capuchins of Mozir. It was even added that a will to that effect had been executed by her; and people went so far as to name some of the most distinguished persons in the town as witnesses of her last dispositions. Rumour said that the will was contained in a little box, which the countess always kept under her pillow.

Major Fogel contracted a lively friendship with the countess, and visited her house daily. This friendship grew into absolute confidence on the part of the lady; and to the great annoyance of the Capuchins, she finally abandoned to the major the management of all her affairs and property. With the countess lived a young orphan of great beauty: her name was Julia Krynewieska. At first sight, I fell desperately in love with her, and was happy in meeting with an equal return of tenderness; but the countess was opposed to a marriage, and said that Julia was too young to think of settling in life.

One day the major brought the countess some bottles of Tokay, which he represented as more than a hundred years old. The countess tasted it, and found it excellent. ‘Then don’t give any away,’ said Major Fogel, ‘but keep it all for yourself. Each of these bottles is

a treasure; and I hope you will not give a drop to anybody—not even to Julia,” added he smiling.

The countess followed his advice only too strictly. She got into the habit of taking every day, after her dinner, one glass of this exquisite wine; but from that moment she became an invalid, and her health, habitually so excellent, declined day by day, till at last she was forced to keep her bed. The major passed whole nights by her side, in rivalry with the Capuchins. Julia, who is now my wife, has told me that one night when the sick lady had dozed off, and the attendant monk had also subsided into a profound sleep, Major Fogel gently raised the countess's pillow, took the little box which was under it, and abstracting a large paper, put in its place one of equal size; then replaced all things in their former state. In less than half an hour after, the countess awoke, and the major hastened to give her the medicine which the surgeon Isailoff had prescribed the evening before. But scarcely had the countess taken the draught, ere she was seized with convulsions, and gave up the ghost in horrible agony.

I do not know whether Major Fogel suspected Julia of having witnessed, from the little side-chamber in which she slept, the evil action which he had committed; but he said, as though to pacify the grief with which the orphan gazed on the dead body of her benefactress: ‘I take upon me to marry you to Joachim, and to give you a marriage-portion.’

When the decease of the Countess Sero-Komoleska had been legally verified, the little box containing her will was opened. But to the great astonishment of every one, and particularly of the monks, the will—signed by the countess, and witnessed by four Russian functionaries of Mozir—made a general bequest of all the property of the deceased to Major Fogel, on condition that if, within three years, any heir to the countess should be found, all the subject-matter of her will should go to that heir, with the exception of one-fourth part, which should belong to Major Fogel. The property of the countess was valued at two million rubles.

Five months had scarcely elapsed since the death of the countess, when there arrived at Mozir the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand-nephew of the deceased. The right of this young man to the succession was a secret to no one, and Major Fogel knew it as well as we. He received the last and only heir of the countess with a great demonstration of friendship; nay, his kindness was all but paternal. He welcomed him to his own house, surrounded him with the most delicate and continuous solicitude, and provided with affectionate attention everything his guest desired.

Unfortunately, the young Count Edmund in quitting Cracow, where he usually lived, had forgotten the certificate of the death of his father and mother, thinking that the titles and other documents he had brought with him would more than suffice to prove his identity. Major Fogel pointed out to him this deficiency in the family papers, but added at the same time: ‘As to myself, my dear friend, I am convinced that you are really and truly the legitimate heir of the Countess Sero-Komoleska, but law requires great formalities, and it is necessary for us to submit to them.’ The count at once admitted the justice of this remark; and a confidential servant was sent to Cracow to find the documents, without which the affair could not be brought to a termination.

During the time which was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of the messenger's journey, the major sought all possible means of amusing Count Edmund. I was his daily companion. Once, when we were going out shooting, the major gave me a fowling-piece, and said: ‘Load it well, for Count Edmund will use it.’ I loaded it as you usually do a fowling-piece, and yet the barrel burst at the first

fire, and the count received a contusion on his cheek and his arm. Fortunately, the wounds were not serious, and the cure was speedy.

On another occasion, the major bought a horse for the count—a horse which appeared very docile. The major had it saddled with his own saddle, and shewed me himself that every part of the horse-gear was in perfect order. He then bade me accompany the count, who wished to take a ride into the country. But scarcely had we got beyond the walls of the town when the horse, which had appeared so docile, began to kick and rear, the saddle-girths broke, and the count, although a good horseman, fell and dislocated his arm. He might have been killed, for the road was scattered over with pieces of rock and pointed stones. Again, however, the count escaped, with a few bleedings and a little forced repose. Still, I thought there was nothing but fatality in all this. Said I to myself: ‘There are persons who cannot change countries without exposing themselves to perils and tribulations of all kinds. Count Edmund is one of that sort.’

[Let me here interrupt the narrative of my deponent by remarking, that there is a general belief in Russia to the effect that certain persons cannot change their country, nor even their dwelling-place, without incurring misfortune, sickness, or death. And this belief attaches the Russian peasantry more strongly to locality than any other agricultural population in Europe.]

But suddenly a circumstance occurred which tore the veil from my eyes. One day the major, taking me aside, informed me in a mysterious manner that the count was making love to Julia, and intended to seduce her. This deceitful communication did not give me the slightest uneasiness; I knew the honour and delicacy which distinguished Count Edmund, and I felt sure of the virtue of Julia. But the conduct of the major turned my suspicions upon him, and I sought to clear up certain doubts. I commenced by examining the gun which had burst in firing. It was still in the house, and I became convinced that holes had been designedly made in the barrel in several places. I also succeeded in ascertaining that the horse which all but killed the young count, had been bought with the perfect knowledge that in town it was docile, while in the open country it became fierce and uncontrollable, even in the hands of the most experienced grooms.

I would gladly have spoken out, but my servile condition prevented me from venturing. No one would have believed me: are men who have no social position ever believed? I was silent then, both to the young count and the rest of my acquaintances.

We now went—the major, the count, and myself—to the country retirement of the deceased countess at Pynski, situated on the border of some huge marshes. Encouraged by the major, who never ceased telling us that we were young, and that pleasure ought to be our principal occupation, the count and myself often boated over the marshes in pursuit of ducks, which were very abundant there. I rowed, and the count shot. Nothing ever crossed the even tenor of our success, and I began to think that the fatality which hovered over the count's head was entirely gone. Even the result of my examination with regard to the burst barrel and the vicious horse was gradually effaced from my memory, and I no longer harboured a shadow of suspicion.

One day, the major invited Count Edmund to pay a visit to a nobleman whose château was on the other side of the marshes. ‘You will see there,’ said he, ‘one of the most magnificent monuments of the middle ages. Besides this attraction, and the beauty of its situation, the manor-house, which I am sure you will admire, possesses one of the most complete libraries in Russia.’ This was enough to fix the determination of the young count, and he acceded to the major's proposition.

Unlike most men of his years, the young count loved study nearly as much as pleasure; and his knowledge of art and literature rendered interesting to him everything that bore the aspect of grandeur or antiquity.

In our passage over the marshes, it was agreed that we should have some sport among the wild-ducks; but the major not caring for this amusement, said he would join us on the other side of the water.

The count and I took the same little boat we always used on our aquatic excursions. When in the middle of the marsh, our frail bark began filling with water. I saw the danger, and rowed hard for the shore. The count grew nervous—he could not swim. 'Do not stir, my lord,' I said; 'there is still hope!' He did not heed my counsel, threw himself about, and caused the boat to fill so quickly, that in a few minutes we were under water. 'Cling to the boat!' I cried; 'I am coming to you.' I tried to catch hold of him by the hair, but his terror prevented him from hearing me, and he struggled for the land. I soon saw him twenty or thirty strokes from me, battling with the waters: he appeared, and disappeared again; then finally sank to rise no more. With an effort, I gained the shore, and called for aid. Some fishermen arrived, swept the waters, and at the end of an hour brought me the corpse of the unfortunate young count.

I was stupified; I scarcely comprehended the nature of the misfortune I had witnessed. The fishermen, less excited than myself, examined the boat, and to their great surprise, found that its keel was pierced in several places with a borer, and that the holes had been cleverly concealed by crumbs of black sarrazin bread. A gardener who lived on the border of the marshes added, that he had seen the major at dawn of day inspect the fatal boat with the most minute attention.

Some one had gone in all haste to the major. He arrived. I then at length gave utterance, though in measured terms of indignation, to the suspicions which formerly beset me, and which had now revived in consequence of the last and irreparable misfortune; but the major, unrestrained by the moderation of my language, assumed the appearance of despair, assailed me with a thousand curses and maledictions, and had me manacled like a criminal, and sent to Pendiz: thence I was removed to Mozir, incarcerated, and treated in all respects as the murderer of the young Count Edmund Scro-Komoltska.

The inquiry proceeded. I was amazed at such audacity in wickedness—at such perversity of human nature. I declared my innocence, I invoked every means for my defence; but a deaf ear was turned to all my cries. I learned that I was to be condemned to the utmost severity of the knout. The thought that I, a gentleman's son, should perish in such a manner! it made me shudder. I beseeched, and at last the jailer gave me some paper, and pen and ink. I addressed a petition to the 'Marshal of Nobility' at Mozir. In this petition I exposed the whole affair in its hideous fidelity. The sympathising jailer, who began even himself to think me innocent, undertook to place my supplication in the proper hands. He succeeded, and three days after I learned that a fresh inquiry was to be set on foot.

One night when, with eyes dilated and brain heated with feverish excitement, I was grasping mentally at the hope of acquittal, the door of my dungeon opened, and my accuser appeared.

'Led by the attachment which I formerly felt for you,' said he in a muffled voice, 'I come to save you.'

'Save me!' I exclaimed; 'it is very late.'

'There is still time,' rejoined the major; 'but the moments are precious—you must not lose them in vain words. Again, I wish to spare you an infamous punishment and the tortures of the knout. Are you willing?'

'Am I willing! O say, say!' cried I, forgetting, in the invincible love of life which attaches to human nature, that I had before me the author of all my misfortunes, and that I was about to owe life, honour, liberty, to—a murderer!

The major then told me I must feign sickness, and afterwards death. 'On your resurrection,' added he, 'you must take the name of your elder brother, he who was killed at the battle of Borodino.'

'That will be an imposture,' said I.

'No, no!' answered the major. 'Will it not, after all, be the name of your father and your family? The play enacted—and it only depends on you whether you enact it well or not—your brother's name assumed, I will provide for your fortune, and, believe me, it will not be a bad one.'

There is an old proverb which says: 'A drowning man will catch at the edge of a razor!' I was that man. I consented to everything. I complained, I feigned sickness. A doctor was called in, who, smiling, ordered me some potions. I asked for a priest; he came to confess me, and declared, as also did the doctor, that I was in great danger. The doctor, the priest, the jailer, were all in the secret. In short, they did not long leave me to counterfeit death before they put me in my coffin, and carried me to a chapel, whence the major delivered me in the night-time. Next day, I had the pleasure of beholding, from Major Fogel's window, my own burial performed with the usual funeral ceremonies.

'There you are, free at last,' said the major, embracing me; 'but I have still my promise to fulfil.' Singular mystery of the human heart! that man, whose cupidity had twice led him to commit murder, wept as he pressed me to his bosom.

The following day, the major gave me fifty thousand rubles, and married me to Julia, the ward of the deceased countess. A week after, I set out with my wife for Bessarabia, where I lived several years. Having learned the death of Major Fogel, I could not resist the desire of revisiting the home of my childhood. I returned to the district of Radomysset, and bought some domains, whereon I intended to end my days.

Such was the deposition of the accused. It was duly signed by the deponent, who swore, with the usual ceremonies, that he had therein told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Julia, the wife, confirmed the statements of her husband. By a piece of good-luck, the gardener who had seen Major Fogel at the boat on the morning of the day on which Count Edmund was drowned, still survived, and was met with at Pendiz; and the retired officer who had sold the vicious horse to the major, also lived to give his share of evidence.

The four functionaries who had witnessed the substituted will of the countess, had been transported to Siberia for robbing the imperial treasury. It was unknown whether they were dead, or still living at Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia; but from the nature of their characters, it was not supposed that their testimony would be of much value.

The lord-proprietor of Semenowe-Lozy was acquitted, with an injunction that he should resume his old name of Joachim, and was completely re-established in his goods, honours, and dignities.

The tribunal of the government of Kiev confirmed the judgment of the inferior court; but in scarcely three weeks from his acquittal, Joachim Krynszloff breathed his last. Three daughters were the fruits of his marriage with Julia, and these are still living with their husbands in Bessarabia.

Of one thing we may be certain, from the perusal of this narrative, that in a country where wills may be so easily forged, and murders committed by the powerful with such impunity; where doctors, priests, and jailers may be so easily bribed, and justice so

easily blinded—that in a country where, in one word, such circumstances as I have above described could take place in the manner they did, there can be little authority in the law to inspire confidence or to command respect—there can be little force in the threats of justice to deter the rich from committing crimes, when, if detected, they can so easily transfer them to the shoulders of the poor.

THE HOME IN THE EAST.

A HOME in the East—what a romantic idea! But the Home in the East of which I would speak to you, has in it nothing of romance beyond the romance of reality: it is a moral Home in the East, a refuge where the young criminal may find food and comfort, correction, instruction, consolation, and hope. It is the same cause for which the Shaftesburys and the Carlises have laboured and lectured, which Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley, with their eloquent pens and seething hearts, and a host of others, with less ability, though no less willingness, have advocated—the cause of the poor, the oppressed, the tempted, the neglected, the forsaken, the fallen, versus that portion of the rich who will not learn that Heaven gives nothing in fee-simple, but only in stewardship, of which they must one day give an account—the tyrannical master, the sweater, the idle, careless, and dissipated parent.

Having been told that one Edward Poultney, a pocketbook-maker by trade, who had had experience in the management of the Westminster Refuge in Old Pye Street, who also laboured privately as a missionary, touched by that spirit which is ever moving to and fro on the earth, stirring the hearts of men to good deeds, and filling them with the faith that nothing is impossible that has for its end the glory of God and the good of mankind—smitten with compassion for the child-thief as he skulked past him in the dusky hour to ply his unnatural trade—had himself provided a home for such, now grown to be a thriving institution, I resolved to make a visit of inspection to it, and record its history and my own impressions.

It was in August 1852 that the said Edward Poultney hired a small house at Stepney Causeway, Commercial Road, which he opened with two boys, gave it the name of the Home in the East, and installed himself as governor. So long as the good man had to provide the means, the number of boys did not greatly increase, and these required to be of a class and age fit to aid him in his trade. In the following December, however, a committee was formed of men of well-known benevolence, to assist in carrying out the views of the founder; and at a public meeting, held in June 1853, in the London Tavern, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, the committee reported that seventy-four youths had received the benefits of the institution. £247, 10s. were subscribed at this meeting, and the accommodation enlarged by hiring an adjoining house. Scarcely had possession been taken in deep thankfulness and lively hope, when there fell one of those mysterious strokes which awe and prove men, by removing from amongst them the dauntless leader and the approved labourer, and which seemed for a time to paralyse this infant institution. Edward Poultney was suddenly stricken down by the hand of death—a victim, it is feared, to the untiring zeal with which he had devoted himself to his charge. There then followed an interregnum of two months, the turbulence of which may be conceived from the lawless nature of

those now left to be a law unto themselves, for occasional visits from the committee and other friends were of small avail. Pending a more permanent arrangement, most of the towns in the kingdom were applied to in vain for a temporary governor. From one of the large towns in Scotland, a highly successful teacher in a young men's school proceeded to London, willing to make a trial; but when he saw the boys, with a knowledge of his own powers that perhaps argued no small attainment in wisdom, he at once declined the office. Mr Julius Benn, a zealous city-missionary, who had been in the habit of visiting the institution, now began to do so more frequently, in the hope of moulding into order the anarchic mass. The boys resolved to defy him. They tried to make him laugh by appearing before him with their jackets turned inside out. They tried to frighten him, by doubling their fists, and putting themselves into threatening attitudes. At length came the crisis. He found them one night seated in the most grotesque manner, with pipes in their mouths, their faces rouged, their hair parted in the middle, and smoothed down like that of girls. He told them he was resolved to master them. They refused to obey him, and he knocked every one of them down. From a preacher of peace to become a minister of vengeance, was among the all things he found it necessary to be to all men, in pursuance of his mission of love. The result showed he had acted with consummate wisdom. He next day addressed them on the impropriety of their conduct, told them he was their true friend, and asked them what they wanted. They said: 'We want a governor.' Then there were cries of 'Will you be our governor?' One said: 'I'll brush your shoes;' another, 'I'll mend your clothes;' and so on. It so happened that just at this time one of the committee had proposed to Mr Benn that he should become governor; he consented to try it; was released from his engagement, though with great reluctance, by the City Mission; and before many weeks had passed, every element of misrule had been reduced to entire order. He is a man in the prime of life; and you at once remark in him that equal blending, so rarely found, of firmness and mildness. The boys are so devotedly attached to him, that they are miserable if he but frowns on them. He has literally done away with punishment. When a boy transgresses, he suspends all notice of him, and seldom does long time elapse before the culprit confesses and asks forgiveness. If the transgression be one demanding long and serious disapprobation, the offender has been known to beg for some punishment, rather than live longer without the light of the master's countenance.

Once it was found that a piece of lead had been attached to one of the scales for weighing the food. The governor assembled the boys, exposed the fraud, and in remonstrance told them kindly they lived as well as he, and that he worked harder than any of them. To this appeal, the general response was: 'You do, sir—you work too hard.' The name of the offender was at once revealed, which proved a sufficient punishment. He was a poor neglected boy, one of the worst in the Home, and had been several times in prison. He now became one of the best, was kindly noticed by Captain Pearce of the Sailors' Home, and is now a respectable seaman. At family-worship one evening, two of the boys began throwing small stones at the others; the governor paused, and looked round; on resuming, the noise being repeated, he rose and left the room without uttering a word. So confounded were the boys, that they remained on their knees for some time; and on rising, sent a deputation to inform against the offenders, who soon thereafter themselves went and confessed with tears what they had done. There has never been a single interruption since. I remarked to the governor the pleased, open, intelligent expression of almost all the boys, and the absence of

the low forehead and animal look one expects to find prevailing among that class. His reply was, that they often had the look at first; but that a few weeks after entering the Home, the whole expression, and even the form of the head, seemed to alter. I saw one very fine boy who had stolen a sovereign from his master to go to see his mother at Oxford. A friend interceded, and had him sent to the Home, instead of being committed; and if he continues to conduct himself well, a gentleman in Oxford, for the sake of his mother, an exemplary woman, is to give £50 to apprentice him to some trade, when the year expires—the usual term of stay in the Home, although discretionary power is given to extend it. Another boy, after losing his parents, walked from Liverpool to London to seek employment. Finding none, and being wholly destitute, he stole a jacket, and was sent to the Westminster Prison. He had never received any education. Such are the offences for which boys of tender age are to be exposed to the contamination of a prison, and held as outcasts, unless we open wide our arms to rescue them, and stretch our purse-strings to feed, clothe, and shelter them. One young culprit, under ten years of age, a street-singer, had been seven times in prison. Since coming to the Home, he once ran away, but is now doing well. When they run away, it is always at first coming, and the average is under one in a month. It is almost ludicrous to record that, next to the irksomeness of confinement, the great cause of their running away is the dislike to oatmeal-porridge, which has been introduced as a morning-meal. One boy actually went without breakfast for six weeks from this cause. His mother offered to supply cocoa for him, but was told it was against the rules. When at the end of the time, he gave in, he got so much to like this Scotch species of hasty-pudding, as Dr Johnson called it, that he would have eaten double rations.

The industrial training consists of brushmaking, lithographic-printing, wood-chopping, paper-bag-making, tailoring, and shoemaking. The boys also work in the garden. About a year ago, the lease was purchased of an old mansion, known as Ford House, at Old Ford, near Bow, and this is now the Home—a pleasant, open, quiet spot. Towards this purchase, the committee themselves subscribed nearly half, and the whole sum was speedily made up by the prompt kindness of friends. In teaching, the governor employs every method calculated to produce habits of attention and discipline. Although many of the boys are making slow progress in learning to read, they answer questions from the Scriptures and on general subjects from oral teaching alone. He trains them in mental arithmetic; he forms words with his finger in the air, which they must find out; he utters a sentence, which is repeated round and round by the boys in single words, so that their attention is never allowed to flag. As I watched his expressive countenance, beaming with love to these otherwise outcasts, who had here found a home, and saw how they hung upon his looks and words, I could not help saying to myself: 'Here, at least, we have the right man in the right place.' He is evidently deeply religious in the best and highest sense of the word. He trains them assiduously in the most sacred of lore; and his whole teaching is of a nature to stand the most trying test—that of coming back upon the heart with double power, it may be after many lapses into error, and even after foul crimes.

There is, at present, a proposal that magistrates should have the power of sending young criminals to Reformatory Schools instead of to prison, which doubtless would save many a poor child from an indelible blot on his reputation: it would, however, entail on the master much harassing labour, arising from wayward runaways. An extended system of Ragged

School exertions, and town and city mission labours, would strike at the root of the evil. One efficiently conducted Ragged School effects more for real reformation than many Reformatories. We desire to see government liberally encouraging publicly approved private enterprise, not superseding it, and that steps may be taken to gather off the streets, and send to school, at the public expense, the crowds of boys who live by dishonest means. Many of the boys in the Home in the East are sent thither from the Wandsworth Prison. Two of them who were in the Home at an early period of its establishment, had been between them nearly forty times in prison—the eldest only fourteen years of age. The Rev. H. J. Hatch, one of the chaplains of the Wandsworth Prison, who are zealous in co-operating with the friends of the Home, has again and again said to the committee: 'In two or in four days [as the case may be], three or six boys are to leave the prison, and if you cannot take them in, what is to become of them?' It is for the public to answer such appeals. There are at present forty-eight boys in the Home, and fifty is the utmost its limited means can receive. Since the establishment of the Home, fifty-four boys have been sent to situations, and almost all of them are doing well. The visits of some of these to the Home, especially of one who has gone to sea, and has given every satisfaction to his captain, are observed to have a salutary influence on the boys. The committee themselves subscribe largely towards the funds, and it is deeply indebted to the excellent treasurer, Mr Joseph Crane, for his personal generosity and unwearied exertions. It is a real pleasure to be able to record, that no Home has here been found for sectarianism: churchman and dissenter strengthen each other's hands, and know no other rivalry than that of who will best fulfil the universal law of Love.

The Home in the East is the only establishment in or near London exclusively devoted to the reformation of juvenile criminals. There is a most admirably conducted school at Wandsworth, in Surrey, called the Boys' Home, supported entirely by one lady—Miss Portal, of Russell Square, London. Boys who have no home, and fatherless youths whose poor mothers cannot sustain the burden of their support, are there taken care of and instructed. They remain for several years, and learn tailoring, shoemaking, and gardening. It contains at present about seventy boys, and nowhere is there a more perfect system of management to be seen.

We have all our pet visions of Homes in the East, whether of sunny skies and marble halls, of fragrant flowers and fountains fresh, near to which all would sure be peace, and every vulgar ill and carking care forgotten; or of fame or riches, or of some responsive heart ready to meet every desire, to share in every scheme, and to lighten those inevitable loads of life which the most choice spirits must bear most alone. When you have found your Home in the East, you will then be fully attuned to offer help in providing one for others. Nothing you now do succeeds, or you have not enough of money for yourself, far less to spare for others; or you have tried many things, but your efforts are never appreciated. Very likely not; for it may be you are still seeking only your own gratification; it may be you are seeking honour from men. You know not yet the blessedness of giving; you know not yet that to find a home for others, is the way to find one for yourself. Go and visit the Home, or such a one as I have been describing, and see there what may be done, what has been done, for the young outcast; and I am sorry for you if you can come away from such a sight without being fired by the desire to go and do something likewise for so good and hopeful a cause. Let us no longer lounge on sofas, and talk of self-denial, because everything will not minister to self. If we cannot plant, we can water.

Those who have planted have generally been comparatively poor men, like this Edward Poultney, the pocketbook-maker. And when you say you are poor, are you sure you do not still have grand formal dinners, which have long been voted a bore equally by giver and taker, but which it is still everybody's theory but nobody's practice to give up? But if you really are poor, you can give work, or you can strengthen the hands of those who work, and encourage their hearts by your sympathy—or you can advocate the cause among the friends who are near you, and write of it to those at a distance—not exactly with the eloquence of a Burke or a Massillon, but with the eloquence of true feeling; for it has been said that there is no other secret in being graphic, than to have an open and a loving heart; and we can all give those earnest wishes and prayers for the increase, without which planting and watering were vain.

In walking along the streets of the great metropolis, and hearing the policeman say to the poor young vagrant or criminal 'Move on!' I have often wondered not to hear the answer, which was evidently in the heart, though, from awe of the man of brief authority and briefer words, it did not rise to the lips: 'I've got nowhere to go to'—or, like poor Jo, 'I've always been a moving and a moving on ever since I was born; where can I possible move to, sir, more now I do move!' A great beginning, great beginnings have been made, and it scarcely seems too much to anticipate that this Home in the East will not only be followed by one in the west, the north, and the south, but that they will be so planted everywhere, whether in the way of Industrial School or Reformatory, that not only the bugged and liveried keeper of the peace, but every humane person, by conducting every poor Jo through a few turnings and windings, will be able to say: 'There is a Home for you!'

A DAY IN A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

We are an English family settled in Paris, and we wanted to get out of it for a time, but not far. It was a charming variety for people tired of the glare, the artificial graces, the gaudy, noisy, ever-moving, ever-public life of Paris, this out-of-the-way country-house—Les Ormeaux. Although a few cottages were near us, the village lay in the valley below, our house on a height, surrounded with woods, green prairies, orchards, where the eye stole through all the near greenness into charming vistas of more distant rock, or dell, or forest.

The house is old—it was formerly a convent of the Bernardines—built for strength and warmth, as one sees by the thickness and clumsiness of the walls, the solid beams and double doors. It is all of stone. The long, low, white façade, with tiled roof, and three rows of windows, with their neat white *persiennes*, looking out to the south on a large walled court, like a garden, where are all the rude offices; on the north side is a wild green garden—full of limes, catalpas, acacias, laburnums, a wilderness of blossoming foliage, and a very kingdom of song-birds—sloping, by verdant terraces, down to an orchard-meadow or 'prairie,' which, again, sinks into the little valley, where lies, half seen, the village, with its tiny river; while the red wood-coloured rocks spring up, a sudden boundary, on the other side.

Inside, the house is large, straggling, and airy, full of doors and windows, and with numberless rooms. The *rez-de-chaussée*—consisting of a large hall, drawing-room, and dining-room—is very pleasant; the large drawing-room windows and glass-doors of the hall letting us

see at each end green gardens and waving trees. The *rez-de-chaussée* and the *premier*—which latter contains five bedrooms—were then occupied by the English family, of whom the writer was a member; the rest for a long while was uninhabited, and then only transiently by a few other lodgers, or by the *propriétaire* and his wife, who came down from Paris from time to time for a day or two to look after their affairs. In a corner of the grounds was the Orangerie—a queer inconvenient bit of the building, of which the upper story was let to a half-French family—husband and wife and a little girl. As for the society of this deeply secluded neighbourhood—there was a rich banker's fine house and grounds a mile and a half off, but the family were never there; there was a charming family of quiet people, half French, half Swiss, in the little village; there was the *cure*, whose brother was the village-tailor; and there was a world of peasantry, small farmers—almost all more or less landholders—masons, &c.: but of these, though highly amusing people, whose various histories are a source of constant interest, I am not now about to speak, for my day in the country-house includes only the little world within its domain.

The time I speak of was a hot bright summer, when, to the inexperienced English family, everything they saw and heard was like a page in a novel. The weather would have been intolerable in any place but one like this—situated on a height, with the air light, pure, and fresh, the soil dry, and the house kept cool by the thick stone-walls, where we can enjoy the sight of trees all round, and that dazzlingly blue sky; or stealing out to some shady nook, inhale the sweetness of the air from the orange-trees, and the roses that have burst out in full blaze, and stand in blushing crowds all round. But we want two things—the presence of some one or two dear English friends, and, in their absence, some choice in our present society. Every one has a right to his own taste, and that of our worthy *propriétaires* is not altogether ours; so, that, though in general most quiet and undisturbed, we have now and then a little more *monde* than we desire. From Paris come our blessed *propriétaires*. We see them on their walk from the *cabaret* where the omnibus stops, coming resolutely up the orchard slope, followed by their maid, bag, and baggage; and very soon the premises are resounding with the thin screaming voice of the lady—which, at a distance, is almost like a child's treble—and the soft, oily, coaxing under-tones of the gentleman. Sometimes they are either followed or accompanied by friends or Paris *pensionnaires*—low English or free-and-easy French, who are always hail-fellow-well-met with our neighbours at the Orangerie; and forthwith the lawn is taken possession of, and the lovely garden filled with noise and laughter. The gentlemen strut about in straw-hats, white coats and trousers, and with cigars—very cool and comfortable, no doubt; but their way of whiling away the bright afternoon is by stripping the cherry-trees, and drinking brandy and water. The ladies, with a bad Parisian air, gay dresses, but very little youth or beauty, saunter about under their fine parasols, sometimes sing, or mingle in constant jabber their bold, shrill voices with the gentlemen's coarse deep tones. At six o'clock, they repair to their dinners in the Orangerie, or on the *seconde*, with our *propriétaires*. After this, they all

return to the garden; and the various parties, jumbled together, sit on chairs under the trees half the night, till, to our great joy, we hear a tumultuous interchange of 'Bon soir, monsieur,' 'Au revoir, madame,' and six or seven loud English 'Good-nights,' and then they go their separate ways.

After this deluge of doubtful gentility, it is rather a relief to see an honest *blouse*, or a woman in *sabots* or handkerchief *coiffure*, go by—the gardener or workmen in their shirt-sleeves whistling innocently, Zélie the *jardinière*, or our own nice, clean, quiet *bonne* Argentine, in her pink cotton Sunday-gown, stopping to give us some confidential asides. I feel then in congenial society.

As for our *propriétaires*, M. and Madame L'Esperance, they claim to be gentry, and to have fallen from a better position, having had losses in the Revolution. It is amazing what use is made of that revolution by every one whose present appearance is not brilliant. His father was one of Napoleon's generals, and he himself has been in Algeria; he married a first-cousin for love—for a wonder—she being young and very pretty; but it has turned out, as it appears to me, much like any *mariage de convenance*. The gentleman is tricky, the lady jealous and passionate; and long ago love has been drowned or scalded to death in hot water. They have still a community of interests, over which they frequently quarrel. Madame is, I suspect, the sharper and more business-like, and looks to the smallest details with the keen close rigour of a true Frenchwoman. He is smooth and civil, speaks with a pleasing voice, were it not too carefully kept down to a soft coaxing under-tone, especially when addressing young ladies; his smile is always insinuating; he promises much, but, as he has always to refer to madame, who is by no means so well disposed to oblige, performs next to nothing. Madame is a queer little bundle, with a sort of shabby coquetry still hanging about her: she trips actively about, singing in a cracked voice, with much would-be childish vivacity; her face is generally pleasant and good-humoured, but we have reason to know that it can in a moment look quite otherwise; and in the sprightly infantine voice there is a sharp intonation which may easily rise to a most virago-like scream. We take care not to quarrel with her, but I suspect they have neither of them much affection for us.

But I have wandered far off from the summer-morning, which, in spite of these various drawbacks, opens cheerfully on Les Ormeaux. The quiet English, the only family there who observe country-hours, have just finished their eight-o'clock breakfast in the large, sunny, unfurnished dining-room, and sit in the low window-seat, enjoying this pleasantest hour of the day, when the busy little world of Les Ormeaux seems beginning its summer-day career. The sun is shining over the south garden or court; on the broad gravel-walk before the house, kittens and puppies are tumbling about in full play, lying in ambush behind the green box of the biggest orange-tree, or jumping up to the stone-bench where the sisters have taken their work to enjoy the mynonette-scented air and the brightness all around. Along one side of the court is the gardener's cottage—this official is gardener and *concierge* in one—close to the house, the first of that long row of low stone buildings, which ends with the *basse-cour*, the pond, and the *porte cochère*: the latter a great high wooden gate fixed in two thick stone-props, whose projections are hollowed out into dog-kennels, and studded with that mysterious assortment of bolts, beams, bars, and great clumsy locks French mechanism delights in.

There passes out to the kitchen-garden the meek little gardener's wife, with her small figure and quiet penance face, who seems to concern herself with nothing but her duties, and to keep apart from the busy, tattling,

quarrelling world around. Or again, with a great straw-hat perched on the top of her wren-like little figure, she is on a ladder, gathering orange-flowers, for that odious traffic in orange flower-water which Madame L'Esperance delights in. There is the gardener, in shirt-sleeves and bare feet, who cries to the sitters in the window: 'Prenez garde de l'eau, mesdemoiselles! Je vais arroser les arbres!' and up goes one of two big pitchers, and down on a great orange-tree descends the splashing water. Very pretty did these seventy orange-trees look ranged round in their boxes, their bright leaves glittering in the sun and the dripping water.

One by one, or in twos, the various lodgers appear, and exchange good-humoured bows or *bonjours* with each other; but after that they arrange their occupations apart. Before them the *propriétaire* is on foot, in his usual undress, with his round moustached face, and features insignificant to nullity, and his characteristic walk that of a man with much to do, beset with cares and perplexities, yet trying to affect the *dégage* air of a do-nothing gentleman. He holds conference with gardener or master-mason, whom he cannot pay, or curiously counts his wall-fruit, his peaches and grapes secured in great bags, to be sure that his various lodgers—to whom he is willing to sell them at something beyond the market-price—have not secured some at a cheaper rate. 'Julie! tu as touché mes pêches!' is a frequent discourteous affirmation. And truly such an accident is not impossible, as one feels on beholding that giddy young couple who bound into the garden, Jules and Julie—cousins, I believe, though it is difficult to ascertain relationships in this free-and-easy set—noisy, idle, and frolicsome all the day long, chattering their familiar French, and seeming as necessary to each other as one of those black round soft puppies, looking like lumps of glossy black velvet, is to his brother.

But Julie has a new excitement to-day: she carries in a cage a curious small animal, a *loir*—that is to say, a huge species of dormouse, more rat or even squirrel like than ours, with large ears, pink snout and paws. It lives in the trees, and devours fruit. Edgar Leonini has just caught it, and given it to Jules. Julie tells us about it in her French-English, and the boy stands by, too shy to speak English, but understanding it, evidently, by his comments on what we say. Presently, it is offered to us, declined, and finally set at liberty.

The little group of garden-chairs all round the orange-trees is gradually occupied by the various tenants. Here is a gentleman in straw-hat, light coat and trousers, smoking, silent, listless, with languid figure, pale, used-up face, and drawing voice; there a lady, who, though middle-aged, has more than the remains of the rich, almost splendid beauty of the south; while the two dark, thin, tall lads are heard calling to each other, Edgar and Hugo, through the garden, amidst their great employment of catching butterflies. They are very listless, not like vigorous, active English boys. Thus all remain till they disperse to their eleven o'clock *déjeuner*. Every one, even to the youngest of the boys, takes off his cap and bows respectfully as we pass; but our *sauvagerie* has prevented the intercourse from getting beyond this point, except occasional slight chats with one of the ladies, and a passing laugh with Julie.

Poor Julie! I cannot but feel interested in her. Who can tell what will be her grown-up fate! Neglected, wholly uneducated, surrounded by not the most favourable influences, she is still a child, and a very pretty one, with a fair, delicate, regular beauty; and still protected by childish ignorance, she goes unheeded about, her young face pale with the heat of these July days, like a delicate brier-rose that grows faint and fading ere half blown, her fast shooting-up slight figure of twelve years old still moving with

the lightness of childhood; her voice seldom heard among her full-grown associates; her mind probably intent on Ganimé (the house-dog), the *chat jaune*, birds-nests, helping the jardinière to gather flowers and vegetables, or madame to prepare the dinner. Poor little Julie! past twelve years, and where will you be?

Leaving this now peopled court for the quieter and cooler north garden, as I pass I hear a sound of singing high in the air, and recognise our musical gardener's voice. I look up, and discern him perched in a cherry-tree, chanting loud in the innocent lightness of his spirits, and greeting me with a *débonnaire* 'Bonjour, mademoiselle.' He has for some days been possessed by a song, in which are these words:—

Dans les temps où l'amour
Fut constant, et la beauté
Valait la galanterie.

I should like to know *when* those days were in France; to ascertain this would require a very difficult historical investigation.

The gardener's good-humour, by the by, is like that of many of his nation—very fragile and insecure. We have already seen his wild eyes and eager manner blaze into fierceness—not exactly with us, but with our *bonne Argentine*, who certainly has a peculiar gift of being provoking to her equals, more especially when she suspects them of an intention to wrong us.

Presently, M. L'Espérance saunters down to his present grand business—a *construction*, or new building in the grounds on the north side, at the end of one of the terrace-walks, which is to contain a *salle-à-manger*, a kitchen, and two bedrooms. Why he is doing this, it would be difficult to say, seeing that he can scarcely let all he now has, and is too poor to pay his workmen; but I suppose the fever of building, or the dream of speculation, has seized him. The materials are furnished by the old crumbling stone-wall which ran along the upper side of the terrace—a strange, slovenly mode of building; and one can hardly fancy that a house made of those old stones so roughly put together will stand; but that is his affair. The first part of the process—clearing the ground for the new building—presented a lively scene. All the young population were at work, or rather at play, there—that is, doing *ouvrier's* business for pure amusement. The three boys, and even the young Julie, were busy digging and shovelling away spadefuls of earth into the wheelbarrow, which M. L'Espérance wheeled away, their willing work superseding for the time that of the hired masons. Soon, the wall rose, the flooring was begun, and some of the beams already fixed; and here, amidst this skeleton framework, M. L'Espérance, in a gorgeous dressing-gown, generally took his station. Passing underneath, we see his feet solemnly depending over our heads from amongst the beams; we look up, and behold his broad figure perched there in profound silence and immobility; and so it remains for half the day. One of the elder boys is generally there beside him, in the character of a profoundly interested amateur. The planks cover the pathway, and intercept our progress down by the stone-steps to the prairie; but the workmen are always polite; they shew us where to step, encouraging us with a 'Voilà, mademoiselle, un beau chemin—vous pouvez passer—vous sortez bien.' One of the workmen is Hippolyte Charron, the young handsome mason, whose attentions during the late fêtes seemed so equally divided between our Argentine and the young, blooming, smiling *bonne* of our friends in the village. It is true, he takes advantage of this close neighbourhood to pay many a visit to our kitchen-window; but then it is also true, that in the absence of her employers, the pretty Louise spends much of her time with her friend Argentine, helping her to

cook and wash up. So it is still an open question, which is preferred.

But the life of Les Ormeaux does not grow energetically under this increasing heat. It is one of those great burning days that march flamingly, relentlessly by, one after another, like a succession of eastern tyrants. Our usually restless neighbours are quiet—most of them shut up during the burning weather in the Orangerie like bottled wasps. How those builders can go on as they do, carrying long planks of newly sawn wood, making their hammers ring on falling pieces of stone, shouting to each other every minute: 'Leopold! Maurice! Hippolyte!' with their untiring labour, and that still more untiring clatter of talk, is something unfathomable. One of them, or rather the master-mason, who is a great man with a *jolie propriété*, enters our hall, where we are feeling a degree less heat, all splashed as he is with lime and mortar, and in his shirt-sleeves, and seats himself on a chair beside us, and converses with great affability, partly on his own affairs and his quarrels with his employer, and partly on a house he wants to sell. These are republican manners—this social equality is indeed the only trace of republican liberty left in France—and we don't mind it, for the people are always civil and respectful to us, as ladies, not as richer or grander people than themselves.

At length the cool evening draws on, and is spent variously by our various parties. For myself, on going down to the prairie to seek for my sister, I met M. and Madame L'Espérance sauntering arm in arm—after years of quarrelling, they occasionally exact the part of lovers—both in high good-humour, especially monsieur, who took me to task for being too grave for my years, asked me why I did not run like Mademoiselle Caroline, and especially, why I would not go and play with the *jeunes demoiselles* at the Orangerie, who, as they said, were very *gentilles*, who would be delighted to laugh and play with me, and whose agreeable society would give me all the spirits I wanted. I made some civil excuse, and observed of one of them—a young English girl—that I should not have thought her English, her air was so altogether French.

'Ah! that is what every one aims at,' replied M. L'Espérance; and then, supposing me to share in this universal passion, he added: 'You too, mademoiselle, might have a French air, if you would; but the way to acquire it is to have *abandon*—not to think of your dignity, but to associate with other young people; that is to be French. For me, I amuse myself always with young persons and children. I run, I laugh with them. People say: "Ah! see that gentleman—he is mad;" but I do not care.' All this was said, and joined in by madame, with such determined affability, and such bland facetiousness, that I replied as well as I could in the same vein; and though I could not promise any great amendment, we parted good friends.

Perhaps one cause of this apparent harmony in monsieur and madame is, that their respective mothers are this evening come down. Argentine—who knows everything about everybody—draws rather a 'spicy' picture of these two ladies. It seems, by a curious law of nature, that the mother of our imperious energetic landlady is a gentle, passive, old body, who has never done anything all her life—not even needle-work—and who yields to every one; while the mother of the meek, smooth-spoken husband is a most domineering dame, who sadly tyrannises over the poor mild old lady; her assumed superiority being founded on her greater wealth. It seems that, in her early days, she was very poor; that her husband, who had risen to a colonel's rank, was killed gallantly defending an untenable position, for which, after his death, he was made a general, and his widow is at ease on her pension. She has one son, who has married a millionaire's daughter—with whom this Mrs Danby of a mother-in-law is

for ever quarrelling, because she will not live in the drudging style to which *she* in the days of her youth and poverty was accustomed.

The grim old lady passed us this evening, and certainly she resembles nothing so much as an old terrier as she stumps by, short and puffy, her features stiffened and screwed up, and her voice at its softest a growl. However, she was gracious to my sister, to whom she seemed to take a fancy; and taking hold of her hair—long ringlets are an unspeakable mystery to the French mind—said in playful irony: 'Dites donc, ils sont très commodes, ces grandes boucles!'

The other old lady we also made acquaintance with: as we sat in our window watching in the dim garden the games of the young people, there waddled up to us 'the contrary of the terrier,' as my sister characterised the good-humoured one of the two Mesdames Mères, and sitting down on the stone-bench outside, entered into conversation with us. Apropos of some remark that I made on the young people, she lectured me, obviously with a purpose, on the propriety and advantage of being sociable in the country—how that young people ought to 'courir, jouer, faire des rondes danses'—how there ought to be no pride or exclusiveness, but perfect equality; how we ought not to consider whether our neighbours are richer or poorer than we, but join in their amusements, and be all cheerful together; how, when she was young, she sang and danced, laughed and enjoyed herself. And, indeed, when I looked at her face, with features still beautiful at eighty-five, I can well imagine her youth, even amidst poverty, to have been gay and bright enough to fulfil a Frenchwoman's notion of happiness. Why the good lady does us the honour to hint, in apparent reference to us, at the pride of wealth, I do not know—unless our reserve, the fact of our being English, and our having taken both the rez-de-chaussée and the premier have given us that reputation.

In spite of all these reasonable admonitions, we let a tumultuous game of *cache-cache* fill the dusky shady garden without our help. For the most part, the two pale, grave young girls, Eulalie and Julie, wandered about with the little Jules, finding their own amusement in a quiet way; perhaps seated with the good-natured homely old grandmother in the moonlight, on a bench near the house, or crouching together like young birds in some dusky corner; and there they remain, to roam the garden as long as they like, and go to bed as late as they please—wasting, in consequence, these beautiful summer-mornings in bed till eight o'clock.

We, for our part, steal through the garden to the solitary prairie, to watch the posthumous treasures of the sun. And then, as we stand on this meadow-slope, where there is always a cool fresh whisper of wind to revive us after the sultry heat, we see the lovely valley melting away through soft stages of grayness; and then turning to reascend, we behold at the top before us, niched in the arch of two tall trees, one pure golden star. But wait, and we shall see the moon slowly rise behind the trees that border the field to the east, till she mounts over their tops, and throws silver fret-work across the gray slope, and turns the wall on the other side to a glittering white; when the aqueduct, as if newly created of snowy marble, starts up phantasm-like from its basement of trees. Look to the vale, where the poplars, the red rock, and the houses, make no longer a molten mass together, but slowly and softly detach their separate forms, and stand out in a new and delicate relief.

Once more, let us wind-up with a look into the court, now all stillness, embalmed by orange fragrance, with the bright moon looking through the great walnut-trees. We look at the house-front: there is our drawing-room lamp in the rez-de-chaussée; a light in my father's study on the premier; another in one of the

small rooms on the second, where Madame Leonini and her sons dwell; and Argentine's candle, in her high tower-room behind and above—these appear but as a few scattered sparks amidst a general sleepy dust.

And now, as Les Ormeaux seems to have fallen asleep, we will wish it a peaceful good-night.

EIGHT HOURS OF CEPO.

THE singular mixture of recklessness and endurance, of bravery and treachery, which characterises the population of the Mexican states, is what particularly attracts the attention of a stranger. An amusing instance came under my notice during my sojourn in that country, which may possibly prove interesting to those of tamer temperament. I was staying at a *hacienda*, or cattle-farm: a musket-shot distant from the main building, stood about thirty huts, huddled together without any regard to order: they were the dwellings of the *peones*, or paid day-labourers. There was, however, nothing squalid in the appearance of these cabins externally; it seemed that nature had amused herself by spreading a veil of luxuriant vegetation over the frail wattled walls, so completely were they concealed by the broad leaves and creeping branches of the golden-blossomed gourd vines. Each hut stood in the middle of an enclosure formed by a quick-hedge of the spiny cactus, over which grew a close net-work of many-coloured convolvuli. But the interior of the huts was far from corresponding with the smiling exterior; within, everything betrayed the frightful privations endured by the peon. Upon the portion of ground allotted to him, he can only cultivate for his own profit the quantity of pimento and tobacco supplied by the proprietor of the estate; and the time necessary for this labour, he is obliged to steal from his hours of repose. A pitiless monopoly compels him to buy his wheat, maize, and manufactured articles at the *hacienda*, at a price far beyond his scanty means. The free labourer on one of these farms consequently purchases all he needs on credit, while his employer remains a perpetual creditor. The *dia de raya* (pay-day) in these places is an unlucky day, instead of being, as elsewhere, a festival; for every week adds to the grievous burden laid upon the peones.

The condition of these paid labourers, it may be safely affirmed, is worse than that of slaves; philanthropy has not yet come to their relief with any of that compassion so often lavished on less real miseries. The black, even where yet a slave, is protected by the law, and it is his master's interest to keep him well fed. But the peon is left to the chances of disease and destitution; though nominally free, he endures an endless slavery, for his means of payment will always be smaller than the debts he is forced to contract. The influence of the old Spanish yoke, it is seen, yet weighs upon a portion of the Mexican population almost as heavily as in the days of the conquest: the republic has unhesitatingly continued the work of absolutism.

My walks were often directed towards the peones' cabins: the shop at which they purchased their provisions, clothing, tools, &c., stood in the middle of the little village. One morning, I stopped in front of this shop, to watch the various transactions that took place within it. Each peon produced a hollow reed from his pocket, about six inches in length, inside of which two small square pieces of paper were rolled up, one containing the debtor, the other the creditor account. These documents are of a primitive simplicity: a horizontal line drawn across the paper from one side to the other, is the basis of the account-current. This line is divided by others, traced perpendicularly, more or less prolonged—hence the etymology of the word *raya*, a line—ciphers and half-ciphers are used to designate dollars and half-dollars, reals and half-reals.

In the midst of the buyers, who retired only after a long debate over the prices, I remarked one individual more lean and miserable-looking than the others, who walked up and down hesitatingly, while regarding the merchandise with greedy looks. From the pertinacity with which he smoked cigarito after cigarito, it was easy to see that he was trying to pacify the gnawings of hunger. At last he seemed to have taken his determination, and approaching the counter, he asked for a *cuartillo* of maize. 'Shew your account,' answered the clerk. The peon drew the reed from his pocket, and produced his ledger; but while the horizontal credit-line was scantily marked with the hieroglyphics, the debit-line was altogether overdone with signs of every denomination. The clerk peremptorily refused to sell without a new order, and gave back the papers. From all appearances, the peon had foreseen this result, and had habituated himself to resignation; a painful disappointment, however, shewed itself in his worn features, as with trembling fingers he attempted to replace his accounts in the reed. I felt a movement of compassion, and paid the clerk for the modest supply for which the poor labourer had solicited. The peon testified his gratitude by immediately borrowing from me another real (sixpence), and begging me to accompany him to his cabin, to cure his wife, who had long suffered from illness. During the short walk, I learned that it was this illness which had thrown him into arrears, and made him lose credit when he had more need of it than ever.

The peon's hut displayed all the poverty and want that were to be expected. A few earthen-jars, with two or three bullocks' skulls for seats, composed the whole of the furniture. Two famished-looking children were playing about a woman, whose pallid and worn countenance denoted the last stage of a lingering malady. Reclining under a penthouse in the inner court, she was feebly swinging a little hammock, by means of a string made of fibres of the aloe, in which, as it hung from the posts that supported the shed, an infant lay asleep. It was a melancholy picture. I endeavoured to reassure the father, by advising him to substitute for the pimento and cactus fruit, on which the whole family fed, a diet better suited to the weak state of his wife's health; but I could not conceal from myself the fact, that in his case it was next to impracticable. The peon listened, however, and rubbed his hands, and exhibited signs of satisfaction which I could hardly regard as the effect of my exhortations. He answered to the questions I put respecting this sudden and singular joy, that the holy Virgin had just sent him an idea, and that abundance would not be long before visiting his dwelling. While speaking, he cast a look of affection upon an old rusty musket standing in one corner of his hut. It was in vain I interrogated him on the use to which he thought of putting it; he was unwilling to explain, and contented himself by repeating that it was a glorious, a triumphant iden. I left him without having been able to extract his secret, but feeling certain that the rust-eaten weapon would only be dangerous to him who fired it. Two days afterwards, I happened to meet the proprietor of the hacienda; he was blue with rage, soundly reprimanding a poor wretch, who, with a musket under his arm, and head bent down, was twisting his hat awkwardly in his hands. I recognised the peon.

'Ah! Señor Don Ramon,' I inquired of the chief, 'what ill news have you heard?'

'What have I heard?' he answered: 'it is that my people are in league with the panthers against my cattle. Another colt I have lost by the clumsiness of this fellow.' He went on with increasing vehemence: 'You know that for some time these cursed panthers have committed nightly ravages among my herds. Yesterday, that scoundrel there came to communicate

to me an idea which the Virgin, as he said, had sent him for my advantage.'—

'I believed it,' interrupted the culprit humbly.

'The matter was,' pursued the dog, 'to be on the watch for the panther at a place agreed on, and attract the animal by means of a colt to serve as a bait. He seemed so sure of the business, so certain of gaining the reward of ten dollars, that I was foolish enough to intrust him with a six months' colt. Now, villain, speak! What have you done with this unfortunate animal? How did it happen?'

'You see, señor maestro,' said the peon timidly, 'I was hid for two hours behind a thicket; the colt was tied about ten steps in front, kicking and struggling to get away to its dam; when all at once I saw two eyes shining in the darkness like lighted cigars. I took aim in that direction; recommended my soul to Heaven; turned away my head; and fired.'—

'And instead of the panther you killed the colt,' cried the exasperated proprietor.

'Oh, señor maestro,' interrupted the labourer energetically, his self-esteem wounded, 'I only lamed it.'

'Killed or lamed, is it not the same thing? Begone, wretch! But stop: go and tell them to give you eight hours in the *cepo*.'

'It was a happy idea for all that,' rejoined the poor peon mournfully, as the abundance vanished of which he had dreamed for his family; and went out with his head sunk down upon his breast, and an air of resignation, while tears stole slowly down his hollow cheeks. It was with empty hands he would have to return, to his cabin: eight hours in the stocks was what he had gained by exposing his life, saved only by a miraculous chance. I was acquainted with his profound misery; had shared his hopes, although not admitted to confidence as to his project; and felt rather dispirited at so melancholy a result.

A short time afterwards, I found myself walking instinctively towards the place where I had seen the *cepos* and other instruments of punishment used at the hacienda. The *cepo* is constructed in the same manner as the stocks formerly used for the exposure of culprits in England. The legs of the individual are, however, raised to a higher elevation, so as to compel him to rest on the nape of his neck—a position which, after a few hours, becomes insupportable. Half-a-dozen of these *cepos* were erected in a small yard, overtopped by a *picota*, or pillory, only used on special occasions.

Touched by the peon's misadventure, I had resolved on carrying him some assistance, but I had been anticipated by a means through which the poor labourer's necessities were more generously supplied. A man was stretched in one of the *cepos*, entirely exposed to the rays of a scorching sun, supporting himself, sometimes on his elbows, at others, making a screen with his hands against the glare which nearly blinded him. It was with extreme surprise that, instead of the peon, I recognised Martingale, one of the herdsmen employed on the estate.

'By what extraordinary adventure,' I inquired, 'do you find yourself in this uncomfortable position?'

'Alas! señor cavalier,' he answered, 'it is because of my good heart and evil star, and also because of my friend, the new steward's protection. But since chance has made you a witness of my misfortune, my honour requires that you should be acquainted with its motive.'

I listened while he went on with his justification. 'The motive,' he said, 'is most honourable. When I understood that one of my comrades had to undergo eight hours of *cepo*, I thought he would not be sorry to divert himself a little, and came here with a few dollars and a pack of cards. Unfortunately, my partner possessed no other disposable capital than his eight hours of punishment. I knew him to be generally

pretty safe, and offered to stake two reals against his promise to pay. He accepted; but I had such ill-luck, that notwithstanding the infallible trick which I know so well how to practise, I lost the two reals and every coin I had left in succession. My companion then proposed his eight hours of cepo as a stake, to give me a chance; but I recovered none of my money, and won the seven hours that yet remained of the infliction, for our play had consumed one hour. It was, however, necessary to ask the steward's consent to the change; my honour laid it on me as a duty to solicit this favour—the rather'—

'The rather,' I interrupted, 'because you hoped he would refuse.'

'He refuse!' exclaimed Martingale indignantly. 'On the contrary, the steward granted my request with a courteous alacrity for which I am really grateful; but he shall pay me for it yet.'

I calmed the herdsman's irritation, by making him a present of the dollar which I had destined for the peon: he assured me that it should be reserved for some extraordinary opportunity. The occasion presented itself shortly afterwards, and the voluntary sufferer won an Indian slave.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

An inquiry is begun, which may be followed by important consequences; not only to the pockets but to the health of the public—we mean the Inquiry by a Parliamentary Committee into the practice of adulterating articles of food, beverages, drugs, and the like; a practice which has of late years prospered to such a degree, that it has come to be regarded as 'all fair in business.' Exposures of the frauds have from time to time been made, and warnings issued against the use of sophisticated commodities, but never with such authority as at present. The *Lancet*, as we informed our readers, did much good a few months ago—published the names of dishonest traders, put purchasers on their guard, and thereby prepared the way for remedial measures. Whatever may be the measures recommended by the committee now sitting—and we hope they will not separate without devising some means of putting down so monstrous an evil—we venture to suggest that punishment, severe and uncompromising, should be resorted to. Those who sell, whether by wholesale or retail, should be made to feel that they cannot traffic in deleterious compounds with impunity; that if they will not be honest as a matter of conscience, they shall as a matter of policy. The name of Englishman once stood high above all others for fair-dealing; that was in the days when wares were genuine and profits legitimate—but now! Tennyson has some energetic lines on the disgraceful system in his new poem *Maud*: he says:—

And the vitriol madness flashes up in the ruffian's head.
Till the filthy by-lane riggs to the yell of the trampled wife;

While chalk, and alum, and plaster are sold to the poor
for bread,

And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

We have now an inquiry with authority. Let it end in authoritative restraints.

There is, however, something to be said on the other side of the question. It is, that the public are themselves to blame for much of the evil, by reason of their insatiable desire for cheapness. So that a thing cost but little money, there are thousands who take no heed of quality. Let quality become the test of cheapness, and let the purchaser remember that that which costs least is not the cheapest, and the work of legislation will be half accomplished.

That ever-flowing cause of controversy and condemnation—the Thames, has again come under notice. Professor Faraday has had something to say about it, and yet it appears we must wait six years before the polluted stream can be purified—before we can hope to see anything but a brown river flowing through London. Meantime, a sensible improvement has been made in the quality of the water supplied to the inhabitants, but not to the extent that could be wished. Dr Dundas Thomson, in a paper read before the Chemical Society, says that the Southwark and Vauxhall water is twice as impure in August as it is in March; and that 'in all the waters collected during the course of the inquiry, abundance of animal and vegetable life, was detected in mechanical suspension . . . Even during the severest frost, remarkable examples were noticed of the persistence of vitality among some of the larger animal forms. . . . The fibrine of the fæces has also constantly been obtained from service-pipes of the Southwark Company.' Pure water is therefore as much a desideratum as pure bread and groceries.

Our government have been often reproached with the little regard they pay to the claims of science; they could always find money for any purpose except that which most contributes to national greatness. We are of those who believe that science is the more vigorous, as assuredly it is the more independent, for not being patted on the back by those in power. To be encouraged, is often as fatal to research as to an individual. It is, however, always possible to recognise a claim with more or less of sympathy. A few years ago, we informed our readers that the government had placed L.1000 at the disposal of the Royal Society, for the promotion of science. The grant was voluntary, never having been asked for, although the contrary has been stated; and the Society were merely the stewards of the fund, not its recipients. During five years, they have, by grants of various amounts to different individuals, done real service to the cause of science; valuable astronomical observations have been printed, which otherwise would have remained in manuscript; and investigations have been made into highly important branches of science, by earnest and laborious men, who, but for the pecuniary aid thus afforded, would have been unable to pursue their inquiries. It is, therefore, with the more regret we now state, that the grant has been stopped by the government, on the ground that the exigencies of war are too great to allow any longer of the apportionment of L.1000 to the advancement of science. The session is over—parliament is taking its holiday—and so the matter ends.

We must not forget to mention that L.5000 has been voted to Captain McClure for his discovery of the Northwest Passage, and L.5000 to the officers and crew of his ship. Franklin is to have a monument to his memory in Greenwich Hospital; and the names of Sir Edward Parry, who died a few weeks since, and of other arctic explorers, are to be engraven thereon.

The second annual Report of the Department of Science and Art has been published, and we gather from it that the large sums granted to the establishment have not been altogether spent in vain. During the past year, 294 schools have availed themselves 'of examples and illustrations as means of study; 540 schoolmasters and 80 pupil-teachers received instruction in drawing, and 10,500 children have been taught on art principles. 'In order to give still further encouragement to progress in the schools, it has been determined to give annually a small prize, consisting of a pair of compasses, pen, and pencil, among every 25 scholars taught drawing by a master of a School of Art.' The schools of Science and Navigation are making satisfactory progress: 111 plans and sections have been added to the mining records; and 'the statistics of the produce of iron ore, and of the

manufacture of iron in Scotland for the year 1853 were obtained, and arrangements were made for obtaining correct returns for the year 1854.' Then with respect to the Oceanic Meteorological Survey, we read that 'agents have been appointed at several outposts for the purpose of lending instruments to sea-going ships promising to comply with the conditions prescribed for rendering their observations valuable;' that 'during the past year, instruments have been furnished to fifty merchant-ships and thirty men-of-war;' and, that 'Captain Fitz Roy has nearly completed the preparation of a set of charts, illustrating the prevailing winds of the Atlantic Oceans.' And last, with respect to the Geological Survey, we are informed that 'the whole area surveyed during the last year was 2800 square miles. . . . Five sheets, comprising about 150 miles of sections, have been issued; many additions to the maps already published have been made; and several new sheets are in course of publication. . . . Towards the close of the year, the Geological Survey was for the first time extended to Scotland, and a considerable area in Haddingtonshire is far advanced.' The same useful work has also been carried forward in Ireland; and an important experiment has been made by which marine resources are to be indicated. Mr Huxley, one of our most eminent naturalists, was employed to survey Tenby Bay, and 'he has mapped upon the chart the results of his preliminary inquiries. . . . The localities of the oyster-beds, mussel-beds, seining, trawling, and cod grounds, are marked out, with the view of obtaining an accurate determination of the fishing-grounds, so as to prevent the reckless and exhausting method of working now prevalent in many districts. The scientific as well as the economical results obtained, were sufficiently decisive to justify the views under which the experiment had been undertaken, and to induce the director of the survey to recommend that similar coast-surveys should be continued in connection with the Geological Survey.'

The Russian system of telegraphs has been so improved by Siemens, of Berlin, that dispatches can be flashed from a distance, and printed in the ordinary typographical character, instead of dots and dashes. He has also proved, what was for a long time doubted, that signals can be sent from opposite ends of a wire at the same time without interference; so that a second signal may be forwarded whilst the receiver of the first is acknowledging its reception. The essential condition appears to be, that the two opposing currents shall be absolutely equal; and this is measured and determined by a newly invented instrument called an *ajometer*. The same fact of double transmission has been for some time known to experimentalists in this country.

Langberg, of Christiania, investigating the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, sees reason to conclude that the greatest magnetic induction, as demonstrated by the records of observatories in all parts of the world, takes place sixteen days after the two solstices—in the northern hemisphere at one period, in the southern at the other. He shews that at those two periods, the poles of the earth are so placed as to become subject to the greatest amount of influence from the sun. These facts assort well with what is known respecting another phenomenon—namely, that the aurora has a marked maximum at the equinoxes, and as strongly marked a minimum at the solstices. So far as is yet ascertained, the phenomena are dependent on the position of the poles and axis of the earth relatively to each other; and slowly we are beginning to be able to trace something like cause and effect in the mysterious phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. Touching this question, the astronomer-royal says in his annual report, which we noticed last month, that 'whenever any extended view of the cosmical causes, or laws of magnetism and meteorology,

shall render an accurate discussion of observations practicable and useful, the magnetical and meteorological observations made at Greenwich will be found to present such materials for the discussion as can scarcely be obtained from any other observatory.'

A little new light has been thrown on an interesting question of chemistry by M. Deville, the producer of aluminum. Silicon, as is pretty well known, is supposed to be condensed carbon. M. Deville points out the relation between the two; and taking chloride and fluoride of silicon, and treating them at different temperatures, he gets carbon in three distinct forms—as ordinary coal, as graphite, and, third, as a crystalline substance, hard enough to cut glass. Of the latter, he exhibited a large crystal to the Académie. Should these experiments bear the test of further trial and repetition, we shall have as a fact what has, from time to time, passed through the world of science as a rumour, causing no little excitement. Under present circumstances, it will be interesting to watch the progress of the Académie; for, by a decree of the emperor, the philosophic corporation are to submit to certain changes; government is to have a voice in their decisions, and take them under its paternal care.

Attention is again directed to carbonic acid baths, as a beneficial remedy for muscular contractions, debility, and weak eyes: the curative effects in some instances are remarkable. M. Herpin reports that at Marienbad he placed his stiff leg in a bath of the gas, and, after the first few minutes, experienced a glow and tingling, next a copious perspiration, and in time the joint became supple. M. Baudens, of Marseille, protests against amputation for frost-bite. If left to itself, he argues, that nature will separate the living from the dead portions, neither too little nor too much. Of 3000 frost-bitten soldiers landed at that port, 300 were cured by being left to nature, and are now much less dismembered and lame than those who underwent amputation. Professor Bierordt, of Frankfort, has invented a machine to record the beating of the pulse. The arm is placed in a kind of cradle, which keeps it steady; a lever rests by one end on the artery, and at every beat a pencil, on the opposite end, marks a cylinder of paper. If the pulse be regular, a regular zigzag line is produced; if irregular, the line is full of breaks and jerks. M. Pierre offers a few observations on the forage and aliment of cattle. He finds four times as much azote in the upper parts of plants as in the lower, the quantity diminishing downwards to the roots; and that after-maths are richer in azote than first crops—results confirmed by the experiments of Boussingault.

Among matters communicated to the Académie, is the description of a machine for making water boil without fire: friction is the means employed instead of fuel. The Société d'Agriculture are publishing a few simple facts about oats, with a view to bring this grain into use throughout France generally, as an article of diet. They give information as to the way in which porridge should be made, and draw attention to the fact, that in Brittany the peasants make a palatable pottage of oatmeal and vegetables mixed. It is shewn that the crops of oats may be doubled, and that horses may be fed very much more economically than at present. The grape disease has led to experiments being tried with other fruits; and in Sicily, the Indian fig is found to make excellent wine. It will surprise many readers to hear that, owing to the scarcity of material for making brandy, the French have for months past imported whisky and gin from England, in enormous quantities, for conversion into brandy. What will the lovers of genuine Cognac say to this? The demand is so great and pressing, that the ordinary means of shipment proving insufficient, casks of the above-proof spirits have been sent by rail to Folkestone for transport across the Channel. One more

added to the list of mystifications for John Bull and his valorous allies.

The Eastern Archipelago Company are building a fleet of screw-steamers, each 1000 tons burden, hoping to find ample trade in the region from which they take their name. The sultan of Borneo has made them a grant of 150 miles of territory on the main and on Labuan, where coal-mines are to be worked. Among islands so amazingly productive, the results can hardly fail to be satisfactory. At Columbus, Ohio, an ingenious individual has discovered a way of lining the axle-boxes of railway-carriages with glass, the operation being accomplished while both are in a state of fusion; and, as it is said, with the advantage of increased durability and diminished friction. Should such prove to be the case, after sufficient trial, we may accept the discovery as a real improvement. In another quarter, a stone-planing machine has been contrived, which, with a rotating cutter fixed on a revolving arm, puts a smooth face on a slab of eight feet superficies in seven minutes. And in Philadelphia, cast iron has been laid down as pavement for the side-walks of the streets. The plates are 12 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch thick. Where they cover a cellar, they are warmed from beneath in winter, to melt the snow and keep them dry. So far the metal is considered to be preferable to stone. We think it likely that the company just formed for the utilisation of the waste slag of our ironworks, will find their slabs of slag better suited for paving purposes than either iron or stone.

PUBLIC HONOURS TO LITERATURE.

It does not follow that because a great writer is honoured by the public, he has no claim to be honoured by the Crown. It little matters whether this or that author is entitled to write a certain number of letters before or after his name, or to wear a bit of gold or silver, or a scrap of ribbon on his breast. The author himself would care little, perhaps, for the mere personal vanity of the thing. What he desires is meet honour to literature; and literature can only be honoured through its professors. But how scanty a number of its professors have ever been so honoured—a scanty number at all times, and in every reign decreasingly scanty! Who ever hears, in these days, of a writer receiving public honours *solely because he is a public writer*? Some accident unconnected with literature may help him to distinction; but it is conferred on the accident, not on himself. And yet if there be any calling in the world to which the rendering of personal honour is peculiarly appropriate, it is that of literature; for literary success is especially a man's own, the growth of his personal gifts and personal exertions alone, promoted by no accident, shaped by no agents, aided by no auxiliaries. The triumphs of the author are exclusively his own. He has no courageous battalions to win victory for him in spite of himself.—*North British Review*.

MAID-SERVANTS FOR AUSTRALIA.

As to the two maid-servants who, you say, wish to come out, I am not the person to advise them to it. They have lived in comfortable places at home; and, after the comforts of a good English home, and the pleasant and vigorous climate of England, the change to a colony would strike them dumb. At all events, let them reflect well on the unpaved streets, and the dust blowing every few days in Melbourne, till you cannot see your own hand; on the heat, the flies, the mud, and slush the moment there is rain, before they quit the smooth pavements and the comforts that abound in England. Let them reflect well, too, on the rude, chaotic, and blackguard state of the lower society in this suddenly-thrown-together colony. It would strike them with astonishment. As to girls marrying here—the great temptation—that is soon accomplished; for I hear that lots of diggers get married almost every time they go down to Melbourne to spend their gold. A lot of the rickety sailors are assembled here from all the four winds of the world. Nobody knows them; much less whether they

have left wives behind them in their own countries; and they marry, and go off, and are never heard of again.—*Howitt's Land, Labour, and Gold*.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

You may gaze upon an object
Till its likeness you retain,
And through distance, and through darkness,
You behold that form again:
So I pondered on thy goodness
Till there grew about my heart
Many never-dying feelings
Which make up its better part.

You may listen to a measure,
Till its sentiment and tone
Find a bidding-place within you,
And the song becomes your own:
So I treasured up thy sayings,
And now, in my own, I find
The echoes of thy accents,
The reflections of thy mind!

There are perfumes we remember
When their sources are no more;
There are flavours that will linger
When the banqueting is o'er:
So, the charms thy presence yielded
Have outlived thy honeyed breath,
And my soul, that feasted freely,
Will partake of them till death!

PUTNEY.

G. M.

THE HOOP.

The hoop, like any other habiliment, was only ugly inasmuch as it interfered with the mind's idea of the body's shape. It was ugly, when it made the hips appear dislocated, the body swollen, the gait unnatural; in other words, as long as it suggested the idea of some actual deformity, and might have been considered as made to suit it. But when it was large, and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became, not a habiliment, but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it, and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half concealed in a hemisphere—out of which the rest of her person rose, like Venus out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was of proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk—her steps were not visible—she was borne along—she was wafted—came gliding. So issued the Wortley Montagus, the Coventries, and the Harveys, out of their sedans; and came radiant with admirations of beholders through avenues of them at palace-doors. Thus poor Marie-Antoinette came, during the height of her bloom and ascendancy, through arrays, on either side, of guards and adorers; and swept along with her the eyes and the formations of Mr Burke.—*Leigh Hunt's Old Court Suburb*.

ADVERTISING.

The new number of the *Quarterly Review* (193), just published, contains an interesting article on 'Advertisements,' tracing their history from the first book advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus*, in 1652, to the great broad sheet of the *Times*, in May 1855. The writer asserts that the following amounts are *annually* spent in advertising:—By Holloway for his pills, L.30,000; by Moses and Son, L.10,000; by Rowland and Son (Macassar oil, &c.), L.10,000; by Dr De Jongh (cod-liver oil), L.10,000; by Heal and Sons (bedsteads and bedding), L.8000; Nicol (tailors), L.4500. In the days of the railway mania the proprietors of the *Times* received as much as L.6687 in one week for advertisements! Their average advertising receipts per week appear to be a little above L.3000.—*Publishers' Circular*.

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TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.*

THE VOYAGE TO THORSHAVN.

REMARKABLE as are some of the natural peculiarities of Iceland—its terrific, though rarely active volcanoes, its singular sulphureous and other hot springs, all indicating a presence of fire in immediate proximity to its wastes of eternal snow—it could scarcely have been an object of such interest to the British tourist, were it not in general so difficult to be reached, so hardly to be travelled in, and altogether a country from whose bourne it is so uncertain whether the traveller may e'er return. From British ports, it is rarely that a ship sails for Iceland. Seldom does a yachtsman dare to trust his gay bark through the long waste of sea which surrounds its iron coasts. Almost the only regular communication that takes place between it and the continent of Europe, is by the post-packet, which sails eight times a year from Copenhagen to Reikjavik, taking generally twice the time that is now required for a voyage to America, and requiring as much in returning. Hence it arises that exceedingly few Englishmen have ever visited Iceland—not one English geologist, that I am aware of, since Sir George Mackenzie in 1810, notwithstanding the great attraction which the island presents to that class—and only two book-making travellers of any note since that time, one of them the emissary of a religious society. From Denmark, to which it belongs, or any other part of the continent, the scientific and literary travellers have been scarcely more numerous—the most noted visitors of either class being the gentlemen of the French corvette *La Recherche*, who traversed the island in 1835 and 1836, and published a laborious account of its natural features, accompanied by a volume of drawings. For twenty years, scarcely any notice of it has appeared in English literature.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of lively interest that I heard, in June of this year, of a Danish war-steamer, which was about to touch at Leith on its way to Iceland, and take up four gentlemen of Edinburgh, if so many should present themselves, and convey them to Iceland and back for a moderate expense. It seemed a most handsome and liberal proposal of the Danish naval minister, and I at once resolved to be a passenger. Not only were other three quickly found, but two besides applied for berths, and, on a telegraphic communication being made to Copenhagen, were gratified with their desire. Thus there was to be a

party of six. I was at first hopeful that one or two of the professors of natural science in our university would be of the number; but engagements with summer classes rendered this impossible. We were also disappointed of Colonel James, of the Ordnance Survey, whose extensive geological knowledge would have made the privilege of a passage truly well bestowed in his case. As it was, our party did include one or two gentlemen possessing a general knowledge of geology and mineralogy, besides one highly-skilled amateur photographer, who proposed taking with him an apparatus for sun-pictures. A hope was felt amongst us, that there might be one or two Danish *savans* in the vessel; but when it arrived, its four native passengers proved to be men of wholly different classes. We discovered that, moderate as the fare was, it exceeded the convenience of a set of professors whose entire annual income is only £120. How the minister, so liberal towards Englishmen, should not have seen fit to give gratuitous passages to one or two such Danes as Forchhammer and Esericht, who would have returned the benefit so largely to their countrymen, I cannot tell. Perhaps, on a future opportunity, this omission may be remedied.

The *Thou*—for such was its name—was a handsome screw, mounting eight guns, and containing a crew of about 130 men, under a captain and four lieutenants. While she lay in the Road, taking on board a supply of coal, I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the officers, all of whom spoke English perfectly well. This was a surprising circumstance; but it is to be accounted for chiefly by the attractions of English literature. Men of the superior classes in Denmark study English at school—using, by the by, the dear old *Vicar of Wakefield* as their principal text-book—because, while their own language presents few books, the productions of Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, and other English authors, have a charm that repays the labour. To a perfect knowledge of our language, Captain Raffenberg added, still more to my surprise, an intimate acquaintance with our history, which enabled him to feel in the most lively manner the interest associated with Holyrood, the Castle, Roslin, and many other places in and about Edinburgh. In our perambulations amongst these scenes, we were accompanied by Count Trampe, *stiftsamtman* or governor of Iceland, who was returning from Copenhagen to the seat of his government, from which he had been a few months absent. It was curious to take these two Danes into a dusky old room in the Cowgate, stuffed full of brokers' furniture, where, in 1590, thirty magnates of their country, who came in the train of the Princess Anne, were entertained by the magistrates of Edinburgh. It was

* This series of articles is contributed by Mr ROBERT CHAMBERS.

if those days the dining-room of the Master of the Mint, and probably not a single Dane has ever been in it from that time till the present.

On Monday afternoon, the 18th of June, all needful preparations being made, we went on board the *Thor*, not failing to remark, as we approached, how appropriate to the views we had was the figure of the northern god at the head, holding out a goodly hammer in his hand. We were quickly settled, each couple of persons in one of those coffin-like spaces which are amusingly considered as bedrooms at sea; most of them opening from the mess-room, which was also of but limited dimensions. One of the first things we were called upon to attend to, was a rule that no passenger could be allowed to carry any lucifer-matches. Why was this? Only because of the simple fact, that there was six thousand pounds-weight of gunpowder closely adjacent beneath our dormitories! Here was hazard the first to be encountered for the sake of seeing Iceland. Strange to say, all of us seemed to feel the fact as a pure ideality—much on the rule, I suppose, of *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. At least, I never could observe that any one was in the slightest degree discomposed by it.

In our little oblong sky-lighted mess-room, we mustered a pretty large party at meals—the captain and three lieutenants (one remaining on deck on duty), the doctor, purser, and engineer, four native and six British passengers. The *hofmeister*, or steward, kept a good supply of viands, and sherry and Bordeaux were never wanting at dinner. According to the custom of Denmark, Grains were taken before and during all meals; and to this custom most of the British passengers seemed to accommodate themselves fully as easily as to the narrow sleeping-places. The kindness and attention shewn to us in all possible ways by the officers, went far beyond our expectations. While perfectly well bred, they seemed to us less stiff than English officers are generally inclined to be. Both as to bed and board, they gave us every sort of preference over themselves that politeness could suggest. Indeed, I feel almost ashamed of their extreme good-nature, even while grateful for it. It is perhaps also worthy of notice, as a circumstance marking the universal advance of true refinement, that, throughout the whole time we were together, the conversation was maintained in a tone of cheerfulness and pleasantry, without ever once shewing a tendency to overpass the bounds of decorum. What a contrast to our associations regarding the sea-life of the last century!

Behold us, then, on the evening of our start, making our way out of the Firth of Forth against a light east wind, the weather rather dull and cold. The towers and steeples of lofty Edinburgh fade and sink behind us: the fertile shores of East Lothian are left on the right: the Bass, 'sea-rock immense,' is passed: and the pilot descends into his pinnace at the Isle of May, there to wait till some incoming vessel shall call him again into action. Adieu for weeks to friends and foes—to news of Sebastopol, however thrilling—to our part in all that concerns the interests and welfare of Britain! With a dagger-retype of the basaltic cliffs of May on our minds, as caught through flighty mist and spray amidst the thickening gray of night, we bid farewell to land, and take a north-east course into the German Ocean; for the captain, even with steam at his command, likes good sea-room for his ship. Next morning, we find ourselves alone on the waters—no trace of Caledonia stern and wild to be seen. Cutting against a north wind, we have weather clear, but cold. And so we go on and on; and dinner succeeds breakfast, and tea succeeds dinner; and there are walks along the deck, and outlookings through telescopes over the gunwale, and watchings of sea-birds and of distant sails; and one or two persons confess themselves as not yet

quite reconciled gastrically to sea-life—till evening begins to come on, just as we are approaching that outlier of the Orcaades, the Fair Isle, to the east of which is the passage usually taken into the North Sea. It is ten o'clock, and the sun is little more than just set, and the north is a long cloud-draped chamber, with the draperies and festoonings dropping a ruby dye, when we approach this unfortunate little island, which, we believe, supports two hundred of God's creatures, but is wished by everybody besides to be at the bottom, or at the North Pole, or anywhere, seeing that it creates such a monstrous deal of inconvenience, and does such a frightful amount of actual mischief. A very decent-looking little green island it is all the time, as if it had never wrecked a bark nor robbed a crew in its whole course of existence. More deadily by far appears Sumbrugh Head, opposite, the lofty extremity of the Zetland group, which we now see dimly through the haze to the right. Good or evil, we course past it in perfect security, and so make a final parting from Scottish land. Farøe and Iceland now lie clear before us.

On the third day, after a brilliant sunrise at half-past two, the wind changed to the south-west, bringing on the usual unpleasant consequences of rain and bluster, but without impeding our course. It is impossible, however, to get a meridian observation; and as the Farøe Islands cannot be far ahead, we are forced to pause at night, and even go back a little, lest we come to a premature landing. I hear before I rise next morning, that the southernmost of the group has been seen, and all is right, and we are sailing in amongst them. I come upon deck, and find that we are just passing the Little Dimon, a lofty isle, of the peculiar form of Ailsa or the Bass, which seems set like a guardian at the south of the archipelago. One of its sides, I find by a rough measurement, rises at an angle of 54 degrees; it is not, therefore, surprising that the Little Dimon is uninhabited by man. It contains, however, some wild sheep, whose flesh is said to have the flavour of venison. Presently, the Great Dimon, another lofty but less column-like island, appears, cliffed all round, inasmuch that no landing can be effected upon it except by a rope. Still, however, we learn there is on this island one sheep-farmer, acting as steward for the king of Denmark, the proprietor. And now, looking onward, we begin to see, through the thinning mist, other masses of land, which we learn belong to Sandøe, Suderøe, and other members of the group—bare gray mountains they are, or with only a slight tint of green, and horizontal stripes of snow lying along them, like webs of linen bleaching on a Scotch hill-face. Such, indeed, is the very image which the object has presented to the popular imagination at home, where a stripe of snow on a particular part of the Oghil Hills passes by the pretty name of Lady Alva's Web. In the Farøes, this disposition of the snow at the end of winter is the result of the peculiar geological features of the country, as will be by and by explained.

The whole scene, and the outward sensations of the moment, press upon us the idea of a wild, uncouth, and arctic region, where man maintains a rough struggle with nature, and gets himself roughened in the process—the more remarkable to us, as being a scene comparatively near to Scotland—near, and yet in essential respects how different from all of Scotland which may in such a case be taken into account! To such an outlandish territory may we, leaving Leith on Monday afternoon, arrive on Thursday morning—a possibility little known or reflected upon amongst us, but surely not without its weight in many social considerations. We were musing on such things, when a boat was descried ahead, containing three rude figures, such as one is accustomed to see in wood-engravings in missionary tracts, being half-clad in skins, with long lank hair escaping from below their

little caps, and hanging in elf-locks round their air-tanned features. The dint of a thousand storms, and rough days and nights at sea, was set on those half-savage forms, where all appeared as hardened by past, and prepared for future suffering. Presently, on the ship being stopped, one of the men came on board, and announced himself as a pilot from Thorshavn, the little port to which we were now advancing. His services being gladly accepted, we soon beheld him stationed beside the captain on the gallery whence the vessel's motions were usually directed. A most striking personage he was—a tall lank man, in a much-worn leather-jacket and trousers, gray stockings, and lamb-skin shoes without soles—his face aquiline, and originally handsome, but now deformed by a black patch over the site of a lost eye and the neglected state of his hair and beard. Such was the first specimen submitted to us of the population of these singular northern isles.

In a little time we were passing along a sound, with high land on both sides—that to the right being the island of Nalsœ, or Needle Island, so called from a perforation, seen at one end of it, the work of the waves, by which all these shores have been more or less deeply worn. All along, we see only bare gray ridges, of persevering uniformity of elevation, with here and there a greenish slope below. Nowhere is a tree or even shrub to be detected. Still do the white snow-stripes give a chilly character to the distant landscape. Still does the quick-fitting puffin or the heavy-winged gull lend sole animation to the scene. At length, when about eleven o'clock, the sun is beginning to throw a clearer light, we find ourselves approaching a kind of recess or small valley, where a few objects somewhat different appear. There are bright patches of green, mixed with one or two masses of black and white; and somehow a flag rises out from above these objects; and we strain our eyes, and wonder what the whole thing is, for as yet it appears entirely anomalous. It proves, gentle reader, to be the town of Thorshavn—the town of the Farœ Islands: these green patches are the sod-covered roofs of houses; the spots of white and black resolve themselves into a merchant's house and a church; and the flag is hoisted in a little fort, perched on the neighbouring hillside. Such a curiously disguised, half-buried little town it is; such an odd huddle of cottages mixed with rocks, and rocks mixed with cottages, that, in certain lights, if the flag were only to keep itself down, we believe an enemy's ship might pass it without ever imagining that a town was there. The amusement it excited in our party, after we were fully assured of its being a town, was very great; and our photographer felt the same eagerness to be at it which he would have felt regarding a beef-steak after a two days' fast. Well, here we make a pause, and drop anchor; and before a quarter of an hour elapses, a boat is seen coming from the shore, containing an elderly gentleman in a light-blue uniform, and cap with the rosette that marks government employment; and him the captain, in full ceremonial dress, receives at the side, and welcomes on board. It is Mr Randropp, the sheriff or judge of the Farœs—one of a handful of civilised men who reside in exile here amongst a host of rude and simple people. The military aspect which is given, amongst continental governments, to all official personages by a uniform, as a contrast to our simpler system, is thus at once brought before us. It was a surprise to all, that no salute passed between the ship and the fort; but we afterwards learned, that it was as well for the fort that no such ceremony was called for, as, to tell the truth, its four guns are now so crazy in the mountings, that they could scarcely bear being fired. What marked our mercy the more was, that a French corvette came not long ago to Thorshavn, and gave a salute of twenty-one guns—a superfluity of politeness for which it got anything but thanks, as the fort had

to answer gun for gun; and the commandant hardly expected to see himself left with a single mounted piece. Such is the happily secure condition of Farœ—expressive instance of the peace which resides with poverty! For anything that I could learn, there is not a dozen soldiers in all this group of islands. Their military stores are on a similarly narrow and simple scale. It is related that when the Prince of Denmark came to Thorshavn Bay some years ago, the fort began to fire a royal salute, but stopped short in the middle. The captain of the prince's vessel sent to inquire the cause, and learned that their stock of gunpowder was exhausted. He sent a supply, and the salute was completed.

A SOLDIER'S COMING HOME.

THEY are very quiet people, my Somersetshire cousins. Sight-seeing is altogether out of their element. Most of them never beheld London in all their lives, and have as much conception of it as they have of the Tower of Babel. Of a London crowd they have no more notion than a Hindostanee has of the iceberg in the North-west Passage. When I talked to them of the strangely solemn pageant—perhaps the strangest and solemnest that London streets will witness for many a century—the Wellington funeral, they listened with uncomprehending wonder, and thought 'it must have been odd to see so many people together.' Of that multitudinous surging human sea—the grandest part of any metropolitan sight—they heard with the shrinking which most English country-gentlemen feel at the idea of 'the mob.'

Therefore, it was not surprising that when we heard of the 'show' at Bristol—its funeral splendours were not attractive—we determined to be among the few who did not rush to see the *Caradoc* come into harbour, and the landing of that poor worn, aged body—which, perhaps, had better have been left where the septuagenarian soldier's heart broke under his too heavy burden: where busy Slander, pointing out the countless graves around him, would have been silent as soon as her foot reached the old man's own. No: we had—or all avouched we had—not the slightest wish to see the poor general's sorrowful 'coming home.'

It was—as we in our isolated innocence supposed—the morning after the funeral, when we walked to the station, with the intention of 'doing' Bristol and Clifton in a quiet comfortable way, becoming such very quiet middle-aged gentlemen, to whom the shortest railway-journey was an event of importance.

'Let me take the tickets, pray.' For I had a notion that my little cousin, Miss Patience, would be completely annihilated by the crowd I saw gathering: or else that she would commit some egregious blunder in the matter of tickets, and allow us the pleasure of travelling to Bristol for a London fare. So I rushed valiantly into the throng that seemed thickening momentally behind me. Surely, surely—yes! too late we saw the fatal announcement, exhibited in black-edged formality on the office-wall, that, *this day*, trains would start to see the funeral of Lord Raglan.

We had made an egregious blunder; but the tickets were taken, and it required all one's powers, mental and physical, to edge a safe way out of that hot, smothery, scrambling, shouting, fighting throng; to which one—only one!—helpless and miserable official was dispensing advice, entreaties, and tickets—the last in very small proportions to the two former. I owed mine solely to the burly protecting shoulder and bluff benevolent voice of a big Somersetshire lad: thence being piteously jostled and crushed, till I sheltered behind a sickly, grim, elderly Indian officer.

'Can't you find your party—aw! Better ask the policeman: one always wants a policeman among the lower classes.'

'Yes,' added a lively young matron. 'I'm sure I had no idea of the crowd till the policeman told me to take care of my little boy. I declare I had quite forgotten the child.'

An odd mother, I thought; but then she was so fashionable!

Here the crowd grew more nebulous; and at length slowly emerged therefrom—to be met on the platform almost as eagerly and pathetically as Dante would have met a friendly ghost escaped out of purgatory.

'Of course, Cousin Patience, you'll not think of going to-day?'

But Miss Patience hesitated; and there was a curious twinkle in her brown eyes—such brilliant ones! if only she would not hide them under that dreadful blue veil and Greek bonnet. There certainly is in the human mind an inherent effervescence, which, however corked and sealed, when brought into contact with the wholesome natural air, has an irresistible tendency to froth over. And why not, Miss Patience? Who made your bright eyes, your merry laugh, your gay heart, that instinctively responds to all innocent pleasures? Render tribute to whom tribute is due. Don't look so shamefaced and doubtful as you gently hint:

'We do not very often have a holiday.'

Upon which, of course, though I firmly believed, from the signs of the gathering multitude, that these two amiable and simple gentlewomen would come home, as the children say, 'all in little pieces;' of course I hesitated no longer. If we could but get safe into some carriage; and for the Bristol show, we must only trust to Providence.

Fortune favours the helpless as well as the brave. After a few well-escaped chances—such as my Cousin Patience's being thrust next to a sweep and his bag, and my Cousin Faith's being invited to the knee of an ancient farmer—we got secure, and, as we rejoiced to know, 'thoroughly respectable' seats, near a grieved old lady, who, in the scramble, had paid double fare, and offered her return-ticket generously to the company round.

'Gie'un to I,' issued from the mouth of a large, handsome, well-dressed young fellow, who seemed to have cultivated with the utmost success his farm, his flesh, his muscle, and his whiskers—everything, in short, except his education. But when his sweetheart, blushing under a most wonderful pink bonnet, mildly ejaculated: 'La, Joe!' and explained, in a smothered Devon accent, that the difference of fare might be applied for and be returned at Bristol, Mr Joe with a wide-mouthed merry 'Haw-haw!' relapsed into a conversation with his neighbour on, I believe, turnips.

We started.

'Thirty-five minutes behind time,' said a quiet young man, in the gray plaid costume of a gentleman-pedestrian or walking-tourist. 'I hope no accident will happen.'

Faith and Patience gave a little shudder, but still sat, worthy their names. On we sped till we lost sight of that fair white city, which, like a lazy beauty, not quite so young as she has been, drowns in sunny aristocratic calm in her nest at the valley-foot, or climbs languidly, house by house, up the circle of the neighbouring hills. Very green those hills were—green as the slopes of Paradise; and now and then, through the meadows below, appeared glimpses of the anything but silver Avon, crawling on to its acme of muddiness in ancient Bristol.

'What a scene of confusion Bristol will be to-day! I hope we shall come to no harm in the crowd;' and very painful suggestions of our position as 'unprotected females' were forced upon our minds, as, through carriage-partitions, we listened to the loud talk of the holiday-people, to whom the poor old man's death had at least given one day of harmless festival.

'Sir,' asked Miss Faith demurely, after a glance exchanged with Patience and me, and a second, very penetrating, at the young gentleman, her neighbour—'can you tell us how best to escape the procession to-day?'

'Escape the procession?'—with a doubt if he had heard aright, and then a smile of considerable entertainment. 'Yes, ma'am, I think you might escape all—the amusements going, by taking back-streets, such as'—He mentioned several.

'Thank you. I believe the procession was to start from Princes Street.'

'Was it? Oh, thank you, madam. That will just do for me;' and, apparently mirthfully conscious that some people were not quite so foolish as some other people, he leant back, and pulled his brown hat over his laughing eyes. Patience's own again danced unlawfully.

'Don't you think, sister—not that I should particularly mind—but if, without crowding or inconvenience, we could see, just a very little. 'Tis quite a national sight—one we might like to remember afterwards.'

'Perhaps!' said Faith hesitatingly. 'At all events, we needn't exactly go out of our way to avoid the show. As for the crowd, for my part'—

Evidently the case was settled. I, who knew what a crowd was, only hoped I might have the consolation of bringing my innocent cousins home alive.

The train threw us out, amidst its hundreds, and I found myself trotting after my companions down the queer streets of Bristol.

I take a great delight in the first plunge into any strange place, especially any strange town. It is a sensation peculiar of its kind, exquisitely vivid and agreeable—one which, in its individual charm, involuntarily seems a foretaste of that state of being which we believe we shall attain to when to the astonished spirit 'all things' will 'become new'; so that first picture of a strange region always remains to my mental eye a real picture, perfect in itself, quite distinct from any succession of varied after-images which familiarity may create. It would be a curious psychological process accurately to trace and note the gradual changes which a series of impressions invariably produce, till our first impression of the place or the person becomes so unlike reality, that we come to recognise it as a distinct picture, and a picture only.

Therefore I shall always see Bristol as I saw it on that gray July day, when every shop was shut up in Sunday quietness, and the occasional toll of a muffled bell gave a Sunday-like atmosphere; only it was no church-going groups that rolled along in such jaunty mirth, intersecting the footpath in long lines, generally linked altogether arm and arm; sometimes a country youth, with a Blouselinda, in her very best shawl and bonnet, on either side; sometimes a labourer, his wife, and a string of small children. A great number seemed to have come in carts. I saw one evidently bivouacked for the day—the mother sitting on the front-seat, knife in hand, and on her lap a gigantic loaf, from which she was cutting such 'commocks' of bread, that one ceased to wonder at the very jolly appearance of these specimens of West-of-England rurality. As for their speech—and it was tolerably loud and plentiful—I found myself totally at a loss. I should as soon attempt to understand, or be understood, in a parley with the ghosts of our Saxon ancestors, as with their agricultural descendants of Wilts, Devon, and Somerset.

Some peculiarities were noticeable in these provincial sight-scenes, as distinguished from a London crowd. A far slenderer sprinkling of what we are used to call the 'respectable' class—nothing abroad on foot but honest downright labour, bent on gratifying its curiosity in a solemn, resolute, English way. Very few jokes were current, or joke-makers. Your Hodge and Dolly are

rarely quick-witted—at least not till the ale goes round; but everywhere there was a grave circumstance of buzzing expectation, which gave the effect of absolute silence. No scrambling or fighting for the best points of view, even if Hodge were bright enough to discover them: he seemed too much unused to his position to grow obstreperous, and contented himself with wandering along with the multitude, or planting himself at intervals to stare about him, with an open-mouthed quiet stupidity which stood him and his neighbours in the stead of a dozen policemen.

As for that invariable and most obnoxious element in a London mob—lazy, lounging, pseudo-gentility, sinking through various phases down to tattered, sharp-witted, shameless vice—it was here wholly absent. So likewise was the *ganin* race, with all its riot, mischief, and drollery. I never heard a single attempt at that small, impertinent, yet often exceedingly pertinent humour, which is the delight of a Cockney crowd, and the very stock in trade of a Cockney boy. And for pickpockets and the like, why, we might have safely walked, purse in hand, along the whole thronged line of road which faced the quay, and none apparently have been any the wiser. Such intent, determined sight-seeing I never beheld as in this honest west-of-England mob.

We had passed St Mary Redcliffe—that grand old church for antiquaries—staying scarcely a minute to admire what is perhaps the finest exterior ornamentation of any parish-church in England. And all along our route we were followed by the muffled clang of its deep musical bell, that sounded, among the weak tollings of the other churches, like some rich car-satisfying contralto among a dozen feeble, soulless treble pipes; and shortly entering a higher road, where a crowd, a good number deep, lined the railings on the further side, we came out upon a broad arch of sky, with a landscape, half-country half-town, in the distance, and close underneath what must be the Avon, for masts and shipping were visible (at least their tops); and on the opposite side of the gorge, which, we concluded, held the river in its depth, was a tall warehouse and a quay, and thereon a black reception-tent, decked with undertakers' plumes.

Ay, if we could see anything, it would be here. 'Let us go to the bridge—I used to know the bridge-keeper,' said my Cousin Patience.

And delighted at the idea of even one problematical friend in our crowded desolation, we threaded our way on, and attacked the bridge-keeper.

Alas! he was gone, and another reigned in his stead—a bridge-keeper who knew not Patience!

'Can't pass, ladies; bridge closed for the next three hours.'

Patience—who has with common people the most winning way I ever knew—'put the *equether*' of her eyes and smile remorselessly on him, but in vain.

'Can't let you in, miss; 'twould be as much as my head was worth.'

'But, my man, where can we go?'

'Really, I don't know, miss, or I'd say. Where them folk stand, is the best, but they be standing ever since the bridge was open. The wharf, now.'

'Ay, the ship-building wharf—a capital place, if we could only get admission.'

'Ladies—and a decent young woman, with a child in her arms, came curtsying up—'us do let 'um through our cottage on to th' wharf for a penny. Win ye come?'

'It's the cheapest sight-seeing that ever I knew or heard of,' said I, as we followed our new friend into a shipwright's yard, directly opposite 'the show.' There, armed with three chairs, and just glancing round to see ourselves part of the deentest gathering of working-people, we settled contentedly under shelter of a great lilac-tree that stretched out of the cottage-garden.

A curiously quiet spot, even though all around were small congregations of labourers and their families, of every age—the babies held up in arms, the elders seated on beams. One old, old woman was propped on chairs, and sat there half-stupified, as if she had not felt the out-of-door air for years, or else looked about her, nodding her head, and smiling foolishly. Now and then arose an outcry of mothers, whose brats had the usual duck-like propensity, and would insist on waddling down to where the water kindly shallowed to the edge of the wharf, whence, doubtless, many a good ship had been built and launched. Otherwise, the place was wonderfully still—no crowding, no pushing. We just sat at our ease, and contemplated the scene, divided from us by what Bristolians politely, but somewhat imaginatively, call 'the river.' In the foreground, a slow, leaden-coloured stream, rather canal-like and narrow. On it, close inshore, lay a beautiful yacht, the owners lounging about in the various picturesque costumes and attitudes that gentlemen-sailors indulge in. Opposite, near the landing-quay, was a large, gaily-dressed ship, the *Morning Star*, her decks thronged with ladies. The quay itself was sprinkled with moving groups, various in colour—black, white, and red. Beyond, in a square rampart, was a mass entirely red—the motionless lines of Horse-guards; and beyond that again, the long vista of Princes Street, down each side of which were windows, balconies, platforms, alive with heads; while above them, innumerable flags made two waving lines of bright colour, vanishing into dim perspective. On the left hand, down the river, was the same gaudy, festival air, for every ship was dressed all over with colours, half-mast high; and in many parts long 'strings' of flags were suspended from some mast to some wharf-window on shore. It might have been a triumph or a festival, but for the extraordinary quietness of the multitude, and the strange effect of the incessant minute-guns and tolling of the church-bells.

'How thick they stand on Brandon Hill!' said Faith; and truly the people there were clustering like a living wall. Above, the white houses of Clifton came out sharply against the clear sky; while gradually sloping downwards, habitations thickened and thickened, till it became the good old smoky city of Bristol, between which, right and left, the grimy Avon flows.

Hark! a louder gun, and a stirring among the black gowns, and white liveries, and red uniforms scattered over the quay. They coalesce in a formal cluster. The black, white, and gray crowd on the decks of the *Morning Star* becomes first extra lively, then steadied into expectation. Somehow, from this and from sonic vague murmurs about us, we learn that 'she's coming'—only the ship with its cold freight. Poor old man! England cannot say that 'he is coming!' No bursting of cheers—no striking up of the known English tune, welcome to many a 'Conquering Hero.' Nothing but a silent pressing forward on shore, and the young owner of the yacht alongside mounts the poop for a better view, looks down the river a minute or two, then takes off his cap, and stands with his black curls bare—motionless. For, gliding up the centre of the river, her busy paddle-wheels turning slowly, slowly, in a strange, funereal motion, that suited well her black hull and bare black masts, came the little steamer *Star*, which brought from the *Caradoc*, and was about to land on this Active shore—the body!

Nothing but that! Nothing left, after Alma, Bala-klava, Inkermann—after the summer's marches and the winter's siege—after months and months of hardship, danger, and anxiety, chronicled by those honest, simple, soldier-like dispatches, which England used to read, week after week, with a true English pride in 'our general'—nothing but that which you see under a small black canopy on the after-deck, ranged round which, in a ring of scarlet, the mourners stand.

She steams slowly up, the little vessel that looks so

like a bier; on either side of her follow two long, long lines of boats, the rowers all in white shirt-sleeves, black neckcloths, and a black band round the left arm, dropping regular noiseless oars. Now she comes nearer—you can distinctly trace on the deck a black outline—of the shape familiar enough to us all. Her steam still slackens—the boats slip out of the line of procession, and gather round her. The moving groups collect in a mass on the edge of the quay; you may see the clergymen's fluttering surplices, the corporation's gaudy gowns, and the gray or bald head of more than one old soldier, standing perfectly still. Gradually every head is bared; the oars are simultaneously lifted—a rising forest—and held aloft in salutation. Everything around is quite silent, except the occasional toll from St Mary Redcliffe Tower, the boom of a minute-gun, and the faint splash of the steamer's paddles. Now they stop—she is close inshore; those waiting her go at once on deck.

Ay, the old soldier has come home.

That return home, of a hero unvictorious, a commander not unblamed—a general fallen, worn out after a great error and check—history will remember as one of her saddest and most touching chronicles. Where were all the honest fault-finders, the malicious slanders, which he bore alike in such brave silence—where were they now?

An old man

Is come to lay his weary bones among you:
Give him a little earth, for charity.

As the body was landed, one clear, prolonged melancholy bugle-note came from over the water, piercing, almost like the cry of a woman. Then a nodding of undertakers' plumes, and a moving of black velvet housings, as there passed slowly along the quay the last carriage, in which we all safely ride. No funeral-car—a simple hearse, with a few mourning-coaches, following. The troop of Horse-guards closed in behind, and then up the thronged, hushed, gaudy avenue of Princes Street the procession went—melting away into a dim mass, out of which came, at intervals, in shrill fife-notes, the monotonous repeated tones of Handel's well-known march—marking a soldier's funeral.

And so they carried him home, and gathered him to his fathers.

'Patience,' said I, when, after a pause so long that our neighbour sight-seers began to move away, and the yard was becoming cleared, we still stood on our three chairs, gazing over the river in the direction of Princes Street—'well, Patience?'

She had pulled down the blue veil, and Faith was busy hiding away her pocket-handkerchief. We walked silently along the river-side towards Clifton.

CRYPTOGRAPHIES.

LET not the reader be startled at this very learned-looking name: it simply means *secret writing*—cipher correspondence, words expressed by artificially selected and artificially employed letters and numerals. The second column of the first page of the *Times* is a magazine of such curiosities, as every regular reader of that journal knows. We throw a little light on them two years ago, in an article to which we shall have occasion to refer presently; but we wish now to draw the attention of the reader to another phase of the subject. There is a national, a historical, a political importance attached to the past history of ciphers, not fully appreciated at the present day. The electric telegraph has thrown all other systems of correspondence so completely in the shade, in respect to safety in passing all obstacles of river and sea,

mountain and valley, that the old beaten paths have in many ways been abandoned. Not that cryptographs have yet been dispensed with by statesmen and diplomatists; for the public learned, on a recent occasion, that some of our wisacres had been thrown into bewilderment by being unable to decipher their own ciphers, on a matter relating to the war! But it is, nevertheless, as a matter of history, that cryptographs are now chiefly interesting; and in this respect they are deserving of more attention than might at first sight be supposed.

It used to be understood during the last war, and probably remains yet true, that a decipherer or interpreter of cryptographs was attached to the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs in all the principal states; and these decipherers gave the high-sounding names of Cryptography, Cryptology, Polygraphy, and Steganography, to their art. So far back as the time of the Greeks, many systems of cipher were employed to transmit messages during war-time. One of these methods may be easily illustrated thus: Let us suppose that the English alphabet, by omitting the letter *j*, consists of twenty-five letters; arrange these in a square thus:—

1	2	3	4	5	
a	f	l	q	v	1
b	g	m	r	w	2
c	h	n	s	x	3
d	i	o	t	y	4
e	k	p	u	z	5

Place figures over and at the right hand; represent every letter by two figures, by the intersection of a vertical with a horizontal row; and thus we find that 11 represent *a*; 34, *o*; 52, *w*; 14, *d*; and so on. This was the principle of one of the Greek methods—one among a numerous family, which the ingenuity of any reader could easily reproduce. The Greeks were likewise well aware of all such contrivances as affixing small dots to the letters of any epistle or manuscript-book, in such a way as to denote only the characters expressive of the secret message; substituting points for vowels; passing a thread through determinately arranged holes in a tablet; tying knots at determinate distances on a string; placing ink-spots at determinate distances on paper; changing the arrangement of the letters in the alphabet, and substituting one for another in writing; employing new and uncouth characters in lieu of ordinary letters; representing a whole word or a whole sentence by one single arbitrary character; abbreviating and clipping words, spelled in other respects in the usual way; or, rather, if not aware of all such contrivances, they were conversant with the principle on which each one rests. One of the Greek methods was mechanical in its arrangement, and certainly curious in its kind. The two correspondents were furnished with two cylindrical pieces of wood exactly alike, each having one; the writer took a long narrow strip of parchment, wound it spirally round his staff at a determinate angle, and then wrote upon or across the edges of the adjacent turns of the spiral: when unrolled, the writing appeared confused and unintelligible; but the person to whom it was sent could interpret it by winding it round his staff. Perhaps the most comical of all cryptographs, was one mentioned by Herodotus. Histieus, while at the Persian court, sent to Aristagoras, in Greece, a servant affected with bad eyes; Histieus told the servant that his hair must first be shorn, and his head scarified; and, in doing this, he wrote, or scratched, or inscribed, a message on the skin of the man's head! The servant was not sent until his hair grew again; but when at length he reached Greece, he was subjected anew to the shearing and shaving process by Aristagoras, under pretence that it would be good for his eyes; and Aristagoras thus gained access to the secret writing which the servant had

unconsciously carried about with him in this odd manner.

During the middle ages, secret writing was much mixed up with telegraphic, military, and naval signals—no broad line of distinction being maintained among the three. Torches placed in particular positions at night; flags held in position by day; guns fired at particular intervals; large drums beaten in a pre-arranged way; musical sounds to represent letters; lamps covered by differently-coloured glasses; square holes diversely closed by shutters; levers projecting at different angles from a vertical post—all were adopted as signals; but secret writing, usually so called, was in most cases a transposition of alphabetical letters. In an *Essay on Cryptography*, written by Blair about half a century ago, the use of artificial characters is illustrated in a very curious way. In the first place, eight sentences or short paragraphs are written, in eight of the principal languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, German, Latin, and Greek, one in each. Then, Blair appealed to his printers to supply him with every possible variety of type which their founts possessed, *except* the English and Greek alphabets—Anglo-Saxon, Hebrew, German type, numerals, mathematical symbols, dashes, stops, small ornaments, &c.; and these he employed, some in their proper positions, and some upside down, to represent the proper letters of the sentences—always pre-supposing that the two correspondents have settled what shall be the nature of the substitution.

The reader at the present day can hardly understand the eagerness with which cipher-writing was discussed in past times. Baptista Porta, Cardan, Vieta, Dr Wallis, the ingenious Marquis of Worcester, all wrote on the subject. Some recommended the representation of letters by small dashes placed at different angles within small squares ruled on paper; some adopted a kind of short-hand strokes upon horizontal lines; some referred to words or sentences by the employment of figures corresponding to the pages and lines of some rare printed book in the possession of the confederates. The great Lord Bacon discoursed upon wheel-ciphers, key-ciphers, word-ciphers; and prided himself much on a cipher in which *a* and *b* are made to do duty for the whole of the alphabet. He gives as an instance the sentence, 'Stay till I come to you,' printed partly in Roman, and partly in Italic characters: this intermixture of type suggests the formation of the three gibberish words, 'aabab, ababa, babba;' and these suggest the plain English word, 'Fly,' which is the real object of the message—the original sentence being merely a blind. Such is an example of the extraordinary labour which has sometimes been bestowed on this matter.

One of these crotchets consists in writing a sentence in good English, but with an intention that only a few of the words shall convey the desired message. Thus: 'I shall be much obliged to you, as reading alone engages my attention at present, if you will lend me any one of the eight volumes of the *Spectator*.' That this is good English, is more than we will affirm; but we take it just as it is given by one of the cryptographers. The recipient, by the aid of some sort of key or clue previously agreed upon, selects the words, 'I shall be . . . alone . . . at . . . eight,' as conveying the meaning, rejecting the rest. Some of the professors of the art have deemed this a famous system; because, if the sentence constructed be really a sensible remark in good English, there may be no suspicion that any secret is involved. Another, of somewhat similar character, consists in writing a letter or paragraph, conveying the secret information, in a narrow column of several lines, and then increasing the column to double the width by adding to each line additional words which, though destroying the original sense, shall impart a new one. This requires

a good deal of tact in composition. The following has been given as the postscript to a letter written on this principle:—

'Pray throw off those vain fears; expose not yourself to scorn, when there is not any imminent danger.'

Taking the left-hand part of this only, there is the warning: 'Pray, expose not yourself to imminent danger.'

Mr Thicknesse, a cryptographer in the last century, once received a letter from a lady who tried to puzzle him. She first composed an epistle in English, selecting for the most part words whose sounds are nearly similar to other words found in the French language; then she wrote it again, using these words instead of the English, and the letter assumed this form: 'Sur. As yeux air il, doux comme and change the climat. Here, yeux mais have game, fêche, duc, fat mutin, foule, porc, aile, port, fruit, and admirable menchette and butter; an mi sistre (a joli nympe) tu chat tu yeux, and sing yeux an ode, tu the lute or violin. Yeux canne have a stéble for ure hors, and a place for ure chaise. Mi son met a physician néer the river, tissé fetal signe! thé sai, the pour Docteur dos grive about the affaire oing to the rude squire. But pardon! mi long lettre; pré doux comme tu us about mai, if yeux canne. Mi service to ure niece. Houe dos Raffé doux?—P.S. Pré doux comme; for ure pour Nenni seize but feu beaux.' Of course, to any one at all acquainted with French, this effusion could occasion no difficulty; but the lady wrote in the Etruscan character—a form of very early Greek alphabet not now known except to a few learned men; so that, by means of the Anglo-French hidden in the Greco-Etruscan, the fair writer doubtlessly produced an ingenious cryptograph.

In past years, the decipherers were a class of persons who made this art their especial study; and no doubt an adept could obtain high rewards for his skill from governments in search of secret information. He made himself acquainted with every imaginable variety in the art: the transposition of letters; the change of this transposition itself with every line; the use of numerals for letters; the combination of letters, numerals, and printing characters; the invention of new characters; the adoption of lines, dashes, or dots; the insertion of significant words in the midst of nonsense; the use of significant words in a long and otherwise useless sentence of good English—all were familiar to them; and they were wont to establish rules whereby to discover a clue to each cipher. These rules were in some cases so complex, as to equal in elaboration a scientific process: indeed, some of the cryptographers insisted that their labours belonged not merely to an art, but to a science.

In the reign of James II., the Earl of Argyle, engaged in a conspiracy against the government, wrote a letter to a confederate in which the words jumbled on in the following manner:—'I gone so I and refuse object first you time much is way the our would have business very I possible of I send here against my 'till what little upon known not which money assistance I service,' &c. The attempts to discover the key to this cipher were instrumental in drawing attention to the art generally.

This subject has received some very curious illustrations in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*. The writer, treating of the oddities which sometimes make their appearance in public in the newspapers, tells of 'Love with finger on lip, speaking secretly, and as he thinks securely, through the medium of cipher advertisements to the loved one. Sweet delusion! There are wicked philosophers abroad who unstraining the bow of harder toil by picking your inmost thoughts! Lovers, beware! Intriguers, tremble! Many a wicked passage of illicit love, many a joy fearfully snatched, which

passed through the second column of the first page of the *Times* as a string of disjointed letters, unintelligible, as the correspondents thought, to all the world but themselves, have been fairly copied out in plain, if not always good English, in the commonplace-books of these cunning men at cryptographs.' The reviewer then lifts the veil that covers the heart-secrets of Flo, but without being able to decide whether Flo is the masculine writer or the feminine recipient of the effusion, but most probably the latter. Flo is addressed in the following rhapsodic style:—'Thou voice of my heart! Berlin, Thursday. I leave next Monday, and shall press you to my heart on Saturday. God bless you!' Four more cryptographic addresses to Flo appear in subsequent advertisements in the *Times*, one of which is translated by the reviewer thus: 'The last is wrong. I repeat it. Thou voice of my heart. I am so lonely, I miss you more than ever. I look at your picture every night. I send you an Indian shawl to wear round you while asleep after dinner. It will keep you from harm, and you must fancy my arms are around you. God bless you! How I do love you!'

All very pretty, no doubt; but Flos and their beaux must not rely too much on their cryptography. A great fright was inflicted in this particular case. After four of the letters had been written, some cipher-anatomist seems to have discovered the key, and announced the same in the *Times*; this was speedily followed by one more, and apparently a last address to Flo: 'I fear, dearest, our cipher is discovered: write at once to your friend Indian Shawl (P. O.), Buckingham, Bucks.' An anonymous writer, under the cognomen Senex, commented on these sillinesses; and another, Expositor, wrote thus to the *Times*: 'Permit me to aid your correspondent, Senex, in exposing the absurd and sickening twaddle contained in these advertisements: twaddle, moreover, which, in its tendency, is much more likely to injure than improve the morals of the curious young folks who so readily crack such nuts at the present festive season. At foot is a translation, made in five minutes, from your journal of this morning, by a juvenile at present residing with me; and his first remark on reading it was to the effect, that if any booby should be caught ciphering in such a way at his school, he would get "jolly well flogged" by the master.'

Without wishing to bear too hardly upon poor Flo, but with a desire to show the principle on which such epistolary conundrums are usually constructed, the *Quarterly* points out that the Flo correspondence was carried on by means of figures or numerals, the key to which is as follows:—

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
y	u	o	i	e	a	d	k	h	f
s	t	n	m	r	l	z	g	w	p
x						c	b		
							v		

each figure, we presume, serving as a substitute for any one of the letters placed underneath it.

The reviewer shows the principle on which a certain 'Cenerentola' correspondence was constructed; and also the extraordinary trouble which some one had taken to put into cipher the theorem that 'the *Times* is the Jefferies of the press.' But both of these nuts were cracked in our Journal two years ago,* as well as several others—such as a 'Kensington' advertisement, in which each letter is represented by another standing twelfth before it in the alphabet; another, in which seven letters are represented, each, by these seven ahead, seven by seven in the rear, six by six ahead, and six by six in the rear; another, on the principle of turning the alphabet end to end, and using a letter as far from the end as the real letter is from the beginning of the

alphabet. Such exposures of supposed secrets are not without their use, for the correspondence either is or is not intended to fulfil some praiseworthy purpose. If it is not, then may it be well to let sentimental damsels and youths know that their sighs and raptures are detected and laughed at; while, if any really good and publicly beneficial object be held in view, then is it right to shew that no cipher is safe, unless much more skilfully constructed than those usually met with in advertisements.

It is very little known how fully the rules have been developed and laid down whereby ciphers may be deciphered. In important state matters, the decipherers of past days attended to all collateral information possible to be obtained—such as the language in which the cipherer may have originally penned his communication, the period at which it was composed, the cipher most in fashion at that period, the quarter from whence the writing might possibly come, the place to which it was probably destined, the person for whom it might be intended, and similar external conditions or accidents. There was a struggle between the cipherers and the decipherers of different nations: the former, to devise a cipher which might baffle the latter; and the latter, to defeat all such attempts. A mere transposition of letters, however ingenious, became at length, no safeguard against these sharp-witted gentry, and more complex arrangements were adopted. Let us illustrate this. We will take six consecutive words from a sentence in the former part of this article: we will devise a mode of substitution, using wrong letters in every case, but yet on a system which could clearly be defined in words, whether for a long or a short sentence, and our gibberish will appear thus:

wkhibz jwj jvuclyzhvad Aeq rfrg nejymtpi.

Now, the point to be illustrated is this—that a practised cryptographer, even without knowing that the six words have been chosen from the present article, would solve this mystery by means of certain rules which he has laid down for his guidance; whereas an uninitiated person, even with this knowledge, will make many guesses before he hits upon the right.

EUPHROSINE:

AN OLD TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It was a bright October evening in the year 1690, when a group of officers stood upon the topmost point of Cape Diamond, the lofty citadel of Quebec, clustered round the flag-staff, from whose summit floated proudly the national banner of France. The last rays of the setting sun kissed its silken folds as they streamed out upon the breeze, waving defiance to the invaders who threatened to pluck it from the rock on which, nearly a century before, it had been planted by the adventurous Champlain.

Over the beautiful landscape, viewed from the pinnacle of that rock, hung the blue dome of heaven, pure and cloudless; while the horizon, burning with gorgeous hues of purple and gold, shed a glory over the scene, such as is never witnessed in milder latitudes. The heads of the distant mountains that guard, like giant-sentinels, the lovely Valley of St Charles, were already crowned with the early-falling snows of Canada; and the Isle of Orleans gleamed, in the distance, like some brilliant gem on the bosom of the broad St Lawrence.

Opposite the frowning height, bristling with cannon, lay the precipitous shores of Point Levi, rising abruptly from the noble bay of Quebec, and terminating in a wooded promontory. Here and there, perched like an eagle's eyrie on its craggy ledges, appeared the

* Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, Second Series, vol. xx. p. 163.

white-washed walls of the peasant's cottage gleaming through the foliage; while its swelling hills, and the undulating surface of its many-coloured woods resting against the vivid background of the sky, gave to that point of land a picturesqueness of effect far surpassing that of the most finished productions of art.

But not to the eye alone did this ministry of beauty make its appeal: the air was full of harmonies—the whispering of leaves, the vesper-songs of birds, the humming of the insect tribes; and of odours, wafted from every woody dingle where the wild-flowers still brightened the fading earth with their beauty, while, mingled with these fainter perfumes, came the rich fragrance of exotics from the stately gardens of the castle, in whose gay parterres still lingered the rarer flowers of European climes—the rose of Provence, the 'Frenchman's darling' *mignonette*, and the balmy violets of England.

But if the heavens above were glorious in their calm beauty, and the earth beneath peaceful and radiant as a poet's dream, there were sounds abroad, marring with their dissonance the harmonies of nature. The tramp of soldiers, the rattling of arms, the hurrying to and fro of excited men, jarred harshly on the silence of the night; while over all this was cast the spell of music from the military band, which played before the castle of St Louis the national airs of France.

But the group of officers who, in the deepening twilight, still remained standing on the summit of the citadel, looked not now with admiring eyes upon the scene. Danger menaced them even in their stronghold; nay, they gazed upon its very presence; and in the whole glowing landscape they saw but one object of interest—a hostile fleet, far from contemptible in force, lying in their own majestic river, under the walls of their city, its white canvas belying in the breeze, and the ensign of England streaming from the mast-head of the admiral's vessel.

The expedition had been fitted out by the British colonists of Massachusetts, and intrusted to the command of Sir William Phipps, a man whom humble birth had not prevented from rising to the highest posts of power and honour, and whose talents and virtues had won the favour and confidence of his sovereign.

Previous to the appearance of the gallant little armament before the walls of Quebec, it had, almost without opposition, captured several French posts on the shores of Newfoundland and the lower St Lawrence, and had actually arrived at Tadoussac, on the Saguenay, before any tidings of the impending danger reached the Canadian capital. Rumours, it is true, were rife concerning its approach; and parties of observation had been sent out by its vigilant governor, Comte de Frontenac, and canoes despatched to seek for some ships laden with supplies, which were daily expected from France—their safe arrival, in the event of a siege, being all-important to the garrison.

Defensive preparations had also been made, and were still going on, by order of M. de Frontenac, with unrelaxed vigour; for, although strong in natural defences, there was need to strengthen its rocky bulwarks against insidious assault, and to defend, by artificial barriers, those weak points which, in the lower parts of the city, were accessible from the river. But the lofty crest of Cape Diamond was not at that time crowned with works of solid masonry, although the present structure had even then been commenced, and from its northern angle there extended an irregular line of bastions, crossing the promontory to the banks of the St Charles.

The citadel, at that period, was a quadrangular fort, with flanking defences at each corner, protected by a wall on the inner side; while some rude field-works, with redoubts, strengthened the front towards the Plains of Abraham. The lower town, too, had its

battery; and the narrow, precipitous passages ascending from it to the upper part of the city, were protected by loophole walls, intrenchments, and rows of *chevaux de frise*.

Speculating upon the audacity which brought this British armament before the walls of their city, the knot of officers we have mentioned remained upon the height till only the white shrouds and gleaming lights of the hostile vessels were discernible through the gathering darkness; and then one after another departed, till only two remained, leaning against the broad flag-staff, and gazing down upon the illuminated windows of the castle. Suddenly a rich strain of music swelled upward from the balcony, when, turning to his companion, the elder of the two young men said, with a gay smile:

'Light and music wherever her presence beams, Louis! Is it not so? Come, let us leave this breezy height; and though with some of us, perchance, it may be our last night of life, it will be well to spend it where we may have a foretaste of the heaven that is to follow.'

'Your light tone, Gaston, is in ill keeping with my grave mood,' answered the other, with a gesture of impatience: 'yet go, and bask in the radiance of her beauty; but'—

'And wherefore but, St Ours?' interrupted his friend. 'What means that settled gloom, that desponding tone, whenever Madame de Lavasseur is our theme?—she whom I know you love—and, not in vain, if there is aught beside outward seeming in her smiles, in the conscious blush when you approach, in the tone of liquid sweetness from her lips—and such lips! Cupid be merciful! The honey of Hybla was vinegar to the dew that bathes those living roses!'

St Ours sighed deeply, and was silent. He had not even a smile for the absurd rhapsody of his friend: in truth, he was struggling hard to subdue the emotion that well-nigh mastered him; but with all his efforts, he could not conceal it from the observation of D'Esperon, who, unable to divine the secret cause which never failed to arouse it in connection with Madame de Lavasseur's name, exclaimed, with an impetuosity which formed a part of his frank and generous nature:

'In the name of all the saints, Louis St Ours, explain to me the mystery which drives you to despair, when love and duty stand ready, amidst a score of hapless aspirants, to crown you with triumph! Montres, D'Aubigny, De Lorne—would they not barter all their hopes of fame in these northern wars, for one little token of that favour which the fair Euphrosyne showers, without stint or measure, upon you?'

'Ah, that is it, D'Esperon! If she looked upon me coldly, I could bear to suffer; but it is a cruel destiny to know the treasure might be mine, were I permitted to possess it; and this it is which must explain to you the secret of that unhappiness whose manifestations have so often awakened your sympathy and wonder.'

'I do not yet comprehend you, Louis. Why is it that the treasure won, may not be possessed?—that, in the very presence of the adored Euphrosyne, I mark your cheek grow pale, your brow become clouded, and see you steal away even from the smiles which are your life, to darkness and solitude.'

'Forgive me, Gaston,' said St Ours; 'I know I must have tried your patience sadly; but till the certainty was forced upon me that, unworthy as I am, I held the happiness of another in my keeping, I resolved to bury deep in my own breast a secret which is the haunting skeleton of my life. But from you I will no longer have any concealment. I have no formal history to relate, and only a few brief words to utter, but they are pregnant with fatal meaning, as you will believe when I tell you—I am married!'

'Married!' exclaimed D'Esperon in half-indignant

astonishment. 'Can I believe you, when no word of this has ever before passed your lips?—not even to me, your comrade in arms, your brother in affection, your friend and confidant—as I thought—in every joy and sorrow, since first we knew each other, years and years ago!'

'Even so, Gaston, for I trained my thoughts never to dwell upon the odious theme. Or rather, I should say, indifferent to the ties that bound me, I scarcely realised their existence, nor felt the galling bondage, till the bright vision of Euphrosyne appeared, and awoke me to the bitter consciousness of my thralldom.'

'But how and when was this fatal marriage contracted; and to whom, in the name of Heaven, are you sacrificed?'

'I know her only by name. These, briefly, are the circumstances of the case:—My father and the Count de Lancey were bosom-friends from boyhood, and, in the ardour of their romantic attachment, they vowed to each other that, should they in after-years become parents, their first-born children, if of different sexes, should cement by marriage the union of the families. My father inherited a proud name with fallen fortunes; while the Count de Lancey, less illustrious by birth, was the possessor of immense wealth, so that the friends each derived his own advantage from the compact; and when, in the course of time, they became parents, the little Rosyne and myself were taught, among the first lessons of our childhood, to regard each other as future husband and wife. Still, had the union been delayed till we arrived at maturity, it would perhaps have never taken place; but, unfortunately, the sudden illness of the count hastened its consummation. An injury received in the chase was pronounced fatal by his physicians; and when informed of his danger, he desired that my father and myself should be instantly summoned. We resided in a distant province, but we set out immediately on receiving the tidings, and travelled night and day. We arrived in time to see him alive, and though near his end, his faculties remained singularly clear. He expressed his satisfaction at my father's prompt compliance with his wishes, reminded him of their compact, and signified his desire to see the marriage solemnised between his daughter and myself before he breathed his last: "Otherwise," he said, "he must leave her in the power of those who would differently shape her destiny; and the dearest wish of his heart was, to bestow her and her wealth, with his own hand, upon the son of his earliest and truest friend."

'It was a strange proposal, children as we both were—the girl-bride being but twelve years old, and I only three her senior. But absorbed in grief for her father, she had no other will than his; and to me, who had always looked upon the union as a thing of course, it was a matter of perfect indifference whether it took place then and there, or was postponed for half-a-dozen years. And so we were married by the count's confessor, who was present with a lay-brother from a neighbouring convent. Strangers to each other, we were united in indissoluble bonds—indifferent to the present, and regardless of the future, which by that act was rendered, to one of us at least, dark and joyless for ever.

'But a secret presentiment of coming woe crept over me when I found my fate irrevocably fixed—a deep aversion to my child-wife filled my heart; but as, by the marriage-stipulations, I was not to claim her till she had completed her sixteenth year, I rejoiced in the reprieve, and gave all anxious thought on the subject to the winds.

'I saw her but once after we parted at the altar, and then, in compliance with my father's wishes, I accompanied him to the convent where she was placed to complete her education. She replied to my distant greeting with averted looks, and I fancied that I inspired her with uncontrollable disgust. This conviction strengthened my repugnance to her; for young

as I was, I had a keen sense of the beautiful in woman; and when I looked at her undeveloped figure, her thin childish face, and large meaningless eyes, I passed gladly from her presence, hoping, almost resolving, never to enter it again.'

'And you have never seen her since?' questioned D'Esperon.

'Never! Two years subsequent, my father died; and having entered upon a military life, I was sent upon foreign service, and remained abroad till recalled by the appointment which transferred me to this Western world in the suite of the Comte de Frontenac.'

'And your wife?' asked D'Esperon.

'I am ignorant of everything that concerns her,' said St Ours. 'At various intervals, I heard that she always spoke with bitterness of her early marriage, denouncing it as the misfortune of her life; and this settled hate on her part fortified me in my resolution never to trouble her with a husband's claim, nor ever to intrude my unwelcome presence upon her. For aught I know, she may now be a veiled nun in the convent where I left her; but this is not probable. I only wish it were; and then I should be absolved from the vow I made my father on his death-bed—never voluntarily to break the tie which binds me to the daughter of his friend.'

'It is indeed a forlorn-hope, I fear,' said D'Esperon. 'Had such an event taken place, you would have heard of it through a hundred channels before now.'

'True: it does not offer even a straw to the drowning man's grasp, and I have only to bear my doom with such patience as I can; and it would have been an easy task, this quiet submission to an iron destiny, had my heart remained untouched by another. But to long with all the ardour of passion, to know myself beloved by the most enchanting of women—O it is often more than my manhood can endure!'

'But this child to whom you were wedded, St Ours, has, with the lapse of years, become a woman. How know you that she has not blossomed into an angel, who would fill your whole soul with the ecstatic sense of her loveliness?'

'It could not be. You would not think so had you seen her. Besides, she is not Euphrosyne, and so could win no love of mine. Still, though I have wished to be forgotten by her—to be thought of, if remembered at all, as one dead—should she demand of me the protection of a husband, I would yield it, in fulfilment of my vow made to her, and of the promise to my father on his dying bed, never to rupture my marriage-tie. But I have little fear that she will claim from me any frigid duty, and I gladly interpret her unbroken silence into a repugnance as unconquerable as my own.'

'Louis drew his cloak round him as he ceased speaking, for the night-air blew chill and damp from the river, and leaning against the flag-staff, remained for a few minutes lost in silent thought; then suddenly addressing his friend, he said with emotion:

'This is her birth-night, Gaston, and we but ill honour it by loitering here. Let us go and mingle with the crowd of her worshippers, it may be, as you say, for the last time; but the brief hours of life which, perchance, remain for some of us, I at least would wing with brightness such as her presence only can bestow.'

Arm in arm, the two friends descended from the rock, and bent their steps towards the castle, from whence came the sounds of music and laughter, sickening to the aching heart of St Ours, but exhilarating to the light spirit of his companion, who, with quickened steps, pressed on, eager to share the revelry so congenial to his buoyant nature. They entered the vestibule; and D'Esperon had bounded half-way up the broad illuminated staircase, when he paused to look back for his more tardy companion, who was slowly

ascending step by step, his fine face still bearing the overshadowing trace of his recent emotion.

'Courage, Louis! courage and hope! Remember your family motto, and wear your heart as bravely as you do your sword,' said D'Espronc-gaily.

St Ours answered his friend's sally by a faint smile; and springing up to the landing on which he stood, they passed on together to the grand saloon, crowded, on this the birth-night of the governor's favourite niece the beautiful Madame de Lavasseur, with a brilliant assemblage of the most distinguished residents, civil and military, of the place.

M. de Frontenac would not permit the threatening aspect of public affairs to interfere with the arrangements made for the occasion; and the festivities at the castle presented a scene of magnificence which would have been in better keeping with an eve of festal victory, than with one which was probably to precede the deadly encounter of enemies.

Yet who could think of impending danger, in the midst of so much gaiety, and in the presence of the night's radiant queen, the charming Euphrosyne, the cynosure of all eyes, eclipsing, by her sweet simplicity, her exquisite grace, and a beauty more touching even than it was dazzling, the showy women who, in the imposing splendour of rich robes and jewels of countless value, lent éclat to the scene! She moved among the glittering throng, beautiful in her unadorned simplicity, a few natural flowers wreathed among the rich folds of her shining hair, and arrayed in robes of the purest white; for her weeds, if she had ever worn them for a husband who possessed not her affections, were long ago cast aside; and on this her twentieth birth-night, she resembled rather a youthful bride than a widow.

With a calm step but a throbbing heart Louis St Ours passed through the brilliant crowd. Not daring by one furtive glance to single out the object who filled his every thought, he made his way to the upper end of the saloon, where, surrounded by a group of officers, M. de Frontenac stood discussing the great topic of interest—the arrival of the hostile fleet in their waters.

St Ours was becoming an attentive auditor to the circle, when, by a sudden evolution of the dancers, he caught a glimpse of Euphrosyne; then her sweet silver laugh rang upon his ear; and forgetting all things else in the thought of her, he drank eagerly in the low musical tones of her voice, as they came to him mingled with the general hum, yet separated to his ear from all other sounds, her lightest tone penetrating like some divine harmony into the secret recesses of his soul.

She was dancing with the young Baron D'Aubigny, an officer of the governor's household; and she moved with an airy grace that scarcely suffered her buoyant step to touch the floor; while, in the pauses of the figure, she conversed gaily with her partner, her animated face upturned to his with a beaming look that made St Ours start.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that the tender devotion so long manifested towards her by the baron, was at last awaking an answering feeling in her heart, and could it be this subtle magic which heightened even her marvellous beauty, and lent to every gesture a diviner grace? At this surmise, admitted only for an instant, a jealous pang wrung his heart; but another stolen glance reassured him, for he met an answering look from her sweet eyes—a look which he knew never came but from the heart.

To some she might have seemed absorbed in the tender tale her handsome partner was whispering in her ear; but Louis better understood her, and knew that for him alone her lip was wreathed with smiles, and the light of love danced in her eyes. He could not resist her fascination, nay, he did not strive to do so, and he advanced a step, as if to approach her.

She marked the gesture, and instantly her whole face became radiant with pleasurable emotion. His heart bounded with passionate joy at the sight; and repelling the cruel thought that she never could be his, he murmured to himself: 'For this night at least, which perhaps may be my last, I will bask in the sunshine of her smiles;' and the next moment saw him standing flushed with happiness at her side.

The young baron drew back, mortified and offended, at the approach of St Ours, assured, by the smile of tender welcome with which the fair Euphrosyne greeted his approach, that he saw in him the rival destined to snatch away the treasure he coveted. But, unheeding his chagrin, the lovers, rapt in their dream of bliss, wandered away towards the open balcony, over which hung the cloudless moon, and where they found the silence which their spirits craved.

High in air hung the lofty terrace where they stood, overlooking that part of the city called the lower town, its narrow precipitous streets winding down hundreds of feet below the stately castle of St Louis. It was October, but the weather was soft and balmy as a night in June; and the rosiogill, the Canadian nightingale, at intervals broke forth in song from amid the thickets of lilac and acacia where he sat concealed. The vault of heaven was brilliant with its countless stars, among which shone the young moon's crescent; but their glory was eclipsed by the coruscations of the mystical aurora, often so resplendent in the autumnal nights of northern latitudes.

St Ours, with his fair companion, stood leaning against the massive stone-work that guarded the balcony, watching in silent admiration the splendid aurora—now darting its luminous arrows far up the heavens, now broadening and reddening into sheets of flame, that waved to and fro like blood-red banners—and again, paling to a silver radiance, as innumerable shafts of light, diverging from the horizon, streamed up to the very zenith, and there uniting, formed a vast curtain of inconceivable splendour, which seemed to enclose the hemisphere.

Attracted by the report of the brilliant phenomenon, many of the guests had gathered on the balcony to witness it; but behind the screen of a stone-abutment, the lovers remained unobserved—communing in spirit, though their lips were silent. Suddenly the strange brightness grew more intense; the grand tent shook out its luminous folds, waving and shimmering till the heavens were one canopy of light, beneath whose radiance every feature of the landscape became distinctly visible—the rocky summits of Cape Diamond—the wooded promontory of Point Levi—the fair valley of St Charles, with its guardian barrier of mountains—the little village of Beauport, and near its shores the dark ships of the invaders, lying motionless at their anchorage. Their tall masts, and the delicate tracery of their slender spars, were clearly defined against the glowing sky; and as St Ours pointed them out to Euphrosyne, he felt a slight shudder pass through her frame, and he could scarcely catch her tremulous whisper as she murmured: 'It is a fearful sight that hostile armament, which to-morrow—ah! to-morrow!'

The concluding accents were inaudible, for she bent over the low balustrade to hide her emotion.

The heart of St Ours throbbed wildly, nay, rapturously: he knew for whose safety she most feared, and the certainty that he was beloved, brought with it a dangerous delight. Yet the experience of each day's intercourse with her had taught him to wear an enforced calmness, which now sustained him as he answered her half-uttered fears with a few quiet words. At variance were his tones with the tumult of his feelings, but he dared not abandon himself to their control.

'There is, I think, little to fear from yonder invaders, who, in full view of our impregnable fortress, will scarcely venture an attack. But even should they

'be so foolhardy, and some of us, as it must be, fall in the service of our king, would there not be consolation, fair Euphrosyne, in that saying of the ancients, which you yesterday repeated to me—"Whom the gods love, die early?"'

She attempted no reply, but still bent in silence over the balcony, hiding her face in the flowers she held. He saw them tremble in her light grasp, and saw too, glittering on their fragrant leaves, the precious tears which fell from her downcast eyes. How difficult he found it then to crush down the aching secret of his heart!—it trembled on his lips as, drawing her closer to his side, he repeated in low and passionate accents her cherished name.

But only for an instant slept the cruel remembrance of his thralldom; and checking the rash confession he was almost in the act of pouring forth, he moved a few steps from her, and bowing his head upon his breast, strove to still the rebellious murmurs of his heart. She drew towards him, and, as though she understood the cause of his disturbance, laid her hand on his arm with that sweet familiarity which had of late grown up between them, and said in her sweet winning tone, and with a look of bewitching tenderness: 'Louis, you are unhappy; and will you not suffer me, your friend—your sister—to be your comforter?'

'Sister!' he repeated with a sudden start. 'Ah! Euphrosyne, could I tell you all!—but not to-night. Let me at least enjoy these fleeting hours, for we know not what the morrow may have in store for us.'

An expression of pain crossed her face, but she answered him with cheerful tones and sweet chidings for the indulgence of his morbid fancies.

'Ah, sweetest Euphrosyne, chide me as you will,' he said: 'I deserve your harshest rebuke for casting one shadow from my own darkened life over the joyous sunshine of yours; by daring, with the web of an evil destiny around me, to lavish my love and my despair where I can neither ask nor hope for aught in return.'

Transported by the fervour of his passion, St Ours gave rapid utterance to these words—such words of tender meaning as he had never before spoken to the object of his hopeless love. Euphrosyne heard them with a thrill of joy which spoke eloquently in the glad light of her bashful eyes, as she raised them with a glance of soft reproach to his face, instantly to cast them down again, shrinking from his fervent regards. But when he read in that tender look the full and perfect love which her heart accorded him, he felt deeply the untruthfulness of his conduct in permitting the silent growth of her affection without striving to check it, by revealing to her his true position. Self-condemned and wretched, he stood before her, inwardly resolving, though it should for ever terminate their intercourse, to embrace the earliest opportunity of making known to her all the unhappy circumstances which placed an insurmountable barrier between them.

Euphrosyne, with the instinct of love, marked the deepening gloom of his manner; but she felt that she was dear to him, and the deep joy of her heart remained unchilled; her eyes met his with undimmed tenderness, and no shadow darkened the sunshine of her smiles. Louis marvelled at her serenity; his own soul was in tumult, and he felt persuaded that his sufferings could not escape her notice. Why, then, did she manifest no distrust, no disturbance? It was inexplicable to him, and almost was he tempted to believe that she valued his affection only as a triumph to her vanity; but a glance at her pure and innocent face dispelled the unworthy thought. She loved him with the fond undoubting trust of woman; and he, wretch that he was, had won her young and guileless heart, only to betray it to certain misery and despair. It

was too much to bear; and to escape from it, he could at that moment have been content to know that, in the coming strife, some leaden messenger of death would for ever still the throbbings of his aching heart.

A CHINESE GARDEN OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

THE most striking peculiarity of the social condition of China is its apparent immobility. Such as it is now, the same, in almost every particular, has it been for immemorial ages. The social illustrations and allusions with which the most ancient of the classical books of the Chinese abound, are found as apposite and as significant to-day as when they were first written: the sketches of everyday-life in their ancient poets and apologue-writers, still find their living counterparts in every great city of the empire; the passing glimpses of Chinese manners which, at few and distant intervals, foreign travellers have enjoyed, all attest this unchanging, and, as it were, stereotyped character; and all the pictures of China which they have drawn—whether those of the Arab travellers of the ninth century, of Marco Polo in the thirteenth, of the Portuguese adventurers of the sixteenth, the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth, or the motley visitors of every race who have crowded the free ports since the termination of the late war—all present not only the same general outlines, but the most complete and absolute identity in every detail of feature, colouring, and expression.

Many curious and interesting illustrations of this national peculiarity may be drawn from a comparison of almost any of the ancient books of the Chinese with the state of things actually described by the modern writers upon men and manners in the Celestial Empire. We have been much struck in this respect by a very ancient poem, descriptive of an ornamental park or garden, a prose translation of which is given by the lively and amusing traveller, M. Hue, in his recently published work upon the Chinese Empire.* The poem is in itself an exceedingly pretty one; but it is also so very interesting, as illustrating the singular characteristic of the Chinese to which we have been alluding, that we are induced to give a brief account of it, in so far as it bears upon this point, accompanied by a few extracts, as specimens of the writer's general style and habit of thought. One might easily believe, in reading his simple verses, that, 700 years ago, he was describing, by anticipation, the modern imperial gardens of Gehol or Yuen-min-yuen, such as they may be seen in this present year.

The author of the poem to which we refer, one of the most admired of the Chinese classics, is Sse-makouang, a distinguished philosopher and statesman, who flourished in the eleventh century of our era. He took an active part in political affairs for many years of his life; but was supplanted in the confidence of his master, the Emperor Chen-tsoung, by a reckless and visionary theorist, who, by a scheme of Communism very similar to that recently attempted in France, plunged the empire into the extreme of social misery and confusion. The poem now before us would appear to have been written during the political retirement of the author. He describes himself as withdrawn from public affairs, and entirely devoted to literature and contemplation; the great charm of his garden, in the midst of which stood a library of 5000 volumes, being, in his eyes, the delightful opportunity which it affords for those intellectual indulgences. 'Let others,' he writes, 'build palaces to contain their vexations and

* *The Chinese Empire; being a Sequel to the Work entitled Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Tibet.* By M. Hue, formerly Missionary-apostolic in China. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longmans.

display their vanity. I have made myself a retreat to amuse my leisure and to converse with my friends!

The space covered by Sse-ma-kouang's ornamental garden was but twenty acres; yet, with that singular taste still stereotyped in the pleasure-grounds of his modern countrymen, he had contrived to crowd into it almost every conceivable variety of scenery. 'Towards the south,' he writes, 'is a pavilion, in the midst of the waters of a rivulet that falls from the hills upon the west. Here it forms a deep basin, which afterwards divides into four branches, like the claws of a leopard; and innumerable swans swim on its surface, or sport upon its banks. On the borders of the first, which flings itself down in repeated cascades, there rises a steep overhanging rock, carved like an elephant's trunk; and the top of this sustains an open pleasure-house, to take the fresh air, and to see the rubies with which morning adorns the sun at his rising. The second branch divides itself a little way off into two canals, round which winds a gallery with a double terrace, bordered with roses and pomegranates. The branch from the west bends in the form of a bow towards a solitary bower, where it forms a little islet, covered with sand and shells of various colours: one part is planted with evergreens, the other is adorned with a cottage of reeds and thatch, resembling a fisherman's cot. The other two branches seem alternately to seek and to fly from each other, as they follow the declivity of a meadow enamelled with flowers, which they keep ever fresh. Sometimes they diverge from their beds to form little pearly basins, framed in emerald turf; then they leave the level of the meadow, and descend in two narrow channels, and the waters break against the rocks that oppose their passage, and roar and dash into foam, and then roll off in silver waves through the winding course they are obliged to take.'

Another part of the grounds was devoted to miniature mountain scenery. 'North of the great hall are several summer pavilions, scattered at random about hills which rise one above the other, like a mother above her children. Some hang on the declivity of a hill, some are nestled in little gorges, and are only half seen. All the hills are shaded by groves of tufted bamboo, and intersected by gravel-paths, to which the sun's rays never penetrate.' The tufted bamboo, we need scarcely add, is still the favourite ornament of Chinese pleasure-grounds.

Elsewhere, we meet a nearer approach to our English style of landscape-gardening, mingled, however, with some peculiarly Chinese designs. 'To the eastward spreads out a small plain, divided into flower-beds, square and oval, and defended from the cold winds of the north by a grove of ancient cedars. All these beds are filled with odoriferous plants, medicinal herbs, flowers, and shrubs. Never does spring leave this delicious spot. A little forest of lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees, always loaded with flowers and fruit, completes the prospect. In the midst of this forest is a mount of verdure, which you ascend by a gentle winding slope that passes several times round it, like the volutes of a shell, and gradually diminishes to the summit. Here and there, at short distances, you find seats of soft turf, which invite to repose, and to the contemplation of the garden from various points of view.'

The ascending spiral-path here described, is still a favourite device of the Chinese gardener. The rocks, cut into fantastic animal forms; the mazes of streams, rivulets, and canals; the mock cottages and hermitages; the party-coloured sand and shells; the miniature mountains, the tiny cascades—all seem almost copied from the existing imperial gardens, and are to be seen, on a smaller and less pretentious scale, in every one even of the tiny gardens of the wealthier citizens which the traveller meets in the environs of the great cities.

So, also, the attempt to imitate the wildness of nature. 'On the west, an avenue of weeping-willows, with their long pendent branches, guides you to the banks of a stream which falls, a few paces further, from the brink of a rock covered with ivy, and wild-grasses of various colours. The environs exhibit a barrier of painted rocks, fancifully heaped together, and rising, like an amphitheatre, in a wild and rustic style. At the bottom of these is a deep grotto, which enlarges as you advance into it, till it forms a kind of irregular saloon with a dome-like roof. The light enters this apartment by an aperture tolerably large, but veiled by the branches of the honeysuckle and wild-vine. This grotto affords a cool retreat from the burning heats of the dog-days; masses of rock scattered here and there, or broad platforms cut out of the solid rock, form the seats.'

This was evidently the poet's favourite spot. 'How charming,' he exclaims, 'is this solitude! The broad surface of the watery basin in its centre is studded with little islets of shrubs, the larger of which serve as aviaries, and are filled with all kinds of birds. You can pass easily from one to the other by blocks of stones that rise out of the water, and by little wooden bridges, some straight, some arched, some zigzag, that cross it. When the lilies with which the borders of the basin are planted are in flower, it appears crowned with purple and scarlet, like the horizon of the southern sea when the sun rests upon it.'

Nevertheless, the poet's arrangements provided for a glimpse of the outer world, if the loiterer felt disposed to enjoy it. 'To leave this solitude,' he says, 'you must either turn back, or cross the chain of steep rocks by which it is surrounded. You can ascend to the summit by a sort of rude staircase roughly hewn with the pickaxe, and there you find a simple cabinet, but yet adorned by the view of an immense plain, over which the Kiang rolls its flood through rich fields and villages. The innumerable barks with which this mighty river is covered, the labourers tilling the ground, the travellers passing along the highway, animate this enchanting prospect; and the azure mountains which terminate the horizon afford repose and recreation to the sight.'

At times he relieved the monotony of his literary leisure by a moderate indulgence in the sports of the river or the field; and it is not difficult to perceive, in the semi-misanthropic reflections upon the sport in which he indulges, a trace of the bitterness which his own political failures had left behind, and which not all his philosophy had sufficed to subdue. 'When I am weary of writing and composing in the midst of my books,' says he, 'I throw myself into a boat, which I row with my own hands, and seek the pleasures of my garden. Sometimes I land on the fishing-island, where, with a broad straw-hat on my head to protect me from the scorching rays of the sun, I amuse myself with enticing the fish that sport in the water, and study our human passions in their mistakes; or at other times, with my quiver on my shoulder, and my bow in my hand, I climb over the rocks; and then lying in wait, like a traitor, for the rabbits, I pierce them with my arrows at the entrance of their holes. Alas, they are wiser than we are, and they fly from what is dangerous! If they spy me approaching, not one will shew himself outside.'

A still more cherished relaxation is that which he derives from the actual tending of his garden, and the simple enjoyment of plucking and eating the fruits raised by his own hands therein. When he walks in his garden, he gathers any medicinal herb which he may desire to preserve. If a flower pleases his fancy, he plucks it; if he sees one suffering from drought, he waters it. 'How many times,' he exclaims with simple enthusiasm, 'have the first ripe fruits restored to me the appetite which luxurious living had taken away!'

My pomegranates and peaches are the better for, being plucked by my own hand, and the friends to whom I send them, prize them the more on this account. Do I see a young bamboo, whose growth I wish to assist—I prune it; or I bend and interweave its branches in order to force them forth. The summit of a rock, the banks of a stream, the depths of a wood, all are welcome to me when I wish to repose myself. I enter a pavilion to watch a stork making war upon the fish; but scarcely have I entered, when, forgetting what brought me there, I seize my *kin* (a small violin), and challenge the birds to rivalry.

We could not suppose that, amid the various sources of natural enjoyment, a poet, evidently so keenly alive to the beauties of nature, would have overlooked moonlight, with all its thousand charms. 'The last rays of the sun,' he writes, 'often surprise me whilst I am perhaps contemplating in silence the tender anxieties of a swallow for her little ones; or, it may be, the stratagems by which a hawk endeavours to master his prey. The moon rises, and still finds me there. This is an additional pleasure. The murmuring of the waters, the rustling of the leaves in the wind, the beauty of the heavens, plunge me into a delightful reverie; all nature speaks to my soul; I wander about and listen; and night has reached the middle of its course before I have reached the threshold of my door.'

Yet, with all his rapturous appreciation of natural beauty, Sse-ma-kouang is not insensible to that 'something more exquisite still,' which to a generous mind forms the best charm, even of the most attractive scenery. Even while he dwells with liveliest enthusiasm on the beauties of nature, and is warmest in his admiration of her 'purest of crystal and brightest of green,' he confesses that to him the best and most enduring charm of all

Was that friends the beloved of his bosom were near

Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear!

'My friends come occasionally, too,' says he, 'to interrupt my solitude, to read to me their works, or to hear mine. Wine enlivens our frugal repasts; philosophy seasons them; and whilst at court men are seeking voluptuous pleasures, fostering calumny, forging fetters, and laying snares, we are invoking Wisdom, and offering her our hearts. My eyes are constantly turned towards her; but, alas! her rays only beam on me through a thousand clouds. Let them be dispersed, even were it by a storm, and this solitude will become for me a temple of felicity.'

The closing lines of this pretty passage seem to indicate very plainly that poor Sse-ma-kouang was not quite so stoical as his poetry would try to persuade us. He seems to pine in his solitude: his heart still turns towards the busy haunts of men; and there is another and concluding passage in which he discloses his wishes even with less disguise than before. 'But what do I say?' he breaks off abruptly; 'I, a husband, a father, a citizen, a man of letters; I am bound by a thousand duties! My life is not my own.'

'Adieu!' he concludes—'my dear garden, adieu! The love of kindred and of country calls me to the city. Keep thy pleasures, that they may some day dissipate anew my cares, and save my virtue from these temptations!'

Such is Sse-ma-kouang's description of the favourite garden which, in the year 1069, served to solace the tedium of his forced political inactivity. There is not a word nor an allusion in the entire poem which would not be perfectly appropriate in the case of one of the degraded mandarins of his present Celestial majesty. We would venture to say that Commissioner Lin, during the disgrace with which he was visited in consequence of his share in the negotiations at the close of the late war, might occasionally be seen with a fishing-rod in his hand, and the same broad-rimmed hat which

shaded Sse-ma-kouang from the scorching rays of the sun; or perhaps whiling away, with the music of the same unchanging *kin*, the weary hours of his political exile. And if Lin be a poet, it is by no means impossible, considering the social stagnancy of China, that he, in turn, may leave behind him a metrical record of his woes, as appropriate to the condition of some unhappy child of misfortune in eight centuries to come, as Sse-ma-kouang's has proved to his own. When M. Huc wished to give his readers an idea of the garden of the present Communal Palace at Kien-tcheou, he could not find a more exact description than that which the poet of the eleventh century had given of his own pleasure-grounds; and he actually saw the gardeners, during his visit, engaged in hewing the rocks and clipping the trees into the same grotesque and fantastic forms which are immortalised in these pretty verses of the olden time.

How long this strange immutability, this insensibility to every progressive impulse, whether from without or from within, is to continue—whether it is ever to be overthrown by foreign influence, or to expire by domestic atrophy, a few years more can hardly fail to disclose.

MEYERBEER AND HIS MUSIC.

THE life of Giacomo Meyerbeer, now the most illustrious of living composers for the operatic stage, is one which should convey a hopeful and valuable lesson to those who labour in the cause of art. By no *coup de main* has he won the command of all the great Operahouses of Europe; by no lucky chance or clever audacity has he risen to the highest eminence known to his especial vocation; but by a career of extraordinary application, by patient elaboration, and an incessant exacting particularity almost without a parallel in the history of *meustri*. For forty years has he been climbing the mountain-steeple; and now, in the fulness of days, he stands upon the Olympian height—his purpose achieved, his 'own idea' so wrought out and impressed upon the world, that the Meyerbeerian Opera is now a distinct and colossal feature in musical art, completely *sui generis*, and apart from comparison or imitation. To all aspiring artists, the spectacle of a composer rising step by step, in spite of competition and obstruction, and after repeated failures, to the very highest pinnacle of fame and popularity, cannot but be encouraging and stimulating. Especially to English composers would we point out M. Meyerbeer as an example, on account of his loyalty to his own original ideas. The great cause of our weakness in English Opera, lies in the fact that our composers, from Arne down to Bishop, and from Bishop to Balfe, have based their conceptions upon Italian and German models, so that it cannot be said that there is a school of English Opera in existence. But Meyerbeer would always be Meyerbeer, whether writing for the German, Italian, or French stage; and notwithstanding that he commenced his career at a time when the world was ravished with the fascinating strains of Rossini, he kept faith in his own theory, clung to it, worked for it, waited for it, until at length he has secured for it an audience which embraces every city in the world where there is an Opera-house.

It must not be forgotten, however, that much of the excitement at present existing with regard to Meyerbeer is the result of fashion. That excitement will be modified in course of time, when the composer will be more correctly appreciated. However little his music may enter into that general vogue which has been gained by Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Weber, his grand operas will live as great master-pieces, as perfected and elaborate chefs-d'œuvre.

As we are not aware that any memoir of Meyerbeer has been published, the following few particulars,

gleaned from various sources, may not be uninteresting at the present time:—

Giacomo Meyerbeer is the son of a rich and well-known Jewish banker of the same name, or, as it has been otherwise stated, James Beer; and was born in Berlin, in the year 1791—so that he must be now about sixty-four years old. At a very early age, he manifested a strong predilection for music, and while still very young, attracted much attention, by his talents as a pianist. His love for the divine art appears to have been encouraged by those who superintended his progress in life. When only nineteen years of age, he was placed under the tuition of the celebrated Abbé Vogler, once the detested and ridiculed of Mozart, an old school-teacher of counterpoint, but still a musical *doctrinaire* with a theory of composition of his own. In this position, he became the fellow-pupil of one of the most glorious geniuses the world has ever produced—the unique expositor of German romantic Opera, Carl Maria von Weber. It appears that the two students—‘acolytes of immortality,’ to use a phrase of Goethe’s—became greatly attached to each other. Pursuing their studies with enthusiasm, they worked together, sharing the same room, and participating in congenial ambitions. Two years after Meyerbeer had become a pupil of Vogler, the abbé closed his school, and made a tour through Germany for a twelvemonth with his pupils, at that time four in number. Under his direction, Meyerbeer produced at Munich his opera of *Jephtha*, the libretto by Schreiber. The young composer was as yet, however, too faithful a disciple of the old contrapuntist. His work did him credit as a student, but there was nothing in it to bewitch the ears of the public. The opera failed. His second attempt, *The Two Caliphs*, another exercise of ingenuity and scholarship, met, in the first place, with a similar fate. This was a comic opera, and was produced both at Stuttgart and Vienna, but with no success. Weber, whose friendship for his fellow-pupil was still nobly sustained, and who neglected no opportunity of assisting his career, exerted himself to rescue this work from perdition. Owing to his influence, it was afterwards performed at Prague, under the name of *Abimelek, or Host and Guest*, and under its new form and auspices actually met with considerable success.

The veteran Süsser—who, in his younger days, had, like Vogler, been the contemporary and competitor of Mozart—advised the young composer to visit Italy for the express purpose of cultivating a taste for melody. This counsel he followed, and made a sojourn in the immemorial land of song.

In 1817, he produced at Padua an opera entitled *Romilda à Costanza*, of which, however, we know nothing more than the name. In 1819, *Semiramide Reconscinta*, the libretto by Metastasio, was brought out at Turin—of which also we know nothing. For the great Opera-house of La Scala, at Milan, he wrote *Margherita d'Anjou*; and for the same theatre, *L'Exile di Granata*, which was produced in 1823. None of these works, however, whatever degree of success they might have won at first, have been able to keep the stage. But the next in chronological order was a great step in advance, and presents the first work which made a marked and wide-spread impression—namely, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, which was produced at Venice in 1825. This caused a complete *furor*, and seems to have almost turned the heads of the enthusiastic and impassioned Italians. It contains some charming music, and, among other things, one delicious little chorus, ‘Nel silenzio!’ the beautiful melody of which is popular to this day all the world over.

Besides these works, M. Meyerbeer composed two which have never been performed—namely, *La Porte de Brandebourg*, written for the Berlin stage, and *Almasor*, written for the Roman theatre, but never

played, on account of the sudden illness of Madame Rossi, the prima-donna.

Il Crociato is the last opera which M. Meyerbeer composed for the Italian Opera. He seems to have been satisfied with his success on that field, and to have resolved upon trying his powers in the province of French grand Opera. He followed, in fact, a course of close competition with Rossini. Having, by the unequivocal success of *Il Crociato*, established himself as his rival on the Italian stage, he followed him to the Grand Opera (the Académie) of Paris. M. (now of world-wide celebrity as Dr) Veron was then the director of the Académie. Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* had been produced, and all the world was humming those enchanting melodies of the green hills of Tyrol and the bewitching *airs de ballet*, and talking about the immortal ‘*Suivez-moi!*’ which, since Duprez lost the compass of his glorious voice, has never been given with such electric brilliancy as by the Tamberlik of our own day. At this time, when the star of the Italian composer shone with such meridian brightness, M. Meyerbeer resolved to contest the ground with him. Six years after *Il Crociato* was produced, he brought forward his *Robert le Diable*, a grand opera on the scale of the Académie, a work on which he had bestowed almost incredible care and pains. The success of this most romantic and exciting of operas was immense. Amidst the acclamations that greeted its most original snatches of melody, its impassioned scenes, and stirring and extraordinary choruses, Signor Rossini quitted Paris, declaring that he would never write another bar for the stage. Unfortunately, he has kept his word. Passing most of his time at Bologna, leading an eccentric life, he has provoked the patience of the world by studiously keeping aloof from the field on which he had won a name and fame which will endure as long as there are minds and hearts to appreciate the sweetest melodies and the richest style of vocal part-writing which any theatrical composer, excepting Mozart, has yet attained. And the provocation has been all the more intolerable, since, from time to time, the ‘hermit of Bologna’ has put forth fugitive works—now a *Stabat Mater*, and now a few choruses—which have proved to demonstration that he still possesses as strongly as ever those glorious gifts which so charmed the last generation as to give colour and justification to the mot of Talleyrand: ‘At present, I and Rossini govern the world.’

Robert made the fortune of the lucky Dr Veron.

Following up this grand success, M. Meyerbeer still further clenched his hold upon the public by the production of *Les Huguenots*, still regarded as his greatest work, which took place at the Académie in 1836. This, undoubtedly, is one of the most extraordinary productions with which the public has ever become acquainted through the operatic stage. For seven or eight years, M. Meyerbeer was busy over it. The result is a wonderful exhibition of artistic ingenuity and dramatic colouring. The excitement occasioned even surpassed that produced by *Robert*. The work incontestably contains some of the grandest music in the whole operatic repertoire. Twelve years after this, the now illustrious maestro brought forth his third grand opera, *Le Prophète*, on the same boards, in 1849, after being in rehearsal more than a year—a characteristic speciality of the composer's exacting deliberation and inexorable conscientiousness. The immense success of this production must be still fresh in the memories of all readers who take any note of musical affairs.

Having, by these remarkable successes in works of the highest pretension, won a leading name in Italian Opera and French romantic Opera, M. Meyerbeer turned his conquering gaze towards the Opéra Comique—the domain, as it has been properly styled, of Boïeldieu, Auber, and Halévy. Here, again, he has been triumphant. In 1854, at that most brilliant of theatres

on the Boulevard Italien, he brought forth his latest work, *L'Etoile du Nord*. It was performed one hundred times uninterruptedly, and alternately brought forward with no less fortunate results in the chief musical cities of Germany and France; and, now, during the present season in London, at the Covent Garden Opera, where the enthusiasm of an audience of dilettanti compelled the composer to cross the stage twice amidst applause ovations which, perhaps, have never before been equalled so far north of Milan as this.

Here, for the present, is the culmination of a busy and indefatigable career of upwards of forty years.

With regard to M. Meyerbeer's music, its besetting peculiarity is its unintermittent dramatic character. His operas are great master-pieces as wholes. With the exception of the fine scena, 'Robert, toi qui l'aime,' the romance, 'Quand je quittais la Normandie,' the scena, 'Va, dit-elle,' and one or two other pieces, none of his compositions find their way into the programmes of popular concerts. You will find a score of *morceaux* by Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, & every one of Meyerbeer's, notwithstanding that the latter has now for many years been at the head of existing operatic composers. The reason lies in his intense and perpetual dramatic colouring. A terzetto, a quartetto, or a chorus from *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, or *L'Etoile*, detached and performed at a concert, would be about as uninteresting an affair as an extracted chapter of *Guy Rannering* to a reader who knew nothing of the story. Meyerbeer's music can only be heard in the theatre, in connection with the incidents and scenery of the drama. There is nothing of empiricism in his operas—he writes nothing for the music-shops. The situations and passions set forth in his libretto have his concentrated attention. To portray these with the utmost possible fidelity, seems to be his sole aim. He has certainly never courted popularity by means of catching ballads and easy choruses, but has always worked like an artist having ideas and a theory of his own, and resolute to achieve their development.

Yet, he is not without the power of writing melodies, beautiful and engaging, simply as melodies; witness the chorus 'Nel silenzio' in *Il Crociato*—the romance 'Quand je quittais' in *Robert*—the first romance of 'Raoul' and the *airs de ballet* in the *Huguenots*—the beautiful chorus 'Ecco giu il se l'roffett,' the aria 'Sol piato il ciglio versur,' and the famous march, in the *Prophète*, not to mention many other examples. The melody in each of these *morceaux* is original, flowing, or piquant, and possessing that attribute of popularity which exhibits itself in music haunting our ears long after we have heard it. The closeness with which M. Meyerbeer adheres to his text, makes his compositions appear patchy when heard in a detached form; and the indifference with which he frequently interrupts the course of a beautiful melody, when the sentiment of a line of poetry excites him, has been remarked by every hearer of his works. There is no doubt that the effect of early training has something to do with this peculiarity. Those who have read the memoirs of Mozart, must remember how, in one of his letters to his father, he grumbles about the music of the Abbé Vogler, declaring that he 'goes into keys as if he would tear one in by the hair of the head,' and that though one should discover, now and then, 'an idea that is not bad,' yet no sooner is the discovery made, than the composer starts off into something else, and disappoints expectation. This was between twenty and thirty years before Weber and Meyerbeer became pupils of the abbé; but though each of them has proved the possession of talents, of which their teacher never made any manifestation, yet is it very possible that his theory of composition tended towards the development of that peculiar style of writing in which great effects are produced by abrupt changes of key. Weber was

always so felicitous in this expedient for effect, as to render it highly popular; and to this day he has a host of imitators, especially among the German lied writers. M. Meyerbeer, however, is, after all, not a Weber; though it is very possible that his grand operas, from their individuality, largeness of structure, and completeness of elaboration, may live as long as the incomparable *Freischütz*.

To conclude—we do not believe the name of Meyerbeer will ever be a household word amongst us. He has written for the theatre alone, and in the theatre only shall we be able to hear and admire him. For our home-amusement, our social practice and displays, we are still left to the songs, duets, trios, and quartetts of Donizetti, Rossini, Bellini, and Weber—that is, if our taste inclines us to the music of the Italian and German masters rather than to that of our own, as the writer of these remarks confesses is the case with himself.

HYACINTHS.

BY ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

WHILST lingered in the quiet street
Faint traces of the winter's snow,
I watched the early hyacinths
Within a neighbouring window blow;
Upspringing from the lucid vase
I saw the graceful leaves unfold
Their deepening tints of vernal green
From filmy sheaths of palest gold;

Then o'er the waxen petals flushed
The soft love-purple's tender stain,
For still the immortal sorrow lives
Within the flower's staked vein.
Above them bent a lovely shape—
A youthful maid, serenely fair,
With childlike eyes of limpid blue,
And shadowing locks of auburn hair;

Too beautiful for earth they seemed—
The gentle girl, the peerless flower—
As softly sphered in vernal light
They bloomed in that enchanted hour!
'Tis long ago—the flowers, the maid,
Have vanished from the window-pane—
O Time and Death! what morning-dreams
Of life and love ye render vain!

LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS IN ROSES.

To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, an abundance of rose-leaves was shaken out upon the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused violets and roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities, that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal-times, they reclined upon cushions stuffed with rose-leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers, in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about upon this flowery platform.—*Wüstemann*.

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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES OF RICHES AND POVERTY.

I AM clearly of opinion that it is better, on the whole, to be poor than rich. Mark my phrase, 'on the whole.' Something must depend on tastes and dispositions—something on habits; but, *on the whole*, to be just comfortably poor, and not too poor, is better than being rich.

Become notably wealthy, and what is your fate? To be envied, backbitten, taxed, plundered, and have all sympathies set against you. Remain poor, and it is exactly the reverse. You are an object of universal forbearance, even to the tax-gatherer and the thief. You are sympathised with, coddled, flattered. In any dispute, controversy, or litigation with a rich man, you are, in right of poverty, regarded as a victim of oppression—you will get law for nothing, and have a subscription made for you; and, even should the matter ultimately be decided against you, you cannot suffer, having nothing to lose, and you will at least have the satisfaction of seeing your adversary mulcted in his own expenses. If you become insolvent, you are at once a martyr, surrounded by a set of persecutors under the name of creditors. The world rallies round you, to see that you are allowed to make handsome terms for yourself with those bandogs, and not called on to sacrifice too much of your accustomed comfort. If you get into a novel or a play, you will find yourself invested with every virtue under heaven, and surrounded with models of wives and daughters—the very Apotheosis of Debt! The public may not be very ready to guarantee a new cash-credit for you at the bank; but it will at least frown down the slightest attempt of your former guarantees or securities to save themselves, at your expense, from any of the losses they are threatened with in your behalf.

It is said that rich men are courted, have position, enjoy influence. Well, they do possess a certain command over their fellow-creatures in these ways. But it is all hollow. The public hates them all the time. It would far rather not court or flatter them—does it quite against its will—and is always ready to take the first opportunity afforded by their incurring great losses to let them know what it all along thought of them. They are always suspected of using some wrong means of enlarging their stores: the rich publisher drinks his wine out of the skulls of authors—the landlord racks his tenants—the manufacturer screws his 'hands' down to starvation-wages. The house of Have is thought to sweat the house of Want continually. Now, the contrary is the stronger truth, and this is what above all things fortifies

my proposition. The rich are, in fact, constantly undergoing a drainage in behalf of the poor—sponged by them, losing by them, suffering for them—in all sorts of ways. The ostensible poor-rate of six millions is nothing to the unseen one which is always going on, and which always will go on, while human institutions are imperfect, and man inherits the godlike principle of pity for those who want. Here, then, lies the very key of my descent. The rich suffer, and everybody thinks it all little enough; while the poor enjoy the spoil behind the door, happy while it lasts, careless of to-morrow, as well knowing that the cold-hearted, prudent, selfish rich people must, out of their stores, make good every deficiency.

It is said, too, that to be poor is to be of no account, to have one's wisdom disregarded, one's jokes unlaughed at, one's word doubted, to be hustled into the kennel, and never asked out to dinner. There is some truth here, too, a converse of what is admitted as to the influence connected with wealth. But it is only a partial truth. Let a chaw-bacon publish a volume of poems, and see how many people subscribe for it, read it, spout it, and trumpet the author as a prodigy; while they never think of purchasing the last poem of Tennyson. Let there be a passage at wit between a lord and a churl, and is not the repartee of the latter sure of the lion's share of the applause? Is there not an irking anxiety everywhere to see soldiers promoted from the ranks, to get house-painters' apprentices brought forward as artists, to see meritorious young family-preceptors marrying, in novels or otherwise, their employers' daughters? When two young students compete for a prize, isn't there always a presumption in favour of the one who was a butler's son? The truth is, the public seems to have a respect for wisdom in high places; but it venerates against its will. It has a secret enjoyment in seeing that kind of wisdom prove foolishness. It feels with Burns that yon birky ca'd a lord—though thousands worship at his word—is but a coof for a' that—must and will be a coof, by the natural affinity of coosim to lordliness. Its worship of aristocratic talents is but a hypocrisy. Its real devotions are reserved for flowers that blow unseen, lights hid under bushels, gentlemen that ought to have seats in parliament, and the struggles of genius with poverty in general.

No: if you wish to be thought well of, and to have the handsomest constructions put upon what you say and do—don't be rich. If you would be an object of kind feeling with those around you—be not too well off. Would you avoid being at once done out of your money, and condemned as an unfeeling monster—be a debtor as much as you like, but never a creditor. What with

What you would be excused, what with what you would positively get, as a poor man, it is by far the best situation. Any friend of mine who should get rich whether he will or not, I would advise to conceal his riches, if he still desires to thrive, or to be allowed to retain a decent proportion of his property. As to striving for wealth, it presents a most lamentable view of human blindness and folly, as it is the very way to make yourself an object of envy, hatred, and suspicion; to get you plundered without remorse; denied gratitude or approbation for your most generous actions; deprived of the sympathies of the great bulk of your fellow-creatures, even of those who are bound to you by the dearest ties of nature; in short, made a painful solecism in the midst of society.

I have a secret, after all, to whisper to the public. My modest half-pay was lately fortified by a legacy of a few thousands, which I never thought to have got, and which, I greatly fear, will somewhat alter my position with the club and the public generally. I think every man is called upon, in all the trying crises of life, to exert his philosophy, and put the best face upon things that he can. As for this legacy, then—I am endeavouring to put up with it.

RECENT AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS IN SCOTLAND.

THE STATISTICAL INQUIRY.

Progress in the present day is the marked rule in everything European. Nothing that is susceptible of improvement is allowed to stand still. The force of public opinion will admit of no lagging in matters of state; and competition, the impelling genius of the present century, incites the private adventurer to do battle for pre-eminence in his own walk. To stand still, is to be beaten. The eager crowd sweeps on like a hurricane; and those who cannot maintain their place in the hurrying multitude, are ruthlessly cast aside to make room for those more active spirits who move with the current. This law of never-ending improvement is a universal rule; and we have no better illustration of the fact, than that presented to our notice in the progress of our agriculture, and the development of our food-raising capabilities.

One of the surest tests of the progress of a nation, is the state of its agriculture. The science of cultivation is so closely connected with the everyday-life of a people, that in its past history and present condition may be found an apt index to their feelings, their progress, and their aspirations. The dark ages of our social history included the dark age of our agricultural art, when our forefathers tilled the ground with a sharp-pointed stone, and rubbed out the ears of corn with their hands. Those years, and many more in succession, were almost a blank in the annals of farming—light dawned upon the cultivator in slow gradations, and it was long indeed before he began to call to his assistance the various aids which art can lend to nature to help the rural operations of an intelligent farmer. In those days of ignorance, the implements in use for the operations of the farm were of the rudest kind; the preparation of crops was never studied; the knowledge of manure and its value were so little known, that where attempts at cultivation were made, the land was regarded for want of nourishment; the crops raised were neither extensive nor varied; the cultivation was

limited to one or two kinds of cereals, and the root-crops were equally scanty. The general mode of conveyance for farm-produce was the horse, emphatically then the beast of burden; and, to use an Irishism, he was not only himself, but he was the cart as well, until the old lumbering-tumbrel—a sort of sledge made to be trailed—was substituted, followed in time by the solid wheeled-cart. As a necessary consequence of all this, the crops were far from being productive in their yield or fine in their quality; and the *modus operandi* in the harvest-fields was so primitive, as to be quite in keeping with the other operations of the farm.

If the implements of labour and the ways of working were rude and primitive, the social condition of the farmer and his servants was equally so. His dwelling-house was more picturesque than comfortable—the family and the cattle being housed under the same roof. The house was a compound of mud and turf, erected on a base of large loose stones. The fireplace was in the middle of the floor; to let out the smoke, there was one hole in the centre of the roof; and another in some part of the building to serve as a door. There was but one apartment, and the inmates lay on benches covered with straw or houth. The first great improvement consisted in the establishment of a movable door—generally of wicker-work—a window with a movable wooden shutter, and the partial banishment of the cattle. In course of time, the fireplace was removed to the end of the dwelling; box-beds formed a division in the house, behind which some of the cattle were sure to be snugly ensconced; a loft came to be fixed upon the rafters, with a ladder to serve as a means of access. Panes of horn or glass were added to the window; hinges were made to the door; and in districts where stone and lime were plentiful, a large fireplace was built, with accommodation for the family to sit round it, the smoke finding egress through a mud-chimney. While such a state of matters existed, it will readily be understood that the farmer, or 'the guidman,' as he was called, was more the equal and the companion of his servants than he is now; and even at a comparatively recent period, he took his meals along with such of his men as lived in his house, having the privilege of the arm-chair by the fire. At meal-times, he would be found partaking at a common table of the same food, perhaps eating from the same dish as his ploughmen; and in the evening, while the females plied the busy spinning-wheel, the wandering beggar would be chanting the last new ballad, or the packman would be doling out his store of news and gossip, collected in his travels through the various farm-towns. At that time, in the distant parishes, the wandering pedler was the best substitute for a newspaper to which the farmer had access: 'he was the brief chronicle of the times.' The married hind was lodged in a similar way, and succeeded by degrees to some of the castaway comforts of his master. The present comfortable farmhouses are of comparatively recent date, and most of them present a striking contrast to those we have attempted to describe; while the houses or huts of the farm-servants, to the lasting disgrace of all concerned, have not, till within these two years past, undergone any very serious modification of their primitive construction. We are glad to observe that now public attention is directed to the subject, and that many of the influential landlords of the country are alive to the necessity of immediate improvement.

When once the spell was broken, progress and improvement were rapid. The agricultural mind, once thoroughly aroused, began to expand; and the old systems of farming and the ancient implements of husbandry were soon thrown aside, and numbered

among the things of the past. The great changes, of which our present improved system is the result, may be said to have commenced about the beginning of the last century with the improvement of the roads. This may be set down as the key to all subsequent progress. The old roads of this country, and particularly the farm-roads, were little more than tracks formed by the old packhorse as he jogged along with his loads of straw or manure; and their first improvement consisted in a foundation formed by the stones gathered from the fields, which were eventually applied to this purpose, instead of being buried over and over again, and raised as often by the plough. On the top of these stones was thrown the earth raised from the accompanying ditch, which was dug on each side of the path to serve as a drain for the water. Those who view the comfortable roads which we possess in the middle of the nineteenth century, can form but a vague idea of their appearance while passing through the transition state we attempt to describe, when the cartor was armed with a hedge-bill to cut brushwood to fill up the ruts and uneven places before his roughly-made cart could pass along.

Other changes of equal importance speedily followed the improving roads; among the first of which may be numbered a series of new instruments of tillage, which speedily found favour, and ousted the old-fashioned articles which ancient usage had tolerated far too long. Among the first to give way was the formidable old wooden plough, with its team of half-a-dozen oxen in their rope-harness, and attended by a man 'fore and aft' to direct and guide it. An improved instrument, the forerunner of that now in use, made its appearance on the field, and speedily became a favourite. The cart, too, simple and easy of construction as it may appear to us, has its history, and came through its various stages of improvement. It was gradually developed, from a few wooden poles laid crosswise—a kind of land-raft—travelling along the uneven ground, through its various stages, till it assumed, a great number of years ago, something like its present appearance—a great wooden box, fitted upon small wheels shaped out of solid wood. Harrows with wooden teeth were followed in time by those of iron. Machines for sowing drill-crops came into use; the farnyard came to be better arranged; the old flail of that day was thrown aside, and the thrashing-mill of our own took its place. The rotation of crops, and the proper application of manure to the land, in time forced themselves on the mind of the farmer. In time, other manures than the mere litter of the cow-house and the stable came to be used; and up to the present moment, proper manures, artificial as well as natural, form one of the prime considerations of the farmer.

The varieties of grain and roots which are now grown in the country have been of gradual introduction; and amid the early prejudices of the more ignorant farmers, parties who attempted to cultivate them were sneered at and scoffed at, as were those who first began the system of 'fallowing' part of their land. A little more than a hundred years ago, wheat was a wonder in Scotland: so much was this the case, that in the year 1727, a small field sown with this cereal, on a farm near Edinburgh, formed a Sunday-sight for the citizens. Twenty-three years after that, turnip-seed was sown for the first time in one of the counties; and in the year 1760, potatoes were first planted out into the fields in small patches. Now the scene is changed: we have 168,216 acres of wheat; more than double that acreage of turnips; and, despite the disease, a goodly acreage of potatoes. The increased cultivation of the potato, after it had once made its appearance on the farm, had a marked result on the progress of the country and the welfare of the people: its value as a part of their food was inestimable, its cheapness leading to its universal use. Not less important was the introduction of new varieties of food for the feeding of

cattle; among which red-clover, first grown in 1726, and various other grasses, may be noted as a welcome substitute for the old diets of thistle and broom, upon which cows and oxen were forced to browse in those days when such things were thought to be the height of cattle-feeding.

Although the facts we have noted may read pleasantly enough, and appear to have passed smoothly along the road of time—or, unlike the generality of improvements, to have suffered nothing from the prejudices of ignorant opponents—it was not so in reality. There ever has been, and ever will be, a bitter hostility to all innovations. Some wise people are so satisfied that progress of all kinds has reached its culminating-point, that they look upon anything pointing in a direction opposed to their notions as a heresy not to be tolerated. In fact, like the opponents to the application of steam as a motive-power, they are ever ready to predict a failure; and even, as in the case of the steamer on the Hudson, if it does it once, the creak is immediately raised that 'it cannot do it again.'

So it was with the new implements and the new modes of the farm. Those—and they were numerous—who were satisfied with the ancient style of agriculture, scoffed at all who lent their aid to the modern spirit of improvement introduced by the Highland Society, Sir John Sinclair, and other patriotic gentlemen whose exertions were of an earlier date. The stand-still men 'couldna be fashed' with anything new or better than had been used by their fathers before them, and so they offered bitter opposition to the improved system; but for all that, it moved, and moves still. The new style, in fact, has fairly frightened away the old—not only pushing out the antiquated modes of farming, but shoving even the very farmer himself to the right-about. We have a new race of men altogether as tillers of our soil, men of enlarged knowledge and growing ability, who make farming a profession, and pursue it with advantage to themselves and all who are connected with them—man or beast. The old kitchen, and the arm-chair by the fire in the ragged house of turf, the gossip with the beggar, the interchange of news with the pedler, the dungheap at the door, the cattle behind the bed, and the crop of thistles to feed them, have had their day; and we live now in times when our land is manured with a substance from Peru, ploughed with an implement driven by steam, when our corn is reaped by machinery, and thrashed out by the aid of the steam-engine, and when we have professors of agriculture in our colleges. What would the antique farmer say to all this?

As the introduction of steam in the affairs of the farm may be chronicled as marking out the commencement of a new era in our agricultural progress, so we may hope that the introduction of a well-considered and well-digested series of annual statistics, a yearly account of what we grow, and how we grow it, the produce of our crops, the number of our cows, calves, and sheep, the sum-total of our horses and swine, details of farm-machinery, and of the effects of the different manures, and other particulars illustrative of the advancement of agricultural science, may be considered as the inauguration of a still higher stage of the art. It is surprising that Britain has hitherto been so backward in the matter of agricultural statistics. France, Holland, Belgium, America, and other foreign countries have had them for years. We can tell to an ounce the quantity of cotton yearly imported into our manufactories; we publish periodical records of all kinds of produce sent from these shores to other countries; we can tell to a certainty how many barrels of flour we receive from Brother Jonathan every year; we take infinite pains to chronicle the exact number of Gouda cheeses which our vessels bring across the Channel; we know the quantity of barley which is yearly subtracted from our food-supplies to make into

stimulants for the intemperate: but the supply of food grown to meet the wants of our own population, has hitherto been a matter which could only be estimated. For some years back, there has been a growing desire to ascertain how we really stood in this respect. Fitful exertions have at various times been made to move the governmental powers to action; but from want of due pressure, and until the Highland Society became urgent in the matter, no steps were taken till 1853, when an experiment was so successfully conducted in three Scotch counties, as to induce the Board of Trade to order an enumeration of the whole of Scotland, and to select a few counties of England for trial: as a forerunner, we are given to understand, of the introduction of the matter on a more perfect scale in these two countries; so that we shall now be upside, with Ireland, where the statistics have been annually collected for some years past.

It is decidedly in connection with the food-question that the results of our annual tabulation of these statistics will have most interest, and be most eagerly looked for and welcomed by the political economist. It is by correct statistics only, and not from mere estimates, that we can decide whether or not the corn we grow will feed the population we raise. This has been amply shewn by the present inquiry, so successfully conducted by Mr Hall Maxwell, the energetic and accomplished secretary of the Highland Society, to whom the collection of the Scottish statistics was confided. The illusory nature of all estimates may be at once judged of by an application to these tables, where the produce of grain in Scotland is shewn to be scarcely one-half of the estimates given by McCulloch and others. As an instance, we may state that McCulloch gives the wheat as 350,000 acres, while Maxwell can find only 168,216—a striking difference certainly, but not more so than in the case of barley, which is only found to be one-half the acreage imagined by the enthusiastic statist in their dictionaries of commerce and books on agriculture. It would be out of place, in a purely literary journal like this, to republish the elaborate tables of produce or acreage so admirably drawn up by Mr Maxwell, but we may perhaps be permitted to give briefly the broad results of this important inquiry.

The present returns refer to an area of 12,613,315 acres, as now under the operation of the large farmers in Scotland, who are, in round numbers, a body of 50,000 people. The portion of this sown with cereals is 1,374,515; planted with root-crops, 581,506; there are also 6670 acres in flax. The remainder of the acreage is to be found in sheep-walks, irrigated meadows, waste woods, pasture, &c.; but it is a striking fact, that only one-sixth part of the area embraced by these statistics contributes to our bread-resources, and that the whole stuff we grow is only equal to about thirty days' food for the people of Great Britain.

We now come to our cattle, and we find that the total livestock, as enumerated in these tables, amounts to 6,043,384—being horses, cows, calves, oxen, sheep, and swine. Large as this number undoubtedly is, it does not represent the total wealth of Scotland in respect of its livestock, as it is supposed that the quantity in the possession of the small holders will turn out to be very considerable. Sir John Sinclair gave a greatly higher estimate of the cattle than the ascertained results which Mr Hall Maxwell lays before us. But there are many changes in the matter of cattle since his day. The stock has been much thinned by fatal diseases, and also from the clearing-out of many of the Highland crofts, as well as by other causes. Great changes, too, have taken place since then, both in the manner and purpose of feeding. 'Forty years ago,' says a writer on this subject, 'cattle were seldom fed before they were three years old; and when fattened, were at least one-third under the weight

of what cattle are now brought to. And while the number of cows kept was at that time doubtless greater—milk and milk-produce forming a much larger portion of the food of the rural and even village and town population than they do now—the number of cattle prepared for the shambles was then much less. Indeed, at that time, Scotland was rather a country for supplying England with lean cattle, than for furnishing, as it now does, no inconsiderable portion of the beef consumed in England.'

This great number of cattle, even deducting the horses, will give two each to the population of Scotland; and whether they make use of them or not, it is certain that we now see more butcher-meat in the country than we did in the time of Sir John Sinclair. It is not a very great number of years since fresh butcher-meat was a rarity to the majority of the people; and there are some persons still living who can remember when an ox slaughtered for general consumption was carried in procession through the county-town of Haddington, decorated with ribbons, and preceded by a band of music. Even pork was not in very common use till a comparatively late period—there was a great aversion to it.

We cannot close these brief remarks on the Scottish statistics, without bearing witness to the admirable manner in which they have been got up—a difficult task well accomplished; nor can we fail to discover in this inquiry a new benefit arising out of the Penny-postage system, the whole of these *Scottish Agricultural Statistics*—some 50,000 in number—having been collected through the post-office.

EUPHROSYNE:

AN OLD TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CONCLUSION.

A CROWD had by this time gathered on the balcony, all eager to watch the coruscations of the aurora; and there were many who saw in them a shadowing forth of hosts engaged in battle—portentous of impending war to the loyal garrison of Quebec. But no such superstitious fears paralysed the courage of its brave defenders; and staunchest among them, and of firmest resolve to maintain the rocky stronghold against all odds, was the governor himself, the Comte de Frontenac, a gallant old noble, bred in the warlike school of Louis XIV., and a true believer in the great Henry of Navarre.

M. de Frontenac possessed the entire confidence of his sovereign, and it was his endeavour to deserve it, by his wise administration and judicious policy—seeking earnestly to advance the interest of the Canadian colony, and render it a more valuable appanage to the crown of France. But though just, generous, and brave, the comte's imperious temper often balked his good purposes: towards those, especially, who in any way thwarted his views, he displayed his strong feelings, becoming frequently so irascible, that his most familiar friends dreaded to approach him.

In these, his dark and stormy moods, Madame de Lavasseur was the only one who could exorcise the evil spirit that possessed him. She was never moved even by his wildest tempests of passion; and if manifested in her presence, they seldom failed to subside into calmness when she tried her feminine magic. He delighted to have her near him: 'She seemed,' he said, 'to surround him with an atmosphere of joy and peace;' and the dutiful and tender affection she rendered him in return for his fond indulgence, might

have been that of a loving daughter. Louis St Ours shared with Euphrosyne the favour of the stately comte—for, like most persons who are fond of power, he loved to have his favourites, though they were not always so well chosen as in the present instance. The young man being attached to the personal suite of the governor, occupied apartments in the castle, and was thus thrown into intimate association with Euphrosyne in the daily and hourly courtesies of domestic life—a dangerous position for the enamoured Louis, especially as M. de Frontenac seemed in nowise displeased at the intimacy which was rapidly knitting the young people more closely together.

It was late that night before the gay assembly broke up. The dancing was continued languidly towards the close of the evening, and when it ceased, though the sound of music was heard at intervals, few heeded it. Some sat discoursing over their wine; others were gathered in knots here and there in the lighted rooms, or on the airy balcony; but every mind seemed engrossed by the one exciting topic of the hour. Indeed, the whole city was astir; lights glanced in all directions; a ceaseless hum of voices, and the tramp of hurrying feet, rose on the air; and the blazing watch-fires on the heights brightened with their ruddy flames the rocks and cliffs, over which brooded the shadow of night.

It was past midnight when St Ours said adieu to Euphrosyne, and left the castle on a private mission to the intendant; and the yellow dawn was just tinging the horizon, when again he found himself alone in his chamber. Wearied, yet too much excited to feel the want of sleep, he opened a small cabinet which stood in his apartment, and drew forth his writing-materials, desirous of improving the short time that remained before the sound of the morning reveille, in inditing a letter to Madame de Lavasseur—perhaps the last.

Full of manly tenderness was this letter, and as full of sad and bitter regret at the fate that forbade him to consecrate to her his life. All was told—all mystery cleared away from his words and conduct: his whole soul was laid open to her gaze, with its anguish, its deep remorse for the wrong he had done in seeking, even indirectly, to awake her tenderness.

The letter was sealed and addressed; and the half-hour that remained before being summoned to active duty, he employed in looking over the contents of the cabinet, which contained his private papers, and other articles of value. Letter after letter was given to the flames; but several brief notes, bearing the signature of 'Euphrosyne,' and containing, it might be, some half-dozen lines of acknowledgment for a book or other trifling favour, were gazed upon till the delicate characters became dim, and then restored to the cabinet.

Unclosing a private drawer, which he had almost forgotten, Louis started at the sight of a miniature that had lain there undisturbed for years, though the rich gold of its setting was undimmed by time, and the gems that incrustated it remained as lustrous as ever. It was the picture of his child-wife, upon which he had never looked since the day of his fatal marriage, when it was given to him by her father. With an involuntary shudder of aversion he closed the drawer; but immediately a sudden impulse impelled him to re-open it, and scan the lineaments of the face which had almost faded from his remembrance. As he did so, a pair of soft dark eyes looked full upon him—eyes that startled him he knew not why, and which he might have thought beautiful, had there been

in them any deeper expression than the mere bashful innocence of childhood.

He forgot that with the lapse of years the child had ripened to maturity, and that those eyes, so exquisite in form and colour, might now be radiant with the sweet and tender emotions of woman; that the thin unformed features might now be rounded into beauty, and beam with intelligence and love. But, no; Louis neither could nor would picture such a development to himself. He looked upon the young face as that of his evil genius; and as, in contrast to it, beamed before his mental vision the soul-lit eyes and sunny smile of Euphrosyne, he cast the miniature from him with disgust. As it fell upon the floor, the spring opened, and revealed a ringlet of fair hair fastened within the case. But what to him was this child's curl? He saw only the dark braids which lent such classic grace to the matchless head of Euphrosyne; and taking up the miniature, he threw it back into the drawer; and locking the cabinet, he passed through a glass-door to the terrace, to inhale the morning air.

The dawn was slowly advancing, painting the east with hues that cast their splendour on the mist which enshrouded the landscape. As the sun ascended, the veil lifted and flickered, hanging like a soft cloud over the St Lawrence, and wrapping in aerial robes the snow-capped mountains of St Charles. St Ours stood silently watching the tissue of vapour, curling and wreathing itself into a thousand forms of fantastic beauty, till it floated slowly upward, when the English fleet, lying off the shore at Beauport was revealed. Every stitch of canvas was furled, and the only sign of hostility presented was the red-cross flag of England, floating from the mast-head of the admiral's vessel.

The morning passed away; noon arrived, and still no sign of intended purpose or action on the part of the English was manifested. The hostile flag streaming out on the quickening breeze, and the guns bristling in formidable array through the port-holes of the vessels, alone gave evidence of the intent of the couchant lions who waited to spring upon their prey. But just as the bell in the tower of Notre Dame proclaimed the hour of twelve, a boat, conveying an officer, with a flag of truce, shot from the side of the admiral's ship, and soon touched the pier at St Roch's.

Springing on shore, the young officer, with a courteous salutation to the commander of the detachment waiting to receive him, requested to be conducted to the Comte de Frontenac, to whom he was the bearer of dispatches from Sir William Phipps. The consent of the governor being signified, he was blindfolded, and led up the steep rocky streets of the lower town, past frowning batteries, and through formidable rows of chevaux de frise, to the lofty platform on which stood the castle of St Louis.

Admitted within its gates, he was conducted to the council-chamber, where M. de Frontenac, surrounded by high dignitaries of the church, and officers both civil and military, sat in state. An imposing audience, thought the young man, when his eyes were unbandaged, and he stood, the bearer of a haughty message, before that silent and dignified assembly.

The stern proud countenance of the imperious governor, one would have thought, was in itself enough to daunt the courage of any ordinary man under such circumstances; but the English herald, with a bearing as haughty as that of the aristocratic noble he confronted, advanced towards him, and with a stately obeisance, awaited his permission to unfold his errand. Slightly returning the stranger's greeting, the governor said, in a brief and peremptory manner:

'Read on, sir, and you shall have our answer.'

The Englishman coolly drew forth his document, and read in a voice as unmoved as though the words he uttered were of the most agreeable import, the bold

summons of his admiral, demanding, in the name of his sovereign lord, William, king of England, the immediate surrender of the fortress and city of Quebec; 'to which demand, added the imperturbable messenger, 'your answer, Comte de Frontenac, is required in an hour hence, upon the peril that will ensue.' And laying his watch upon the table, he coolly said: 'It is now one o'clock, and I shall await your excellency's answer till the time specified has expired.'

By a simultaneous impulse, the whole assembly rose from their seats, surprised out of their dignity by the insolence of the message and the audacity of its bearer. Rage and astonishment were depicted on the countenance of M. de Frontenac. For a minute, excessive anger prevented his utterance; but when at last his white lips parted to speak, a torrent of scorn and defiance flowed from them. Shaking his clenched hand with a menacing gesture:

'I do not recognise the supremacy of William of England,' he said; 'I know him only as the Prince of Orange—a usurper, who, to gratify his selfish ambition, has outraged the most sacred rights of blood and of religion, striving to persuade the nation that he is its saviour, and the defender of its faith, even while he has violated its laws, and overturned the Church of England. These offences the divine justice will not long delay to punish as they merit.'

Perfectly unmoved by this hurricane of wrath stood the messenger of Sir William Phipps, except that a haughtier light gleamed in his clear blue eye, and a scarcely perceptible curl of his lip shewed his contempt for the accusations alleged against his sovereign. He only asked:

'This, then, is your excellency's only reply?'

M. de Frontenac deigned no word in return to the question, but, with an air of frigid determination, slightly bent his head in token of assent.

'May it please your excellency, then,' resumed the officer, still in the same imperturbable and authoritative tone, 'to cause that this, your answer to our summons, should be rendered in writing, for the satisfaction of my commander, to whom I would not willingly bear a false interpretation of your message.'

'I will answer your master, sir, by the mouth of my cannon!' thundered the exasperated governor, whose scarcely smothered wrath leaped into a flame at the audacious coolness of the herald. 'Thus, and thus only, will I hold parley with him, and that ere long; for it is time to teach him that the Comte de Frontenac, the viceroy of the greatest monarch in the world, is not to be dealt with in this manner even by his peers!'

With a haughty wave of his hand, the angry old noble rose and left the council-chamber, attended by his suite. It was the signal for the herald's departure; and again, with bandaged eyes, he was conducted through the fortified city to the boat which had borne him on his fruitless mission thither.

The hostilities which almost immediately ensued on the conclusion of this brief conference, are matter of history; and upon them, even did the limits of our tale permit, we have no desire to dwell. Hour after hour, the dreadful cannonade continued; but directed, as was the fire of the English colonists, against the heights of the upper town, their balls fell harmless; while the numerous guns of the rocky fortress replied with a power, that told fatally upon the enemy's flotilla, and stilled the beating of many a gallant heart that fought upon its decks. All day the fearful strife went on—weeping eyes watched its progress—on aching hearts its sounds fell like the knell of their life's happiness; and in darkened chambers some lay unable to move, with tearless eyes, and ears muffled, to shut out the incessant booming of the cannon. But the weary day declined at last; twilight, brief and

bright, came on; and then the welcome night, shrouding all things in darkness, and stilling for a time the desperate fight.

St Ours hailed the approach of night with joy. All day he had been active where peril was rifest, and had escaped unscathed; but he was sick of the noise of battle, and even a brief respite was grateful to him. Another evening might not find him breathing—loving—on that earth made radiant by the presence of Euphrosyne; for there lay the black hulks of the hostile vessels, waiting for dawn to renew the strife; and among the victims marked for death, might not himself be numbered?

With this thought sprang up an intense desire to see Euphrosyne, if only for a few moments, to learn how she had borne the trials of the day, and to draw comfort and courage from her smile. But he had been left for the night in command of one of the batteries of the lower town; and to forsake his post, even for an instant, was impossible. So, sadly resigning himself to the hard necessity, he stood dreamily gazing at the turrets of the castle, as they stood against the evening sky, and picturing to himself the beloved image which had never left him even in the perils of the fight. He was interrupted by a message from M. de Frontenac, who required his immediate attendance at the castle. He needed no second bidding to make him obey the summons, trusting that when he had received the comte's commands, he should be able to steal a short interview with Euphrosyne before quitting the castle.

He was detained but a few minutes by the governor, who desired to charge him with a secret mission to the commander of a distant redoubt; and as Louis passed from his presence, he made a slight detour, in order to traverse the corridor in which the private apartments of Madame de Lavasseur were situated. His heart beat high with the hope of meeting her; but the place was vacant; though, seeing the door of her boudoir stand partly open, he paused opposite to it, irresolute, yet fearing to enter unbidden. No light gleamed from within, and he ventured softly to breathe her name: but there was no answer; not a sound broke the deep silence; only a faint odour of the flowers she most loved stole balmy, like her own sweet presence, upon his senses.

A glass-door at the end of the corridor stood open, and with a trembling undefined hope he passed through it to the balcony, and there he found the object of his search. With the traces of emotion still lingering on her face, she lay upon a cushioned seat, the folds of her white garments falling gracefully around her, and her attitude one of profound repose. The moonbeams trembling through a fleecy cloud quivered on her face, their pale soft light seeming to surround her head with a halo, and thus lending a celestial character to her beauty.

St Ours stole towards her, shrinking at the sound of his own step, yet drawing nearer till her low measured breathing fell softly upon his ear. It seemed as if she had wept herself to sleep, for tears were yet glistening on her cheek, round which her hair fell in disorder, descending in rich folds to the floor. One hand pillowed her head, the other lay passively across her breast, and in its clasp glittered the jewelled setting of a miniature. Louis felt a pang of bitter jealousy shoot through his heart; he knew the picture could be no other than that of him whom she had wedded and lost in early youth, and he could not bear to have her steal one thought from him, to lavish even on the dead. Suddenly her sleep became disturbed; she moved, and murmured softly, but his ear caught the whispered words, and the blood bounded wildly through his veins. Could it be?—Yes, again she spoke; and his own name was on her lips—his father's name: that which he had borne since he became known to her was his mother's.

He bent again to listen—a smile was on her lips. She seemed visited with happy dreams; and stooping low to catch her inarticulate murmurs, he again heard 'Louis de Mornay,' coupled with another name which had been familiar to his childhood. He was amazed—how could she have come to the knowledge of this name? He wished she would awake, but she seemed sinking into a deeper slumber; and he felt that he must depart without the interchange of a word. Still he remained, as if spell-bound, bending over her till her breath fanned his cheek, when, yielding to a restless impulse, he slightly pressed his lips upon her brow.

Light as was the touch of that impassioned kiss, it awoke her, and she sprang to her feet. In her terror, she failed to recognise him; she saw only a tall figure standing beside her; and with a bound, she rushed from him towards the door which opened from the corridor. Her dress was caught by some slight obstacle as she was passing through; and in her eager haste to disengage it, she cast a furtive glance at the intruder, when she was struck by a certain something in his air, and in the outline of his figure, which arrested her sight.

'Euphrosyne!' whispered the well-known voice. Glowing with joy, she turned towards him. He advanced.

'You are safe, thank God!' she said; but the sound of a closing door, and then of voices approaching, alarmed her; and snatching her hand from his clasp, she darted swiftly away. Louis stood for a minute like one entranced; but he had no time to linger; and comforted by having seen her, he strove to persuade himself that it was better for her happiness and for his honour that he had been saved the expression of feelings, into which, had the interview been prolonged, he might have been betrayed. He left the castle, and departed swiftly on his mission.

The brief truce of the night was broken at early dawn by the guns of the enemy, who, undaunted by the ill-fortune of the preceding day, renewed the assault with a courage worthy of success. But they contended against fearful odds; and though, for six continuous hours, they pressed the attack with unexampled vigour, they were at last compelled to retreat before the overwhelming power of their opponents. Many there were on the decks of the little flotilla who would have preferred dying in the struggle; but Sir William Phipps, no less brave than he was humane, wished to avoid a useless waste of life, and assured that all chance of victory was at an end, he ordered the anchors to be weighed; and crippled by the guns of the fortress, many of her gallant hearts cold and silent, others bleeding on her decks, the defeated armament floated slowly down the stream.

Fast and continuous from the heights of the citadel poured on the retiring fleet the fire of its cannon: scarcely a ball sped through the air in vain; and when at last one of them, in its flight, struck the mast of the admiral's vessel, and sent it headlong, with the proud flag of England at its top, into the St Lawrence, what humiliation crushed the hearts of its defenders!—what insolent joy swelled the triumph of the victors!

Borne up by its silken folds, the flag floated slowly on towards the conquerors—a token of surrender, which they hailed with shouts that shook the city to its centre. On it came, watched with breathless interest by that eager multitude, till suddenly, saturated by the waves, it disappeared beneath them, the end of the splintered flagstaff floating on the surface, designating the place where it had sunk. The breathless hush which succeeded its immersion, was broken by the clear commanding voice of M. de Frontenac impetuously exclaiming:

'Shall the trophy be lost to us, and not an arm

among the hundreds here outstretched to pluck it from the waves?'

'God forbid!' shouted Louis St Ours; and with the words he cast aside his coat and sword, and leaping from the bank, dashed out into the stream. The welkin rang with enthusiastic cheers; and many a one who had shrunk from the peril, now envied the young man who had dared it the glory of the act.

The retreating foe were still near enough to mark the proceedings on shore; and hoping to rescue their fallen flag from the grasp of the victors, they renewed their slackened fire. But regardless of danger, though the balls fell fast around him, St Ours pressed on. The throng upon the shore watched his progress in profound silence; but when he safely neared the flagstaff, and grasping it, held up the flag, a burst of gratulation, long and deafening, greeted his triumph, and was again renewed, and yet again, as he swam back with the trophy to the shore. Leaping up the bank, he laid it, with a proudly throbbing heart, at the feet of M. de Frontenac.

Surrounded by his staff, the old noble stood upon the highest point of the bank, watching the scene with intense interest. A smile at its gallant issue lit up the veteran's haughty face, softening its stern expression, and revealing by its sunshine the kindness which really formed a part of his character, though too often obscured by the arbitrary manner which his love of rule had fostered. Bending courteously towards St Ours:

'Well and bravely done, young sir!' said he—'well and bravely! the crowning act of a heroic day! On the spot which has witnessed your valour, it is fitting that, in my sovereign's name, I decree you the guerdon it deserves. Kneel down, Louis St Ours!'—and drawing his sword from its scabbard, he held the glittering blade, flashing in the sunlight, over the young man's head for a moment, then laying it upon his shoulder—'Rise, Baron de Mornay!' he exclaimed; 'and be thou fortunate in love, as thou hast this day shewn thyself valiant in arms, and loyal to the service of thy king!'

At these words the new-made baron rose, flushed and excited, pleased by the approbation of his commander, and the flattering distinction accorded him; but above all, mystified and astonished at being accosted by the paternal name he had so long disused as the symbol of his legal bondage. Twice within the last few hours he had heard it repeated by those to whom he had never been known as other than Louis St Ours; and now he was rebaptised with his family-name, dignified with a lordly title.

'He casts us quite into the shade,' said D'Esperon to a young officer beside him; 'and after this fine exploit, the women will so deify him!' Young D'Aubigny, the person addressed, shrunk from the gay remark: he felt too deeply the power of the rival with whom, in love at least, he saw how vain it was to contend; and without attempting any reply, he turned upon his heel, and walked away.

The city that night presented a scene of rejoicing, except where, here and there, a closed dwelling told of the desolation which the brief combat had brought into it. A banquet at the castle celebrated the victory of the garrison; and conspicuous among the adornments of the grand saloon, hung the English flag, dividing the attention of the guests with the youthful hero who, at the peril of his life, had snatched it from the waves. Euphrosyne looked the very incarnation of happiness—a delicate rose hue flushed her cheek, but paled or deepened with every varying emotion; a beaming light was in her eye, a bounding joy in her step, a tender gladness in her voice, that betrayed to Louis, more eloquently than words, the depth and fervour of her love. Never before had she so plainly manifested her preference: it seemed as if she designed to convince

him of it, and that so undisguisedly, that, even while his heart struggled between the joy and anguish which the certainty of her love brought with it, he was half inclined to censure its almost triumphant demonstration.

More painfully than ever came home to him his hopeless bondage—his hateful obligations to another; and reproaching himself that he had so long tacitly permitted the growth of her affection, he resolved that very evening, even while her hand held the cup of happiness to his lips, to turn from it, and reveal to her his true position. With this purpose, he turned to seek her; but not finding her among the crowd, he strayed on towards a small apartment, whose glass-doors opened upon the terrace, which, at that hour, he thought to find untenanted, and where he could collect himself for the interview he sought.

With downcast eyes, and arms folded across his breast, the very impersonation of melancholy musing, Louis entered the apartment; but as he slowly crossed its threshold, a murmur of voices startled him, and raising his eyes, he saw, seated in a high-backed Gothic chair, surmounted by his own arms, the Comte de Frontenac, while beside him stood Euphrosyne, one arm thrown caressingly round his neck, and her fair face, a very April-face, with its mingled smiles and tears, half hidden on his shoulder. Entranced by the unexpected sight, yet retaining a dim consciousness of intrusion, Louis mechanically turned to retreat, when the voice of the governor arrested his steps.

'Nay, do not quit us, Baron de Mornay,' he cried. 'There surely is an unseen Power that directs our actions, or you would not have been drawn hither at so apropos a moment. Come and tell me what shall be done to the man whom we delight to honour! I feel that I have but poorly acknowledged your chivalrous conduct by the bestowal of an empty title; and now I would signalise my sense of your brave and gallant bearing, by enriching you with a gift, priceless above rubies, if—as the young believe—the heart's affection is more to be coveted than worldly wealth and honours.—Euphrosyne!'

She did not answer to his call, but kneeling in silence beside him, strove with her small hands to cover her blushing face, as it rested on his knee. The comte turned his eyes from her with a smile, and again addressed St Ours:

'Young man, I knew your father, and loved him; and so loving him, rejoice that he has left such a son to honour his memory, and bear up his ancient name; and being such a one, I not unwillingly intrust to your keeping the happiness of my child, my Euphrosyne—mine by adoption, the precious gift of a sister whom I shall never cease to mourn.'

There was a breathless pause: the young man's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—his heart seemed to cease its pulsations—he stood for a minute as if transformed to marble, then roused by an overpowering rush of agony, he rapidly traversed the apartment. It was a moment of terrible suffering; he could not bear it long; and suddenly nerving himself to the act, he paused before the chair of M. de Frontenac, and raised his eyes to read a sentence of wrath and banishment in that stern despotic face, but instead thereof, he saw an expression of kindness, softening the eagle glance of the veteran, such as he had never witnessed there before.

A mist obscured his sight, and dimly through it he saw the still kneeling figure of Euphrosyne, her face bowed down and hidden in her hands; and impulsively he cast himself beside her, breathing out in broken sentences his love and his despair, rapidly detailing the history of his early and forced marriage, and deploring with passionate eloquence the relentless destiny that crushed from his heart the hope dearest to it on earth.

'This is a strange story, forsooth,' said the comte in a tone that sounded mockingly to the diseased sense of the unhappy lover. 'Euphrosyne, my bird, heard you ever the like of it?'

'Ay, almost the same, dear uncle,' she said, raising her lovely face, now so radiant with happiness that the young baron, amazed, almost indignant, gazed fixedly upon her for a moment, half ready to believe himself the dupe of some concerted jest.

'The same, say you!—pray how so?' questioned the comte.

'List if it be not,' she answered. 'A story of a maiden wedded in her childhood, left unclaimed, forsaken even by her perjured lord, whose pictured face only kept alive her remembrance, ay, and nourished her affection till they met again; and now'—The words altered on her lip, as, with a trembling hand, she unclasped a chain of gold from her neck, and held the miniature suspended from it towards him, then bending down, hid her blushing face from his gaze.

He took it eagerly, and pressing the spring, disclosed the likeness of a youth, beautiful as Adonis; yet, was it not—could it be a transcript of his own boyish features! It was a strange bewildering thought, nor would he have yielded to the conviction of its truth, had it not been forced upon him beyond a doubt by seeing his own name engraved upon the case. Yet even that evidence seemed insufficient, for he held it up in the strong light of the hanging lamp, reading with fixed gaze the name Louis de Mornay clearly cut upon the gold.

'Rosyne!' he cried, catching her impetuously in his arms—'Rosyne—Rosyne de Lancy! she whom I have wronged, and shunned, and hated! Can it be that she and the beautiful Euphrosyne, the day-star of my life, are one—the same? If this is true, will not she to whom I have been so unjust show mercy, and let the sufferings I have but feebly pictured atone for the fatal error of the past?' Looking up with a smile of trusting love, she replied:

'It is forgotten now—forgotten, dearest Louis, and forgiven. The joyful reunion of this moment seals and sanctifies the empty vows of our childhood. Henceforth, let us live for God, who has so blessed us, and for each other.'

'Ay, take her, my young gallant; and make her what amends you can for your past folly and neglect,' said M. de Frontenac in a tone of unwonted emotion. 'For years, she has been my precious charge, and for her sake I have marked your course, and at last brought you to my side, that in case I found you worthy of my peerless little blossom, a happy dénouement might crown your melancholy romance. The name she bears is an assumed one, of course—for with that marriage-symbol on her finger, which I could never prevail on her to lay aside, it was not meet to deprive her of her matronly dignity. And now I will leave you to mutual explanations: our guests are dispersing, and a few hours still remain before the morrow summons us to sterner duties. Be well assured that you are satisfied with each other, else it will be easy for the church to undo the knot which affection has never rivetted. But if all is right and true in your hearts, we will have you remarried on the same day that we chant a Te Deum for the victory which has chased the invaders from our shores.'

A bladd smile brightened his face for a moment, then turning away, he left them to their happiness; and the door he closed as he withdrew, we will not venture to open: the privacy of such affection should be sacred from all intrusion.

A few days saw the waters of the St Lawrence free from the invading squadron, which, after various unsuccessful attempts to gain possession of some portion of the Canadian territory, withdrew, shattered

and discomfited, from the disastrous conflict. The final disappearance of the foe caused great rejoicings in the loyal city of Quebec; and amidst the festivities of the occasion, the nuptials of Euphrosyne and Louis took place under different circumstances, and with different feelings, from those which marked the former ceremonial; and with a pomp, too, which better suited the taste of M. de Frontenac, than gratified their own simple desires.

In the church of Notre Dame, with holy symbols around them, and the English flag, the trophy of de Mornay's gallantry, waving from the walls, where for many years after it continued to hang, the young couple, in the assured bliss of mutual affection, re-pledged their solemn troth, and rendered their thanks to the kind Providence which had thus led them in safety through the valley of the shadow of death.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

THORSHAVN—NALSÖE.

It was with the expectation of finding Thorshavn altogether primitive and uncouth, that we accompanied the captain on shore. There was no harbour or quay, nothing more than a small wooden landing-place for the fishing-boats, which seemed the only craft connected with the town. We found ourselves amidst black rocks covered with split fish and drying nets, under gaze of a crowd of all ages and sexes, who evidently gave full return for the compliment of our wonder. When men meet, however, as strangers in very remote and unusual scenes, they feel that they cannot affect the same indifference to each other as when they encounter in crowded cities. Hence it was, I suppose, that the Thorshavn populace and the officers and passengers of the *Thor* were impelled to salute each other with rather ceremonious bows and takings-off of hats and cowls. The men were in general fair-complexioned, middle-sized, robust figures, clad in loose frieze-jackets, blue coarse cloth trousers coming only below the knee, gray woollen stockings, and lamb's-skin slippers, or brogues; and boys of five years old had a miniature of precisely the same dress. Behold us, then, stepping over the rocks, amidst ancient and fishlike smells, in amongst this curiously gazing multitude, and trying to find a way into their mazy little town. Nothing like a street exists in Thorshavn, not even a lane. The houses are scattered at random amongst the rocks, with merely spaces surrounding them; and it is amongst these spaces, generally narrow, over smooth-faced rocks, and amidst boulders half put aside, that you have to seek a passage from one place to another. Round nearly every house is a black and fetid sewer. There is generally a substructure of coarse masonry, over which is a fabric of wood. Most of them are small and stifling, and full of the rudest accommodations; and the women and children who peep from the doors are most unlovesome to look upon. We heard a strange grinding noise in passing a house, and, looking in, found a girl busy with a *quern* or handmill—the primitive engine for preparing meal which is alluded to in the Bible, and is now shewn in antiquarian museums of our country as a thing of past ages, but which still flourishes in living use in this outlandish part of the earth. Here and there was an appearance of a small shop; and in front of one or two houses, an attempt had been made to render a plot of ground into a sort of garden. The rudeness and

simplicity of all outward forms and appearances was a surprise to every one of us. It was rudeness, however, unaccompanied by anything like want or suffering. These cottages were not, like those of the Irish peasantry, or of the lower population of our large cities, scenes of utter destitution. The people have furniture and implements for all their humble needs, however coarse and disgusting; and it is reserved for an advanced civilisation to shew humanity in its lowest and most hopeless condition.

One of our first cares was to find a house where our amateur photographer might set up his apparatus, in order to take portraits of the men and things of Thorshavn. We were first conducted to a reasonably neat mansion of two stories, occupied by Mr Nalsöe, a rich retired merchant, who was very willing to give the required accommodation. But it speedily appeared that this place would not suit, and we were then taken to the house of Mr Randroff, the sheriff. This was also a neat, inhabitable-looking house, reminding me much of the better sort of wooden mansions in Norway. We were received with the greatest urbanity by the worthy owner and his wife, and cigars and wine were brought in. Their son Auguste, a bright-eyed intelligent boy, who spoke a little English, came actively forward to shew us the specimens he had collected of the peculiar minerals of the islands, and offered to be our guide on any excursion we might determine on making. It soon appeared that this house was also unsuitable for our photographer's purposes. Ultimately, he was received at the governor's house, which, having an enclosed court in front, proved entirely suitable. The best of the day, however, was spent before our friend had become thoroughly settled, and his portrait-taking was reserved for the morrow.

The ship in the sunny bay, and rude boats paddling about; the long, flat-topped, bare gray hills closing round; the green-roofed village nestling in the dell at the head of the bay; rocky passages among the houses; a small rill coming down a rough channel, all disgraced with washings of clothes and eviscerations of fish; friezy hairy groups everywhere wondering at us, and we at them—such were the objects pressing on us as we made our way to see the two or three established lions of the place—the fort on the hill-face over the sea, where we found the four crazy guns and a handful of soldiers—a rock-surface near by, where the compass seems a little to forget its cunning—and the church, which we found neater than we could have expected. The slopes adjacent to the town were a mixture of gray rock and green pasture, with here and there small patches of potatoes and *herc*. The rounded character of the rock-surfaces, at once recognised as the result of glacial abrasion; but none of them were sufficiently fresh or well preserved to bear the polish and scratching which in proper circumstances may be expected.

I found there is but one baker in Thorshavn, and, considering how the people live, it was a surprise that there was even one. On application at the shop, we were told there was no wheaten-bread which could be recommended; the only kind to be had was the dark rye-loaf, so common in Denmark and the North generally, but which I have never yet been able to relish. Rather oddly, they had very palatable rice-cakes and almond-biscuits. The baker has a mill a little way out of town, and it is described as being of the same primitive kind as one which I formerly had occasion to

speak of as existing at Drivstuen, in Norway, but which I have since found to be not unexampled in some of the less approachable parts of the Scottish Highlands—being simply a small wooden building bestriding a rivulet, which, shooting down a sloping wooden trough, drives a horizontally disposed wheel, centering in a vertical axis, the upper end of which carries round the millstone. It seems the very first step in mechanical contrivance beyond the quern, still in pretty general use in Thorshavn. It is very curious thus to find the dead antiquities of some countries the active utilities of others. Scottish antiquaries are acquainted with a small stone-cup, possessing an ear or handle carved out of the same stone, which is occasionally found in the earth. For a long time no one could imagine what was the use of it, till Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, chancing to be left for a winter in the Farøe Islands, ascertained that the same article is in general use there for the carrying of lighted tinder from one house to another. How it has happened that the Farøese, or our own early progenitors, should have been dependent on the communication of fire from one house to another, seeing that a couple of flints is so obvious an idea, I cannot imagine, unless there were some superstitious objection to the striking of new light. As a proof, however, of the importance of communicated fire in Farøe, I may state a fact regarding the one family living in the Stor Dimon. As already mentioned, this island can be approached only in favourable weather, and ropes are required to pull any one up from the sea. Often, for months, no one can come to or leave the spot. Years pass without the visit of a clergyman; and the Thorshavn doctor declares that, in a long practice, he never once set his foot on the island. It is related that, on one occasion, in the middle of winter, the Dimon family allowed their fire to go out; and they unavoidably remained without fire or light for the remainder of the season!

Led by the tastes of an amateur mineralogist of our party, we determined to spend the afternoon in an excursion by boat to the island of Nalsøe, about three miles from Thorshavn. We had the advantage of being attended by one of the inferior native judges, Christopher Müller, who not only speaks English, but has picked up some knowledge of geology. Auguste Randropp likewise gave us the pleasure of his company, and the benefit of such local knowledge as he possesses. One of the company took his gun, in the hope of bringing down a few snipes or curlews. It may be well here to intimate once and for all, the general fact, that the Farøe Islands are merely a set of mountains, of a lengthy form, lying in a north-west and south-east direction, with narrow sounds between, nearly all of them being composed of slightly-sloping beds of trap, alternating with tufas and clay-stones, and all swept bare. It becomes evident, at a moment's inspection, that they have all been of one continuous sheet of such beds at one time, and out of which interspaces have been cut in a determinate direction by some externally applied force, for the beds on opposite sides of valleys and sounds exactly tally with each other. One mountain or island being higher than another, or having any part of itself higher than the rest, is merely owing to this external force having been there more resisted, and consequently having taken less away. As additional features depending on those now described, I may remark the terrace-like arrangements everywhere conspicuous along the sides of the islands. One of these terraces is merely a trap-bed standing out in a certain degree of prominence, in consequence of the above externally applied force having been able to cut comparatively deep into the softer tuffaceous strata between.

Well, we land in Nalsøe, at a small fishing-hamlet called Eide—a miniature Thorshavn—and resolve on a walk to a well-known cave about three miles off along

the shore. The few villagers flock about us in wonder—wondering at ourselves, and wondering at the hammers and other instruments we carry. The first object which attracted our attention was a short thick beam lying on the beach, and much perforated by the teredo. It was one of the pieces of timber which the Gulf-stream brings in considerable quantity from America to these islands, and which might have led the islanders, centuries ago, if they had been sharp enough, to infer the existence of land beyond the Western Ocean. In a country which has not a bit of timber of its own, such arrivals on their shores must be a windfall of no common value. We went to see the church of Eide, for, small and poor as the hamlet appears, and few people, besides, as there are in Nalsøe, there is here a church—but one so small, so homely, so simple in all its arrangements, had never before come under my notice. There being a church here at all was the more remarkable, that nearly the whole of its materials had to be imported from the continent. There was but one little gallery, apparently for some one better sort of family, and it was accessible by a small trap-stair. The one sole attempt at ornament for the honour of religion consisted in a hard, rude painting of the burial of Christ over the communion-table. I viewed the whole scene with deep interest. It is on finding a religious edifice of such a kind in such a place, that one is most affectingly reminded of the universal yearning of man towards the Power and the Life beyond the visible scene and the present experience.

As we went along the lower slopes near the village, we observed a considerable number of small patches of cultivated ground, some of them not larger than a good dining-table, all evidently under hand-culture, and mostly devoted to potatoes. We here also, for the first time, observed an arrangement which we afterwards found to be general throughout the Farøes. The little patches of ground, divided from each other much in the fashion of *lazy beds* amongst ourselves, are, always made to incline sideways, if necessary, towards the sun. We also came to two little mills, one of them exactly such as has just been described, but the other an advance upon it in mechanical contrivance, having a small undershot wheel outside, by which the horizontal one is driven within. So here, in these Farøe Islands, we see a complete series of the first steps in mechanism, as applied to one of the first and most important of human necessities.

Half a mile or so from the existing village are the remains of an old one, from which the people had migrated not many generations ago. We could only with some difficulty trace the ruins beneath the flower-sprent herbage which nature had spread as a re-assertion of her original empire over the spot. Müller, nevertheless, could point to the site of one small house, in which, according to a tradition of the place, a Scottish princess had once lived in captivity. Such a lady, he said, had been sent as a prisoner to this island—had lived and died here. Here was the house in which she dwelt; there, close by, was the little cress-surrounded spring which had supplied her with water. I was at first puzzled to imagine what could be the actual fact at the bottom of this strange tale, but, after a little reflection, thought it most likely that the Scottish princess was merely some lady of rank who, like Mrs Erskine of Grange, had proved troublesome to husband or friends on account of semi-lunacy, or bad habits, or the possession of dangerous secrets, and had been put out of the way here, under the care of the trusty emissaries of those who had an interest in her seclusion. There was a wild and poetical interest in this interpretation of the tradition. What a scene of banishment for a woman who had perhaps been reared in tenderness, and must have heretofore lived amidst a comparatively civilised society! And now there is only to be heard the murmur of the wild-bee, where once a human

spirit sighed out sorrows in which there was none to sympathise, and probably welcomed death as an only friend.

The sheep which we found picking up a meagre subsistence along the hillside, had all a strangely ragged appearance, their coats generally hanging half off their bodies. The Farøese, it seems, do not shear their sheep, but pull off the fleeces, for which practice they are soundly rated by some former travellers, on the score of cruelty. This very afternoon, there was a gathering of the flocks into an enclosed place near the sea-shore, that this business might be proceeded with. For anything I could see, the Farøese sheep may part with their wool in this manner without any suffering; but it is not so easy to understand why they should be allowed to go about till a large part of their fleeces must be lost. I can only suppose that the taking off the wool was performed by hand-plucking in old times, when shears were unknown, and for that good and sufficient reason is still persisted in.

Our one sportsman was meanwhile going along the higher ground in hopes of giving us a dish of birds; but he shot only a few oyster-catchers, which proved of no sort of use. The cider-duck was seen passing between the sea and the rocky terraces, where it builds its nest; but the shooting of that creature, so valuable for its feathers, is forbidden in Farøe, though, strange to say, its eggs are unprotected. After a rough walk, we came to the cave where we expected to find minerals. An unusually deep bed of tufas and clay-stones here in its slope meets the sea, which has of course made way into it and produced a recess, over which the hard bed of trap hangs like a penthouse. Reaching it after a good deal of scrambling, we found that it had been several times too often visited already. Of the zealites, and other trappan crystals for which it is famed, only a few poor specimens could be obtained. Being absolutely devoid of the collecting propensity, I could hardly join my friend in his expressions of disappointment; more particularly as there was much instruction to be derived from the facts presented to the eye—the clay-stone, for example, black as coal below, where deposited on a cooled trap stratum, but red and hard as brick above, where the next trap-bed had poured hot over it. In the plentiful tufts of saxifrage and other plants scattered about these cliffs, there would have been a still more abundant feast for the botanist.

Our boat being brought to the spot from Eide, we re-embarked at a late hour, and returned to our ship. The next day was to be employed by the *Thor* in taking in coal; so we were now able to arrange various plans for spending it to advantage. I resolved to be one of a party of three which was to make a boating-excursion of some extent.

NURSES FOR THE SICK.

ALTHOUGH there are several institutions for trained attendants on the sick in London, all, I understand, more or less admirably conducted, I shall speak here only of 'The Home' in Devonshire Square, as the excellence of its particular arrangements has been frequently experienced by myself and my friends. Mrs Fry was the originator; the late Queen Adelaide, the first patroness of this institution of Nursing Sisters, which was founded in 1840. The present patronesses are persons of high rank, headed by the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Sutherland; and fifteen ladies of known benevolence form the committee, of which the widow of Sir Robert Harry Inglis is president.

The object in view is to furnish sober, steady, respectable attendants for the sick of all ranks, and to raise the standard of this important occupation, so as

to enlist the services of superior women, desirous of devoting their time to the glory of God and the mitigation of human suffering. The characters of those persons who are selected are strictly sifted, and their former lives minutely inquired into; they are kept for some time at the Home on probation, and then trained in one of the hospitals, that they may be fully equal to their important duties. At the expiration of this period, if their conduct and qualifications be found satisfactory in all respects, they are received as sisters, and allowed an annual stipend of L.20, which, after three years' service, is raised to L.23. Their attire is neat, and unpretending: it consists of a brown merino dress, a black silk lined shawl; in winter, a black bonnet; in summer, a straw one—all of the form usually worn, so as to excite no attention. The above, however, is only worn when travelling or walking; a blue-printed cotton gown and plain white net-cap are the attire within doors. Each two persons have a bedroom to themselves; a servant is kept to clean and cook; and 'Mary' is a very important personage, for she does her best to make every one comfortable, and, moreover, succeeds in doing so. The living is plain, and the best of its kind. Tea and coffee are provided for breakfast, which is at eight, preceded always by prayers and a little reading; dinner at one; tea at five; supper at nine, also preceded by religious worship, after which the sisters retire to bed. It seldom happens, however, that more than one or two are at the Home together even for a day, the sisters are in such continual demand. They go to any place in Great Britain or Ireland at a few hours' notice, but not, I believe, to foreign countries. Between seventy and eighty are constantly employed; and the committee have frequently been obliged to take in women as supernumeraries, whose character and efficiency, however, they have taken pains first to ascertain. The average number of nurses supplied gratuitously to the poor, is about twenty-five to thirty quarterly. The regular sisters, when they chance to be in Devonshire Square, always devote part of their time to visiting and nursing the sick poor in the densely peopled, and wretched districts of its neighbourhood; and many sad cases of distress and suffering have thus been relieved. One nurse always remains at the Home expressly for the service of the poor.

The sisters are not permitted to receive mourning, or presents of any kind, directly or indirectly, from the patients and families they attend. The institution is unable to fix any particular rate of payment, as it is intended to benefit all ranks, and the rich are consequently expected to pay for the poor. It is therefore left to all to remunerate the service they receive according to their various means; and as it is the desire that those families from whom they are not likely to receive much payment should be attended with the same care and promptitude as the more wealthy, it is particularly desired that the sum paid should be sent direct to the Home, or to the bankers, and that the sister may not be informed of its amount; also, that whatever remuneration is presented, should be sent every six weeks. The sum considered fully sufficient to remunerate the establishment, is L.1, 1s. a week; but when limited circumstances demand a pecuniary sacrifice, the committee, on their part, are quite ready to make arrangements accordingly, as well as to render gratuitous assistance in cases of more

pressing necessity. Travelling-expenses and washing are, of course, defrayed by the family employing the sister; and where the cases have been infectious, parties are requested to pay her, besides, 15s. for lodging—as, for the safety of those sisters who may happen to be at the Home, she cannot be permitted to return to it till all possible danger from infection is over.

Nurses expect to be allowed to rest every third night, and, when sitting up, are permitted to ask for tea, coffee, or cocoa, but neither spirits nor malt liquor, unless with the consent of the medical attendant. Meat they take twice a day—at dinner and supper—with half a pint of porter or ale also at each of these meals, but no more. Persons employing nurses from this institution, are at liberty to exchange them if unsuited to the peculiar case of the invalid, and to return them to the Home at their pleasure; but the sisters are not allowed to leave a case without permission from the superior; and if any ill temper or carelessness is shewn, complaint may be made to the committee, who will punish or reprimand according as the case, when fully inquired into, may require.

The services of a nurse with a gentle temper, united with firmness and bodily strength, being required by an individual of my family, Sister Diana Alchin was sent to us; and the comfort we felt from the first day of her arrival is not easily expressed. Clean, quiet, moderate in speech and in diet, cheerful and intelligent, she gradually and imperceptibly altered and improved the former arrangements so manifestly for the comfort of both the patient and the family, that every one applauded. The servants, who, it seems, had resolved to give up their places the moment a nurse entered the house, very soon found her a help rather than a hindrance. She gave no trouble, told no tales, and whenever unemployed in the sick-room, was willing to give a helping-hand to any one. The poor invalid had always had the utmost disgust at the idea of any attendant except a member of his own family, and at first shewed great dislike to have a stranger forced upon him; yet ere a week had closed, he became quite reconciled to her, and even allowed that she 'had a way with her no one else had, and that she made him as comfortable as any one in his situation could possibly be made.'

The sisters all profess to belong to the Church of England, and are at anyrate of acknowledged pious principles, as well as of correct moral conduct; but they never obtrude their opinions, or torment the invalid to declare his, though always ready to read, talk, or even pray, when it is desired. They consider it part of their duty to carry out strictly the orders of the medical attendant, but are directed rather to give way in trivial matters, than run the risk of doing harm by irritating or vexing the patient, in running counter to his wishes.

A separate fund has been established for the benefit of disabled or superannuated sisters, which the committee would be glad to see increase, in order to have the means of assisting such members as may have long and faithfully served the public and the institution, when the vigour of their days is past; and a fund is open for general subscriptions, donations, or legacies.

A paper is always sent with the sister, which must be returned to the secretary of 'The Institution of Nursing Sisters' when her services are no longer

required; and remarks upon her conduct and efficiency returned at the same time that the remuneration for her attendance is remitted, which, as before stated, is according to the means of her employers.*

THE TRUE HISTORY OF COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

No one ever worked the rich mine of human credulity so long and so profitably as Joseph Balsamo, better known by his assumed title of Count Cagliostro. From the records of the French police and the Roman Inquisition, we can glean the history of the greater part of his life; but many of the enigmas of his mysterious career will probably never be explained. He himself pretended that his first recollections were of the East—the land of mystery. He was brought up, he said, in princely splendour at Medina, attended by a suite of eunuchs and slaves, and instructed in all the occult sciences by a sage termed the wise Althatas. In his twelfth year, he went to Mecca, where he lived for three years with his uncle the cheriff. Thence he started on his travels. In Egypt, he studied the lore of the priests, and received with delight the knowledge of the ancients, preserved in the Pyramids. In 1766, he made his appearance in Malta, where the Grand Master received him with distinguished honours.

Now, the truth is, Balsamo was born in Palermo in 1743, and, at the age of thirteen, was sent to the convent of the Brothers of Mercy at Cartagirone, where he was committed to the tuition of the apothecary, under whom he acquired his first insight into the chemical and medical secrets he afterwards used so successfully. Expelled from the convent for irregular conduct, he commenced life on his own account in Palermo. Forgery seems to have been his first method of fraud. Being an excellent penman, he counterfeited wills, papal dispensations, permits for monks to leave their convents at uncanonical hours, and even tickets for the theatres. At last he was compelled to abscond, for having cheated a silversmith of sixty ounces of gold by pretending to disclose a hidden treasure. He fled to Messina, and there joined a kindred spirit, a noted juggler, versed in Arabic and the languages of the East. Travelling with this companion in Syria and Egypt, Balsamo picked up that smattering of the Oriental tongues which proved so useful to him in his subsequent deceptions. At length, a ship, in which these two worthies were passengers, was driven by stress of weather into Malta; and Balsamo, learning that Pinto, the then Grand Master, was addicted to alchymical pursuits, introduced himself as the descendant of a Christian princess of Trebizonde; the juggler personating his tutor, the wise Althatas. The deception was completely successful. The Grand Master assigned them apartments in his palace, and they worked daily in his laboratory. In a short time, however, the juggler died; and Balsamo, inconsolable for the death of his tutor, left Malta, furnished with letters of recommendation from Pinto. Arriving at Rome, he was introduced to the pope by the Maltese ambassador; and shortly afterwards he married a woman named Lorenza, whose rare and singular beauty, combined with an extraordinary talent for intrigue and artifice, caused her to be an invaluable partner to such a man. About this period, assuming the title of Count Cagliostro, he commenced his travels, visiting every country in Europe from Spain to Russia. It appears that he

* Letters upon business are addressed to the resident superintendent at the Home, 4 Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, London.

actually must have possessed some medical skill. By prescribing for the poor gratis, and giving away large sums in charity, he became exceedingly popular wherever he went; but to the rich, he sold his miraculous pills and balsams at equally miraculous prices. He professed to be able to convert flax into silk, and received large sums of money from his dupes for disclosing the process, which, in all probability, was somewhat similar to that now known as Clausen's patent for making flax-cotton. He also, for a handsome consideration, converted small diamonds into large ones, by substituting paste counterfeits, which he was very skilful in making, for the real stones. He first arrived in London in 1776, and though then possessed of considerable wealth, did not succeed, as on the continent, in gaining admission into the higher circles of society. During his stay in London at this period, he got involved in several lawsuits, and was committed to prison no less than ten different times. It appears that, with all his cunning, he became the prey of a number of low sharpers and solicitors, who, from his ignorance of English laws, habits, and customs, succeeded in fleecing him to no small extent.

One of those cases is curious. A Miss Fry entreated Cagliostro to tell her the number of a ticket which would gain a prize in a lottery, then about to be drawn. He at first refused; but her earnest entreaties prevailing, he took a cabalistical-looking manuscript out of his escritoire, and after making many and apparently very abstruse calculations, told her the fortunate number. She immediately purchased the corresponding ticket; and no doubt more to Cagliostro's amazement than her own, it actually turned up a prize. Numberless applications were then made to the count for fortunate numbers, but he steadily refused to make another calculation; but piles of bank-notes and costly jewels were given to the cunning countess, to induce her to reveal the valuable secret from her husband. Miss Fry, not content with her first venture, presented Lorenza with a gold snuff-box, containing diamonds to the value of £294; but not being able to prevail upon Cagliostro to indicate another number, she caused him to be arrested for pursuing illegal arts, and entered an action for restitution of the box and jewels, which were ordered to be restored with costs. It forms a remarkable feature in human credulity, that at the very time this Miss Fry believed Cagliostro so prescient as to be able to tell her the number of an undrawn prize, she was actually engaged in swindling him herself. Being connected with a broken-down *roué* named Scott, she introduced him to Cagliostro as a Scottish nobleman. The sham nobleman was so delighted with the sham count, that he invited him down to his castle in Scotland, promising to introduce him to the highest personages in that kingdom. This being just what Cagliostro wanted, he eagerly snapped at the proffered bait; and as his noble friend was far from home, and short of cash, he lent him large sums to prepare for the journey. We need scarcely say, the money was never repaid, nor did the journey ever take place. In short, Cagliostro's ostentatious liberality and profusion, which on the continent introduced him to the first society, served only in England to draw around him a crowd of needy sharpers.

Disgusted with London, Cagliostro, after having been initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry, went to Strasburg, where, by his liberality to the poor, he soon acquired an immense popularity. Assuming a higher flight, he now announced himself to be the Great Kophia, or head of a mystical system of Egyptian masonry, which he had been taught by the grand master of the order—no less a personage than Alexander the Great, who was still living, in dignified seclusion, in the interior of the Great Pyramid! As Joe Smith is said to have founded Mormonism on an

unpublished religious romance, so Cagliostro is supposed to have founded Egyptian masonry on a mystical manuscript, written by one George Copston, a crazy Englishman.

Humiliating, yet not without its lesson, is a record of the absurdities believed at the instigation of an ignorant impostor, less than a hundred years ago. In his system of mystification, Cagliostro assumed, through his asserted angelic ancestry, to possess a certain authority over the angels, and declared that his mission was to raise the faithful to spiritual perfection, by a physical and moral regeneration. The method of acquiring this new birth was altogether material in its nature, and curious on account of its absurdity. The faithful could obtain a life independent of the body by means of the *materia prima*, or red powder, one form of the Grand Elixir; but it required the Great Pentagon to restore them to the state of innocence enjoyed before the Fall of man. The Pentagon was to be constructed by erecting a three-story building, on a mountain named Sinai. On the second floor, termed Ararat, thirteen masters were to pass eighteen hours a day, for forty successive days, in prayer, contemplation, and preparation of the virgin parchment, made from the skin of a new-born male Jewish infant. This being prepared, the thirteen masters were placed in communication with the seven first created angels, who, stamping their seals upon the parchment, completed the Great Pentagon. The happy thirteen were now masters of all wealth, power, and wisdom; and each of them had the privilege, by mere adoption, of raising seven other disciples to his own happy state.

The physical new birth was more difficult to obtain, and the unpleasant process had to be repeated as often as every fifty years. The neophyte was to retire into the country, accompanied by a trusty friend, and there live in complete seclusion, paying strict attention to a certain prescribed regimen, for thirty days. On the seventeenth and thirty-second days, the patient was to be bled, and six drops of a white mixture administered, two drops of which were to be taken every subsequent day, till the object should be attained. On the thirty-first day, he was to be put to bed, and given the first grain of the *materia prima*, which would cause a swoon of three hours' duration, accompanied with strong convulsions. On the thirty-third day, the second grain was to be swallowed, upon which delirium would ensue, and the hair and teeth fall out. On the thirty-sixth day, the taking of the third grain would be followed by a deep sleep, and the hair and teeth would grow again. On the thirty-ninth day, the novice was to be put into a bath, ten drops of the balsam of the Great Kophia were to be given him, and on the fortieth morning he would rise in the prime of youthful vigour, in which state he would continue for fifty years. This treatment could be renewed every half-century, until the regenerated attained the age of 5557 years, but no longer!

In the lodges of this system of Egyptian masonry, communications were established with angels and prophets. To effect this, a child was selected, and termed the dove. Cagliostro, laying his hand upon the dove, blessed and anointed it with the oil of wisdom. The dove was then taken into the tabernacle, and told to look steadfastly into a basin of water, where it would see an angel. The child would then address the angel, and receive corresponding replies, which were carefully recorded. During his trial before the Inquisition at Rome, Cagliostro confessed all his impositions but this common juggling trick, audaciously insisting that it was a gift from God, although he must have well known that a confession would have been less injurious to him than such a daring assertion.

If it were not a matter of history, the influence this artful rogue acquired over the minds of his followers, would be utterly incredible. They worshipped him

for hours, lying motionless at his feet, and believed themselves sanctified by touching the hem of his garment. They wore his portrait in rings and brooches, and set up his bust in their houses with the motto *Divo Cagliostro*—the divine Cagliostro. About this period, Lorenza began to form female lodges of the mystical Egyptian masonry. She was then in the prime of youthful beauty, but by declaring that she was more than eighty years of age, and introducing everywhere, as her son, an accomplice, a citizen in the Dutch service, who was not less than fifty, she obtained immense sums in money and jewels from credulous old ladies, who wished to have their youth and beauty restored. By not remaining long in one place, but constantly travelling about, with a princely retinue of six carriages, for the purpose of establishing new lodges, their deceptions were the less readily discovered and exposed. At length, the first Pentagon was erected at Basle, and about to be opened with imposing ceremonies, when Cagliostro was summoned to Paris by his intimate friend the Prince Cardinal Rohan, to take a part in the well-known but mysterious affair of the diamond necklace, which implicated the name and fame of the unfortunate queen, Marie-Antoinette. On the discovery of this curious conspiracy, Cagliostro was sent to the Bastille, where he was confined for nine months, during which time the French parliament was deluged with petitions for his release, from men of the highest rank, who described him as a distinguished physician, prophet, and friend of the human race.

One of his replies, when examined by the attorney-general of France with reference to the necklace affair, is truly characteristic. Being asked by what right he assumed the name, and title of Count Cagliostro, he replied:

'I have gone over all Europe by the name of Cagliostro: as to the title of count, from the education I have received, the attention paid to me by the Mufti Suleyman, the Cheriff of Mecca, the Grand Master Pinto, Pope Clement, and most of the sovereigns of Europe, you may judge whether that is not more a disguise to conceal what I really am, than a title of honour.'

When liberated from the Bastille, being ordered to leave Paris, he went to Passy, followed by thousands of his dupes. He was then ordered to leave France, and when he embarked at Boulogne, immense numbers kneeled to receive his parting benediction. Arriving a second time in London, he immediately began to found lodges; and being joined by Lord George Gordon, of No-popery notoriety, he soon acquired a multitude of followers. We meet with some curious notices of him in the newspapers of the period; yet in not one of them, and we have looked through several files, do we see him denounced as a charlatan. It was not so in France. M. Mourand, editor of a Parisian newspaper, was a bitter enemy of Cagliostro, and lost no opportunity of exposing his fraudulent pretensions. Like a juggler of our own day, Cagliostro pretended that he was proof against the effects of the most potent poisons. He further stated, that the use of powerful antidotes was so well known to the people of the East, that at Medina they fattened pigs with arsenic, for the purpose of destroying tigers. The pig, supplied with the antidote, was unaffected by the arsenic, though its flesh was so imbued with the poison, that when left in the woods, as a bait for a hungry tiger, the latter, of course, being unprovided with the antidote, died immediately after tasting the fatal food. Mourand having ridiculed this assertion, Cagliostro inserted a challenge in the *Public Advertiser*, in September 1786. It was to the effect, that each of them should stake 5000 guineas; that Mourand should breakfast with Cagliostro on a sucking-pig fattened with arsenic, and whichever should be alive the next day, would win the stakes. Mourand wisely declined this invitation; and the following

epigram, among others on the same subject, was subsequently published in the *Advertiser*:—

If you expect me to breakfast, you're greatly mistaken;
I'll not eat your pig, but I'll save my own bacon.

Cagliostro gave a somewhat similar challenge in Russia. It appears, when at St Petersburg, he had spoken disparagingly of the professional knowledge of the czar's physician. The physician, hearing of this, challenged Cagliostro to mortal combat; but the latter declined, saying that an appeal to arms would only decide their courage and skill in the use of weapons, which was beside the question. The question was skill in medicine; and Cagliostro proposed to decide it in the following manner:—He would make a pill, which the physician would swallow, and the physician should make a pill, which he (Cagliostro) would swallow; and whichever of the two combatants should be alive an hour afterwards, was to be considered the victor. The Russian refused; but Cagliostro was immediately ordered to leave the territories of the czarina.

After remaining some time in England, Cagliostro again went to the continent, where he travelled about for a short period, till at last his evil destiny led him to Rome. There, being detected in founding lodges of Egyptian masonry, he was arrested, and committed to the dungeons of the Inquisition. After a long and very curious trial, which has been published, he was condemned to death; but the pope commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life in the fortress of St Leo, where he died in 1795. Lorenza was also sentenced to imprisonment for life in a convent of penitents.

Cagliostro, though small in stature, was well made, and had a dark but handsome countenance. When speaking in public, his voice and manners were exactly those of a noisy and ostentatious quack. He harangued his disciples with a drawn sword in his right hand, and principally spoke an incomprehensible jargon. In private life, however, he was lively and agreeable; and his great knowledge of the world, and conversational powers, rendered him an agreeable companion. Some of his letters, written in Italian, to his wife, when he was a prisoner in the Bastille, are preserved in the British Museum. They relate principally to matters connected with his personal comforts, and are no great proof of his acquirements as a scholar.

THE SUB-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THOSE who have watched the progress of the electric telegraph, its rapid extension across island and continent, over rivers and under seas, will be quite prepared to hear that the great Atlantic Telegraph is likely to become a fact before we are many years older. While we write, the enterprising offices in London are talking through the wires with all parts of the continent—from Copenhagen or Stockholm to Bayonne, and, further still, with the cities of Italy and Piedmont, and the island territory of our ally the king of Sardinia. From Cape Spartivento, the southern extremity of this island, a wire is to be sunk across the Mediterranean to Algiers, and another to Malta, and from thence, by Corfu and the Morea, to Constantinople. And a third wire passing from Malta to Alexandria, will traverse Egypt, skirt the Red Sea to Aden, plunge there beneath the waters of the Indian Ocean, to re-appear at Kurrachee, where it will join the Indian system of telegraphs, which spreads even now over a distance of 3000 miles. From the eastern border of India, the wire is to cross Pegu and the Burmese territory, and will be carried along the Malayan peninsula and under the sea to Borneo, from whence a

branch will run to Hong-Kong, while the main line will be stretched across the great island, and dipping once more beneath the waves, will extend to Port Essington, in Australia. From this place, it will pass onwards to Sydney and the more southern colonies, and so to Hobart-town, in Van Diemen's Land; and then, we shall get news from our antipodes within the day. There seems something fantastic in the idea of such a mighty extension of the Thought-flasher; but a few years ago, he who should have predicted even the present European system of telegraphs, would have been laughed at as one of the wildest of dreamers. And yet what wonderful results are already accomplished. Besides the above-mentioned lines, there is the wire across the Black Sea to Balaklava; and the Admiralty and Foreign Office now get news direct from the fleet and the camp by a process which needs never to wait till a fog clears off, as was so frequently the case with the telegraph of twenty years ago. What we can do in the way of giving and receiving information, is nothing to what we shall do when the vast web has spread its ramifications to the ends of the earth; and no spider ever felt the tug of a fly from the remotest extremity of his filmy networks more surely than our foreign minister, seated quietly in his office in Downing Street, will be able to feel the pulse of all the colonies within the course of an hour or two. At first, there will be something surprising to see paragraphs in the evening papers dated Melbourne or New Zealand at nine in the morning (our time) of the same day; but we shall soon get used to messages from the antipodes, and look on them as matters of course, and perhaps grumble if by any casualty we have to wait for an answer till the next day. What will be the effect on trade? Surely there will never be a glut, when our merchants can know the state of the distant market day by day. No room for blind speculation then. We know an enterprising trader, who, reading, in the advices from Adelaide that blankets were a drug in the market, immediately bought up and sent out a thousand pound's worth of the same commodity, and silenced all remonstrance with: 'I know what I'm about. Nobody will think of sending blankets in the face of the advices; so, when mine get to the colony, there won't be one left, and the demand will be brisk.' And sure enough, the result was as he anticipated; and he realised a handsome profit. But what will be and others do, when the ups and downs of the foreign markets are as well known in the city as those of Leadenhall or Leeds?

But we have been betrayed into a long preface. We sat down with the intention of saying something about the Atlantic Telegraph—about the wires that are to enable us to hold hourly communications with our cousins in the United States. The broad Atlantic is already partly bestridden. In a few weeks, the *New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company* will have laid their submarine-wire from the mainland of America to St John's, Newfoundland. This, which may be called the first step, will enable us to send or to receive messages from one side of the ocean to the other in six or seven days. For instance, the steamer leaves New York: four days afterwards, she calls at St John's, and there takes in the news received up to the latest moment by telegraph from all parts of the States; and then steaming forth, she will get over the 1600 miles between Newfoundland and Liverpool in from six to seven days, as already stated. Should Cape Clear be fixed on for a telegraph-station, then the time would be reduced to five or six days. The port of St John's, though a good one when you are once inside it, is obstructed by rocks at the entrance. These rocks are being blown up, and the necessary improvements are to be made to facilitate the prompt approach and departure of steamers; and as a coal-depot is to be established, the vessels will be able to

proceed with a smaller quantity on board, and have room to spare for freight.

Then comes the second, and longer stride—from Cape Clear, to St John's, or between the nearest points of Ireland and Newfoundland. To sink a wire through such a distance, will indeed be a triumph of skill and engineering science. The company entertain no doubt of its possibility, and are taking active measures to carry out their plans. One important preliminary was to know something of the nature of the ocean-bottom between the two places above named; and this has been ascertained by the admirable series of Atlantic soundings undertaken by the United States' government. We have more than once called attention to this undertaking in the *Journal*. The results are singularly interesting in many respects; but with regard to the main question, Lieutenant Maury reports, in a letter to the secretary of the navy at Washington, that the bottom of the sea between Ireland and Newfoundland 'is a plateau, which seems to have been placed there especially for the purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph, and of keeping them out of harm's way. It is neither too deep nor too shallow; yet it is so deep that the wires, when once laid, will remain forever beyond the reach of vessels' anchors, icebergs, and drifts of any kind; and so shallow, that the wires may be readily lodged upon the bottom.' This plateau lies at a depth of from 1500 to 2000 fathoms on the European side of the ocean, and gradually rises to about half that depth at its western extremity. With this fact before them, the projectors are in a condition to proceed with the twisting of their cable, and to provide means for the transport of so prodigious a length as 1600 miles. Lieutenant Maury adds that, among other results of the soundings, it was ascertained that there are no perceptible currents on the plateau; so that the wire once laid, there would be little risk of its being swept away.

We hear that the cable is to be similar to that laid across the Gulf of St Lawrence, describing which, a New York paper says: 'Each communicating wire is regularly and perfectly insulated in gutta-percha, making it, when thus covered, about a quarter-inch in diameter. Three insulated wires are then placed in a circular form around a tarred hempen cord, and the spaces between them filled up with layers of the same material; after which strands, likewise of tarred hemp, are bound firmly around the whole. Strong wires are then twisted spirally around, and the cable is completed. The reason of the use of tar is that it gives durability; as tar, in connection with iron, has been found to act as a great preservative to the cable when immersed in salt water.'

Whether viewed by itself, or in connection with the present state of political affairs, this Atlantic Telegraph assumes a high importance. Whatever may take place in Europe, will be known within an hour or two in Washington and in our North American colonies; and for the sake of all concerned, it is to be hoped that the friendly feeling now subsisting will be strengthened. In about three years, the union will probably be effected; and part of the scheme for extension in the East will be a thing accomplished. We might speculate still further as to what the results will be when we can talk at pleasure with the antipodes or San Francisco—at one and the same time with the lands of the rising and the setting sun; but we forbear. The results will some day speak for themselves. Meantime, we may just glance at another view of the question. 'At home even,' says a contemporary, 'the telegraph is still in its infancy; but every one who has paid attention to the subject, must feel that the period is not far distant when great improvements will be effected in the present clumsy mode of transmitting messages, and when increased facilities and diminished

charges will give to this method of communication the full use of the advantages which it possesses over the Post-office. The time will come when the machinery of St Martin's-le-Grand will bear the same relation to our telegraph companies that the canals and highways now bear to the railways.'

QUALIFICATIONS OF THE NATURAL HISTORIAN.

Let no one think that this same natural history is a pursuit fitted only for effeminate or pedantic men. We should say rather that the qualifications required for a perfect naturalist are as many and as lofty as were required by old chivalrous writers for the perfect knight-errant of the middle ages; for—to sketch an ideal, of which we are happy to say our race now affords many a fair realisation—our perfect naturalist should be strong in body; able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, ascertain where he shall eat or rest; ready to face sun and rain, wind and frost, and to eat or drink thankfully anything, however coarse or meagre; he should know how to swim for his life, to pull an oar, sail a boat, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; and, finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot, and a skilful fisherman; and, if he go far abroad, be able on occasion to fight for his life.—*Kingsley's Glaucus.*

MARRY THE WOMAN.

Some young men marry dimples, some ears; the mouth, too, is occasionally married, the chin not so often. Only the other day, a young fellow fell head over heels and ears in love with a braid—braid, we believe, young ladies style that mass of hair which, descending from the forehead, forms a sort of mouse's nest over the ear. He was so far gone in his infatuation, that he became engaged to this braid; but the Eugénie mode of hair-dressing coming in just then, the charm was dissolved, and there is no present appearance of its being renewed. What do young men marry? Why, they marry these, and many other bits of scraps of a wife, instead of the true thing; and then, after the wedding, they are surprised to find that, although married, they have no wives. He that would have a wife, must marry a woman.—*American paper.*

NEWSPAPERS OF ST PETERSBURG.

I never knew more than six in St Petersburg—three in Russian, two in German, and one in French. The Russian is *The Police Gazette*, filled with official announcements and trading-advertisements; *The Invalid*, a naval and military journal, formerly edited by Baron Korff; and *The Northern Bee*, which enjoys a certain reputation for the violence with which it attacks whatever is offensive to the law of authority—its editor was Mr Bulgarin. The French *Journal de St Petersburg* usually contains, besides the ordinary official statements of promotions, &c., a few meagre extracts from English, French, and German papers; it consists of a small sheet of four pages, not much larger than the *London Gazette*, with occasionally an extra half-sheet when circumstances permit. Of the two German *Zeitungen*, I know nothing further than that one is published under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences.—*Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia.*

LINGARD.

The buoyancy of his mind, the playfulness of his wit, and the rich store of anecdote for ever at his command, gave to him a power over his companions which it was impossible to withstand. Connected with this subject, a ludicrous story is told among his friends. During the Northern Assizes, several of the leaders of the bar, among whom were Scarlett, Pollock, Brougham, and some others, were frequently in the habit of going over from Lancaster to Hovey, on a Sunday or other vacant day, to spend it with Lingard. As usual, one Sunday-morning, before mass, a party of them drove up to the house, and informed the servant that they intended to dine with the doctor. In an agony of dismay, she ran to her master. The only leg of mutton which they had in the house had just been

cut in two; and what could be done in a country village, where nothing more was to be procured? Lingard was not disturbed. 'Sew the pieces together,' said he, 'and roast them as one, and I will take care that it is not discovered.' She did so. The joint, thus repaired, was served up; and so entertained were the guests by his conversation, that the expedient passed off unobserved.—*Biographical Sketch in the new edition of Lingard's History of England.*

MY DAUGHTER.

On a Sunday, in Dundee, love—'twas noontide of the day—I had left Gilfillan's church, love, and wandered to the Tay:

Seaward robed Tay's flashing waters; landward rose the hills on high;

Blazed the sun amid the heavens; the north-wind swept the sky;

Light clouds along the azure on the north-wind floated by.

'To thy daughter, thy young daughter,' the north-wind seemed to say:

'I'll bear thy love and blessing to thy daughter far away.'

Seaward rolled Tay's flashing waters; landward rose the hills on high;

Blazed the sun amid the heavens; the north-wind swept the sky;

Light clouds along the azure on the north-wind floated by.

'Go, gallant wind! go, noble wind! fleet messenger, and say:

With love my heart is brimming o'er; love's tears my eyes are dimming o'er,

For my little only daughter—my Ada far away.'

Seaward rolled Tay's flashing waters; landward rose the hills on high;

Blazed the sun amid the heavens; the north-wind swept the sky;

Light clouds along the azure on the north-wind floated by.

'Go, noble wind! go, gallant wind! this to my daughter say:

In dreams I kiss and bless her—to my leaping heart I press her;

I caress her, I caress her, my daughter far away!

I bless her—how I bless her! my dear daughter far away!

Seaward rolled Tay's flashing waters; landward rose the hills on high;

Blazed the sun amid the heavens; the north-wind swept the sky;

Light clouds along the azure on the north-wind floated by.

'O gallant wind! O noble wind! my daughter far away Has scarcely seen two summers yet, she'll know not what you say;

But kiss her and caress her with great tenderness, I pray; Kiss her, O wind! and bless her, for her father far away.'

Seaward flowed Tay's flashing waters; landward rose the hills on high;

Blazed the sun 'mid glorious heavens; the north-wind swept the sky;

Light clouds along the azure on the north-wind floated by.

THOMAS JONES.

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'WE WEAR OUR RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE.'

'The thing that hath been, is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun,' said the wise man of yore—and true, indeed, was the aphorism. Forty years of peace had mellowed down the memories of the last war; but the wail that rises amongst us now, awakens in the survivors reminiscences of similar sorrows felt then, and stories are told us, which shew that we do but progress through one of Time's ceaseless repetitions; that we only

Wear our rue with a difference.

'Announcements of victory are, always, of blended rejoicing and weeping,' said an old lady of our acquaintance the other day. 'I recollect the first I ever heard rather by the bitter word then witnessed, than by anything else. I was a little child, and my mother, the wife of a naval officer, had let me go to the theatre at Portsmouth, with my nurse one evening, to see a performance considered fit for my age. Some little time after I had been in the box, nurse pointed out to me my father and mother in an opposite one, with a lady and gentleman whom I recognised as intimate friends of theirs—an old doctor and his daughter, the wife of an officer at that time with the fleet. They had coaxed my mother to follow me. I guessed that at once, for few people could have resisted the entreaties of pretty Mrs Metcalf and her kind old father. I remember thinking how lovely she was, and how happy they all looked, when, just as the curtain fell, the manager stepped forward, and bowing, informed the audience, that he was rejoiced at having good news to communicate: "The English fleet had gained a glorious victory on the 1st of June, in the Atlantic, under Lord Howe; the *Glory*, one of the victorious squadron, was even then beating into Spithead." I never can forget the effect of this announcement. Nearly everybody in the house had some one dear to them in that fleet; it was, besides, a nearly nautical, and, in every sense, a martial assemblage. The people rose like one man. A cheer, absolutely deafening, thrilled through the house; it was repeated again and again; but the second time, other cries mingled with it—the hysterical sobbing of women—the movement of those who were removing some ladies who were fainting. When I looked towards my mother's box, to see what she thought of the tidings, Mrs Metcalf was still standing, with a look of triumph on her sweet face; her cheek was flushed, and she grasped her fan, like a weapon, under the strong excitement of the moment. And well, I thought, she might, for her husband was master of the *Glory*, and his

renown was hers; besides, he was close at home, and I had often heard her long for his return. I joined my mother's party when we left the theatre. The streets were a perfect blaze of light, for the houses were all illuminated; and the old doctor insisted on us all going into the hotel—the *Georgy*—and having a bottle of wine, to drink the health of the victors. Mrs Metcalf was wild with joy; she was devoted to her husband, and had had sad forebodings respecting his fate. Now, all apprehension had vanished; she was eager to return home, that she might have his house illuminated also, and be ready to receive him if he came on shore that night. In the morning, my mother, who was her near neighbour, called at her house, to inquire if Mr Metcalf had come on shore, and took me with her. We were admitted, and ushered into a dressing-room, where Mrs Metcalf was under the hands of her friseur, just having the last dust of powder shaken from the silk puff, with which, standing at a little distance, the hairdresser sprinkled the *crisp* and pomatumed hair. She was a stately beauty, and now, full dressed for the day, looked quite radiant with hope and happiness. She told my mother she had been dressing for her husband—to do honour to his return and his victory. He had not arrived yet, but probably there was much to do, and he could not get leave to come on shore. She asked my mother to sit with her till he came; and we were there a long, long time, listening at first to the salutes and the happy bells, and, at last, for Mr Metcalf's knock at the door. The doctor had gone out to make inquiries. At last, the expected sound came; the shadow of a cocked-hat brushed past the window; there was a knock at the door. Mrs Metcalf had opened the parlour-door by the time the servant had admitted him whom she fondly thought to see, and, between tears and smiles, sprang forward to meet two strange officers. Their looks were very, very sad, and a sailor stood behind them with a bundle on his arm: the name *Glory* was marked, in gilt letters, on his tarpaulin-hat. She stood absolutely transfixed before them, then gasped out the words: "My husband!" The first of the strangers took her hand, and led her silently into the room. It was some minutes before they could tell her that he was gone—that he had fallen gallantly in the discharge of his duty. The sailor bore all that remained of her beloved—the blood-stained uniform and shivered sword. I never can forget the wail of anguish, the hopeless agony, which followed that disclosure.

We hear a great deal in the present day of injustice and maladministration, but what should we think of a period when officers in the navy were entered, and

their time commenced 'on the ship's books, actually before their birth, on the chance of their after-services? the name being erased from the books, as dead, if the expected son proved a daughter. The same lady who was present at the announcement of the 'glorious 1st of June' victory, informed us that her brother was entered as a first-class young gentleman on the books of the *Seaflower* while he was still an infant; and that, till his parents rejected it, for allowance, as such, was sent on shore; little Johnny thus regularly receiving beef, biscuit, currants, pork, lime-juice, &c., in the due sea proportions. These infants also received pay; and Master John, belonging to a lucky ship, actually had his share of prize-money sent to him before he could understand its meaning. Our landsmen readers may not perhaps be aware, that a service of six years is required before a youngster can be made lieutenant. It was to obtain this promotion earlier that the absurd entries in question were doubtless made, as only the years of service, not those of age, were sent up to the Admiralty. Thus we have heard of a living admiral who was a commander at fifteen; and who, at his first dinner-party after his promotion, challenged a brother-officer of inferior rank, old enough to be his father, on some slight offence. But the duel did not come off. The young commander's brother followed him to his room with a horsewhip; and after inflicting most school-boy chastisement, compelled him to beg the old lieutenant's pardon. My own father, afterwards engaging in a fencing-match with the young hero 'for fun,' with naked swords, there being no foils at hand, gave him a straight finger.

But if their youth and position somewhat encouraged boyish arrogance, it is nevertheless a fact, that no age could have exhibited more heroic courage, or more simple and touching self-devotion, than did the boyhood of our naval heroes. The spirit which animated all was manifested strikingly in the following instances:—The family of Thurnham, of Scarborough, had a son of great promise—a fair, happy boy, scarcely seventeen, but already a lieutenant of marines. They were looking daily for his return from a long cruise, when, instead—as in the case of poor Metcalf—they received his sword, his coat, and the following letter, affecting from the bold, true spirit shewn in it, and the evident presentiment of doom experienced. We think it equals in simplicity and devotion those which have won all our sympathies for the heroes of the Crimea:—

'HONOURED FATHER—I think it my duty to write, as I am going this evening on a dangerous enterprise—to cut out a Spanish sloop-of-war. If any disaster should happen to me, you must apply to Mr Mackie for my clothes, to whom I have ordered them to be sent; if they should not be sent, application must be made to Captain S. of the *Illustrious*. Do not blame me for volunteering my services, as while the blood of the Thurnhams circulates in my veins, I could not bear to have it said that he is a coward! Give my love to my dear mother, my brother, and sister. I hope they will not regret what I have done. If I escape, nothing will give me so much pleasure as to think that I have neither disgraced my commission nor my father, and to have it said that I am an honour to the family. If I die, I die an honourable death. God bless you all, and may the next son you have die as honourably as I do! I beseech you to remember me to my cousin, and to all my dear relatives.—I remain, your faithful son,

D. THURNHAM.

H.M. SHIP ILLUSTRIOUS,
Jan. 9, 1805.

Faithful, indeed, even unto death! There is something very touching in the struggle, unintentionally expressed, between his desire of glory and his unwillingness to cause possible regret to his mother and kindred; and in the 'beseeching' to be remembered to his cousin—perhaps some boyish love of his. We can well fancy now how, fifty years ago, the poor mother wept over the relics of her first-born.

The next anecdote we would relate of these children of victory, is of a pleasanter character. A very worthy, though second-rate, actor at Covent Garden Theatre had a young son, who became a midshipman in the royal navy. He was a fine boy, and had a pleasant and rather more polished manner than was usual in lads of his profession at that time. At a period when he ought still to have been under the shelter of his parents' roof, he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and sent by some chance, with other captives, to Peru, where he remained on parole for some time. There was sorrow in his humble home, and doubtless many a prayer followed the poor little captive. But one evening as they were gathered round their hearthstone, a knock summoned the mother to the street-door. The visitor was a tall lad of thirteen, bronzed by sea and breeze, and dressed in worn and old uniform, long since outgrown. Her love divined that this was her lost son, who had sailed away in 'defence of his king and country' three years ago—a warrior of ten years! It was even so; and seated by their own fireside, the young adventurer related how his baby face ('he was three years younger then,' he remarked) had won the pity of a Spanish mother, nearly related to the viceroy of New Spain—how she had clothed and fed and cherished him—and at length, by her influence and entreaties, procured his liberty, and sent him back to his home with many kind and thoughtful gifts; and how he had put on his old uniform again, in spite of its small dimensions and worn-out condition, because he wished to shew he still served the king.

The family rejoicings over this lost one found were great, as we may suppose. The Spanish lady's name became a beloved and hallowed sound in the English household; the mother's heart blessed her; but not even thus had she her full reward. The boy returned to his profession, and served on board the ship which proved of all others most successful in taking Spanish prizes. The lad so providentially restored to his country was no common spirit; ever foremost in boarding, and ready for any freak of perilous adventure or boyish fun, he became a favourite with his captain, and was detached by him—after a hard sea-fight—to hold possession of a valuable prize just taken. On boarding the ship with his seamen, he beheld, to his utter astonishment, the friend and protectress of his childhood—his 'Spanish mother,' as he loved to call her. She was returning to her native land with all the wealth acquired and saved in New Spain, when this misfortune befell her. She did not at first recognise the child-captive in the young man begrimed with smoke and blood who suddenly presented himself before her; but when his words and voice revealed the secret, she shed tears of joy. Now, it was his turn to become benefactor. He told the story of her goodness to his comrades and his shipmates; and with the generosity of British seamen, both officers and crew immediately agreed to restore her private property to the illustrious captive. All her large and beautiful vessels of pure gold, an immense quantity of the most valuable jewels, her costly furniture, and property of every description, were restored to her by these chivalrous fellows, in acknowledgment of the gentle deed which had given them back a comrade. The happy midshipman took her, on their arrival in port, to his own home, and she remained with his family till her restoration to freedom. His share of

prize-money, even after the resignation of her private property, was between L.4000 and L.5000.

It is singular, when one glances back at the past—in so many instances a prototype of the present—to find that the last naval battle fought off Cronstadt was won for Russia by an English admiral. Let us accept the omen as a pledge that British valour will again be triumphant on those waters. In the war between Russia and Sweden, 1780, English officers received permission to engage in either service as they thought fit. Admiral Creuse, Sir Frederick Thesiger, Captain Elphinstone, and several other distinguished men, entered the Russian service, and off Cronstadt, in the May of 1780, defeated the Swedes. It is interesting to learn how the autocrat of those days estimated the consequences of a naval defeat in the Baltic. Catherine was, at the time, residing at the palace of Zarsko Zelo. For four days and nights before the action, she took no rest, and but little refreshment. During its continuance, she paced the beautiful terrace near the Baths of Porphyry, listening with terrible anxiety to the thunder of the cannon, which was so tremendous that several windows in St Petersburg were broken by the concussion. It is said that, anticipating defeat, her carriages and horses were waiting in readiness to convey her to Moscow. One of the English boy-lieutenants, Elphinstone, the admiral's nephew, at length brought her the tidings of victory. His dispatches were carried to the empress, who ordered her attendants to give the bearer refreshments and a bed. The gallant boy took advantage of the permission, and slept till the dawn was far advanced, during which period Catherine sent three times to know if he were awake. Starting at length from sleep, he was immediately conducted, in his soiled and war-stained gear, to the royal presence. The empress received him with gracious kindness, called him 'my son,' and desired him to give her a description of the battle, marking on the dispatches, as he obeyed, the position of the different ships. She then gave him her orders for the commander-in-chief; presented him, with a beautiful little French watch, a rouleau of ducats; and in spite of his extreme youth, conferred on him the rank of captain.*

One cannot look back at the past without a comforting assurance that better days *have* come. The press-gang, for instance, would not be endured in the present age. It is one bitter herb the less: *how* bitter, they only who suffered from it could perhaps tell. We can scarcely conceive the agony of those whose home was thus robbed of its chief treasure; who watched and waited long hours in vain for his coming who was never more to bless their sight—the father or the son who had left them for his daily toil, and met the spoiler ere nightfall. How men who had been thus injured *could* fight as they did, is marvellous, and speaks volumes for the generous nature of the race. In one instance, this misery was spared by a singular intervention. A West Indiaman arrived at Gravesend, and was almost instantly boarded by a press-gang. The mates of these vessels were always sure of being impressed; and the young man who now anticipated such a fate was the more pained, because his old mother, a very poor widow, who relied on him wholly for support, was, he had heard, dying. She had, the pilot assured him, watched every sunrise and sunset, with the constantly deferred and sickening hope of bidding her boy a last farewell. With a sinking heart and angry spirit he watched the party ascend the side; and in his agony, murmured a prayer for help. Help came! The crew of the West Indiaman were brought on deck; and whilst the lieutenant was examining them, a health-boat arrived. As no clean bill of health was found on board the West Indiaman, or at least

none deemed satisfactory, the vessel, with the lieutenant of the man-of-war and all his gang, was ordered to Stangate Creek, to perform quarantine together for forty days! The mate blessed the thralldom he would have execrated an hour earlier, since it enabled him, by a little daring and cunning, to escape on shore, and avoid the fate impending. His mother lived to bless her son once more.

But there were few such escapes as this—broken hearts and bitter tears generally followed the steps of the press-gang. A young man of decent parentage, the son of a substantial farmer, was walking, on his bride-eve, near the shore of Dartmouth harbour. Doubtless happy thoughts were lending a new charm to the still evening, and rendered him somewhat absent, for he never heard the press-gang till they had come close behind him and pinioned his arms. As usual, entreaties and threats were vain. He was carried on board a man-of-war, which instantly put to sea—*and* for years and years afterwards no tidings of him reached his family. His mysterious disappearance caused a sorrow beyond all expression. His father never held up his head again, neglected his farm, and died a poor, broken-hearted old man. The bride-expectant sorrowed for a time, and then became the wife of another. Time drew its cruel veil of oblivion over his fate, and few ever named his name, save the aged mother, who still prayed for him, and would never believe that he was dead.

And this loving faith had its fruition. A sailor with a wooden leg at length returned to call her 'mother,' and explain the past—a weather-beaten, maimed creature, set free because he could no longer be of use—penniless, and unfit to earn his bread in any other way: but even thus he was welcome. The old woman awoke to new life and energy since her lost was found; she struggled to make his home comfortable, and earned his and her own bread by washing. It was pleasant to see his devotion to her, and the handy way in which he helped her to make everything what he called 'ship-shape' about them; but often, in the midst of her patient and meek content, a cloud would come before her eyes when she thought of the past—of the fair home, the dear husband, the brave, handsome youth, the promised bride, and the long, long sorrow.

We may indeed be thankful that, in so far as the press-gang is concerned, we

Wear our rue with a difference.

There is probably no mere human evil without its mitigation. Some of these pressed men had, by their enforced fate, 'greatness thrust upon them.' My mother knew three distinguished admirals who had been pressed from the merchant-service, one of whom was accustomed to relate, with much glee, his return to his home when a post-captain, after another mysterious disappearance. The post-office, at least so far as seamen's letters were concerned, must have been in a singular lethargy in those days, for Admiral M— had written repeatedly without receiving an answer, and found, on his return to his native village, that not a single letter had ever reached his home. In the light of our present civilisation, those appear dark days indeed, when men still serving under 'our ancient ensign, fair St George,' should have been as those dead to their countrymen, and few could answer for a day's freedom on shore.

The second of these involuntary admirals commanded, as captain, a ship on board which my father served as a young lieutenant at the battle of Copenhagen, and was guilty of a most extraordinary freak in conjunction with the latter. The British fleet came off Copenhagen on the 30th of March. The battle did not begin till the 2d of April. Meantime, the ships anchored about seven or eight miles from the city; a frigate, a lugger, and a brig, much nearer. The Danish

* From Carr's *Northern Summer*.

fleet, batteries, and people awaited the nearer approach of the enemy. The first day passed quietly on board the *Mosquito*; on the second, Captain Jackson agreed with his favourite lieutenant, that the shore looked very inviting, and proposed a walk. And they actually landed, and coolly prepared to take pedestrian exercise on the enemy's soil! It was much as if the crew of the *Agamemnon* proposed, in sea phrase, to 'stretch their legs' in the immediate vicinity of Sebastopol. It is possible that utter amazement at such incredible audacity paralysed, for a time, the Danes, for the officers had walked some distance before the nearest battery discharged a shot at them. As they were out of range, however, this gentle hint was disregarded, and they had left their boat some distance behind them before they were compelled to abandon their purpose by the advance of some Danish soldiers sent to capture them. It then became necessary to run, and thus ingloriously they quitted the Danish soil. My father, young, light, and agile, flew swiftly towards the boat; his commander, a fat man, panted heavily behind, both pursued by rifle-bullets, but they succeeded in gaining their boat, and disembarking in safety. Often, in after-years, their Danish walk was the subject of 'merry reminiscence.

One of the greatest miseries attending the present war, has been the personal sufferings of the army from privation—inexcusable privation—and pestilence; and we are apt to think that in the old war, people did not suffer thus. But an officer who served all through the Peninsular campaigns assured me, the other day, that, with the difference of the sufferings being inevitable, they were the same under Wellington—'only,' he added significantly, 'people didn't know it in England.' No blame could be or ever was attached to the great duke; but the sufferings were not the less severe.

Speaking of the Duke, we were told an anecdote of him some time since which is highly characteristic. The narrator had been a trumpeter in the Guards, a boatswain in the navy, and is now a parish-clerk. Having heard that he had served in Spain and Portugal, we asked him if he had seen much of the Duke of Wellington during that time. He answered: 'I never saw him but once, and that seeing I shall never forget. We were in Portugal. The people of the neighbourhood, distrusting the honesty of their allies, had driven their pigs into the woods, in hopes of concealing them. Our men found it out, and the soldiers of the 8th went out hog-hunting by moonlight. In firing at the pigs, they hit and killed some of their own comrades. When this affair reached the ears of the commander-in-chief, he was very angry. He knew well how necessary it was for the Portuguese to rely on British honesty, and to be sure of a just price for food; and he had made it death for any soldier to steal from the people. I was standing, continued our informant, 'close to the general immediately after this affair. He looked very much displeased. Just then a soldier came by with a sack of flour on his shoulder.

"Hallo, my man," said the general, "where did you get that flour?"

"I took it from the mill yonder, my lord."

"Did you pay for it?"

"No, my lord; I took it."

There was an instant's pause. Then the duke called out:

"Provost-marshal, do your duty!"

The man was changed on the spot; and after that, there was no more pilfering or plundering.

Stern discipline this! reminding one of the command of 'Bonnie Dundee.' But here, again, there is a difference. It does not appear that such terrible and exact justice is even needed amongst the men whom Miss Nightingale characterises as like 'good children,'

and whose self-devotion and simple piety are glorious proofs of what the forty years' peace have done in training and teaching the new generation.

May we soon

Out of this nettle Danger pluck the flower Safety, and act over again, with the like improved aspect, the story of the old peace!

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

EXCURSION TO EIDE.

A NATIVE boat with four men was at the ship's side punctually at six next morning, and we three excursionists, having swallowed a light breakfast, were soon ready to start. There was a fine bright sky, with scarcely any wind to give us either aid or resistance. Our design was to pass through the long straight sound between Stromøe and Osterøe, to the little fishing-village of Eide (different from the Eide in Nalsøe), near which we hoped to be able to see the noted sea-cliffs of the Kodlen and Myling, which there look out upon the Northern Ocean. In our party was Mr Robert Allan, of Edinburgh, son of the late Mr Thomas Allan, who, in company with Sir George Mackenzie, had explored the geology of the Farøes in 1812, and published an elaborate paper on the subject in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Rowing at the rate of about three miles an hour—for the Farøese boatmen are by no means disposed to overtask themselves, and row with short weak oars—we passed along a glassy fiord, with lofty cliffs rising close upon our left, shewing clearly the bedding of the trap and the alternating strata of tufa. Flitting sea-birds, a few fishing-boats scattered here and there, now and then the projection of a porpoise-fin above the waves, are the sole objects that give life to the scene. By and by, we cross the openings of branch-fiords, receding amongst masses of dark mountains. Sometimes an unusual extent of green slope rising from the shore gives occasion for a small farming-establishment, where lives a family that probably never has any intercourse with others except by boat. Everywhere the country is seen to have the same kind of structure; and, being so clearly laid bare, we know what it is composed of ten miles off as well as on the hillside we are passing. Even the remotest mountain-tops betray what they are, without putting us to the slightest trouble. In the sound, we are simply passing through an excavated valley, built up on each side of alternate trap and tufa, forming long and gently rising terraces, on many of which the snow still rests. A loftier hill, such as Skellingfield, which we get a glimpse of through a lateral fiord, rising 3000 feet straight up from the sea, is merely a mass containing a few additional courses of this grand natural masonry. The highest and most reduced fragments of beds lead us ideally to extend them into the completeness they once possessed in common with those below; and we then get some notion of the enormous amount of matter which has been carried away, and of the power of the agent which effected its removal. What a stupendous operation is thus revealed to the instructed observer!—surely far exceeding in poetical sublimity the mythical ideas by which the peasantry usually seek to explain such phenomena. Let us not, however,

think too disrespectfully of the uneducated, in regard to these matters, when we remember that English geologists of the highest reputation have, over and over again, expressed themselves as content to imagine that all such denudations, as they call them, are the effect of floods of water—water which is never seen or known to do such things in nature, and which is seen at the bottom of these very hills acting in quite a different way—namely, forming rough beaches and cliffs, and strewing out the débris; the only particular favourable to such an idea being the (in the case) insignificant one, that, a block in water, being reduced to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ the specific gravity of the surrounding element, is sometimes seen to be transported somewhat further than might be expected. Till science can speak a little more rationally and conclusively, we may let natural wit alone.

The sound, though indenting promontories prevent us from seeing more than a few miles at any time along its course, is, like all the other sounds between these islands, tolerably straight. Excepting that recent débris from the mountains has, in many places, made green slopes at the bottom, there is a general bareness and sterility over this insular landscape. After becoming familiarised with its long persisting monotony, I was startled at Nord Skall with the appearance of some irregular masses of detrital matter stretching along the shore and through the waters of the sound; and mentally vaticinated that here there must be some unusually deep recess in the mountains; for I judged in the light of many former observations, that these mounds were moraines, or the ice-brought sweepings of a valley or valleys which once contained glaciers. Accordingly, on a nearer approach, such a recess made its appearance, being a deep though short valley in the island of Osterie. Such findings we may always confidently expect, when a true key has been laid hold of in the investigation of natural phenomena.

At length, after six hours of very slow rowing, we reached the village of Eide—a cluster of rude wooden cottages, much like those in Thorshavn, but the whole bearing a still homelier and poorer aspect. We landed amidst the usual group of wondering natives, on black rocks besprent with odorous relics of fish; and through one of our boatmen, who understood our language, inquired if a boat with fresh men could be had to take us to the Kodlen. It quickly appeared that the men were all absent at the fishing, so that we should be obliged to continue to use the boat in which we had come from Thorshavn. There was, however, something to be done in the first place—we must see *Paul Jonson's huus*. It became evident, from the talk of the boatmen, that this was a local wonder, which no traveller could possibly be allowed to escape. There were talks about other things while we still lingered on the shore: we asked, for example, if there was a church in Eide: but all ended and settled in this one thing—we must see *Paul Jonson's huus*. Resigning ourselves to what seemed inevitable, we were led up through the labyrinthine passages of the village, till we came to a tall narrow house of rude masonry, having an entrance under a small wooden arch inscribed with a verse from the Psalms in Danish. We were speedily conducted up a narrow winding stair into a neat, well-lighted apartment, containing some decent articles of furniture, and a few rude prints on the wall. And here we were received with good-humoured civility by

an elderly woman, who proved to be Miss Jonson. There was nothing at all remarkable about the house in our eyes. What gave it an attraction in popular regard, was merely its being the only house of more than one story, or possessing accommodations above the humblest, in the village, or rather perhaps the whole district. Paul Jonson, the deceased father of the present proprietress, was the once-rich man of the country, and had made himself immortal by building this mansion. We, after all, found some reason for an interest in the house and its builder; for Paul Jonson had here given lodging for some days to Mr Thomas Allan and Sir George Mackenzie while they were engaged in examining the geology of the neighbourhood. Miss Jonson had some recollection of Mr Allan, and appeared gratified in seeing his son after such a long interval. We learned from her, that her father had become interested in the pursuits of his two learned guests; had been their guide to the summit of Sletterind, a lofty mountain near by; and, after their departure, commemorated their reaching the top of that mountain by placing there a stone inscribed with their names and the date of their visit. When we came away to pursue our excursion to the Kodlen, Miss Jonson very kindly sent after us a huge decanter full of delicious new milk.

It was upon a perfectly smooth sea that we set forth on this interesting excursion. In any other circumstances, the danger might have been such as to give us pause. We had only, after all, to row out to the extremity of the sound, scarcely two miles off, in order to see the grand objects we were in quest of. The natural history of the Kodlen and Myling is simply this: the Færoes, all round the outside, are powerfully escarped by the rage of the ocean; so, wherever high ground is presented in that direction, we find it vertically cliffed to the very summit. At the north-west extremity of the sound between Osteroe and Stromoe, there chances to be high ground; there, accordingly, are cliffs of great elevation. The Kodlen might be described as a hill with one-half cut away, and the bare section of the remaining half presented to the sea. Our course lay along the base; and so gradually did its wonders creep upon us, that, when under its highest part, we had a difficulty in believing—grand as it was—that it reached an elevation as ascertained by Mr Thomas Allan, of 1131 feet. At about one hundred yards from this cliff, our boat was allowed for a while to float at ease, the men only taking care that we did not come too near. It was a most magnificent scene. The cliff is absolutely vertical; at one place, it even overhangs. The swell of the calm water, on which our boat rose and fell, was continually advancing to dash itself on the base, or flow into deep dark caves, where its operations were only revealed to us by the roar which it produced. At one place, a couple of tall fragments stood at a small distance out from the precipice, one of them perforated below, so as to give it somewhat of the figure of a human being. The excited fancy easily transforms them both into resemblances of humanity, and hence has arisen the name by which they are known, of the Giant and his Wife. The cliff, in consequence of its extreme steepness and smoothness, is little haunted by sea-birds. I could observe but one ledge, afforded by a more than usually friable bed of clay-stone, on which they seemed to find a tolerable rest. As a study for the geologist, the Kodlen cannot be over-estimated. Imagine a section of between eleven and twelve hundred feet, presenting hundreds of alternating beds, all as clearly traceable as the stripes on a checked bed-curtain! Their arrangement is horizontal; and nothing can be more instructive than the regular interjection of the group of comparatively thin and soft beds of tufa and clay-stone with the dense beds of trap. Vertical fractures at tolerably regular intervals,

explain to us in a moment why these cliffs assume the wall-like front by which they are characterised. One vertical mass between two fractures, has fallen down ten or twelve feet, and produced a fault to that extent. Generally, it is at the bottom of fractures that lavas have been formed, the sea having been able there to insert its powerful wedge, and so work its way inward. There are some caves, however, above the reach of the waves, and which must have been pre-formed before the present relative level of sea and land was assumed. We all regretted that our time did not permit us to sail to the opposite side of the sound, in order to pass under the more magnificent Myling. We were obliged to content ourselves with a distant view of the grand escarpments of that part of the coast, and of the *stacks* or *Myling* fragments of rock which we see shooting hundreds of feet high in its front.* The whole, taken in connection with the similar, though less elevated cliffs all around the Faröes, may be said to form a splendid illustration of what the sea can do in cutting down hills and strewing out the removed materials.

Returning to Eide, and having to wait there awhile, that our men might rest, I took the opportunity of examining the neighbourhood. The place is a low isthmus between the sound and the outer ocean, and here there are some small fields under cultivation. Every here and there, the rocks are presented on the surface, where they invariably are rounded or flattened, with peculiar deep channelings, precisely like those rocks which are now generally believed to have been abraded by ice. My attention being arrested by these features, I looked narrowly for the striae or scratches which ice generally leaves on surfaces over which it has passed. They presented themselves in abundance in several places—most strikingly of all within sea-mark on the shore of the quiet bay—being all directed from the north, which is also the direction of the *canaux* or channelings, and further, of the passage or isthmus in which the village lies. It was curious to reflect that these minute features should still be preserved on a surface which has since been subjected to so long a period of oceanic attrition as is indicated by the cliffs of the Kodlen and Myling.

By ten o'clock in the evening, we were once more on board the *Thor*, where we learned that our amateur photographer had had a great day in Thorshavn, assembling round him all the remarkable-looking persons of both sexes, and eliciting their infinite surprise by the fidelity of his portraiture. His greatest difficulty had been to keep his sitters from coming in their finest Sunday-attire, instead of the picturesque habiliments they were accustomed to wear. The captain had been employing the time in taking in a supply of coal to speed us on our way to Iceland. One of the lieutenants, in the course of his perambulations, had fallen in with and purchased a couple of knives, the handiwork of one of the villagers. They created a general feeling of astonishment in our party; for, so far from being rude, as everything that met the eye in Faröe seemed to be, the handles and cases were beautifully inlaid with brass, ebony, and bone, shewing much taste as well as ingenuity in the artificer. One was of the size of a penknife, the other somewhat larger, both blades being fixed in the handles, and designed to be inserted loose into their cases. I afterwards purchased a knife of considerably larger size, of the kind used for killing the dolphins which occasionally come ashore on the Faröes;

and this knife is also of elegant workmanship and decoration. Though the labour employed in the making must have been very great, the two knives first mentioned cost only four shillings and sixpence of British money. We were told that, while there are not, and scarcely could be, regular artificers in Faröe, almost every man is at least his own smith and carpenter; and that, from the peculiar necessities of the islanders, they often shew a high degree of ingenuity in lines of handicraft. The most foreign in appearance to their general habits of life. It is instructive, however, to observe how ingenuity may reach a high pitch in decoration before it attains to any very decided practical improvement. The Faröese make beautiful knives; but they have not yet arrived at the idea of connecting the handle and blade by a clasp.

From what I have seen of the people of Zetland, and know of their social condition, I think there must be a striking contrast between them and the Faröese. The fact of the latter being a day and a half's sail further to the north, cannot be the sole cause of the difference. The explanation must chiefly be looked for in the different political and moral arrangements. While Zetland is expressly a part of Great Britain, having its share of representation, its settled native clergymen and schoolmasters, its old resident gentry, and full participation in all commercial privileges and abilities enjoyed by the rest of the country, Faröe is treated as a sort of dependency, under officers and clergy sent to it, and who never become naturalised in it; and, up to the present year, its whole commerce has been a monopoly in the hands of the Danish government. Hence there is a deficiency of active moral elements to stir up, purify, and cultivate the mass of peasantry which constitutes the population of this northern archipelago. They are discontented, without having any very clear idea as to what is the matter with them. They have a 'loyalty unlearned' towards the king, and yet are full of complaints against his government. With a view to pleasing them, the government monopoly is now to cease, leaving them at liberty to trade with any person or country; yet they are full of fears regarding this change, lest it leave them unsupplied with the corn which they require from abroad. I can have no doubt that free-trade will bring about its usual good effects in Faröe, and among the best will be its inspiring a hitherto unknown feeling of self-assertion and self-dependence.

MONSIEUR LE MAIRE.

In this country of ours, it is not always easy for the suitor to get his mistress's consent to marry him; even when that is obtained, mammas and papas will foolishly interfere; and, in short, a thousand things may occur to prove the truth of the saying, that the course of true love never does run smooth. But once it comes fairly to marriage, the difficulty is at an end. Everything then is as easy as lying. To get married in England is a very simple affair indeed, for there are several ways of tying the knot-matrimonial, in order to meet the requirements of every taste, and the condition of every pocket. In the first place, a man may be married at his parish-church, by his parish-priest, and by his parish-clerk, either by licence or after due publication of banns on three successive Sundays, after the form and fashion of his forefathers; secondly, he may be married in any chapel of meeting-house belonging to persons of any religious persuasion whatsoever, provided it be duly registered for the purpose; and lastly, he may dispense with the religious ceremonial altogether—he may decline availing himself of the assistance of either priest or minister, and be married

* In a *Narrative of the Cruise of the Yacht Maria among the Faröe Islands in the Summer of 1854* (a beautifully illustrated and very pleasantly written volume, published by Longman, 1855), it is stated that the Myling, by aneroid barometer, is 2100 feet high. The remarkable *stacks* near that cliff are, in the same volume, said to be 800 feet high, and are described as bearing the appearance of having fallen away from the adjacent precipice. This book may be recommended to all who wish to get a correct representation of Faröese scenery.

democratically at a registrar's office. In that part of the United Kingdom called Scotland, he may be married by a blacksmith, or anybody else; and in fact, so easy is the affair there, that it is more difficult to tell what does not constitute a marriage in Scotland than what does. In any case, there is not the least difficulty in getting the work speedily and efficiently performed: parsons, ministers, registrars, and blacksmiths, being ready enough at all times to earn their fees; and the law, in this case at least, cannot be said to insist on vexatious and needless formalities. It throws no difficulties in the way which can try the patience of the most ardent lover, or risk the scaring away of the shyest of old bachelors.

It is not so, however, in France. There, if the law of marriage had been framed by the most rabid of the Malthusian philosophers, for the express purpose of deterring their countrymen from assuming the bonds and obligations of wedlock, it could not have more effectually answered the purpose. The number of certificates of birth, death, age, the consent of parents, if absent, &c., which must be produced before one can get married in France, is perfectly bewildering. It would really seem that the lawyers, when discussing this part of their code, were labouring under a monomaniacal dread of bigamy. They have made it a matter of considerable difficulty to get married once; and as to having more than one wife at one and the same time à la Turque, the thing in France must be impossible. Even when both parties are French bred and born, great delay and expense must often be submitted to before the requirements of the law can be observed; but when one party is French, and the other a foreigner, the difficulty is increased fourfold, and becomes, in the case of a stupid mayor—and mayors are occasionally stupid in France as well as in England—almost insurmountable. Now this was my own predicament. An Englishman marrying one of his own countrywomen in France, may be married in the chapel of the British embassy, and so avoid meddling with the French law altogether; but it is not so if he would marry a Frenchwoman. In that case, he must be married according to the law of France, which, recognising marriage as a civil contract only, ordains that such contract must be entered into before the municipal authorities of the district in which one of the contracting parties resides, or rather in which he or she has resided long enough to have acquired a domicile—the domicile as regards marriage being established by six months' continued residence in one commune. In short, a foreigner can only be married in France to a French subject, according to French law—that is, before the civil officer, generally the mayor of the commune. In England, from the Lord Mayor of London downwards to the most insignificant first magistrate of the most infinitesimal borough corporate, mayors have little to do besides presiding over the gatherings together, either for jollity or palaver, of their fellow-citizens; but in France, Monsieur le Maire is a vastly more notable personage: he is a government functionary, and chief-priest in the temple of Hymen.

For my own part, neither parental objections nor avuncular threatenings clouded my courtship. I was undisturbed alike by the cares attendant on the disposition of wealth, and the anxieties inseparable from poverty. I had made choice of a wife; no one had a word to say against it; and we had nothing to do but to be married as soon as we pleased. It was at this point, however, that all our difficulties commenced.

Paris has twelve mayors—one for each of the twelve arrondissements into which the city is divided—and marriages must be celebrated before the mayor of the arrondissement in which one of the parties is domiciled. When, therefore, both lady and gentleman are resident in the capital, there is generally a choice between two

mayors; but as it happened that my domicile was in the same arrondissement as that of my intended wife, we had no choice but to be married by Monsieur le Maire of the third arrondissement; and that officer being both very stupid and very tenacious of his opinion, we were actually compelled to have recourse to the law before he could be made to perform his office.

The individual who filled the post of mayor of the third arrondissement of Paris at that period, was a retired lawyer, an ex-notaire, or avoué, or avocat, or something of that kind—just such a man as with us retires from his business or profession when he has secured a competency, and gets himself put on the court bench, in order to add a little dignity to the *otium* he promises himself for the remainder of his days. In person, Monsieur le Maire was tall, thin, and what the French call *dry*; in manner, precise, somewhat pompous, and cold. Add to this, that he had an overwhelming idea of his own merit, and was much prejudiced against everything English; and it was easy to see that he would prove a very troublesome fellow to deal with, particularly if required to do anything out of the common routine of his office. I was not long in verifying the correctness of this my first impression, and that, too, although I had taken the precaution to get an introduction to the great man from a mutual acquaintance. He was a troublesome fellow to deal with, as the sequel will abundantly shew.

‘Monsieur le Maire,’ said I on my first interview with him, with my very best bow, and in my very best French, with the Anglo-Parisian accent—‘Monsieur le Maire, I am about to espouse a French lady, who is domiciled in the arrondissement which enjoys the advantage of being presided over by you; an advantage in which I have the happiness to participate; and I have availed myself of the kindness of our obliging friend to enable me to inquire of you personally what formalities it will be requisite for me to observe in the matter. I am quite aware that the French law of marriage is very strict in the case of one of the contracting parties being a foreigner, but I feel sure (and here I made another of my very best bows) that I could not do better than apply to monsieur for advice and direction.’

‘Monsieur,’ replied the mayor in his stately way, but with great politeness, nodded, as I had hoped, by the flattery administered in my opening speech—‘as you are a foreigner, a British subject, and Mademoiselle *voire future* is a French woman, we shall require several *pièces* (certificates), which can only be obtained in your own country. I fear, therefore, that we shall be the cause of some expense, and what monsieur will probably disrelish far more—delay;’ and here Monsieur le Maire facetiously turned out his hands, shrugged up his shoulders, dropped the corners of his mouth, and raised his brows, in true Gallic fashion.

‘The expense is of little moment, but delay will be inconvenient,’ I stammered out with a faint attempt at a smile—for the delay of a month to a man about making a love-match, appears almost like an adjournment *sine die*.

‘Monsieur is not married—there are no legal impediments to the step he is about to take?’

‘Married!’ I cried, laughing, in spite of my vexation at the threatened delay, at the gravity with which the question was put. ‘I do not contemplate bigamy, Monsieur le Maire, and I am not aware of the existence of any legal impediment whatever. Pray proceed.’

‘Ne vous fâchez pas, monsieur. We must proceed with due caution, and, indeed, with more than our usual care, since monsieur is a foreigner.’

‘Well, well, monsieur, I can easily prove that I am a single man; and, moreover, if you desire it, that I was never married in my life. What next?’

'Is monsieur majeur (of age)?'

'I'm four-and-twenty in December.' It was now June.

'Then you are not of age. You are mineur quant au mariage (a minor as regards marriage). You cannot marry until you are twenty-five without consent of your parents. Are your parents living?'

'My mother, yes. My father died more than twenty years since.'

'That, monsieur, must be proved by a certificate of death; and I must also have that of his birth.'

'Why,' I asked, 'of his birth?' For, owing to peculiar circumstances, I knew that such a certificate could not easily be procured. 'A certificate of his death would seem to me to be all that can be requisite. If he be dead, and I prove that he is so, I should think that even the law, if curious on the point, might take for granted that he had been born!'

The sneer was irrepressible, but the indulgence in it was attended with disastrous consequences. I had made the formal old lawyer my enemy, and he proceeded more solemnly than ever:

'Monsieur is evidently not aware of the gravity of the circumstances. It is important that every precaution should be taken, and that we should keep strictly en règle. I am bound to protect the interests of my countrywoman, and I shall certainly insist on the production of the pièces I have mentioned. It by no means follows that I am to yield a point because monsieur cannot see the necessity of it.' Having delivered himself of this reproof, he resumed his interrogatory:

'Does Madame votre mère intend to be present at your marriage?'

'She does not.'

'Eh bien! monsieur,' said the mayor briskly, as if delighted at being able to give me this extra trouble, 'since you are a minor as regards marriage, I must have the written consent of Madame votre mère, properly attested by British authorities.'

'By what authorities?' I asked.

'Where does madame reside?—where is her domicile?'

'She resides chiefly in London.'

'Eh bien! the consent of madame must be attested by the Lor' Mayor de Londres!'

'The what?' said I, laughing heartily.—'the what?'

'By the Lor' Mayor—the Lor' Mayor de Londres.'

'Surely, Monsieur le Maire, you are joking. The Lord Mayor of London has nothing whatever to do with marriages. His lordship would laugh at me if I were to apply to him on such a subject. Besides, even as a magistrate before whom my mother could make a declaration of her consent, the Lord Mayor is not the proper officer to apply to, inasmuch as he has no jurisdiction in that quarter of the capital in which she resides. You are asking me, therefore, to do what is impossible. I cannot comply with your request.'

'Then, monsieur,' said the mayor with the most provoking coolness, 'on ne vous mariera pas (we will not marry you).'

'Not marry me! Am I, then, to understand that no Englishman who is under five-and-twenty years of age can be married in France without the consent of his parents, certified by the Lord Mayor of London?'

'Just so, monsieur, if the parents reside in London. The Lor' Mayor—'

'The Lord Mayor,' I interrupted warmly, 'has nothing to do with it. Mayors in England are not like mayors in France. They—'

'Monsieur, I know my duty. A mayor is a mayor. I perfectly understand the nature of the functions pertaining to that important office. Had I not done so, the government of his majesty would not have entrusted to my care one of the arrondissements of the

capital. Besides, some years since, I passed a week or more in London, during which time I made your national institutions my serious study. Of course, I did not forget the Lor' Mayor de Londres; and, therefore, unless I have the consent of madame, certified by him, on ne vous mariera pas.'

'Very well, monsieur,' said I with a sigh, feeling quite unable to combat the logic I had just heard—'very well; I must endeavour to satisfy you. Pray, go on.'

'In what diocese were you domiciled when last in England?' asked the mayor with the tone and manner of a judge or advocate examining a witness.

'In the diocese of London.'

'Which, I believe, is in the province of Canterbury.'

'It is,' I replied, wondering what would come next.

'Must not the bans of marriage in England be published on three successive Sundays at the parish-church of one of the parties?'

'Not if the marriage be by licence.'

'Eh bien!' cried the mayor with a look of triumph; 'since monsieur cannot have a licence here à Paris, and since his bans cannot be published la bas à Londres, he must procure a certificate to the effect that bans may, under certain circumstances, be dispensed with, from Milor' Archevêque de Cantorbury.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed I, fairly losing my temper at the mention of this other milor' to whom I was to be sent for permission to be married—'Nonsense! The archbishop of Canterbury has no more to do with this matter than the Lord Mayor of London. It is impossible.'

'Eh bien! monsieur,' said the mayor in a towering passion, 'on ne vous mariera pas, on ne vous mariera pas! I will have both the pièces I have mentioned—that from the Lor' Mayor de Londres, and that from the Lor' Archevêque de Cantorbury. Without them, I repeat, on ne vous mariera pas.'

Expostulation was vain. The mayor was not to be persuaded either that the conditions he insisted on were impossible of fulfilment, or that they were unnecessary. In vain our mutual acquaintance, who all this time had been plunged over head and ears in the *Débats*, endeavoured to bring him to reason—in vain I requested him to take counsel with his brother-official in the second arrondissement—that being the quarter where such marriages were most common. The unfortunate word 'Nonsense!' had sunk deep into his soul. He was deaf to all remonstrance; and ringing his bell, bowed us hastily out, the last words I heard being, 'Lor' Mayor de Londres,' and 'On ne vous mariera pas.'

What was to be done? There was only one mayor in Paris who could marry me, and he would not, except on certain absurd conditions, which I believed it would be quite impossible to comply with. My best plan, of course, would have been to apply at once to a person competent to give me a legal opinion on the question; but lovers are apt to be impulsive, and forget to weigh *pros* and *cons*. A lover who reflects is but half in love. I was really in love—over head and ears—and, therefore, without any reflection at all, at once set out for England, without having any very clear idea of what I was going to do when I got there. We were then in the pre-railway period of the age; and depositing myself in one corner of the coupé of a diligence, I was soon rumbling along on my way to Boulogne. As hour after hour the huge 'convenience' creaked and bumped, and rolled along on the dreary road, I over and over again cursed the obstinacy and conceit of the Jack-in-office who had sent me far away from my bride, and compelled me to adjourn, perhaps for months, the realisation of my hopes. Lover-like, I conjured up every possible misfortune which could grow out of this unhappy delay. I half persuaded myself that something must happen to break off the affair altogether; and as, to my excited

imagination, the prospect before me grew blacker and blacker, the more and more heartily did I anathematise, in a choice compound of British and Gallic, the pig-headedness of Monsieur le Maire du troisième arrondissement. His eternal 'on ne vous mariera pas' incessantly haunted my ears. If I endeavoured to snatch a moment of repose, my sleep was troubled by frightful dreams, of which the mayor was the most prominent figure—the nightmare for ever standing between me and the girl I left behind me; and when roused from my spasmodic slumbers by the nasal whine of the professional beggar, who was following the lumbering vehicle up the hill, his 'charité, s'il vous plait,' conveyed no meaning to my mind but that of 'on ne vous mariera pas.'

I need not say that I got no certificate from either Lor' Mayor or Lor' Archevêque de Canterbury; but being advised by a friend, who, not being in love, had all his senses about him, I armed myself with the consent of my surviving parent, attested by the police-magistrate of the district in which she resided. To this I added certificates of births and deaths without number, always excepting that of the birth of my father, which, as I had anticipated, I could not easily procure; and, so provided, set off on my return to Paris, in the full persuasion that I had done all, and more than all, that was really necessary. Not so, however, thought Monsieur le Maire. Fixing his double eyeglass across the sharp ridge of his long nose, he read every word of the various documents which I had been at so much pains to procure—the English originals, as well as the French translations of them, although of the former language he knew not a word; and then laying them down with great deliberation, he dexterously dropped his spectacles from off his proboscis by a sudden twitch of the nostril and wink of the eye, and said again very emphatically: 'Monsieur, on ne vous mariera pas.'

'But, monsieur, consider the awkward position in which I am placed. I have proved to you by the signature of a London magistrate, duly attested by that of the British consul in Paris, that I have the full consent of my only living parent; and I have proved, in an equally satisfactory manner, that my father died more than twenty years since. In short, I have done all that is really necessary to render my marriage valid, as you may easily ascertain by consulting with your colleague in the arrondissement in which these mixed marriages are of the most frequent occurrence. Your persistence in your resolution places me in a position of great difficulty. If I have done all that the law requires—and permit me to say that I have—what more would you have me do?'

'What more! monsieur, what more! Why, I would have you procure the consent of Madame votre mère, attested by the Lor' Mayor de Londres; and also, I would have you procure a certificate from the Lor' Archevêque de Canterbury, to the effect that your banns of marriage need not and cannot be published where you were last domiciled in England, if you should be married in France. Without these two most important pieces, I repeat, on ne vous mariera pas.' So saying, and buttoning his coat over his shirt-frill in a very decided cut-it-short kind of manner, Monsieur le Maire du troisième arrondissement rose from his seat, and once more formally bowed me out of his apartment.

I now determined on doing what I ought to have done at the outset, as soon as the difficulty arose—I determined on seeking legal advice; and I accordingly laid the case before a gentleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, a deputy-procureur du roi. Having fully explained the position in which I stood—namely, the impossibility of getting married because the mayor refused to perform his office unless I complied with certain impossible conditions to which he

obstinately clung, I stated, with great energy, my determination of proceeding at once to England, to get married in that free country, unless a way could be found of speedily bringing the mayor to reason. The good-natured lawyer laughed heartily at the recital of my troubles, but promised that he would soon get me put out of my misery. He was as good as his word. He forthwith proceeded to argue the point in the Palais de Justice—the Christian Westminster Hall—before the parquet (court) of Monsieur le Procureur du Roi; and having beaten the enemy at all points—having shewn both that such conditions were not required, and that they were impossible to be fulfilled—the poor old mayor, in a few days, received a very curt and formal epistle from Monsieur le Procureur, requiring and commanding him to proceed forthwith in the matter of the marriage between Monsieur Dash, a British subject, and Mademoiselle Chose, born and now domiciled in Paris. After this, everything marched, as the French say, comme sur des roulettes. Nothing remained but to 'name the day;' and this, after a little becoming hesitation, was soon done. I enjoyed my revenge when I called on the mayor's clerk, who, Jack-like, had been quite as determined as his master not to marry us, and ordered him to affix the necessary notices or banns of marriage on the front of his office that very day.

And soon the happy day arrived, or rather the first of them, for people have two happy days in France—that is, if they can afford to devote two days from their ordinary avocations to the business of getting married. The first is devoted to the legal marriage before the civil authorities of the commune. This, although counting as the day of the wedding, the day on which you are legally one in the unromantic, matter-of-fact eye of the law, is not the day on which you really become man and wife: it is not the day of the dressing, and feasting, and dancing, and weeping, and leave-taking, and of all the other dongs, grave and gay, incident to a wedding. Custom, more powerful than law and revolutions, still ordains that you shall have the priest's blessing as well as the mayor's; and the second day therefore is the wedding-day par excellence—the day of elegant toilettes and elaborate repasts. The first day is a sort of business affair, which is passed over in comparative quiet, the gaieties being reserved for the morrow, when the blushing bride, shrouded in her graceful veil, and crowned with white flowers, is led to the altar surrounded by troops of the friends and relatives of the two families. It is certainly curious that, in spite of the little hold which the mere ordinances of their religion have retained on the vast majority of the French people, marriages by the civil authority alone should be so extremely rare. It may be that the legal ceremony is too *seche*—too prosaic for a people who are so given to display, and so fond of theatrical effect; but whether that be the cause or not, the fact is certain. Very few persons dispense with the benediction of Monsieur le Curé.

The day at last arrived, then, which was to make the woman of my choice legally mine, and in which, to use the Turkish phrase, my tormentor, the poor stupid old mayor, was to eat an immensity of dirt—to marry me in spite of his oft-repeated phrase, 'On ne vous mariera pas.' Punctually, at the hour appointed, we came all to the Mairie, and in as short a time as it takes to tell it, we were married. Placing ourselves opposite Monsieur le Maire, at a table covered with green cloth, and accompanied by four witnesses and many relatives, we listened patiently to the captious clerk, while, with the usual legal crawl, he read over to us all the documents relating to the marriage. Then Monsieur le Maire, girding himself with the insignia of office, the tricoloured scarf, reminded us, in solemn tones, of the respective rights and duties of married persons, and put to each of us the all-important question. Lastly, the 'yes' being pronounced by the

gentleman very distinctly, and by the lady, if not very distinctly, at least sufficiently so to show that there was no mistake, Monsieur le Maire declared, 'in the name of the law,' that we were married.

PEASANT PROVERBS OF NORTHERN GERMANY

Nor one of the old proverb-lovers, Erasmus, John Heywood, or Bishop Andrews, has hit off so happily as Lord Chesterfield the reason why we take an interest in proverbs. 'Proverbial expressions,' says his lordship with gentle severity, 'are the flowers of the rhetoric of the vulgar man—no man of fashion ever has recourse to proverbs.' If, like the noble lord, we look upon the world's theatre as consisting, for all practical purposes, exclusively of dress-boxes, and believe man's mission therein to be that of Mr Turveydrop—to deport himself, of course our inference must be that which young Philip Stanhope was expected to draw; but if we admit the existence of a bit in its own right, we are bound to accept its institutions—to respect its oranges, lemonade, and ginger-beer, albeit those refreshments may lack the refinement of pink champagne and peaches. One of these institutions is the proverb: it does not belong to the man of fashion: he has no part or lot in it: it is, and ever has been, the peculiar property of the multitude—the vulgar, if you will; men so eminently of no particular fashion, that they are content to wear ready-made clothes, and to utter ready-made wisdom.

Hence the attention bestowed on proverbs in times which we may suppose were the identical good old times, so often deplored with more or less pathos—times when as yet geometrical flower-gardens, and periwigs, and French poetry, had not shewn that 'Nature must give way to Art.' Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Fuller are well-known proverb-quoters; John Selden has his word of commendation for Dr Lancelot Andrews's study of this branch of popular philosophy, 'because by them [that is, proverbs] he knew the minds of several nations, which is a brave thing.' Good George Herbert was another paræmiographer. The proverbs of Italy were collected, to the number of 6000, by Montaigne's translator, the 'Still resolute John Florio,' as he delighted to style himself; those of France, by Oudin; and of Spain, not to mention inferior names, by the glorious governor of Cataunia. Germany has not been so fortunate, possibly because German literature, as a literature, is comparatively recent; for however necessary an impulse from abroad may be, the development of home-resources is at the same time the strength and the function of a nation's literature. The seed may come from far, but the tree draws its pith and substance from the soil, and with its roots explores many a rich vein of unsuspected popular poetry and popular humour. Latterly, however, Folklore, if such a word be admissible, has become a staple commodity in Germany; and scores of pleasant little books, in yellow or gray paper-covers, adorned with honest German wood-cuts, and filled with popular legends, popular tales, and popular songs, annually come forth at the fair of Leipsic, and subsequently flutter their way across the Channel to the shelves of the London foreign bookseller. Among these have appeared one or two collections of proverbs, from which we have culled our specimens of German philosophy-made-easy.

But, independently of the fact that German proverbs have been hitherto little noticed, these have a special claim on English readers: they are the proverbs of the Plattdeutsch, or Low-German dialect, the language of the country-folk of Hanover, Brunswick, the weird region of the Harz, and, in fact, of North Germany generally—a dialect which, slightly modified, becomes Dutch, high and low; and further modified, is to be

found, so philologists say, in the mouths of Her Britannic Majesty's subjects. And of their near relationship to our own 'wise saws,' there is abundant internal evidence. Less poetical than the Oriental proverbs, less sarcastic than those of Italy, not so dignified as the Spanish, nor so witty as the French, their characteristic is that of our own popular sayings—sound common sense, gilded over with a quaint humour, bearing the same relation to Southern humour that an unctuous chuckle does to a positive laugh. That we should find some old friends in German dress, is only to be expected: there are certain truths so obvious, certain condensed preachments so universally useful, that they are familiar in the people's mouths from Cork to Canton, the form of utterance merely varying with surrounding circumstances. 'Owls to Athens,' 'Pepper to Hindostan,' 'Oil to the city of the olives,' 'Honey to the bee-keeper,' 'Indulgences to Rome,' 'Enchantments to Egypt'—all preach the same sermon; and, no doubt, if we were sufficiently acquainted with the moral philosophy of Central Africa, we would find many a gray-tufted little Nestor clucking out his Bosjesman version of 'Coals to Newcastle,' possibly in the form of 'Tails to monkeys,' or 'Self-conceit to the white man.' So with the Low-German philosopher as with us—the persevering pitcher is doomed 'De kraung geit sau lange tau water, but he brekt'; and the broth is spoiled, 'Viele kuche verdarwet den bri'; and new besoms sweep clean, 'Nie bessen kerit gaud'; and 'Et is nich alles gold wat glänzet.' Our 'Cut your coat according to your cloth,' appears as 'One must stretch himself according to the blanket'—a sage precept, for the better comprehension of which we may refer the curious to Jones's predicament in a German bed, as depicted by Mr Doyle in his *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*. For 'One man's meat is another man's poison,' the Plattdeutsch is, 'One man's owl is another's nightingale'; and for 'A bird in the hand, &c., 'A sparrow in the hand is better than a dove on the housetop.' The sarcastic injunction against offering advice to our grandmothers in the art of sucking eggs (which, it must be confessed, hovers on the confines of slang), is much improved on by the German peasant in 'Don't teach me to know carp—my father was a fisherman.' A very old and very familiar story appears in the proverbial form, as, 'We make music,' said the bellows-blower to the organist; and a still older, as, 'It's too crooked for me,' said the fox, when the sausage hung from the rafters.' By the way, we may observe that this article of consumption, the sausage, occupies a prominent place, suggestive of immense popularity, in German paræmiology. Thus, 'Wost, weer wost'—literally, 'Sausage in return for sausage'—is the equivalent for our 'One good turn deserves another'; it being a point of etiquette with the peasant of Northern Germany, to present specimens of this delicacy to his neighbours when performing the obsequies of a deceased porker. Again, 'Everything has an end, and a sausage has two'—true of the lordly Hamburger as of the smallest of 'Small Germans'; and 'He who has no stick for his dog, must correct him with sausages.'—The precise sentiments of the German rustic touching the relations of husband and wife, and parent and child, are not made very clear by his proverbs. Some breathe a love of home, and a thorough relish for domestic life; for example: 'Eigen herd is goides wert'—'One's own hearth is gold's worth'; while in others, the usual accompaniments of a happy home are treated in an essentially old-bachelor spirit. Thus, in pointing out the evils of a large family, children are likened to pigs: 'Many swine make the wash thin,' and therefore 'The man that wishes for children is a fool.' If these proverbs were exclusively of Dutch origin, the apparent anomaly would be readily accounted for. It is easy to conceive that, among a people worshipping the mop and scrubbing-brush, and

utterly given over to the order denominated 'apple-pie,' the popular feeling regarding children would be 'drat 'em.' Are there any children in Holland, any little treckschuyt-built urchins, that erect trottoes of Ostend oyster-shells on the banks of her canals, and afterwards print off mud-proofs of their boot-soles on her dear snowy door-steps? It may be; but if there are, we pity them in that land of perennial tidiness. The truth is, the province of proverbs is not, in general, the sunny-side of things: they have to do with infirmities rather than virtues; their business is to lecture, warn, and advise; in fact, to be homilies, not eulogies. Excellent advice in this spirit is given to those who are about to marry. Brunswickers say: 'In marrying a wife and buying a horse, one must be cautious;' and also, 'When you wed a neighbour's daughter, and buy a neighbour's cow, you know what you have got;' or, as they say in Cheshire, 'Better marry over the mixon than over the moor.' The following may not be universally admitted:—'Good parents bring up bad children, and bad parents good children.' But who can say that this is not only too true: 'One father can support ten children; ten children cannot support one father.' It is not on the stage alone that Lear is homeless, and Regan and Goneril refuse him shelter. In private life, even in German peasant-life, that drama has been acted more than once; on the following, as well as the one just quoted, would not be popular sayings: 'I don't undress till I am going to bed;' implying that it is rash in a father to give up his all to his children, relying on their filial affection for support in his old age. The domestic empire is nicely partitioned in 'The cat, the clock, and the wife belong to the inside of the house; the dog and the husband, to the outside'—an aphorism which has, no doubt, driven many a hen-pecked Goodman from his seat by the fireside. Among the neighbourly proverbs, we find: 'Better a neighbour on the wall than a kinsman far away,' and 'Sweep before your own door first, then help your neighbour,' which, by a delicate adjustment of the emphasis, may be used either as a selfish maxim or the reverse.

As a general rule, blockheads are mercilessly castigated in proverbs: perhaps the only exception, the only popular saying, which in the least advocates the case of that ill-used class, is a German one—namely, 'Alberne lue siat ak lue'—'Silly people are people for all that;' at the same time, we are told that 'It is not good to eat cherries with silly folk,' or to give them overmuch encouragement, for 'When the ass faxes too well, he dances on the ice.' A consoling fact, however, is stated—'No fool is so stupid but he finds another who thinks him clever.' The highest point to which folly can possibly reach, is shown in 'He asks the host if he keeps good beer,' such simplicity being obviously hopeless.

So much for folly in general. The special follies, and their near relations, the minor vices, have a fair share of wisdom expended on them. In flagrant cases of empty sententiousness, the remark to be used is 'Hush! the cat lays an egg, and the goats are lambing.' On self-sufficiency we have, 'Vorwärts as Ick, seggt dei krewt'—'Forwards like me, said the crab.' On greediness: 'He who will have the last drop from the can, gets the lid on his nose.' On that over-cunning which generally recoils on itself: 'Cunning hens lay their eggs among nettles,' with consequences to themselves that may be imagined; and again: "Where they are singing, one may rest easy," said the devil, and seated himself on a nest of ants." On the policy of assurance as an element of worldly success: 'Impudence is not good-looking, but it is nourishing.' O truthful paracriar! was it the humbug-won Iranistan of some mute inglorious Barnum, guiltless (as yet) of an unblushing autobiography, that first called forth this reflection?

If Samuel Weller, Esquire, Junior, had been Boots at

the Weiszer Hirsch, Göttingen, instead of the White Hart, Southwark, the authorship of the following would be a matter of little doubt:—"That's done with," as Jack said when he buried his father; "It costs nothing," as the peasant said when he thrashed his son; "Too well is too well," as the man said when he beat his wife to death; "That's the price of the cow," as the peasant said when he brought sevenpence home to his wife; "One must have his joke," as the devil said when he ran his grandmother through with the pitchfork; which stroke of humour rather exceeds the limits of a joke as laid down in another aphorism, 'A joke must have a sheep's tooth, not a dog's.'

In strictness, these latter can hardly be called proverbs—they have 'salt' enough, but they want 'sense' and 'shortness,' the other two ingredients considered requisite by Howell. A point or purpose, even though it be an immoral one, seems essential to the proverb proper. Thus among the recognised proverbs of Italy, we to be found maxims little short of villainous; and even our honest Plattdeutsch collections contain not a few of at least dubious morality; for example: 'Children and fools tell the truth;' 'Necessary lies are no sin;' 'Truth finds no shelter;' yet at the same time you are told to 'Keep on the right path, and the bushes won't hurt your eyes.' Although, as we have already said, poetry is not a leading characteristic of the Low-German proverbs, it is not wholly wanting: there are few proverbs in any language more touchingly poetical than this: 'When the tree is great, its planter is dead;' and what a trifling, simple little wayside 'bit'—to use art-slang—is contained in, 'When the wagoner can drive no longer, he still loves to hear the creaking of the wheels!' So with Wordsworth's old huntsman—

Still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices,
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices.

From the purely local proverbs, we learn some important facts: that 'Prussians have two stomachs, and no heart;' that the Harz mountaineers, with all their knowledge of diablerie, are yet simple folk in agricultural matters—'the Harzer believes that flax grows on trees;' and that liberty in Prussia is not of a high character, which is to be inferred from the saying, 'You are not yet in the Ricklingen'—that is, out of Prussia, or danger. The following is national rather than local, and seems to be a favourite, judging by the frequency with which it is quoted in popular tales:—'God never forsakes a German. When he can't eat, he can drink;' for the truth of which, see *Head's Bubbles*, *passim*.

The origin of proverbs may be traced to man's very natural antipathy to bare truism acting on his love for abstract truth. The human mind, in spite of all the uncomfortable things said of it, has a healthy instinctive appetite for truth, as the stomach has for bread; but the fare must be seasoned in the one case by fancy, in the other by salt, else the palate soon tires. Les extrêmes se touchent, the distaste for the commonplace and the taste for the true; and the result of the union is the proverb; for what is a proverb but a truism made palatable. For example, that people are apt to presume on excessive kindness, is a simple truth, which must have been felt many a time in every German peasant community from the Brocken to the Rhine; and probably uttered, now in one form, now in another, and each time forgotten from its very obviousness and triteness, till one more gifted with fancy than his fellows rescued the hapless truism by means of an illustration drawn from the fireside: 'Je mer man de katte stricket, desto höher hilt se den swanz;' thenceforth, no more was heard of presumption and kindness; the more familiar substitutes drove them from the field; and when men wished to enunciate this particular

truth, they said: 'The more one strokes the cat, the higher she holds her tail.'

And so we come to have a variety of truths—Consoling truths: 'Little mice have tails, nevertheless;' 'There's no pot so crooked but some lid fits it.' 'Sad truths: 'Weeds don't perish, however cold the winter is;' and 'It's no child's play when old folk ride upon sticks.' Truths metaphysical: 'When the mice are full, the meal tastes bitter;' 'If you give the cat to the bacon, she won't eat.' And truths unquestionable, as: 'The patch must always be greater than the hole;' 'The older the goat, the stiffer his horn;' 'When the cow has lost her tail, she finds out for the first time what it is good for;' 'Each one knows best where the shoe pinches him.'

A very slight examination of the popular sayings of any country, suffices to show that the national 'shoe' pinches much the same in all lands—a little fuller in the instep, or a little tighter in the heel: the German peasant's 'schuh,' the French sabot, or John Bull's sturdy topboot—all cover kibes and corns. Like the ominous bumps on a veteran highlow, proverbs shew where the pressure has been felt: in them, experience speaks out, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Plattdeutsch, but always telling nearly the same story.

FRANCISCO DE LA VEGA, THE MAN-FISH.

THE power of man to adapt himself to new and, indeed, unnatural modes of life, has long attracted the serious attention of the philosopher. Some have thought it possible for him to live in the water like a whale; and in support of this theory, the extraordinary aquatic feats of the Greenlanders, and the inhabitants of the shores of the Mediterranean, the South Sea Islanders, and the Chinese, have been pointed to. Many men have been known to swim thirty miles a day; and the famous Neapolitan diver, commonly called Il Pesce, once performed the distance of fifty miles in twenty-four hours, on the coast of Calabria. At various periods, strange reports have been spread relative to human beings who have been found living either in sea-caves or on the bosom of the mighty deep itself; and amid the numerous examples brought forward to prove this amphibious nature of man, probably none is more curious than the following. But let us premise that it is no offspring of the present wild imagination. Whether the anecdote be in itself absolutely true, or an exaggerated account of a singular and somewhat startling occurrence, we cannot pretend to determine; but we can undertake to say, that no doubt was entertained on the subject by contemporary writers; and that it has been treated as an established fact by Tieck the German poet.

If you open the map of Spain, on the southern shore of the Bay of Biscay, between Asturias and Old Castile, you will find the town of Santander not far distant from Santillana, the birthplace of our old friend Gil Blas; and in close proximity to Santander, you will see the name of Lierganes. This is a place of no particular interest, except what it derives from its connection with the following narrative. The surrounding scenery is mountainous, and the landscape stretches down through picturesque valleys to the sea. Here, two hundred years ago, lived a poor but honest couple named Francisco de la Vega, and Maria his wife, together with their four sons, Thomas—who was already a priest—Joseph, Francisco, and Juan.

Francisco, named after his father, was born in the

year 1657, and soon began to evince a wonderful predilection for the water. Even in early youth, he was constantly either bathing or angling in the river that flows through the district. The same year that ushered young Francisco into the world saw the last of his male progenitor, so that the task of maintaining her family mainly rested with Maria; and her son's indolence was the source of constant grief to the poor woman. In vain did she exert herself to send him to school; the good-for-nothing fellow was constantly seen during study-hours either swimming in or loitering about his favourite stream. At length poor Maria lost all patience with her child, and in a moment of frenzy she cursed him, bidding him betake himself altogether to the sea, and get his living there, as he was of no use on earth. Now, a mother's curse is a fearful thing anywhere; but amongst southern nations, more especially, there is a superstitious feeling attached to it, which often drives the victim on to fulfil his own doom. But whatever influence his mother's words may subsequently have exercised on his fate, Francisco remained quietly at home until he had attained the age of fifteen, when he was sent to Bilbao, to learn the handicraft of a carpenter. This town is not very far removed from Santander, and has always enjoyed a high reputation for the excellence of its sword and steel manufactures.

As might have been anticipated, the young apprentice shewed no greater love of work at Bilbao than he had previously displayed under the maternal roof. He was constantly wasting his time in the river, neglecting his duties, and, consequently, causing great dissatisfaction to his master. In this manner he continued to live for a couple of years, until one afternoon he went out with some companions to bathe. It was on midsummer day, A.D. 1674, say the chroniclers, when this event occurred. After enjoying the luxury of a somewhat prolonged bath, his companions came on shore and dressed themselves, and were rather surprised not to see Francisco amongst their number.

They waited a considerable time for their missing comrade, and at length returned to the town, leaving his clothes on the bank where he had deposited them. The unusual absence of his apprentice now began to alarm the honest mechanic, who caused inquiries to be instituted regarding him; but all that could be gathered was, that he had been seen swimming down the river at a great distance from Bilbao; and as nothing further was heard of the unfortunate youth, the natural inference was, that he had either become exhausted or had been seized with cramp, and so had fallen a victim to his passion for the water.

The carpenter took the earliest opportunity of informing poor Maria of the probable fate of her son; and the good folks her neighbours shook their heads, and said that the mother's curse had been fulfilled. Maria de la Vega, in her affliction, now denied that she had ever made use of the dreadful words ascribed to her, and some of her friends corroborated this statement. Be this as it may, the honest woman gradually recovered from the shock she had sustained; and convinced of Francisco's death, she ceased to talk about it, and all recollection of the wayward boy was rapidly fading away.

Five years had elapsed, when a singular occurrence happened on the opposite coast of Spain. One morning, in the year 1679, some fishermen from Cadiz were pursuing their usual avocations, and had already cast their nets, when they perceived a strange object in the distance. The figure moved, appeared on the surface, then dived under water, where it remained for a considerable period. In appearance, it strongly resembled a human being; and the boatmen pulled further out to sea, in order to take a more minute survey of their new acquaintance, and, if possible, to catch him; but as he did not appear again, they

returned to shore at their usual hour. Having mentioned their adventure overnight, they were accompanied next morning by several of their acquaintances, all anxious to have a look at this strange being. In this they were not disappointed; for it soon shewed itself in the water—now approaching, now retreating—then plunging underneath, then reappearing; and after going through a variety of these gambols, as if in pastime, it finally vanished from view. When the fishermen again returned with this news, the public curiosity was raised to its highest pitch, and all sorts of means were devised in order to catch the monster. At length it was unanimously agreed that larger and stouter nets should be taken out, and that other boats, stealing across the bay from the opposite side, should endeavour to drive the animal into them. Already the water-ghost, as it was called, formed the main topic of conversation in the surrounding country, and the authorities were naturally anxious to solve, if possible, the mystery. On the third day, it made its appearance again, and remained longer than usual on the surface. The fishermen now threw pieces of bread into the sea, which it rapidly caught hold of, and devoured with apparent relish; for on flinging other slices overboard, the monster gradually approached nearer and nearer, until it finally came so close to one boat, as to get suddenly entangled and caught in the net.

The men, delighted at their success, now hauled their prize into the boat, when, to their great astonishment, they found the sea-monster, whom their imaginations had pictured as half a fish, nothing more nor less than any ordinary human being, with nothing of the fish about him except some scales on the backbone. They soon carried their captive on shore, where a curious crowd already awaited his arrival; and amidst the tumult and clamour of the people, and their exclamations of astonishment, they conveyed him to a Franciscan convent. The monks, and some men of consequence in the place who had followed the crowd, now examined this singular being more closely. They addressed him, first of all, in the language of the country, then in Italian, French, and other dialects: but the wild man did not reply by a single sound; appeared not to comprehend in the slightest degree what was said to him; and altogether bore on his face the expression of perfect imbecility. A pious monk, now bethinking himself that he was possibly possessed of an evil spirit, set to work with the customary solemnities for driving out devils; but all the holy friar's efforts proved unavailing, and did not seem to produce the slightest impression on this stupid being. In this manner he continued to live for some days in the convent, fed and clothed by the benevolent Franciscans. He was perfectly harmless; allowed them to do whatever they pleased with him; but nothing he saw or heard caused in him the least apparent interest. Various men of rank visited the convent, in order to see him; but they could find no clue to his identity—where he came from, or what he had been.

After the first excitement about him had somewhat abated, he one day suddenly pronounced, in a distinct tone of voice, the name of Lierganes. This word he repeated several times, but no one present knew what he desired to intimate by it, as the little town, obscurely situated in a remote district of the kingdom, was perfectly unknown to the good monks. Recollect that the country was Spain, and the century the seventeenth, and you will not be surprised at this want of geographical knowledge on the part of the holy brotherhood.

But it so chanced that a young workman in Cadiz, hearing every one talking about this strange being, and the unintelligible expression he had made use of, informed his companions that he himself came from a place named Lierganes, and that it was a small town in the north of Spain, not far from Santillana. This news produced a great effect; and the wise men now began

to conjecture, that as their guest had used only one word, and this word the name of a village, the probability was that he was born there. They thereupon wrote to the secretary of the Inquisition, himself a native of Lierganes, giving him all the particulars of the affair. This gentleman immediately interested himself in the business; and as he happened to know something of the family of Maria de la Vega, and had heard of the mysterious disappearance of her son Francisco, he wrote to the widow and her children, to ask them whether, during the last five years, they had received any tidings of their missing relative. They replied in the negative, and that everyone, both in Lierganes and at Bilbao, considered that he was drowned; for that, on the occasion of his last bathing in the river, after having been seen swimming down the stream, all trace of him had vanished, and his clothes alone remained on the shore.

The secretary, Don Domingo, reported this intelligence to the monks of the convent at Cadiz, with whom he found the man-fish had now been staying for some considerable period. After the lapse of several months, a friar, also belonging to the Franciscan order, arrived one day at the convent. This friar, Juan Rosende by name, had just returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and soon made acquaintance with the apparent idiot, whom he took under his especial charge. He learned his history, and also what had occurred years ago at Bilbao; and as the good friar was about to undertake a journey on foot through the provinces of Spain, for the purpose of collecting alms for the Holy Places in Palestine, he took his dumb protégé with him, thinking it possible that he might turn out to be the lost youth of Lierganes.

In this manner, the two companions travelled through the whole of Spain on foot; and it was only in the course of the following year (1680) that they arrived at Santander. The friar now went slightly out of his way, in order to visit Lierganes. The road thither leads across a tolerably high mountain, on the other side of which, at the distance of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile, lies the little town. As soon as they arrived on the summit of this mountain, whence the eye commands the range of the entire district below, the monk turned round to his attendant, and said: 'Hitherto I have conducted you, my son, it is now your turn to conduct me.'

The young man, without any hesitation, or stopping to look much around him; thereupon led his friend into the village, and went straight on to the house of the widow Maria de la Vega, his supposed mother. As soon as the poor woman saw him enter the cottage, she ran towards him, clasped him in her arms, and cried, with tears in her eyes: 'Now, now, art thou art indeed my son Francisco—thou art he who wast lost to me at Bilbao!'

His two brothers, one of whom was the ecclesiastic, happening to be at home, recognised him also at once with joyful emotion. They embraced him, questioned him, and endeavoured by every possible means to get him to talk, or at least to give some tokens of sympathy; but this strange being remained not only dumb, but as cold and insensible as a block of marble. The wandering priest now left his charge to the care of his family, and soon quitted Lierganes; the general impression being that the youth had, through his long residence in the sea, lost his intellect, and with it all recollection of his early years.

It is very natural to suppose that the news of Francisco's return should produce a great sensation in the neighbourhood. People of all ranks flocked to see this extraordinary personage; indeed, several grandees invited him to spend a few days at their castles, in order to observe him more minutely. Here he was closely examined, and many men of the highest character asserted that his back and some other parts of his body were covered with scales somewhat similar

to those of a fish; whilst other individuals, who saw him a few years subsequently, treated this part of the story as a fable. As regards the rest of his person—he was six feet in height, neither particularly thin nor stout; his figure was awkward; the hair of his head was of a reddish tinge, and quite short. He had no colour in the face; and his nails were entirely destroyed, as if the salt-water had corroded them. He could not endure shoes, and always went barefooted. If clothes were given him, he would wear them; if not, he would go with perfect indifference without them. And the same as regarded his food: whatever was placed before him, he ate without evincing the slightest preference for one dish over another; and if his mother neglected to provide him with meat, he never asked for any. Occasionally, he would utter a few words, but without any coherency, evidently meaning nothing by these sounds. He could find his way perfectly to places with which he had been previously acquainted; and his principal employment consisted in carrying letters about the neighbourhood. Hence we may conclude, that although he never replied to any questions that were put to him, he fully understood the orders he received. He was even conscientious in the discharge of these commissions, and the sender could always rely upon his punctuality. Once he was despatched with a letter from Lierganes to Santander. A broad sheet of water, traversed by a ferry-boat, interrupts the way between these two towns; and on the present occasion the ferry-boat was missing, whereupon he immediately, without reflection, walked into the water, and swam across to the opposite shore, arriving at Santander in a very wet condition; but on being questioned as to what had occurred, he gave no answer, and without saying a word, delivered the letters correctly, and then returned to Lierganes.

His relations never thought of finding any steady employment for him again, as he appeared totally unfit for even the most ordinary pursuit. In this way, without speaking, and apparently without thinking, he continued for nine long years to live under his mother's roof. Both she and her friends had grown quite accustomed to his odd ways, and he gradually sank into obscurity. Suddenly, however, he again disappeared from the village, and nothing was ever afterwards heard of him. Some fishermen pretended to have seen a figure bearing a strong resemblance to him in the harbour of Asturias; but this news was never confirmed, and no trace of the missing Francisco was ever found. The probability is, that he again betook himself to the sea, notwithstanding that his youthful ardour for the water had long vanished, and that he had, ever since his capture at Cadiz, evinced the most perfect indifference towards every thing around him. Tieck, who has carefully examined this strange history, thus concludes his account of it:—'That the captured man was the lost boy of Lierganes, there is every reason to believe, for he himself knew his birthplace again; he found his way there, his mother and brothers recognised him at first sight as their own lost Francisco. The idiot could scarcely have acted the rôle of an impostor for ten years, since no advantage accrued from it, nor was he in a position to derive the slightest benefit from the lie. His family could not be anxious to deceive any one in that quiet little town, more especially as the maintenance of the unfortunate was nothing but a burden to them. Moreover, besides his immediate relations, several men of eminence and the most undoubted respectability bore witness to the genuineness of this Francisco; so that we must class this incident with some of the most remarkable phenomena of nature, to explain which often baffles the ingenuity of the philosopher. It is greatly to be deplored that, when fished out of the sea, this singular being should have been little better, mentally, than a block of stone. Had he retained his memory, and regained the power of speech, it would have been highly

instructive and interesting to have learned how he had supported himself in the water. Divers can certainly hold their breath for some time; but whether any human bodies possess the capacity, and may be able to cultivate this capacity so far as to enable them to dispense with air for any considerable period, is not an easy matter to admit. How did he live in the sea? What did he eat? How did he manage to escape so long from the murderous monsters of the deep, so that he did not seem to have suffered in the slightest degree from any of them? Could he dispense with sleep, and if not, where did he sleep? In the ocean, or on shore? His intellect was not so much disordered, as completely inactive and without power. If, indeed, this phlegmatic monster was in reality not the long-lost Francisco (as we are almost compelled to admit), then this man, whoever he might be, is still more remarkable than the so-called fish sturba, of which even respectable writers relate such incredible stories.'

DR ARNOTT ON SMOKELESS FIRES AND PURE AIR IN HOUSES.

DR ARNOTT is a remarkable example, in our time, of the union of high scientific knowledge with great mechanical ingenuity, in the effecting of practical benefits to the community. By his simple and inexpensive device of the flap or valve opening into the chimney from the highest part of a room, he has put it in the power of every one to secure for himself that great blessing, on which comfort and health so much depend—pure air for indoor life. His stove has, we believe, only been prevented from becoming of extensive service in giving a diffused warmth with comparatively small expenditure of coal, in consequence of the difficulty which usually attends the adapting of it to existing arrangements. Perhaps, however, his greatest service to the public has consisted in his strenuous efforts as a writer, and as an occasional government commissioner, in disseminating sound views regarding the importance of warmth and pure air to health, more especially in hospitals, emigrant-ships, churches, and other places liable to be crowded with human beings.

In his present work* will be found ample details of all his observations on the effect of smoke and impure air on health, and an account of his various suggestions and inventions for doing away with these nuisances. Leaving to the patents of Jewkes, Pridaux, and others, the business of preventing the smoke of furnaces, he here gives a minute account of the *smokeless fireplace* which he has invented for the use of private families. It is on the basis of one invented some years ago by a gentleman named Cutler, the main expedient being the arranging of coal in a pan with a movable bottom; so that the top being kindled, and the coal pushed up from below like a candle in a candlestick, the fresh combustion takes place under the fire instead of above it, and the fumes and smoke are consumed as they pass through the glow. Dr Arnett connects this kind of fireplace with a very narrow-throated chimney, so as to increase the draught, while yet taking away comparatively little of the heat. Having the chimney-flap in operation at the top of the room, he thus secures a vigorous drainage of the used air, at the same time that the utmost possible heat is obtained from the coal employed. He states that there

* *The Smokeless Fireplace, Chimney-Valves, and other Means, Old and New, of obtaining Healthful Warmth and Ventilation.* By Neil Arnett, M.D. Longman. 1855.

is a saving of from one-third to one-half of the fuel to maintain a desired temperature; adding the fact: 'In a room, the three dimensions of which are 15, 13½, and 12 feet, the coal burned to maintain a temperature of 65 degrees in cold winter-days, has been eighteen pounds for nineteen hours, or less than a pound per hour.'

For details respecting this smokeless fireplace, we must refer the reader to Dr Arnott's volume. We may remark, however, the scientific sagacity which has led the author to recommend a high position for the grate. As is well known, it has been a fashion for some years past to place grates close to the ground, apparently for no other reason but that those sitting round them may have their feet warmed. Dr Arnott tries this plan by the laws of the radiation of heat, and condemns it. Heat from a fire does not directly warm the air: it warms the objects which its rays strike, and this the more in proportion to the directness with which it strikes them. When a chamber-fire is some way from the ground, its rays strike the floor at a strong angle, and are reflected in a general warmth throughout the room. When low, on the contrary, they strike the floor at a small angle, and the effect is proportionately weak. There is, in short, all the difference between the two positions that there is between the summer and the winter sun.

If smokeless furnaces and fireplaces can be extensively introduced, we cannot but anticipate great benefits to the inhabitants of large cities. It is not merely that the smoke-charged atmosphere is a blemish to everything, and an enemy to health and comfort, but it leads to moral results of a most unfortunate kind; in as far as it sends away the rich to dwell apart from the poor, who thus are deprived of the neighbourly sympathy, tendence, and edification, which they might otherwise obtain from their more fortunate and better-educated brethren. When we consider the evils thus engendered by smoke, there is surely a heavy responsibility at the door of the owners of large furnaces, in resisting, as they so generally do, the police acts for enforcing the application of smoke-preventive apparatus. There is a not less heavy responsibility at the door of magistrates who fail to enforce such acts. It is purely a question of a small outlay of money; for the non-necessity of smoky furnaces is proved beyond all cavil by the existence of fully half-a-dozen good and effective methods of smoke-prevention. In the large printing-office from which the present sheet issues, the furnace, as arranged under Jewkes's patent, has been utterly smokeless for the last five years, with a saving of ten per cent. of fuel; yet, from the culpable supineness of the authorities, it stands alone, or almost alone, to this day, in the city of Edinburgh, among a host of similar works. What appears peculiarly absurd, at the same time that it is highly censurable, is the fact, that the only notable eyesore in our city is a gas-company's chimney, which has been raised, at an immense expense, nearly 400 feet from the ground, to carry away smoke and fumes there is no need for carrying away—which, on the contrary, might be 'consumed on the premises,' to the saving of ten per cent. of fuel.

Ventilation is a subject which has of late years been largely discussed, and certainly many of the evils arising from its absence or imperfection are in the course of being removed. It is nevertheless surprising how much remains to be done in enlightening and stimulating public opinion on this subject. Owing, apparently, to the air, which we deal with in the case, being an impalpable thing, there is a dulness in apprehending how much depends on its being pure when we breathe it. Even in the conduct of transport-ships, barracks, and hospitals, under government care, full attention is only now in the course of being given to the necessity of constant supplies of pure air. At this day, in London, Edinburgh, and other large cities, the solecism is presented in hundreds and thousands of

instances, of elegant rooms for the reception of company, where all the luxuries of the palate are offered, but where you cannot get a mouthful of air that has not passed through the lungs of a neighbour, and which is not mixed with the smoke and fumes of gas and other lights—fires burning without chimneys, as they virtually are. It is still far from being unusual to find a school full of children, without any arrangement for giving them fresh air; and few churches or other places of assembly are adequately, if at all ventilated. Dr Arnott points to noted instances of the connection of fevers, cholera, and other diseases with deficient supplies of pure air, and justly, as we believe, remarks that the poisonous effluvia of drains, shambles, &c., are chiefly realised where they occur in connection with close habitations; for, says he, 'scavengers, nightmen, and grave-diggers, who work in the open air, are not often assailed with disease; and in foul neighbourhoods, persons like butchers, who live in open shops, or policemen, who walk generally, in the open streets, or in Paris the people who manufacture a great part of the town-filth into portable manure, suffer very little.'

We shall let him explain the simple apparatus he has devised for what he calls 'the dilution of aerial poisons in houses by ventilation.' 'I have to explain,' says he, 'that every chimney in a house is what is called a sucking or drawing air-pump, of a certain force, and can easily be rendered a valuable ventilating-pump. A chimney is a pump—first, by reason of the suction or approach to a vacuum made at the open top of any tube across which the wind blows directly; and, secondly, because the flue is usually occupied, even when there is no fire, by air somewhat warmer than the external air, and has therefore, even in a calm day, what is called a chimney-draught proportioned to the difference. In England, therefore, of old, when the chimney-breast was always made higher than the heads of persons sitting or sleeping in rooms, a room with an open chimney was tolerably well ventilated in the lower part, where the inmates breathed. The modern fashion, however, of very low grates, and low chimney-openings, has changed the case completely, for such openings can draw air only from the bottom of the rooms, where generally the coolest, the last entered, and therefore the purest air is found; while the hotter air of the breath, of lights, of warm food, and often of subterranean drains, &c., rises and stagnates near the ceilings, and gradually corrupts there. Such heated, impure air no more tends downwards again to escape or dive under the chimney-piece, than oil in an inverted bottle which is immersed in water will dive down through the water, to rise by the bottle's mouth; and such a bottle or other vessel containing oil, and so placed in water with its open mouth downwards, even if left in a running-stream, would retain the oil for any length of time. If, however, an opening be made into a chimney-flue, through the wall, near the ceiling of the room, then will all the hot impure air of the room as certainly pass away, by that opening as oil from the inverted bottle would instantly all escape upwards through a small opening made near the elevated bottom of the bottle. A top window-sash, lowered a little, instead of serving, as many people believe it does, like such an opening into the chimney-flue, becomes generally, in obedience to the chimney-draught, merely an inlet of cold air, which first falls as a cascade to the floor, and then glides among the feet of inmates towards the chimney, and gradually passes away by this, leaving the hotter impure air of the room nearly untouched.'

'For years past, I have recommended the adoption of such ventilating chimney-openings as above described, and I devised a balanced metallic valve to prevent, during the use of fires, the escape of smoke into the room. The advantages of these openings and

valves were so manifest, that the referees appointed under the Metropolitan Building Act added a clause to their Bill allowing the introduction of the valves, and directing how they were to be placed; and they are now in very extensive use. A good illustration of the subject was afforded in St. James's parish, where some quarters are much too densely inhabited by the families of Irish labourers. These localities formerly sent an enormous number of sick to the neighbouring dispensary. Mr Toynbee, the able medical officer of that dispensary, came to consult me respecting the ventilation of such places, and, on my recommendation, had openings made into the chimney-flues of many of the rooms near the ceilings, by removing a single brick, and placing there a piece of wire-gauze with a light curtain flap hanging against the inside, to prevent the issue of smoke in gusty weather. The decided effect produced at once on the feelings of the inmates was so remarkable, that there was an extensive demand for the new appliances; and, as a consequence of its adoption, Mr Toynbee had soon to report, in evidence given before the Health of Towns Commission, and in other published documents, both an extraordinary reduction of the number of sick applying for relief, and of the severity of the diseases occurring. Wide experience elsewhere has since obtained similar results. Most of the hospitals and poor-houses in the kingdom now have these chimney-valves; and most of the medical men and others who have published of late on sanitary matters have strongly commended them.

SYDNEY SMITH ON SCOTCH HUMOUR.

SYDNEY SMITH, who lived some years in Scotland, records his deliberate opinion, that the Scotch possess no sense of humour: it would take a surgical operation, he says, to get a joke into a Scotch head.

So, then, it has been entirely a mistake to suppose that Burns wrote such pieces of humour as the *Address to the Deil*, or *Tam o' Shanter*. They must have been composed for him by some Irishman. Smollett, too, the writer of the most humorous prose works in English literature, was not a native of Dumbartonshire, as hitherto supposed: he may have been English, Irish, or colonial, but not Scotch. All those quaint old songs hitherto supposed to be Scotch, at which we continue to laugh; all those droll poems of *Quinbar* and *Henryson*, which yet move us to so much mirth, notwithstanding the obscurity of their (most obsolete) language, were not Scotch productions at all, but contraband importations from the south! The creator of Jonathan Oldbuck and Bailie Jarvie, was not born in Edinburgh, as hitherto supposed. Neither could the country, where men have not the slightest appreciation of the ludicrous, have been really the natal ground of John Galt or John Wilson. Those wonderful emanations of humour, mixed with the highest strains of eloquence, the *Notes Ambrosianæ*, were never poured out in Edinburgh: Blackwood must have received them as contributions from Macginn, or some other Irish wit, and his sons are now palming off a palpable hoax upon the public in republishing them as 'the Professor's.'

What a truly wretched country Scotland must be, living from year to year without the irradiation of a joke; possessing the word *guffaw*, but never indulging in what it means; nothing but dull, serious earnest, all through life! *Punch*, of course, is never read there. England may laugh from side to side at some funny saying of a sage like Sydney Smith—such as this very funny one regarding the process necessary for introducing a joke into a Scotsman's head; but the merry impulse stops at the Tweed. The Berwickshire side of the river only shakes its head, and looks grave. No lively music there, such as reels and strathspeys. No hilarious jollity over toddy. Poor country! it is to be hoped that its English neighbours at least sympathise

in its sad and jokeless state, and would fain give it the relief of an occasional smile, if they could. Vain, however, such efforts, for see how even this jest, indulged in by Sydney Smith for its amusement, is here accepted, in a Scotch publication, as a statement of strict fact, and treated in solemn earnestness accordingly.

THE HIGHEST.

A magic boat, I saw afloat
On the stormy sea of Life;
With pure bright brow, a child at the prow
Steered through the raging strife.
And 'mid the storm, that cherub form
Sang clearly, ceasing never:
'Bright Hope will sail through the fiercest gale
On the sea of Life for ever.'
The boat sped on; the day was gone;
Dark clouds that child surrounded,
Yet like a star it shone afar
As it ever onward bounded.
And higher grown, its altered tone
Sang firmly, faltering never:
'Faith steers aright, through the blackest night,
On the sea of Life for ever.'
Through perils dark, that magic bark
To its heavenly haven bounded;
And the child full-grown, like an angel shone,
Its brow with a crown surrounded.
And high it sung, with seraph tongue,
Its music ceasing never:
'Love shining bright, is the highest light
On the sea of Life for ever.'

E. N. P. R.

THE STEPPE-WITCH.

Gypsophila paniculata is a pre-eminent member of the worthless part of the vegetable kingdom. This is the 'steppe-witch' of popular speech, the theme of many a tale and ballad of childhood. The plant rises to the height of three feet, and ramifies considerably upwards, so as to form a thick round bush, bearing pretty little flowers. When sapless and withered in autumn, the main stalk is broken off close to the ground by the first high wind that rises, and the rounded top is carried rolling, hopping, and skipping over the plain, under the control of the breeze. Other small withered plants become attached to the mass, and gradually forms a huge misshapen ball; while several being driven together, adhere like enormous burs, and have some witchery in their appearance, as they go dancing and bounding before the gale. Hundreds of these objects may frequently be seen scouring the steppes at the same time, and may easily be mistaken at a distance for hunters and wild herds. Heavy rains put an end to the career of the witches; or the Black Sea, into which they are blown, summarily arrests their course.—*Milner's Crimea*.

SIX BETTER THAN NINE.

In the meridian of his reputation, Hook was incessantly worried by Albina, Countess of Buckingham, with cards for 'coffee at nine o'clock,' but never with an invitation for the more genial hour of six, at which last-mentioned hour the dinner on her ladyship's table was most punctually served. It may be supposed he never accepted the invitation for nine, and to avoid their continuous recurrence for the future, returned an answer to the last: 'Mr Hook presents his compliments to the Countess of Buckingham, and has the honour to inform her ladyship, that he makes it an invariable rule to take his coffee where he dines.'—*Richardson's Recollections*.

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IMPROPRIETY OF BEING UNWELL.

The elder Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, devotes an essay to the subject of 'Medicine and Morals,' in which he enlarges, after his manner, on the conjecture of Descartes, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and cleverer than before, such a method should be sought from the assistance of medicine. 'Our domestic happiness,' says the essayist, 'often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine.' Dryden, we are reminded, was neither whimsical nor peculiar when he adopted a strict regimen as a *sine quâ non* to successful authorship—a fact ridiculed in the *Rehearsal*, where he is made to declare, in the person of Bayes: 'When I have a grand design, I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.' For such a trifle, indeed, as 'a sonnet to Amanda, and the like,' Mr Bayes finds he need go no further than 'stewed prunes only,' but for 'a grand design,' nothing less will serve than the blood-letting and the radical aperient process. So Lord Byron confesses: 'The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of salts; but one can't take them like champagne.' And Carneades, we are assured—an inveterate polemic of ancient days—used to take wholesale doses of white hellebore, a strong drastic medicine.

Reason or speculate as we may about mind and matter, about soul and body—their interaction and co-relation—the fact of their intimate union remains, amid all the conjectural variations of physiology and of metaphysics, a 'constant quantity,' a 'chiel that winna ding.' As remarked by Jerome Cardan's latest biographer—and Cardan is certainly himself a memorable example in point—the physical life of a man cannot be dissociated fairly from his intellectual and moral life, when we attempt to judge him by the story of his actions. 'The day may come when somebody shall teach us how to estimate the sum of human kindness that proceeds from good digestion and a pure state of the blood—the disputes and jealousies that owe their rise entirely to the liver of a number of the disputants—or how much fretfulness, how many outbursts of impatience, how much quick restlessness of action, is produced by the condition of the nervous matter.'

* Henry Morley's *Life of Cardan*, chap. iv.

There is a rather humiliating truth in Sir James Stephen's saying, that an acid on Cæsar's stomach would have rendered vain what was Cæsar's boast—that he could address each of his legionaries by name.

Distempered nerves
Infect the thoughts: the languor of the frame
Depresses the soul's vigour.

'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' is a question not to be hastily followed by the resolve, 'Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none on't!'—so often may it be found that hours of mental disturbance, growing from a transient and acute to a deep chronic form—hours during which the mind is heaping up charges against itself, and is perhaps severely or piteously scrutinised by others, as though it were the one and efficient cause of its own malady—are, in reality, due to some derangement of a simply bodily kind. The most luridly blue of blue devils may often be laid by a blue pill, long after pastoral visitation has failed, and good books been found weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable; and in hosts of cases of everyday occurrence, the blackest of black horrors, storming the soul and shaking it to its foundations, may be wonderfully relieved of their blackness of darkness by the judicious 'exhibition' of a timely black draught.

Sydney Smith declared that the longer he lived, the more he was convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca; and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages—from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, &c. 'The deception,' he says, 'as practised upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some ~~stew~~ soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster; and when overexcited nature has had time to manage this testaceous incumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind.' In the same manner, the witty essayist goes on to shew old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. What dire effects have sprung, ere now, from such little causes as muffins and buttered toast!

Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle, late, and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.*

* Armstrong.

'When poor Lord Castlereagh killed himself,' gravely observes Mr Leigh Hunt, 'it was mentioned in the papers that he had taken his usual tea and buttered toast for breakfast.' I said there was no knowing how far even so little a thing as buttered toast might not have fatally assisted in aggravating the ill state of the stomach which is found to accompany melancholy.' Lord Byron, it is added, 'agreed with me entirely in this.' Another popular writer dilates on Dr Darwin's story of a 'certain colonel who could not tolerate a breakfast in which the odious article of muffins was wanting; but, as a dreadful retribution inevitably followed within an hour upon this act of 'insane sensuality,' he came to a resolution that life was intolerable with muffins, but still more intolerable without them. 'He would stand the nuisance no longer,' but would give nature one last chance; and so, placing muffins at one angle of the table, and loaded pistols at the other, he despatched the former, and waited with rigid equity the result of a final experiment, upon which depended whether the latter, the pistols, were or were not to be used. Would—and this was the last time of asking—would good digestion or indigestion wait on his appetite?—that was the question. Alas! nature was inexorable. Within the hour, dyspepsy supervened; and then the poor man, incapable of recreating from his word of honour, committed suicide'—having first, we are assured, left a line for posterity to this effect: 'that a muffinless world was no world for him: better no life at all, than a life dismantled of muffins.'

Errors of digestion, it is justly contended, whether from impaired powers, or from powers not so much enfeebled as deranged—to these is traceable one immeasurable cause both of disease and of secret wretchedness to the human race. 'Life is laid waste by the eternal fretting of the vital forces emanating from this one cause.' And then, as the poet of the *Seasons* exclaims:

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,

and—mark the conjunction—

And exercise of health.

In the *Friends in Council* debate, after the reading of the essay on Despair, Ellesmere remarks: 'You do not tell us how much there often is of physical disorder in despair. I daresay you will think it a coarse and unromantic mode of looking at things, but I must confess I agree with what Leigh Hunt has said somewhere, that one can walk in distress of mind—even remorse, perhaps.' And Milverton assents: 'Yes, I am for the *Peripatetics* [literally, walkers about] against all other philosophers.' When that celebrated bacchanalian, Captain Morris, was once asked, in his old age, how he had contrived to preserve his fine health, he answered: 'Why, it may well seem wonderful, for I believe few men in England have led so hard a life as myself; but I attribute it mainly to a rule which I have rigorously observed for many years—that of always apportioning the exercise of the following day to the excess of the previous night. For this purpose, I had a sort of scale—never walking less than ten miles for three bottles; so that you may guess what a rare pedestrian I have been.' Dryden's panegyric on exercise is well known:

By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood:
But we, their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

Sydney Smith writes as follows to his brother Bobus,

then M.P., and on the sick-list: 'By the by, you will laugh at me, but I am convinced a working senator should lead a life like an athlete. I wish you would let me send you a horse, and that you would ride every morning ten or fifteen miles before breakfast, and fling yourself into a profuse perspiration. No man ever stopped in a speech that had perspired copiously that day.'

Sydney Smith's initials stand for Sound Sense, and he does seem at times the impersonation of it. We cannot refrain from another draught upon his *Practical Essays*—the one in which he insists on the infinite importance, in order to be happy, of studying the body, since unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, inasmuch that a great scene of wretchedness may be sketched out by a 'morsel of indigestible and misguided food.' True, he gives no new rules, no original or revolutionary hints upon bodily regimen; but then, as he says, the common rules are the best—exercise without fatigue; generous living without excess; early rising; and moderation in sleeping. 'These are the apophthegms of old women; but if they are not attended to, happiness becomes so extremely difficult, that very few persons can attain to it.' In which point of view, he is right in contending that the care of the body becomes a subject of elevation and importance. He refers to Johnson's saying, that every man is a rascal when he is sick; meaning, it may be supposed, that he has no benevolent dispositions at that period towards his fellow-creatures, but that his notions become like his bodily feelings, and that, feeling pain, he becomes malevolent—which, if true of great diseases, is true in a less degree of the smaller ailments of the body. Carlyle draws a piquant contrast between Johnson's biographer, 'one day flaunting in the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine-cup, and crying: "Aha! the wine is red;" the next day deploring his down-pressed, night-shaded, quite poor estate, and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the universe should go on, while his digestive apparatus had stopped!' Set Jemmy's digestive apparatus agoing again, and he will take quite kindly the movement of the universe, and watch with good-will the wanderings of the planets, and listen, all attention, to the music of the spheres.

Sir Francis Head states his firm belief, that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by highways or by-ways, connected with the stomach:

The woes of every other member
Are founded on your belly-timber;

and he owns that never does he see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, or with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly peering down his throat, without feeling a desire to exclaim: 'Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, "Sir, you've eaten too much—you've drunk too much—and you've not taken exercise enough?"' That these are the real causes of every one's illness, he considers proved by the fact, 'that those savage nations who live actively and temperately, have only one disorder—death!' The human frame, he maintains, was not created imperfect; it is we ourselves who have made it so. 'There exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs; and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we are seen driving them before us in such herds to one little brunnin.' Sydney Smith, again, in a letter to Lady Holland, emphatically contends that all people above the condition of labourers are ruined by excess of stipulus and nourishment. 'I never yet,' he says, 'saw any gentleman who ate and drank as little as was reasonable.' He once made an elaborate calculation about eating and drinking—the result shewing that he himself, between the ages of ten and seventy, had eaten and drunk forty-four horse wagon-loads more than would have kept him alive and well—a mass

of nourishment which he rates at the value of £7000 sterling. Writing to his old friend, Lord Murray, he observes: 'You are, I hear, attending more to diet than heretofore. If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half what you *could* eat and drink.' And again he tells Sir G. Phillips: 'I have had no gout, nor any symptom of it: by eating little, and drinking only water, I keep body and mind in a serene state, and spare the great toe. Looking back at my past life, I find that all my miseries of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion. Young people in early life should be thoroughly taught the moral, intellectual, and physical evils of indigestion.' 'How frantic,' exclaims an old (long forgotten, but lately restored) poet, John Oldham—

How frantic is the wanton epicure,
Who a perpetual surfeit will endure,
Who places all his chiefest happiness
In the extravagances of excess,
Which wise sobriety esteems but a disease!

'Long sittings at meat,' says Montaigne, 'both trouble me and do me harm; for perhaps from having, for want of something better to do, accustomed myself to it from a child, I eat all the while I sit.' Hence he found it expedient to keep out of the way of meals altogether whenever he wished to preserve his vigour for the service of some action of body or mind; 'for both the one and the other,' he confesses, 'are cruelly dulled in me by repletion.' In Dr Chalmers's diary, again, are not unfrequently to be seen entries to the same purport as this: 'Incapable of study, and in great physical discomfort. How shameful; and let me here record my humbling sense of it, that this was in great part due to excess at table, which has made me bilious, and alive to all sorts of plague and persecution.' And others in poor Haydon's, of this kind: 'My spirits light from pure digestion. I am now convinced that depression of spirits is owing to repletion. [This was written in 1811; and in 1843 he added to the entry this note of confirmation—'thirty-two years' experience confirms this impression.] I have curtailed my allowance of animal food, and find myself able to work after dinner without interruption,' &c.

The study of health, in short, is a matter of importance, whether considered on selfish grounds of personal comfort, or on higher principles of duty, as a means towards our doing and being good in our generation. 'Be temperate and sober,' says Sir Thomas Browne—treating it as a question of *Christian Morals*—'not to spare your purse, nor simply to enjoy health; but, in one word, that thereby you may truly serve God, which every sickness will tell you you cannot well do without health.' But need we, then, interrupt our daily business for the sake of studying medicine? By no means; for the laws of health have been proved to be as simple as the elements of arithmetic or geometry: it being only requisite that a man should open his eyes to perceive the three great forces which support health—namely, sleep, diet, exercise; and the three great laws of health—namely, motion, temperance, and rest—are, in effect, taught to every man by his personal experience. 'The difficulty is—as in so many other cases, not for the understanding, but for the will—not to know, but to execute.' And here steps in casuistry, and shews that in every case of duty unfulfilled, or duty imperfectly fulfilled, in consequence of illness, languor, decaying spirits, &c., there is a high probability—under the age of sixty-five, almost a certainty—that a part of the obstacle is due to self-neglect. 'Many men fancy that the slight injuries done by each act of intemperance, are like the glomeration of moonbeams upon moonbeams—myriads will not amount to a positive value. Perhaps they are wrong: possibly every

act, nay, every separate pulse or throb of intemperate sensation, is numbered in our own future actions; reproduces itself in some future perplexity; comes back in some reversionary shape that injures the freedom for action of all men, and makes good men afflicted.' Hence casuistry urges the care of health as the basis of all moral action; because, in fact, of all *perfectly voluntary* action. For the casuist shews that every impulse of bad health jars or untunes some string in the fine harp of the human will; and since a man cannot be a moral being but in the proportion of his free action, therefore is it clear that no man can be in a high sense moral, except in so far as through health he commands his bodily powers, and is not commanded by them. It is thus the good man's life-long effort to bring both body and mind into a state in which, as Isaac Taylor expresses it, 'the utmost possible may be done and borne.'

THE MISFORTUNES OF ANTHONY KNIVET.

THE old adage, that 'travellers tell strange tales,' is perhaps a necessary introduction to the story we are about to relate. It is that of a certain Anthony Knivet, whose veracity is perhaps not always quite so unimpeachable as his valour. In the following pages, however, everything in his narrative that seemed *prima facie* incredible has been omitted; and, making a fair allowance for a little overcolouring here and there, we believe that Anthony's adventures are, in the main, authentic. There is a minute circumstantiality about his narrative, which, if not always an evidence, is yet always an accompaniment of truth, and it perfectly corresponds with many another story of the days in which he lived.

Our main object, however, in bringing this abstract of A before our readers, is to give them, as briefly but as clearly as we can, some idea of those 'strange tales' of adventure and romance which lend such an interest to the reign of Elizabeth, and which, more vivid and faithful by far than the most elaborate descriptions, stamp indelibly upon our minds a picture of the heroic life and the heroic action of those days. It is but the story of a simple English sailor, yet those simple English sailors were the men whose noble enterprise and indomitable valour laid the foundations of our country's greatness; they were the men whom a Howard and a Raleigh, a Gilbert and a Froisher, a Hawkins and a Drake, were proud to lead; they were the men whom the haughty Spaniards hated and feared, but whom the oppressed Indians trusted and loved; and they were the men whose deeds under Grenville at Flores, under Preston at Caraccas, and under Parker at Puerto Bello, made England's name illustrious on every sea, and respected on every shore.

There is nothing poetic or ideal about our friend Anthony. He is simply an English sailor with a stout heart, a clear eye, and, above all, a good appetite. Probably he took God's name in vain, and delighted in strong liquors—a wholly unideal, solid, substantial man, but cast by fortune into scenes and circumstances which, strangely and strongly as they seem to contrast with him, do yet serve to bring out into clear and open view the sturdy English valour, common sense, and zeal.

Master Thomas Cavendish, second of the English circumnavigators, set sail on his last voyage, in 1591, with one of the most mutinous, discontented, and rascally crews that ever infested the English ships. After sundry depredations, which do not concern us here, he got as far south as the Strait of Magellan; and hereabouts his men suffered extremely from famine and cold. One little incident will serve both to indicate the severity of the weather, and to bring forward our hero on the scene: a certain sailor,

* See an article headed 'Casuistry,' in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Feb. 1840.

endeavouring to pull off his stockings, succeeded beyond his desires, by pulling off therewith part of his frozen toes—and that sailor was Anthony Knivet. It had originally been the intention of Cavendish to sail for China through the Strait, but the terrible sufferings of his men compelled him to give up his determination, and he designed to sail thence round the Cape of Good Hope. His crew, however, objected to both plans alike; and nothing would satisfy them but that he should sail back to the coast of Brazil, to lie in wait for prizes. After much discussion, he gave way; and after losing many men in a fight with the Portuguese in St Vincent's Bay, he set sail thence to the island of St Sebastian, and there landed his sick and wounded. Amongst these was Anthony; and, leaving the brave Cavendish to sail homewards with a heart broken by ill success, we must confine ourselves to the story of this one of his sailors.

When brought ashore, Anthony fainted, and remained insensible for a considerable time; nor was the sight which met his eyes, when at length they opened, at all calculated to cheer or to restore him. All around, his hapless companions lay stretched upon the sands, either dead or quivering in the dying agony. It seemed as though he and they had but been brought there to die; and even should he recover from his sickness, he was still menaced with the terrible prospect of starvation. Long and anxiously he searched for food, but found none: long and anxiously he looked out upon the sea, but saw no friendly sail approaching. All his companions died; and but for a few crabs which he managed to catch, and on which he supported himself for eight or nine days, he must have shared their fate. The stench of their dead bodies became at length so powerful, that he was obliged to crawl away to another part of the island; and chancing to see the carcass of a whale lying on the shore, he contrived to erect a little hut in its neighbourhood, and, secure now from famine, rested there a fortnight. At the end of that time, he was so fortunate as to meet with some forty of his former comrades, who had been set ashore 'on the same score with himself,' in another part of the island. Knivet's health mended rapidly; and all now went well enough, until one night he and his friends were suddenly aroused by a comrade, who fled to give them notice that the Portuguese and savages were on the island, and marching to attack them. He had himself been in their hands, but escaped, and ran at full speed to wake and warn his friends. The news was but too true. The Portuguese approached: to escape was impossible, and to resist was vain; and twelve of their little band were quickly put to death. An Indian was about to strike at Knivet with a small bill, when our sturdy friend pushed him aside, and crying out to a Portuguese that he had some news to tell, begged him to save his life. The Portuguese at once ordered the savage to desist, and Knivet was marched off to appear before the captain. The march, which lasted almost all night, and led round rocks along the sea, so sharpened our Anthony's appetite, that when brought before the captain, and asked what news he had to tell, he sturdily refused to commence his story until they brought him something to eat. The Portuguese officer complied with this truly English request; and having done ample justice to the victuals which were provided, Anthony told whatever tale he had managed to put together. His life, and that of one other Englishman, was spared; but the remainder of the prisoners, numbering between twenty and thirty, were butchered in cold blood. Knivet was then carried off to St Sebastian on the mainland, and led before the governor of the city, who, having examined him, gave him as a slave to the man who had taken him from the Indian. After a second examination, however, he was transferred to another man, who made him work in his sugar-mill, and

treated him so cruelly that he could bear it no longer. Accordingly, he calmly marched off one morning into the woods, composedly built himself a hut, and lived there in Robinson Crusoe style until he was discovered and recaptured by the men whom the governor sent in pursuit. He had, so to speak, 'jumped from the frying-pan into the fire,' his next master being even more cruel and tyrannical than the former. At length the governor's son compassionated his sufferings, and begged him from his father as a slave for himself, treating him with kindness and humanity.

Some time after, wishing to trade with the Indians for slaves, he chose Knivet as his agent, and sent him into the country with a plentiful supply of hatchets and knives. About a hundred miles from St Sebastian resided a tribe called the Pories, and to these Knivet addressed himself. Having reached their town, and entered its principal house, he was requested to lie down upon a hammock which had been prepared. He complied; but, to his great wonderment, about twenty women at once entered the room, and having patted him on the back, on the shoulder, and on the knees, terminated their eccentric performance by an unmusical but certainly enthusiastic howl. This was puzzling enough; but Knivet's wits nearly left him altogether, when an aged savage, painted red and black, and carrying a wooden sword, stalked gravely in, and gave vent to his feelings by strutting about the room and mumbling and muttering to himself like a maniac. Just as Knivet was beginning to consider himself destined for a sacrifice, he learned, to his abundant joy, that these singular proceedings had been intended as a cordial welcome, and that the red and black personage was no other than the monarch of the Pories. His majesty treated our hero with great condescension and affability, and soon gave a practical proof of friendship by calling out all the warriors of his realm in his defence. Thus it chanced. One day as Knivet was resting quietly in his hammock, the king of another town entered in with a woman on each side of him, on whose shoulders he rested his arms. He introduced himself to Anthony's notice by an elegant and interesting dance, which lasted for about a quarter of an hour; and, his *pirouettes* being at length concluded, he swaggered up and informed him, that, as a mark of respect to the ladies who were present, he intended to cut off his head. Knivet replied; but the turbulent potentate, disregarding his words, began to lay hands on the bales of goods which were in the hut. Knivet had been very patient hitherto; but even English patience has its limits; and starting up at length, he seized a sword, thrust at his majesty, made him caper on one side, and then fairly turned him out. The king of the Pories, hearing the uproar, arrived on the scene of action, and sharply reproached his brother-monarch for such unkingly conduct. The aggressor concealed his wrath for the moment, and departed; but next day an alarm spread through the town that he was returning at the head of his warriors, to seize on Knivet, and sacrifice him. The old king, hereupon calling his people together, proved to them that this was a 'just and necessary war,' and requested them to march forth and defeat the enemy as an indispensable preliminary to a 'safe and honourable peace.' They replied by loud shouts, and sallied out to meet the foe. When the two forces approached each other, it was found that the Pories were by far the most numerous, and the invaders very prudently patched up a truce. The intruding king, however, was strictly charged not to enter the town, and thus our worthy Anthony remained triumphant.

He continued on friendly terms with the red and black monarch to the last; and when they parted, gave him a large portion of his hatchets and knives, receiving in return no less than seventy slaves. With these, and an escort of three hundred Pories,

he commenced his homeward journey; and finding that his master was at Isla Grande, crossed over to him, and was well received. So favourably, indeed, was the Portuguese impressed with the diligence and zeal of his agent, that he shortly proposed another such expedition. Anthony, who had no desire to figure in any more Indian broils if he could help it, obstinately refused to go; whereupon he was again carried before the governor, who ordered him to be thenceforth employed in fishing all day long. After an ugly fall from a rock, caused by his entangling himself with his own fishing-line while asleep, he began to consider very seriously as to the means of escaping from his thralldom. News at length reached him that some English ships were cruising in the neighbourhood; and bethinking himself that in all probability they would touch at St Sebastian to obtain water, he boldly determined to embark by himself in a little boat, and take his chance of reaching the island. Accordingly, when the English vessels hove in sight, he got into the boat, and set forth on his voyage. Fortune was still unpropitious. A storm suddenly arose, the boat was dashed to pieces against the rocks of a neighbouring island, and Knivet himself, more dead than alive, just managed to clamber ashore. Here he lay for three days, bruised and wounded, and without nourishment, at the end of which time he was accidentally discovered by the men whom the governor had sent in search of him. The governor, naturally irate with this contumacious Englishman, whom neither kindness could conciliate nor oppression terrify, rebuked him severely, sentenced him to death, and sent him off to jail. After being half-starved in prison, he was ordered forth to execution; but as he passed the Jesuits' college on his way, the holy fathers—to their honour be it spoken!—came out in a body, and, presenting a crucifix to the governor, implored him, in His name of whom it was the symbol, to take pity on the poor heretic. He yielded to their noble petition so far as to spare Knivet's life, but had him whipped in the market-place 'till he had not a spot of skin remaining on his body,' and then remanded him to prison. After a certain time he was released; and being sent back to the sugar-mill once more, was there confided to the tender mercies of a Portuguese, who made it a point of honour to strike and ill-treat him on every possible occasion. All his complaints to the governor were useless: he had proved incorrigible, and must abide the consequences; and thus matters went on until, his body covered all over with bruises and scars, he found life so little better than death, that, casting all fear and hesitation to the winds, he resolved to deliver himself once and for ever, or die in the attempt.

Nine months had passed away, in brutal oppression on the one hand, and in sullen endurance on the other, when his tyrant, happening to enter the sugar-house while Knivet was asleep, struck him a sound blow on the ribs. Starting up, and roused into sudden passion, our Englishman rushed upon the Portuguese, closed with him, overcame him, stabbed him twice or thrice, and then fled far away into the woods. Knowing well that he would be at once pursued, he concealed himself in a tree, and presently heard the shouts and cries of the Indians who had been despatched to retake him. The cries sounded nearer and nearer, and very soon he saw the enemy close at hand. No small nerve was required to keep perfectly calm and quiet at such a moment, but Knivet's English heart did not fail him. Something about the tree seemed to strike the Indians as suspicious, and they shot some arrows into it. Not a breath was heard, not the motion of a leaf, and they passed on. For two days and nights, he did not dare to leave his hiding-place, but at length hunger brought him forth. Wandering about and searching for food, he had the good-fortune to fall in with an Indian, whom he recognised as a fellow-slave in the sugar-mill,

and who had also made his escape. They at once resolved to journey together, and Knivet found in this 'savage' a most true and trusty friend. At the end of thirty-seven days, they came in sight of a town, the aspect of which seemed familiar to Knivet; and on a nearer approach, it was found to be that of the Pories. The old king received him in a very friendly manner, and at first seemed resolved to defend him at all hazards, and against all comers. Malicious neighbours, in the interest of the Portuguese, however, did their best to injure Anthony in his estimation, and it was indeed scarcely to be expected that, for the sake of a fugitive, he should run the risk of a war against European antagonists. Thus, when the governor's son sent to reclaim his refractory slave, the old chief, though much against his inclination, gave him up. Sadly and sternly our much-enduring Anthony had to march back to the old hated scenes, and to endure the old hated slavery. His master at last sent for him, and informed him that he must either prepare for instant death, or consent to travel into the country of certain cannibal tribes, for purposes of traffic. Anthony, preferring the chance of being eaten up to-morrow, to the certainty of being killed to-day, consented to his master's proposition.

Setting out with a few savages for guides, he came, after twenty-five days' journeying over a rugged and difficult country, to a broad river, on which the Indian town was situated. The tribe with which he had now to do was far more fierce and savage than any other he had yet encountered; but notwithstanding this, he entered upon his business at once, and successfully concluded it by the purchase of ninety slaves. However much our honest Anthony might dislike these employments, he yet seems to have possessed a singular talent for succeeding in them, and to have invariably proved himself an excellent 'man of business.' By this time, too, his rough honesty had made him somewhat popular even with the Portuguese, whilst his industry and common-sense rendered him an invaluable servant. Hence, on his return to Isla Grande, he was heartily welcomed by his master; and crossing over to the mainland again in his company, found the governor in a very amicable mood. As a slight reward for his long endurance, he was now advanced to a post of some importance in the sugar-mill. In one year, he managed to save two hundred crowns, and would willingly have continued in his lucrative situation, had he not been once more called forth to the field. Some Indians, friendly to the Portuguese, had been attacked by another tribe, and it was resolved to despatch a force to their assistance, at the head of which was placed the governor's son. Knivet, who had great fighting qualities, followed his master to the war. The march with which the campaign began was long and tiresome. Now they had to cross over rivers, now over morasses, now over rugged hills; famine soon thinned their ranks; disease came to complete the work of famine; and the enemies, had they appeared, might have gained an easy victory. Luckily for the invading Portuguese, however, the enemies, with a most wholesome dread of European prowess, kept diligently out of the way. Thus their advance was unresisted; and on approaching the Indian town, they found it deserted. Taking possession, they at once set a guard round the place. Now, in the neighbourhood of the town there was a morass, in which, at that season of the year, there dwelt a numerous tribe of frogs. A Portuguese sentinel, listening to their midnight croaks, and wishing to secure so dainty a dish as he esteemed a frog to be, set out on a hunt after these unoffending aborigines; but whilst thus occupied, was assailed by another 'native,' in the shape of a huge snake, and compelled to take to his heels in sore confusion. Meeting with Knivet, and relating the story of his discomfiture, he asked his

assistance. Anthony, never backward when anything combative was expected of him, armed himself with a club, came up with the snake, attacked it, and knocked it on the head, cutting up its body afterwards, and presenting it to the officers. Thus far, all was well; but a certain Portuguese, who bore an enmity to Knivet, complained of him as of a bad sentinel who had left his post. A quarrel soon ensued between them, and then a duel, in which, after a fair fight, Knivet laid his antagonist dead upon the ground. For this offence, he was tried and sentenced to death, and a friar was despatched to receive his confession. To the great surprise of the holy father, our brave Anthony informed him that, having confessed all his sins to the Almighty God, he felt in no mood to repeat the operation to a fellow-mortal. Hereupon he was led to the place of execution, and was momentarily expecting the fatal stroke, when some of the officers, with whom he had become a great favourite, interceded in his behalf, and his life was spared once more.

After staying three months in the town, the army prepared to retrace its steps, and Knivet obtained leave to depart in whatever direction he chose. Twelve Portuguese accompanied him on his new journey, which led him, after many perils, to the town of the Tamoyes. These savages were bitter enemies to the Portuguese, and Knivet's companions were quickly slaughtered. Anthony himself gave out that he was a Frenchman, and consequently one of a nation to which the Indians were not hostile. By this means he escaped for the present; and then, like the brave, 'many-counselled, much-enduring man' that he was, adapted himself to his new situation, and became a very excellent Tamoy. He soon rose into favour with them; and then trained and disciplined their warriors in excellent style, and many times led them to battle himself. Under his guidance, they were generally victorious, and, accordingly, his position soon became comfortable enough. Naturally, however, he yearned to get into more civilised regions; and thus, when the tribe proposed to shift their quarters, he warmly encouraged them to do so, and pointed out a convenient locality in which to fix themselves. This locality was in the neighbourhood of a French settlement, to which he intended to escape, trusting to find better usage there than among the Portuguese. The Indians approved of their new friend's suggestion, and began to migrate, 'to the number of 30,000,' in the direction he had pointed out. They might have succeeded in their object easily enough, but unfortunately stopped in the middle of the journey to quarrel with another Indian tribe. Knivet led them on to victory; but the vanquished applied to the Portuguese for aid; the governor's son marched to their assistance; the Tamoyes were defeated, and cruelly massacred; and the much-enduring man was captured and led back into slavery once more.

The Portuguese continued their warlike operations against another tribe, and, strangely enough, were aided by some Tamoyes, who had long ago separated from the rest of the nation, and lived in a village by themselves. These, under their aged but valiant chief, were found very valuable auxiliaries in the war of marches and stratagems which ensued. At length, when the hostile armies stood face to face, the old Tamoy, calling upon the Portuguese to witness his exploits, proclaimed that they who had never seen him combat before should now behold his dying fight. The armies drew near; and then the valiant old chief, armed only with his bow and arrows, advanced alone against the enemy, charged right into the hostile ranks, and slew three men before he was overthrown. One-and-twenty arrows were sticking in his body when the Portuguese came up; but still, careless of the agony he must have been enduring, he earnestly begged to be instructed in the faith of the Europeans, and then calmly and

heroically expired. After this memorable episode, the Indians again retreated; and the Portuguese, tiring of a pursuit which was evidently in vain, gave up the enterprise, and returned home. The much-enduring Anthony returned with them, and was again very kindly received by the governor.

Altogether, his material condition was now comfortable enough, but he yearned not the less to escape from a land in which he had suffered so much. An opportunity to gratify this yearning at length presented itself, and he managed to get on board a ship bound for Angola, in Lower Guinea. Thou stout and sturdy Anthony, the strong west winds blow steadily behind thee, blow favourably for thy voyage, and each wave that glides swiftly away beneath the ship is bearing thee further and further from that hated Portuguese Brazil! Who but must sympathise with this brave Englishman, breathing the air of liberty once more on the waves he loved so well, and borne swiftly, surely onwards, as he deems, to a safe and prosperous journey's end! The vessel sped swiftly on; the Atlantic waves, the Atlantic winds, were kindly and propitious; and, safe and sound, she moored at length on that African coast. Knivet landed, and was free.

Travelling away from Angola, he reached Congo, having some wild plan in his head of returning to England 'through Ethiopia and Turkey.' Sweet are thy dreams of home, O Anthony! as thou paces slowly up and down through the Congo capital; but who is yonder lean and yellow personage that, from the other side of the way, eyes thee so closely, and now so directly approaches towards thee?—who? Alas! alas! it is a Portuguese pursuivant, and his Portuguese hand is on thy shoulder! Back, back to Angola! back, back to St Sebastian once again! The gubernatorial visage relaxes into a grim smile as Anthony re-enters his presence. 'How soon thou art returned, O Anthony! What news from England?' And the brave sailor has to swallow all the jokes and gibes, and to wait in grim silence for the next opportunity.

This was indeed a terrible 'slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;' but life remained, and with it the hope of liberty. Soon after his return, the governor was ordered home to Lisbon, and Anthony was chosen to go with him—possibly to freedom, certainly to a Christian land. The ship set sail for Lisbon; but the winds and waves, which had been friendly to our poor Englishman, scowled and howled roughly at his master. Just escaping from shipwreck, the crew and passengers managed to get ashore, and travelled overland to Pernambuco. At this time, a large Indian army was besieging Rio Grande; and being soon tired of inactivity at Pernambuco, Knivet obtained leave to go to the wars—seemingly as a relaxation. The European army attacked the Indians suddenly in the night, utterly routed them—the brave Anthony doubtless doing his devoir—and made them 'acknowledge the supremacy of Spain.' This political advantage could be of no pleasure or profit to Knivet; but with his before-mentioned excellent business qualities, he contrived to secure 500 crowns as his share of the booty. This done, he quietly returned to his master, who set sail once more, and this time arrived safely at Lisbon.

For a time, Knivet lived with the governor, and was very kindly treated; but falling sick at length, was most cruelly neglected, and left to shift for himself. Again a deed of charity claims our warmest sympathy and our heartiest approbation. An English nun, resident at Lisbon, compassionated the sufferings of her countryman, gave him relief, obtained his admission into the hospital, and when he was completely cured, 'brought him out again with money in his pocket.' Blessed be the memory of this merciful soul, in whom differences of religious opinion could not efface the stronger claims of a common country and a common humanity! Knivet, who rightly judged that after being so unkindly

neglected by the master who was bound to protect him, all obligation on his part was at an end, now left him, and began to support himself as an interpreter to merchants. He soon obtained plenty of business, and began to make and save money rapidly enough. Some of his most wealthy employers wished him to undertake the management of their business in Brazil, but he steadily refused to return to a land which years of captivity and slavery had rendered so hateful to his soul. He hungered and thirsted to see England once more. This was the object for which he toiled, and worked, and saved; and he seemed on the very point of accomplishing his long-deferred desire, when—when, of course, a new misfortune occurred. His master, resenting his absence, complained against him to the viceroy, and he was thrust into prison. How long his incarceration lasted, or by what means he ultimately obtained his release, we know not; but this is known, that he was at length set free, and, all his perils and misfortunes over, returned to those native shores, which perhaps, rough sailor though he was, he had but learned to love the more the less his prospects of revisiting them became.

Here we end the misfortunes of Anthony Knivet; and if a moral be needed, we give this: This story is a fair specimen of many others. Through such perils, such privations, such calamities, many a plain English sailor of those days passed, and bore them all with a patient valour and a quiet endurance which no succeeding ages have seen surpassed. We have taken as our hero a plain, common, humble sailor—one of a crew notorious for bad conduct, and himself cast into strange scenes and amid strange companions. Yet, does he sit down, and mope and bewail? Not he; he works and he fights—works like an Englishman, fights like an Englishman. Among cruel masters, he was able to bear; but, more than that, he was able to deliver himself from their tyranny. Cast among fierce and savage Indians, he assumed leadership by virtue of superior knowledge and superior energy; cast among cruel and jealous Europeans, he obtained at length comfort and liberty by virtue of his intelligence and zeal. And if this man is but a bad type of English nobleness, he may yet serve well enough as a type of English resolution. He came home, and doubtless told his story to his wife and neighbours. Thus did many another of those hardy seamen, and their tale stirred the listener's heart, and it passed through the village, and it was heard of in the town; and everywhere, where English ears were listening, it cast more fuel on that flame which burnt so brightly before—the flame of patriotism and valour. No common sailor-boy, but longed to go forth and try his fortune; no merchant, but was ready to risk his gold in enterprises beyond the sea; no gentleman, but cherished the dreams of 'old romance,' and believed those dreams were about to become realities; no statesman, but saw the value of the heroic spirit which was arising in the land.

There is many a glorious page in English history, but none so bright and radiant as that which records the doings of the Elizabethan era. It was a time when the national life was healthy and noble, as never national life had been before, or has been since. The discovery of the New World kindled the imagination, and gave birth to great and glorious dreams; Protestantism gave earnestness to the dreamer, strengthened his arm, and inspired his every blow; Platonic idealism cast its divine radiance over all; the spirit of the chivalry which was expiring, ennobled that of the commercial enterprise, which was strengthening every day; and the sentiment of nationality, whilst fed by all these sources, blended them into one majestic stream, and sent them forth upon their errand, conquering and to conquer. Amongst the many noble influences then at work, we should rank few above that which was exercised by the simple narratives of

those adventures which had happened to simple men. Of those narratives, Knivet's is one—not the most trustworthy, but one of the most interesting. As a type of a class, we have given it; and surely, in addition to whatever interest it may possess of itself and as such, it is one long rebuke to timid and desponding men. It illustrates the strength of a single man who has courage on his side—who can endure when endurance is necessary—who can fight when the necessity for endurance is at an end: that is the 'moral' of our story.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

WESTMANNSHAVN—APPROACH TO ICELAND.

Our fresh coal having been taken on board, and the weather appearing favourable, we departed next day at eleven from Thorshavn, trusting not to stop again till we should reach the shores of Iceland. Our course lay through the Westmannsfiord, one of those north-westerly channels which traverse the Faröe group. On our left lay the islands Hestoe, Kolter, and Vaagöe, forming a screen between us and the outer sea—each simply a mountain, sloping down pretty gently towards the fiord, but turning to the ocean a perpendicular cliff, resembling that of the Kodlen, already described. These tremendous precipices give most expressive proof of the power of the angry ocean of the north in the task of removing mountains. A fresh breeze having sprung up, we could see, through the narrow spaces between the islands, an expanse of raging sea, strikingly in contrast with the calm of the sound in which we were sailing. At the end of each island, the dash of the wave rose in a column of spray fifty feet high, or wreathed itself in tortuous folds round the columnar masses standing out from the promontories, and to which the islanders give the fanciful name of Witches' Fingers.

In a few places, the mountain-sides were softened into comparatively gentle slopes, where patches of a deep green appeared, in connection with a few humble dwellings. Sometimes a small church reared its modest head beside these lonely hamlets. The existence of a church in the Faröes, as in many other parts of the north, does not always indicate regular public worship. They are often mere stations, where the parish clergyman makes his appearance occasionally, to preach, marry, baptise, and administer the communion. He is bound at each place to officiate at least six times a year; but the difficulties of voyaging in Faröe only favour too much the tendency to slackness of duty, which naturally besets a clergy standing in such a relation to their flocks. Hence it happens that a Faröese minister will sometimes think he has done pretty well when he gets one annual visit safely paid to an outlying insular station, which occasions he takes care to officiate six times in as many successive days—thus at least keeping the word of promise to the ear, however he may break it to the hope. It is rather odd—and I must confess to being much puzzled by the circumstance—that this very clergy are remarkable as a class for the lead they take in the democratic agitations of the Faröese. Our associations of ideas would lead us to expect from them the most hardened conservatism.

Our ship made a beautiful run through the fiord, and the wild grandeur of the scenery kept us all in a state of constant excitement. For myself, there was a special pleasure in observing the stratification of the mountains of Stromöe, here as regular as it had appeared the previous day on the other side of the island. Everywhere it was of one character—beds of trap, generally about a hundred feet thick, alternating with thin beds of tufa. At length, a startling eccentricity

appeared. Only thick bed of columnar greenstone, which I had seen the day before on a distant island, and which I had traced to-day for miles like a fillet along the brows of the mountains, all at once departed from its place in the regular bedding, and passed obliquely through two or three hundred feet of inferior strata, below which it resumed its regular arrangement, and went on and on as before. A whole history of early events is flashed on the mind of an instructed observer by such an appearance. He sees the trap-bed spread out in the bottom of a deep ocean around the aperture through which it has been projected hot and plastic from below. He sees clayey detritus and loose volcanic materials sedimentarily spread over this bed of trap, forming the thin tufaceous strata so often alluded to; then another bed of trap comes over these; and so on. But after all this has gone on for a long time, there is a burst of fresh molten matter from below, which does not come to the surface, but insinuates itself between the beds already formed, and this over a wide area—not always, however, between a particular couple of beds, but here and there departing from the line, and breaking obliquely through a number of strata, up or down, as circumstances may determine; the columnar structure probably resulting from the peculiar conditions attending the cooling of the materials after intrusion. How clearly is date thus shewn forth! and how exalted does human intelligence appear when it can thus, from a relation of cold facts, enounce a living history, one which took place numberless ages before there was any eye to note it, save that of the Power from which it all proceeded!

When we approached the outer end of the sound, it became evident that we should encounter a heavy and adverse wind, against which we should spend our steam to little purpose; so the captain resolved to anchor for the remainder of the day in the sheltered bay called Westmannshavn. We were here completely landlocked and in perfect safety. All round were sterile mountains; but at one place, a green slope, rising a couple of hundred feet above the sea, gave occasion for a scattered population of a few hundred persons. A merchant's house with its gay flag stood close to the beach. Higher up, was a neat church. From two glens, bright streams poured over high rocks into the sea. After a hasty lunch, we went ashore for the afternoon, some in a vain hope of angling, others in quest of scientific objects. In one of the glens, we found some considerable masses of zeolite and kindred minerals; but what I considered of superior importance, was the discovery of glacial markings at two places, the striae directed from N. 80° W. (when 30° were allowed for variation). These lines were horizontal along the hillside, and in accordance with the direction of a glen, out of which probably proceeded the ice by which the markings had been made.

We were all impressed in this ramble with the small number of living creatures to be seen in the district. A few, very few sheep and cattle were feeding in the better parts of the pasture. But, rude as the country was, scarcely any wild birds appeared, and these were for the most part curlews. No insects enlivened the air; very few could be detected under stones or amongst the herbage. The naked black snail was one of the most notable living things, as I have observed him also to be in elevated situations in the Highlands of Scotland. We called at the handel, or merchant's shop, and found it a strange rough scene of miscellaneous goods, mingled with fish, wool, and birds' feathers. There are three such establishments in the Faröes—one at Thorshavn, another at Waal, in the island of Bordöe, and this at Westmannshavn. They are set up by the government for the sale, by wholesale and retail, of articles required by the people, and the reception in return of the raw articles which the country produces. It is admitted that, though a

monopoly, the prices charged are not in general to be complained of, being often indeed below those demanded for similar articles in the shops of Copenhagen. Nevertheless, the system has been the subject of so much animadversion, that, as formerly mentioned, it is now about to be abandoned. The people will next year be at liberty to deal with any one, Dane or foreigner, for the sale of their produce and the purchase of household necessaries. It will be interesting to watch the consequences of so sudden and entire a change from monopoly to free trade. I venture to predict increase of wealth, increase of population, increase of general comfort, much new knowledge, many improvements in industry, and a great increase in the number of cases of extreme vice and poverty—so mingled are all good things in this world with inseparable evils.

In my ramble along the hillsides, I looked into one of the peasants' houses, invited by its comparative cleanness and neatness. The occupants proved to be a young couple with three children. There was what in Scotland would be called a *ben-end*, or inner room, tolerably furnished, and apparently reserved for use on special occasions. The whole was of wood, imported from Norway, and had cost in construction a sum equal to rather more than twenty pounds sterling. The population of Westmannshavn seemed to me to consist wholly of a peasantry, who live by fishing or a humble kind of culture. It was therefore with some surprise I was told that they were going to have a *ball* on the evening of the ensuing day—Sunday by the way, and the feast of St John. Of what may be the style of their balls, I cannot pretend to have formed any idea; but we had this evening a specimen of their dancing and singing from a group who came on board the *Thor*. The songs were national ballads founded on events in Danish history—monotonous, and having one verse for sense, constantly alternating with another for burden. In the dances, we only saw some five or six men wheeling in a circle, with a hold of each other's hands. To a member of the Percy Society, one little circumstance would have appeared curious—that the *fall-de-rall-lall* of our own songs appears likewise in those of the Faröese. It is a fact of more importance that, while the Faröese have a characteristic style of dancing, the Icelanders have none.

In the *Yacht Voyage of the Maria*, one of the lively coloured lithographs depicts Westmannshavn Bay under the exciting circumstances of a whale-chase, the one favourite sport of the Faröese. This is an amusement likewise known in Zetland and the Hebrides. Some of our party were hopeful of witnessing an occurrence of it during our stay in the Faröes, either now or on our return, but they were doomed to disappointment; and what rendered this more vexing, a chase took place in the interval between our two visits. The animal in question is not properly a whale, though commonly called so, but a gigantic dolphin (*Delphinus globiceps* of Cuvier). They are innocent creatures, which come southward in great flocks, and are easily captured when attacked in a bay. The people, then gathering from all quarters in their boats, chase them ashore, and despatch them with their spears and knives on the beach. So many as 212 were taken in this bay on the occasion witnessed by the yachtsmen. The flesh and blubber being both eaten, a successful whale-chase becomes a matter of no small consequence to these islanders, whose faces, it is said, actually shine for weeks after.

Next day, the weather having somewhat moderated, the captain caused the anchor to be raised, and proceeded out to sea. The parting views of the Faröes—magnificent cliffs dimly seen through mist and spray—were exceedingly impressive. A few little vessels were faintly descried at a distance over the troubled sea—French and Belgian fishing-craft, which are almost

constantly at work here, gathering the food which the people of those countries use on certain days and at certain seasons instead of flesh. A rude adventurous life it is which the crews of these vessels lead, both here and around the coasts of Iceland. It was curious to reflect that their peculiar exposure to hardship and hazard is primarily owing to a religious principle which one-half of Christendom disregards. And equally curious it is to think that large districts in the north, where this religious principle is disregarded, owe to it, indirectly, one-half of such civilisation as they possess. In the middle ages, the dolphins just spoken of were also used as food at times when flesh was forbidden, the cetacea being then considered as fish. It must have given a great shock to those who hold the above-mentioned religious principle in veneration, when naturalists at length determined that the delphinidae are as much mammalian animals as cows and pigs.

This being Sunday, the crew was mustered on deck between ten and eleven, and inspected by the captain and his officers. A simple religious service, of about a quarter of an hour's length, was then performed by one of the lieutenants, after which all returned to their usual duties. With the aid of a light north-east wind, we made good progress to-day, passing over fully 200 miles in the first four-and-twenty hours. The weather was cool (thermometer at 39 degrees Fahrenheit), but not unpleasant. Next day, the captain took up the screw, and trusted to canvas alone. We moved at the rate of six or seven miles an hour in this fashion. No sail now met our most searching gaze. It seemed to be a totally unfrequented sea. No object broke the monotony but a few sea-birds. The only excitement we could obtain was with reference to the coasts of Iceland, now expected every hour to come in sight. At length, about seven in the evening, they began to appear like a faint cloud lying on the sea to the north. The voyager to Reikiavik, however, sees land long before he comes ashore. He has to cruise a long way to the westward, and pass through some rather difficult places, and double a long cape, before he can set his foot on land. Our ship being beset next day with foggy and rainy weather, it became necessary to advance very cautiously, and even to beat back a good way from the coast. So Iceland, which we had seen on the Monday evening, was not again visible till Wednesday morning. We then found ourselves moving along towards Cape Reikjanes, with a range of low coast backed by mountains extending on our right. It became an interesting occupation for the passengers to lean over the gunwale or stand in the gallery, and watch the constant changes of the scenery. Out from Cape Reikjanes proceeds a series of skerries or sea-rocks, which make the navigation somewhat critical. Here, likewise, is seen a squat, round, rocky islet, of the Bass species, having, like it, a slightly inclined top, white with guano. From the peculiar form and colour, as seen at a distance, it has been called the Meal-sek—a term which we were amused to find pronounced by the Danes precisely as it would be pronounced in Scotland. As we went along, we could trace nothing on the shore but black rocks. All seemed as desolate and peopleless as when Ingolf first approached the island in the ninth century, and flung the door of his house into the sea, that the waves, carrying it ashore, might determine the place where he should land. At length, a fishing-boat appeared, and the captain eagerly hailed it, thinking to get some of the men on board. But they shook their heads mistrustfully, betraying by the glance they took of the smoke what it was that made them refuse the invitation. The fact was, that the *Thor* was the first steamer which had ever come to Iceland. The simpler kind of people were sure, we were told, to regard it as something *uncanny*; and such proved to be the

case. The general terror, however, did not prevent the approach of a pilot, who proved a much more civilised-looking person than he of Thorshavn.

It was with almost a childish wonder and curiosity that we approached Reikiavik. As the capital of a country so out of the way and peculiar, we hardly knew how to paint it to the imagination. With a sort of hush, we clustered together on deck, while the good ship pursued its steam-speeded way amongst a group of low islands, full, turning an angle, it came full before a low shore, of a curving form, on which rose a lengthened cluster of wooden houses, like those which abound in Norway, many of them bearing flags. We soon found ourselves amidst four or five merchant-vessels of a moderate size, all of which had likewise their colours flying. The whole scene, therefore, was of a much livelier and more civilised character than we had expected. We could see various clusters of people on the shore, brought together, no doubt, to gaze on the unwonted spectacle of a ship which could make way without oar or sail. The neighbouring scenery appeared bare and sterile, without any picturesque merits; but the range of Easian mountains, at some miles' distance to the west, lent a certain dignity to the situation.

MY LANDLADY.

'Doctor,' said I one day to my friendly medicus, who had dropped in for a gossip, 'I don't feel as I should like to feel: this swimming in the head prevents my work; and when that is gone, comes a drowsiness'—

'And then,' said Dr Fuller, 'you have twitchings at the corners of the eyes, as though there were dust in them, and brown spots floating before them when you walk out. You see I know how it is'—

'Well, that is true,' I returned; 'but that is not all.'

'Of course it isn't. You don't sleep well at night—and when you do sleep, you are half-choked with a disagreeable dream—and you awake in the morning with a sense of weariness, and a disposition to lie long in bed—and you are nauseated by a vile taste in the mouth. I'm right now, eh?'

'You are. But what must I do?'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing! I want to get well.'

'To be sure you do—and that's the way to get well. Do nothing—get away from all your doings; leave your books, and scribbling, and cogitating—you have been *doing* too much and too long; turn idler and vagabond for a month; drink water, and breathe new air, and live out of doors—get rid of the lithic acid which has got into your blood—brace up your nerves by exercise, and give your brain a holiday.'

'Well, I think I'll take your advice.'

'In that case, you shall have it for nothing; but mind, if you don't put it in execution directly, I'll charge you a thumping fee for it as sure as you are alive!'

'Agreed. But I won't give you the chance—I'll be off to-morrow.'

'Very well. I'll take you at your word, and not call again till this day-month. Good-morning.'

And so it was settled that I should take a month's holiday away from home. I set off that same afternoon by rail for a small town which stands not far from the southern coast—a town surrounded by breezy hills and high lands commanding a good sea-view, and—which was the chief attraction to me—neither cockneyfied nor gentilitised by a swarm of immigrants from the capital.

My rapid railway-ride did me good; and the fresh air of the sea, as I approached it, developed a new symptom in the sensation of appetite to which I had been long a stranger. I ate a hearty meal at the little inn, and went early to bed, the murmur of the distant surge lulling me to sleep. After breakfast

next morning, I set out to transact the important business of securing a lodging for my month's residence. This is an affair which most people find more or less difficult of management, and my case was no exception to the rule. I had come to E— for health; and I did not choose to defeat my own object by locating myself in ill-ventilated rooms, or in the neighbourhood of foul smells, or to the leeward of a thriving colony of the swinish multitude, who had it all their own way in the centre of the main street. Of lodgings to let, there was an abundance, and almost as plentiful a lack of lodgings which an invalid would be justified in hiring. I had spent some hours in the pursuit with very little satisfaction, when, chancing to turn my eyes upon a butcher's shop, I saw the word APARTMENTS on a neat card, stuck inside the open glass-door.

The butcher came forward, with a professional turn or two of his knife on the steel, as I requested to know where were the apartments to let which the card referred to.

'Fine quarters of lamb that, sir!—Oh, the apartments, you say—yes, sir: it's at Mrs Griddall's, Heartsease Cottage—just at the end of the town yonder, sir, where you sees the green fenetians.'

'There! Why, I have been there to see: there is no notice up at the house.'

'Why, no. You see, sir'—and here the butcher spoke with a low-toned mysterious kind of deliberation—'Mrs Griddall is a little bit partiklarish like, you see. It wouldn't be the genteel thing to put up a notice at the cottage, you know; so I puts it up in my shop. But you'll find the apartments there, sir. Here, Bob! Bob!—Stop a minute, sir. Bob shall shew you the way.' Bob—a laughing greasy-haired urchin—came into view as the man spoke, carrying a butcher's tray, balanced knowingly on his shoulder.

'Here, you, sir!—take these chops to Mrs Griddall's, and shew this gentleman to the house.'

'My eye!' said Bob as he shouldered the two small chops, 'what a blow-out they're a-going to have to-day!—hopes I shall be able to keep up with the gentleman. Aint that a dinner for two people? If half a pound o' lamb-chops aint a tightener for two, I'm blessed! Don't I wish I was Slewker to-day?'

'And, pray, who is Slewker?' I enquired.

'Slewker is Mrs Griddle's sarving-gal. Won't she walk into the lamb-chops after the old lady have done with 'em!'

The butcher's boy, it was plain, did not stand in much awe of Mrs Griddall, and from further observations he let drop in his curt satirical way, I found that he had a thorough contempt for the gastronomic details of Heartsease Cottage.

'Is Mrs Griddall a widow lady?' I asked.

'She a widdier! Bless yer, no. She's a hold maid; that's what she is. She aint a missis at all—never had no Mister Griddle, nor nothin' o' the sort—ax Slewker.'

Had I encouraged the urchin's revelations, it is likely I should have had plenty of them. When I ceased my questions, the boy dropped into the rear, and began whistling a solo, which continued without a pause till we reached the cottage.

Mrs Griddall herself answered the summons of the knocker and the boy's simultaneous yell of 'B'tchar!' She was a sprightly, semi-genteel-looking personage, of an uncertain age, dressed in a morning-gown of white, which suited ill with a dark-brown complexion, shaded with raven ringlets stiffly curled. In spite of the precipitancy of Master Bob, who announced lamb-chops and a lodger in the same breath, I proceeded to explain my business. I found her a chatty and rather agreeable person; and I fell in love immediately with the apartments which she proposed to place at my service—the sitting-room opening upon

a pleasant flower-garden, and the bedroom fronting the distant sea. It was plainly a recommendation to her that I was alone, and without friends or followers in the place. We had no difficulty about terms. What little attendance I required, Seleuca her servant would supply. I might have my meals at any hour I chose, and in all respects act as I would do at home. I was delighted with these arrangements; and having concluded the bargain, returned to the inn for my luggage, and took possession at once.

For some few days, we got on together admirably. The weather was glorious; the garden, odoriferous with choice flowers, flung its perfumes into my open window, as I sat listlessly strumming long-neglected airs on an old piano, or glancing at yesterday's paper. The birds were in full song, the trees in full leaf, and all creation full of joyous sights and sounds, and I had nothing else to do but to revel in their delights. Every hour brought me renewed health and vigour, and an increased capacity for enjoyment. I took long walks at early morning upon the hills; I made far excursions to distant points of interest; I strolled down to the sea, and listened for hours to the 'surges sadly sounding on the solitary shore;' and I lounged in the garden in the tender twilight, and under the dreamy gleam of the broad full moon, and was for a time wonderfully contented with my temporary lot.

True, I had remarked some singular peculiarities in the temperament and in the habits of my landlady, but as yet they had caused me no annoyance; while, on the contrary, as spontaneous illustrations of character, they had amused a passing moment now and then. Thus, on one or two occasions, when we had taken meals together, she had manifested an unusual alarm on the score of crumbs—a kind of horror at the idea of their falling on the carpet, which she assured me, they would ruin effectually if they got into the fibre, and were not extracted before they grew stale and hard as a stone. Once I had thrown her into a fit of the fidgets by inadvertently cooling my coffee in the saucer; and again had seriously wounded her feelings by placing a foot on the fender, which had resulted in a visible, though almost microscopic scratch on its shining brass rail. These things, and others like them, as I said, only amused me for a moment, and I thought nothing of them. The exquisite cleanliness that prevailed in every part of the premises, both without doors and within, was a constant source of pleasure and comfort; and for this, toleration for such trifling peculiarities as I have just mentioned was a small price to pay. I confess I should have felt more at ease had my landlady's organ of Order been less strongly developed—had she not watched for every opportunity when my back was turned, to enter my sitting-room and put everything to rights; so that when I returned from even the briefest absence, I found the chamber in apple-pie order—the books shut up, and ranged formally on the shelf—the chairs stuck back against the walls—my writing-desk closed, and removed to its allotted place on the sideboard—the piano down, and the music put away—the newspapers doubled up, and the blinds let down—and all reduced to a state of propriety, which did not harmonise with my notions of home and comfort. Still, this was a failing, if failing it was, that leaned to virtue's side, and I did not find fault with it.

I had spent nearly a week at E—, and had got quit of the worst of my symptoms, when, on awaking in the morning, I heard the rain pattering down in a brisk summer shower. The rain continued all the forenoon until near twelve o'clock, when the clouds blew off, and a clear sun shone out. The garden smelt like a bouquet after the shower; and when it had dried a little in the sun, I walked out to enjoy the odour of the flowers. I had taken but a turn or two up and down the gravel-walk, when Seleuca appeared at

the little gate which led from the courtyard, and with a sort of whispered shriek, accompanied by some frantic gesticulations, besought my attention. Seleuca was a Welsh girl, with a face as round as the crown of a hat, and remarkably expressive of alarm, and the desperate sentiments in general. I had noticed before that she stood in mortal awe of her mistress, and this I had laid to the account of her own inexperience and want of breeding. She spoke English indifferently; but what she wanted in volubility, she more than made up by the significant pantomime with which she supplied her deficiencies of speech. On this occasion, she was in a state of violent agitation—but afraid of being overheard by Mrs Griddall, who had gone up to dress, dared give utterance to nothing louder than a hoarse whisper.

'O sir,' she half croaked, 'O mister sir—come again, come again. Indeed to goodness you must come again naow this minnit. O my gracious, won't I catch 'em if missis do know what I let she in a garden! O indeed to goodness, pray naow come again!' She seconded these entreaties by the wildest gesticulations; and it was in compliance with these, rather than her language, that, perceiving that I was offending in some way, I hastened to retreat. As I passed her at the gate, she looked earthquakes at my boots, soiled with the damp gravel, and before she would let me proceed, removed every particle from their surface with the inner side of her apron—talking in an agitated way all the while. 'Indeed to goodness,' she soliloquised, but with an evident view to my enlightenment, 'her have done 'em naow—te fat is in te fire tiss wons—look 'em pig oles in a graffle her poots do tig—my gracious, won't I catch 'em when a missis mak come!' Releasing my foot from her grasp, I returned to my sitting-room, and took post at the window. Thence, a minute later, I saw Seleuca, armed with a broad shovel, proceed gingerly up the walk where I had been trespassing, and commence patting down the moist gravel, obliterating my footsteps and her own, as she retreated crouching and crab-fashion towards the gate. Her round face was radiant with triumph as she concluded the operation without being discovered, and dived again into the kitchen.

I began now to see that, for poor Seleuca at least, there was a skeleton in this house also, and that Heartsease Cottage was a misnomer. After dinner, I wandered out, and strolled down to the sea-shore, and watched the beautiful sunset, and the stars coming out one by one in the deep blue depth of heaven, and did not return home till late. There was no cloud on the Griddall brow that night—she had not discovered my trespass, or the neglect of Seleuca, whose duty it was to have locked the garden-gate when the rain came—and we passed an hour in agreeable chat ere retiring to rest.

The next morning, the clouds had returned, with an outlet of blue sky visible here and there; scuds of freshening rain fell at intervals; and heavy masses, luminous with sunlight, rolled along the horizon like chariots of gold and flame in a majestic procession. After breakfast, I prepared to walk, putting on a light overcoat and a pair of stout boots. These demonstrations alarmed my landlady, who would have negatived such a proceeding *in toto*. She assured me that a dreadful storm was brewing; that, in my state of health, it was madness to venture out with the certainty of being wet through; that in such weather, the mud of the district was indescribable—I should be covered with it from head to foot; and so on.

I made light of her fears, while I thanked her politely for the anxiety she was pleased to shew for my health; but I assured her that I delighted in facing such weather, and that I knew it was healthful, and not hurtful, to my nervous system. I saw the shadows deepening on her face as my determination became

apparent; and in order to avoid a crisis, I put an end to the discussion by abruptly wishing her good-morning, and stating that I should not dine at home that day, left the house.

I passed a glorious day in traversing the undulating downs, pastured by innumerable sheep, where the short sward lay close as a carpet to the thin soil, and the tender harebells bowed their delicate cups to the full breeze. I carried a famous appetite by a nine miles' march to a bustling market-town, and did capital justice to it at the ordinary at the Prince of Orange, where, it being market-day, above fifty farmers and graziers sat down to a substantial husbandman's dinner. Returning in the evening, I had to button up against a succession of short summer showers, blown up from the sea, and arrived about dusk in a glow of healthful feeling, but dripping with moisture, at the cottage. I had forgotten entirely the circumstances under which I had left home in the morning: not so Mrs Griddall. She had been brooding over them the whole day, and had nursed her resentment up to an inflammable pitch, which wanted but a spark to set it in a blaze. She was on the watch for me, and herself answered my summons to the door. In a state of unrestrained trepidation she began:

'Have you used the scraper, sir?'

I assured her that I had.

'Nay, sir; look at your footmarks on the pavement. Pray go back to the gate, sir, and use the scraper.'

I yielded to her request, and renewed my scraping.

'Pray, sir, don't come further than the mat in those boots. Seleuca! Seleuca! bring the gentleman's slippers; and, do you hear? the boot-jack—the boot-jack, Seleuca!'

Seleuca, whose face was red and swollen with crying, brought the slippers first, and then ran away for the boot-jack.

'Was ever such a dolt as that brainless Welsh idiot?' said the landlady. 'Didn't I say the boot-jack, blockhead?'

The boot-jack made its appearance, and I was proceeding to my room in my slippers, when—

'Good gracious, sir!' exploded Mrs Griddall—'you are wet, sir—as wet, positively, as—as—as a policeman. You surely wouldn't enter a parlour in that condition!'

Feeling that I had had enough of this, I threw Seleuca my overcoat, and without saying a word, retreated to my quarters. In a few minutes, I rang the bell for supper, and Seleuca appeared with the tray. The poor girl looked truly miserable. I spoke to her kindly, and she burst into tears, flung herself on a seat, and sobbed bitterly. From her incoherent expressions, I gathered that the day I had passed so delightfully had been to her one of unmitigated cruelty, from the temper of her mistress, which, it seems, I had provoked by going out in the wet. She wished she was dead with a fervour which I never before heard expressed even for the greatest blessing in life, and refused to be comforted. 'Sure I would go home to Llanelly, but my fader is dead, poor man, and another man got his house now; and again she sobbed aloud. But her mistress's bell rung—there was a tyrannous magic in its tinkle—and gathering herself up with a groan, she left the room.

The events of this evening threw all the light that I required upon the character of my landlady. The unhappy woman had but one idea; and that was cleanliness—a very excellent idea in itself, and a very notable virtue; yet a virtue of which, like most other good things, one may have too much. Having come to this conclusion, I naturally looked for corroborating evidence, and my eyes once open, saw nothing else within the four walls of the house. Mrs Griddall was, in fact, a dusting, rubbing, scouring, scrubbing, sweeping, brushing, polishing monomaniac. Her neat cottage, which was her own property, was a temple

dedicated exclusively to these several performances, with variations of an analogous kind. Whichever way I looked, there were the proofs. Whatever she owned, she owned to cleanse, to purify, and to maintain intact from dust or soil—not to use. Everything belonging to her was excruciatingly clean. The boards of the staircase, and of the flooring where it was visible, were whiter than a trencher; the carpets were overlaid with white Holland, and the white Holland again in pathways of brown ditto, leading to the windows and fireplaces; the hearth-rugs were shielded from the foot by dressed sheep-skins; the chair-covers that covered the chairs were covered, in their turn, with little squares of worked woollen-stuffs; and so on through the whole of the domestic arrangements. Seleuca, who had learned to look on me in the light of a friend, let drop some further revelations, which I was far from seeking. From these I gathered the curious fact, that the drawing-room up stairs and the best bedroom served no other earthly purpose, from one year to another, than periodically to augment the exercises of washing, scrubbing, dusting, and polishing. They were always locked up, but were entered daily by the mistress, and twice a week by the maid for these sole purposes. I reckoned that the time consumed in keeping these two rooms in a spotless condition was about a thousand hours per annum; and I knew that for five years at least—the term of Seleuca's servitude—no manner of use had been made of them. But this wasn't all. Before I had come there to lodge, the whole house, with the exception of a couple of garrets, had been tabooed on the same principle—the mistress sharing the kitchen with the maid, to save litter and the derangement of the furniture elsewhere.

I am afraid that the effect of the discovery I had made upon myself was not precisely what it should have been. I am not aware that I determinedly set myself in opposition to the monomania of my landlady—it certainly was not my interest to do so; yet, upon reflection, I suspect that my disapproval of the dominant passion of her life must have become plain to her in some way or other. Whether I was guilty in this particular or not, I certainly was in another. It happened that one day, when Seleuca was stoning the steps for the fourth time since morning, I bounced in suddenly from a sharp shower and shut myself up in my room, much as I would have done at home—having failed to operate upon the scraper, and given but an instinctive, negligent rub upon the mat.

Alas for me! My landlady had witnessed the transgression this time, and was down at once upon the scene of my atrocity. I heard her in the passage railing at poor Seleuca, and talking at me in terms the reverse of flattering. There was a metallic clatter mingled with her sharp voice, and it was clear she was doing something as well as talking. At length, bearing a dust-pan in one hand, and a short brush in the other, she pushed open my door, and came to confound me with the spectacle of the 'masses of mud,' as she was pleased to term them, which she had swept up after me. It was in vain for me to plead forgetfulness, and tender an apology. The fountains of her wrath were broken loose, and I had to submit to a torrent of indignation and of most unladylike language on the score of my 'want of cleanliness and common decency.' She accused me of wishing to make her house a hogsty, and even descended to make use of the term 'bristles' in a phrase susceptible of a personal application. To cut my story short—we quarrelled, and parted on the spot, ere half of my month had expired—she rather vociferously congratulating herself on a happy deliverance from—a something which it is not modesty that forbids me to record—and I silently and secretly imagining that the deliverance might be on the other side of her street-door.

Poor Seleuca threw me a rueful glance in return for

the usual gratuity I gave her at parting, but sent me 'a thousand blessings' by the butcher's Bob, whom I despatched for my luggage, and who delivered them with the comment that 'Slowker was a pipin' of her eye when he brought away my traps.' Poor Seleuca! May the destinies touch the heart of thy she-dragon, and teach her compassion for thy friendlessness!

Since then, I have learned a new reading of the proverb which says, 'there is moderation in all things.' I hope and trust I love cleanliness, which is said to be next to godliness. But godliness comes first, and the Mrs Griddalls of the world must not be allowed to thrust it aside for all their rubbing and scrubbing. Let them hear from me, that when they make their virtues tyrannical, they are but indulging in a selfish vice under a plausible mask.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

THE PROVINCES.

In the United States, the British American possessions are always spoken of as the *Provinces*: and as such do not appear to engage serious attention. They are not much referred to in the public prints, and, possibly from being dependencies of a European monarchy, they are to a certain extent pitied and looked down upon. Separated by political interest and traditions, there may be said to be, at all events, little cordiality of feeling between the *states* and the *provinces*. Though territorially side by side, they make not nor meddle with each other. There is even little social intercourse between them—a deficiency, however, which is in the course of being amended by the recent railway junctions, as well as by that great act of national good sense, the commercial reciprocity treaty. When people see each other, and deal with each other, they cannot long remain in ignorance of their mutual merits, or entertain unfriendly feelings.

If hitherto rather a little despised—or to use a less harsh phrase, *ignored*—by the Americans, the British colonists have not been slack in repaying the compliment. When contemned as being subjects of a distant regal authority, the colonists have boasted that the liberty they enjoy is not a mere theory, but an absolute fact—that nowhere in the provinces does colour of skin infer civil disability, or public opinion (so called), at a moment's notice, usurp the function of law. In short, the colonists, reposing under the shadow of British authority, are noway envious of the highly boasted institutions of their republican neighbours; and so far as I was able to judge, they actually seemed to be more loyal, and more English than the English themselves. Yet, reflecting on some casual conversations with men of note in the provinces, an impression has stolen over my mind that the condition of the colonists is not exactly what they like or will long endure.

It is quite true that, at this moment, no country in the world enjoys such substantial blessings as British North America. In glancing at Canada, with its extensive and rich lands, its prosperous agriculturists, its busy and wealthy cities, its growing traffic, its progress in educational and religious institutions, its mild yet effective government, its freedom from fiscal taxation—in seeing and hearing of all this, one is led to ask: 'If happiness be not found here, where, on earth, are we to look for it?' Satisfied, however, as they are with their general circumstances, the inhabitants of the provinces begin, it seems, to have an unpleasant

consciousness that they occupy no clearly defined political status. There, in a word, is their grievance. Justly proud of their connection with Great Britain, there is an awkwardness, as they think, in the growth of a people apart from the nation to which they belong. Not territorially, though warmly attached to England, they cannot call themselves Americans. What, then, are they? Colonists. But that is almost equivalent to saying that they are nobody—a people subordinate, without name, flag, or other national distinction.

In a speech delivered some time ago by the Hon. Joseph Howe in the Representative branch of the Assembly of Nova Scotia, and now published in London, will be found a pretty full explanation of what the colonists are at present vexing themselves about. Commencing with an array of statistics, Mr Howe points out the growing strength of the British American provinces. Altogether, they now number a population of rather more than 2,500,000; and think, in referring to Scotland, 'what have two millions and a half of people done!' Many of the lesser but independent states of Europe are not so populous, nor half so wealthy. Then, as for the states in South America, such as Venezuela, Bolivia, and so forth, they have the honour of being independent; yet, as regards political knowledge, and the elements of self-support, are 'beneath contempt.' As for the capabilities of the British American provinces, look at the amount of their exports. By a late calculation, it reached £8,545,562; and 'adding another million for the value of the ships annually built and sold, we may take the whole at £9,545,562.' Why, the United States in 1791, sixteen years after they had declared their independence, exported only about one-half of this. At present, the annual revenues of the provinces, under tariffs remarkably low, amount to £1,478,544—a sum £300,000 above that of the thirteen United States in 1776, when they braved the whole force of England. We hear much of the rapid increase of population in the States; but it is matched by what takes place in the provinces. 'The inhabitants of Canada have increased sixty-eight per cent. in ten years; New Brunswick has advanced in about the same ratio; while Nova Scotia has tripled in fifty years.' By the end of the century, then, British America 'will probably contain at least ten millions of people.'

Such are the kind of facts with which Mr Howe builds up his theory. The provinces are, in a word, becoming too powerful to be treated much longer with indifference. But what is it that this eloquent and popular tribune would be at? Some means must be devised by which the voice of the British American people may be heard and respected in the general business of the world. As matters are now regulated, the colonists are of no account whatever. The mother-country can do as she likes with them; and, whether in declaring war, making peace, or signing any important treaty in which they are specially concerned, they must follow submissively at the tail of England. Reckoning themselves quite as good as their neighbours in the States, they feel the comparative difference of position when officially visiting Great Britain. An American, as a citizen of an independent nation, meets with respect and attention. He has an ambassador, to whom he looks for encouragement, and who assists, and, if need be, brings him into notice. He possibly introduces him to the diplomatic circle, and gets him ensconced in favourable places on the occasion of a public spectacle. In fact, no one is pushed

more prominently forward than an American; and if he manages properly, he may make himself a very important personage. On the other hand, who ever heard of any notice being taken of a colonist? Let him be of the highest distinction in the provinces, he drops unknown into English life. There is no ambassador to befriend him; and in all emergencies he is left to shift for himself, as if he were an obscure native subject. According to usage, a colonist is 'fit for nothing in connection with the public service. Neither the army nor the civil departments of the state are practically open to colonists; and excepting that a few cadetships in the navy are now put at their disposal, they have scarcely any chance of promotion, or gaining distinction from the hands of the general government. In the Colonial Office, where forty distant provinces are managed, there is not one colonist: as if personal knowledge of the affairs of a colony formed an absolute disqualification for office. 'I do not,' observes Mr Howe, 'envy our neighbours in the United States their country, their climate, or their institutions. But what I do envy them is, the boundless field of honourable emulation and rivalry in which the poorest man in the smallest state may win, not mere colonial rank and position, but the highest national honours. Here lies the marked distinction between Republican and British America. The sons of the rebels are men full grown, the sons of the loyalists are not. I do not mean that, physically or mentally, there is any difference; I speak of the standards and stamps by which the former are made to pass current in the world, while the latter have the ring of metal as valuable and as true.' Mr Howe goes on to observe: 'Some years ago, I had the honour to dine with the late John Quincy Adams at Washington. Around his hospitable board were assembled fifteen or eighteen gentlemen of the highest distinction in the political circles of that capital. There were, perhaps, two or three, who, like Mr Adams himself, had been trained from early youth in diplomacy, in literature, and in the highest walks of social and public life. These men were superior to any that we have in the colonies—not because their natural endowments were greater, but because their advantages had been out of all proportion to ours. But the rest were just such men as we see every day. Their equals are to be found in the legislatures and public departments of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—men superior to most of them I have seen every session for twenty years. Their equals are here now. But how different are the fields of emulation—how disproportioned the incitements to excellence—the distinctions—the rewards! Almost every man who sat round me on that night either then enjoyed, or has since won, some national distinction. They were or are now senators in the national council, foreign ambassadors, governors, secretaries of state, commanders of squadrons, or leaders of armies. My heart rose when I compared these men with those I had left at home—their equals in mind and manners. But it sunk, ay, and it sinks now, when turning to the poor rewards which British America offers to those who run with these men the race of emulation. What national distinction ever lights upon British America? Has she ever supplied a governor to the Queen's widely extended dominions, a secretary or an under-secretary of state? Have we ever had a man to represent us in either House of Parliament, or in any imperial department? How long is this state of pupillage to last? Not long. If British statesmen do not take this matter in hand, we soon shall. I yield to no man in respect for the flag of my fathers, but I will live under no flag with a brand of inferiority to the other British races stamped upon my brow.'

How is the grievance to be redressed? There lies the difficulty. Annexation to the United States is

hinted at, but only to be set aside; not alone from the impossibility of uniting with slave-holding institutions, but from a dislike to the possible contingency of a future hostility with England. A federation of the provinces as an independent nation is next talked of. But to that there are likewise serious objections; and, at all events, before any such project could be matured, the several provinces would require to be united by railways. Dismissing this as impracticable in present circumstances, Mr. Howe comes to what he thinks is 'a solution of all the difficulties'—namely, a union of the provinces with Great Britain. The notion of colonies is to be dropped. Representatives from each province are to be sent to the House of Commons—an arrangement by which, as is thought, the empire at large will be vastly consolidated and strengthened. The condition of California is mentioned as an example of the benefit which the provinces would derive from political amalgamation with the 'mother-country.' California is essentially a colony of the United States, 'and under our system would have been so treated for a century.' As soon, however, as a sufficient community was formed, California became an integral state of the Union, with its own independent government and representatives in Congress. 'Australia, not much further off, with richer treasures, with wider space, has no such privilege; and the wit of British statesmen, with the example of republican America before them, seems inadequate to a task which elsewhere is found so easy. This cannot last. England herself has a deep interest in this question, and the sooner that her statesmen begin to ponder the matter gravely, the better it will be for us all.'

We doubt not that Mr. Howe is sincere in his proposal, but can hardly imagine that he has pondered on all the difficulties which beset his argument. The question of giving the colonies some kind of representation in parliament, has been again and again canvassed by politicians, and always rejected as unsuitable. For one thing, representation implies a contribution to the imperial revenue; for it would be absurd to suppose that members for the colonies should have the power of voting to tax the people of the United Kingdom, without the concurrent responsibility of contributing taxes from their own constituencies. Assuming, however, that this was got over, a much more serious objection presents itself. Giving the colonial members every credit for integrity, they would still, almost to a certainty, form a brigade at the service of the ministry of the day. To advance the local interests they desired to press on the attention of the legislature, they would, if there be any virtue in analogy, scruple not to sacrifice the great interests of the Empire; so that, all things considered, the last condition of affairs would probably be worse than the first. Setting aside this fresh difficulty, is there reason to expect that the House of Commons would be improved by a colonial infusion? We think not. Recent events have shaken public confidence in the whole representative system. It would almost seem as if the House of Commons, by its everlasting talking, party squabbles, and inability to get through with its assigned work, had undertaken to prove that the principle of representation is a farce, and that the sooner some other kind of engine of government is devised, the better will it be for all concerned. No, no, Mr. Howe, mere representatives won't do. We are tired of what we have already got, and would be thankful to see them diminished in number instead of being increased. Joseph's plan, in short, will not answer. The provinces must just content themselves, in the meanwhile, with existing arrangements. We have nobody among our statesman-class at present able to devise anything better. In the fulness of time, the question which troubles Mr. Howe will doubtless receive a perfectly natural solution. We only have to express a hope, that when the

provinces are able and willing to act as an independent nation, they will assume their new character with the cordial good-will, and in permanent alliance with Old England.

W. C.

SERBIAN BALLADS.

A PLEASANT life the Serbian ballad-singers lead, wandering through their forests and mountains, greeted by all who meet them with love and reverence, as the preservers of the traditions of the past, the creators of fame for the future. Guided by their boys—for they are almost invariably blind—from village to village, they select some grassy place in the shadow of a tree, or before the church, and sing to an audience, silent from intensity of delight or sorrow, ancient lays on the mysterious Vila, the achievements of Marko, the fatal fight of Kossovo, or some ballad of their own on George the Black, Veliko the Heyduk, and other heroes of their war of liberation. Dr. Bowring has published translations of a few of these compositions; and from his work, as well as from the following literal versions, some idea may be formed of the Homeric force, directness, and objectivity of the originals.

Nor are the Tavorien—as they call these ballads, from Tavor, the old Slavonian war-god—elaborated in the peaceful seclusion affected by western poets. Clan-feuds, especially among the Servians of Montenegro, are of frequent occurrence; and the sightless rhapsodist, with his gray hair and one-stringed *gusla*, will often be found on a rock, or behind a rampart, fearlessly chanting amid a hail of bullets the exploits of the warriors that fight and fall around him, or shouting, as old Philip Sljepaz used to shout: 'Strike in as I would strike if I were not blind!'

This Philip, although a Bosnian by birth, was, or perhaps is, one of the most renowned of the Serbian singers. When the war of liberation broke out, he sent his four sons to fight, and he himself became the Tyrtæus of the insurgents.

'Greatly,' says Gerhardt, 'did his songs contribute to the enthusiasm of the warriors. Once when the Turks were preparing to storm a fort in the Matschva, and the chieftains under Luka Lasarevitch were consulting as to what should be done, Philip stood beside them listening to all they were saying. The officers were almost falling at variance, when Philip approached the commander and said to him: "Sir Luka, permit me also to give my advice as to how the Turks may be vanquished. Do thou collect a hundred unbroken stallions: I will collect a hundred blind men. Then set us upon the horses, give each of us a sabre, and let us storm against the Turks, that they may see what blind heroes can achieve. We will rush among them, and throw them into confusion; and do you that can see follow us up, and destroy them utterly. It is not enough to sing: we would shew for once that we understand what we sing." Luka then smiled, gave him a present, and bade him guard the redoubt; but he said to the others: "Hearken, ye heroes, to what a blind man saith! That must surely be worthy and glorious for which a blind man would sacrifice himself."

The Servians then sallied forth, and drove back the Turks with great slaughter.

The reverence for woman evinced in the following ballad, is one of the noble characteristics of the wild race among whom it originated. Faithful, industrious, domestic, brave, even to sharing in the battles of their country, the women are also (at least in Servia proper) gifted with a power of producing poems of singular grace and delicacy. But to our ballad, which we have

rendered in the unrhymed trochaic metre of the original.

THE FATAL SHOT.

There is war 'tween Ostroviz and Serral;
Yea the swords of both the tribes are shining;
Earth six times hath drunk the blood of heroes.
Many a widow's tears are dried already,
More than one gray mother sheds them still.

On the mountain-height and on the meadow
Serral long hath fought with Ostroviz:
Like two stags which burning lust inflameth,
Both the tribes have seen their heart's blood flowing,
Yet their deadly hate is unappeased.

One renowned ancient chief of Serral
Called his darling daughter, and addressed her:
'Hie thee up to Ostroviz, Jellicha;
Enter then the village, and discover
What our foes are doing, for already
War six months has lasted: I will end it.'

Then Jellicha donned her little bonnet:
Richly was it decked with lace of silver;
Takes her fair embroidered scarlet mantle;
Bindeth on her sandals soft of leather,
And beginneth to ascend the mountain,
As the rays of sunset all were dying.

Round a camp-fire there the boys† were sitting;
Some were burnishing their guns and sabres,
Cartridges the others all were making;
While, upon a sheaf of straw reclining,
Lay a gusla-player chanting ballads.

Hadány, the youngest boy among them,
Now bent down his eyes upon the meadows,
And observing some one drawing near them,
Seeking surely to spy their leader,
Lo! the stripling grasped his lengthy rifle,
Which was splendidly inlaid with silver:
'Comrades, look! the enemy below us,
In the dusk, is creeping up the mountain.
Had this fire not glanced upon his bonnet,
He would have surprised us—but he'll tremble,
If at least my rifle do not fail me.'

Then Hadány aimed his lengthy rifle,
And he drew the trigger—in the mountains
Loud the echoes of the shot resoundeth,
But a shriller tone is intermingled;
And his aged father Byetko crieth:
'Verily that is a woman screaming.
What misfortune, what a great misfortune!
All our tribe will suffer for ever,
For I know that we have slain a woman,
When we should have slain a wealthy warrior,
Armed for fight with yataghan and samir.
Then the gray old hero took a firebrand,
Closelier to examine all the evil.
Then the boys beheld the lovely maiden
Sunken lifeless down upon the herbage—
Blood was on her face so fair and pale.

But Hadány, weeping, wailed in anguish:
'Shame to me, for I have slain a woman—
O my God, she was my own beloved!'

Byetko cast a glance of gloom upon him:
'O Hadány, flee from out the country,
For through thee is all our tribe dishonoured.
What will Serral say, when they have tidings
How, like Heyduks, we are woman-slayers?'

From his very soul Hadány sigheth;
Looks his father's house farewell for ever;
Hangs the lengthy rifle on his shoulder;
Fareth slowly, sadly down the mountain,
Going forth to live in far-off lands.

* Villages in Montenegro.

† The chieftains of Ostroviz.

*'Yovan Vyeski's chanted you this ballad,
He the skillfullest of gusla-players;
If you wish for more about Hadány,
Then give Yovan somewhat for his trouble.'*

I was herding goats upon the mountains;
I was leaning on my long dark rifle;
In the shade, my dog was lying sleeping;
'Neath the grass blades all were crickets chirring,
For the bright sun was high in heaven.

Suddenly I saw a handsome stripling
Striding from the pass across the mountain,
And his garments all were rent and ragged.
Hele and there upon the olden vesture
You might see embroidery yet shining;
And the stripling bore a lengthy rifle,
Which was splendidly inlaid with silver,
And a yataghan within his girdle.

Nigh he drew, and gave me modest greeting;
Saying slowly: 'Thou art God, my brother,
Is not this the field of Ostroviz?'
Scarcely could I restrain my tears from flowing:
'Yea, it is,' I answered, sighing deeply.

Then the stranger: 'Once the town was wealthy,
And its herds were over all the mountain;
And its warriors' twice two hundred muskets
Used to gleam so gaily in the sunshine.
Thee alone to-day can I discover,
Thee and thy poor mangy herd of she-goats.'

And I said: 'Yea, Ostroviz was mighty;
But a miserable shame befell it,
And the shame had issue in misfortune
All the tribe was overpowered by Serral,
Since the young Hadány shot a maiden—
Shot her dead, the beautiful Jellicha.'

'Tell me, brother, tell me how it happened.'

'Down came Serral like a forest-river,
And they slaughtered all our valiant warriors,
And they wasted all our golden harvest,
And they sold our children to the robbers,
And our glory now is gone for ever.'

'And the gray old Byetko—hast thou, brother,
Nothing now to tell me of his fortune?'

'When he saw the ruin of his people,
Then he clambered up the peak before you,
Calling on his son, the young Hadány,
Who had travelled far to foreign countries.
Then a boy of Serral came along here—
May the saints of God for ever curse him!—
Down he shot the old man with his musket;
With his yataghan he hewed his head off.
Even here he spurned away the body:
Down the precipice it rolled, O brother!'

Silently the stranger heard my answer;
Then upon his face he fell, and straightway,
Like a chamois slain upon the mountain,
Down the self-same precipice he rolled,
Even where his father once had fallen.
For he was old Byetko's son, Hadány,
Who had been the cause of our misfortune.

The following ballad, which is referred to by Ranke in his *History of Serbia*, is remarkable for its allusions to the custom of entering into bonds of brotherhood, one of the most singular institutions of the Servian people. 'Persons unite with one another in the name of God and St John'—we quote from Ranke—'for mutual fidelity and aid during their whole lives. A man, it is considered, will make the safest selection for his brother, in choosing one of whom he may at some time have dreamed that he had solicited assistance in some case of need. The allied designate

themselves "brothers in God," "brothers by choice,"
pobratimi!

THE BOUNDEN BROTHERS.

Ivan Liubovitscha born in Trava,
Came upon the hills of Vergorazo:
Cyril Shorr then gave him friendly greeting:
In his house eight days he entertained him.

So when Cyril Shorr arrived at Trava,
He abode in Liubovitscha's cottage;
And for eight white days they drank together
Wine and brandy from the self-same beaker.

And when Cyril now was turning homewards,
By his silken sleeve did Ivan hold him,
Saying: 'Let us go before a *papa*,
That he may declare us bounden brothers.'

Thereupon they went before the *papa*,
And he read them out the holy prayers,
And they took their evening meal together:
Brothers true they swore to be for ever.

Ivan once was sitting by his cottage;
Cross-legged sat he there, and calmly smoking,
When a stripling, faint and dusty-footed,
Stept before his face, and gave him greeting:

'Unto thee, O Ivan Liubovitscha!
Unto thee thy brother Cyril sendeth!
Dwells a Turkish bound anear the mountain,
Whose ill heart is full of hate against him,
And he prays thee now to come in aidance,
And to battle bravely with the Turkmen.'

From the house then Ivan took his musket,
In his bag he put a haunch of mutton;
Shuts the door, and fareth from his homestead,
Draweth nigh the hills of Vergorazo.

Then the musket-balls of both the brethren
Never missed the heart of any foeman,
So that none, though e'er so strong and active,
None would ever dare to stand before them.

And the heroes made a mighty plunder:
Goats they took, and kids, and glorious weapons,
Cloth of wondrous worth, and minted silver,
And besides, a sunny Turkish maiden.

Of the goats and kids, the cloth and weapons,
Half was held by Ivan Liubovitscha,
And the other half was held by Cyril:
Nowise could the heroes share the maiden.

Then they both desired to journey homewards;
For the heroes, burning for the maiden,
Loved her so that now, in all their lifetime,
By her beauty they were first divided.

Then spake Ivan Liubovitscha slowly:
'We to-day have drunken well of brandy;
It may do what neither of us knoweth:
Let us calmly speak of this to-morrow.'
So upon a mat the heroes laid them,
And they slumbered till the radiant morning.

Then the first who wakened up was Cyril,
And he pushed at Ivan to awake him:
'Now, Liubovitsch, thou again art sober—
Wilt thou give me now the Turkish maiden?'

Answer none the Liubovitscha rendered;
But he sat him down, and glittering tear-drops
Broke from both his eyes so dark and tender.

Yea, and Cyril sat him down, now gazing
On his friend, and now upon the maiden,
And at times he glanced upon the dagger—
On the dagger, gleaming in his girdle.

Then the youths who followed him to battle
Murmured to themselves: 'What now will happen?
Will the brothers break the bond of friendship
Which they swear before the holy altar?'

* A clergyman of the Greek Church.

Long the time the heroes sat in silence;
Up at last they sternly stood together:
By the right hand Ivan took the maiden,
By the left did Cyril sadly hold her.

From their eyes the tears came falling ever,
Large as drops that fall in thunder-showers;
And they drew their daggers, and, united,
Drove them deep within the maiden's bosom.

'Sooner shall a Turkish maiden perish,
Than the bonds that join our souls be severed!
Thereupon they struck their hands together:
Brothers true they evermore remained.

'A CONCERT IN SYDNEY.'

Our readers may remember the unfavourable report made by Mr Hauser in the above article, in No. 85, on the state of society in Sydney. This has been flatly contradicted by so many respectable persons, that, having no knowledge of the subject ourselves, we hasten to withdraw from Mr Hauser's statements any support they may be supposed to derive from the character of this Journal. We advise our readers to regard the paper, at the present, as merely an amusing and vivacious sketch, and look to other sources for solid information touching the manners and morals of the capital of New South Wales.

LOBSTER-POND AT HAMBLE, IN THE SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

The pond, or stew, is artificial, about fifty yards square, by ten to twelve feet deep, with shelving sides of brick or stone, and cement, with concrete bottom, having a lock, or weir, at the entrance for the admission or exit of salt-water at the bottom (the Hamble being a fresh-water stream). This pond cost about £1300. The lobsters are fed on fish, and fatten. On my last visit to the establishment, in August 1854, there were 70,000 in fine condition, although the summer had been very hot. All weak lobsters are kept in baskets, and sold first. These lobsters are brought from the coast of Brittany and of Ireland, in sailing welled smacks, about sixty tons, which carry from 7000 to 9000 each. Lobster-carrying is subject to the following contingencies: thunder kills them when in the well, also proximity to the discharge of heavy ordnance. Mr Scovell lost several thousand from the latter, one of his smacks having anchored at night too near the saluting-battery at Plymouth. Calms also destroy the lobsters in the well, but onward or pitching motion in a seaway does not affect them. They keep alive one month in the well without food.—Symonds's *Observations on the Fishes of the West Coast of Ireland*.

SCARCELY CREDIBLE IN ENGLAND!

There is a class of Chinese amateurs who devote themselves exclusively to the collection of antique bronzes and porcelain, which they call *kou-toung*, or 'old vase.' They are esteemed as works of art, but chiefly prized for the mysterious value attached to the things of past ages, though the Chinese workmen are cunning enough to imitate these kou-toung so as to deceive the most practised eye, and many antiquaries exhibit in their cabinets, with the most perfect good faith, pretended ancient porcelain, which is two or three months old at the utmost. The makers of the sham kou-toung generally use a kind of reddish earth. After the first baking of the vessels, they are thrown into a kind of greasy broth, where they undergo a second cooking, and after this they are buried in a sewer, where they lie for forty or fifty days, and are then dug up again. In this manner is prepared most of the 'fine old china of the dynasty of Yuen.'—Hue's *Chinese Empire*.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF A BOROUGH.

As there can be no place, however insignificant, where men have congregated, and acted their various parts in the drama of life, without its history; so there can be no history, however trivial, without its moral. We need not, then, apologise for occupying the reader's attention with so poor a place as Our Borough. More assuredly, though it be, it has been consecrated by footsteps, and immortalised by the pencil of genius. A great pictorial moralist, satirist, and, we may say, historian of his era—he who held the mirror up to nature, shewing vice her own features, scorn her change, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure—did not disdain to draw its main and only street; and as it was then, so it is now at the present day. One hundred and twenty-three years ago on a fine May morning, Will Hogarth, Thornhill his brother-in-law, Scott the landscape-painter, and two other friends and boon-companions, started from the Bedford Arms Tavern, in Covent Garden, 'to the tune of *Why should we quarrel for riches?*' The first land they made was Billingsgate, where they 'dropped anchor at the Darkhouse;' from whence, after Hogarth had made a caricature of the Duke of Puddledock, they embarked for Gravesend. Now, in the boat, with straw for a bed and a tilt for a covering, they ate hung-sheep, drank Hollands, smoked tobacco, and sung St John—how they landed at Gravesend, got their wigs powdered, and went to Rochester, where Hogarth and Scott chalked out a hop-scotch, and played that juvenile game under the very columns of the town-hall, to the utter dismay and disgust of the parish-badle—how they visited Sheerness, where Hogarth was laughed at 'for sitting down to cut his toes in the garrison'—we have nothing whatever to do with. Besides, is it not all related and portrayed in the facetious journal they brought back to amuse the members of their club?—which was subsequently published, and to which we refer those of our readers who are not too refined to enjoy a laugh at the coarse frolics of our ancestors. But when they left Sheerness, as they journeyed to Queenborough, the subject-borough of this paper, we are bound to follow them there, and describe it in the words of Forrest, the historiographer of the merry expedition. 'The town is but one street, and answers the description I have heard of a Spanish town—namely, there is no sign of any trade, nor were many human creatures to be seen at our first arrival.' They found, 'to their sorrow,' that though Queenborough was a market-town, yet they could not procure 'one piece of fresh meat of any sort, nor poultry, or fish.' They, however, 'got a wooden chair,

and placed Hogarth in it, in the street, where he made a drawing, and gathered a great many men, women, and children, to see his performance.' They visited the church, and found nothing there worthy of notice. But they had a conference with the grave-digger, who informed them that the mayor was a custom-house officer, and the parson a sad dog. Hogarth's party would have had another laugh if they had known that the mayor, who not engaged in official duties, followed his humble occupation of a thatcher; and if they had known that the incumbent's stipend was only £52 per annum, with a right of grazing worth about £7 more, they might have said that the Queenborough people could not expect a very merry dog for so little money.

John Taylor, the water-poet—who made a *Penniless Pilgrimage* into Scotland in 1639, and rode a-hunting in the Highlands when Englishmen knew as little of them as of Timbuctoo—also visited Queenborough, in a very extraordinary manner. Having constructed a boat of brown paper and bladders, Taylor, in company with a congenial soul, a jolly vintner named Roger Bird, sailed from London on a Saturday, and, after many adventures and dangers, found themselves, to their great joy, at daylight on the following Monday morning, close to Queenborough, where they gladly landed, and Taylor thus describes their reception in his *Praise of Hemp-seeds*.

The mayor of Queenborough, in love, affords
To entertain us, as we had been lords.
It is a yearly feast, kept by the mayor,
And thousand people thither do repair,
From towns and villages that's near about,
And 'twas our luck to come in all this rout.
If the street, bread, beer, and oysters is their meat,
Which freely, friendly, shot-free, all do eat.
But Hodge and I were men of rank and note,
We to the mayor gave our adventurous boat,
The which to glorify that town of Kent)
He meant to hang up for a monument.
He to his house invited us to dine,
Where he had cheer on cheer, and wine on wine,
And drink and fill, and drink, and drink, and fill
With welcome upon welcome, welcome still.

Taylor does not tell us the trade or calling of this hospitable mayor; but as we have seen that, in Hogarth's time, the mayor was a thatcher, and as there is a monument in the church-yard to a mayor-mariner, we may conclude that he did not hold a very high social position. Even in this present century, a mayor who died in 1829, was not above performing the offices of both judge and executioner, as his predecessors in the mayoralty had done before him. The general punishment for petty offences in Queenborough was a flogging;

and the mayors, after passing sentence *ex officio*, would descend from the judgment-seat, and with their own hands apply the lash. Men-of-war's-men from the dockyard of Sheerness used to be very fond of larking-excursions in the neighbouring villages, but they carefully avoided Queenborough. The summary jurisdiction, the nervous arm, and formidable cart-whip of the mayor, were worse than the court-martial, the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the boatswain's mate.

Leng, indeed, before either Hogarth or Taylor visited Queenborough, its mayor had been described in rather contemptuous language. In the *Academy of Compliments*, published in 1614, we find the following uncomplimentary mention of that functionary, among a long collection of doggerel truisms:

Pease-pottage is a Lenten dish;
Pudding is neither flesh nor fish;
Some cheese will choke a daw;
The mayor of Queenborough is a clown;
The lawyer wears a dagged gown;
Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

Queenborough is situated in a nook of the fertile county of Kent, about three miles from Sheerness, where the island of Sheppey is divided from the mainland by the creek or channel termed the Swale. Its original name was Middleton; but, somehow or other—for, as Napoleon said of Gibraltar, 'it opens nothing, shuts nothing, leads to nothing'—Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III., happening to land there, that monarch, in honour of the event, gave it the name of Queenborough. Considering it an advantageous place for commerce, Edward gave the town a charter, constituting it a free and perpetual borough. The twenty-six houses then in the place were endowed with rich pasture-lands, and the valuable oyster-fishery of the Swale was given to the burgesses for ever. The powers granted to the mayor by this charter could be explained only by a legal antiquary: suffice it to say, they were about equal to those enjoyed by MacCallum More in his castle of Inverary.

The English Justinian—as the third Edward has been termed—thought, by granting these privileges, to make Queenborough a great commercial port; but he was mistaken. As soon as they acquired these boons, the mayor and burgesses sat down to enjoy them, and then commenced a petty squabbling as to who should individually reap the greatest benefit from them. At the same time, they carefully excluded *foreigners*—as they denominated persons born out of the liberties—from any share. Though from Edward, or at a subsequent period, Queenborough obtained the privilege of sending two members to parliament, the town did not improve. The petty squabbling continued till a few years ago, when the last oyster was dredged up out of the Swale, and the borough was £17,000 in debt, with a poor-rate of 9s. in the pound.

Some of the old court-books of the borough are before us, and cause us to wonder as to the food eaten by the inhabitants in the older time. Did they literally, as well as metaphorically speaking, live upon oysters alone?—for we find no crime so frequently punished as that of being 'a common butcher,' or 'a common baker of human bread.' Scolds, too, and *foreigners*, met with no mercy. One John Clarke was apprehended 'for being a Scotchman, as is supposed,' and on this mere suspicion, 'it is commanded that he be kept in safe custody.' But the mass of these records are an endless course of litigation concerning the rights of pasturage; particularly something entitled 'surplus pasturage,' which, as none of the privileged seem to know what it really meant, we may surely be excused from attempting to explain. Yet these were the prosperous days of Queenborough: we must now come to its decline and fall.

Under the date of 1799, about forty years before the

borough, after long litigation in the higher courts, fell into a hopeless state of insolvency, there appears in the parish-books, by order of the corporation, the following characteristic and ominous entry, which, as the herald, and partially the cause, in all probability, of the coming misfortunes, fully deserves a line to itself:

'No schooling to be paid.'

Forty shillings, only, was the yearly pittance doled to the schoolmaster; yet poor Queenborough, with its rich pasturage and fishery, decreed 'no schooling to be paid.' We should mention here, also, that the borough derived considerable emolument from its privilege of returning two members to parliament. Hasted, the historian of Kent, writing in the last century, says: 'Queenborough consists of one principal wide street, containing about 150 houses. The principal source of wealth to it is the election for members of parliament, which secures to some of the chief inhabitants many lucrative places in the Ordnance and other branches of government.' In fact, it may be said that for many years the Board of Ordnance nominated the members for the borough. Whatever the original constitution of the borough may have been, the entire control of the property and expenditure of the corporation ultimately fell into the hands of seven persons—the mayor, four jurats, and two bailiffs, who elected each other as they thought proper. The mayor was elected by these persons writing the name of their choice on a piece of paper, which was folded up and given into the hands of the town-clerk, whose office had become almost hereditary. The town-clerk then went home, and opening the papers, announced the result of the election by sending the serjeant-at-mace with a goose to the house of the person who had the majority of votes! We are quoting from parliamentary blue-books,* and, consequently, trust our readers will not think we are presuming to jest with them. The mayors were generally re-elected for considerable periods. One held office as long as twenty years; and as he was *ex officio* returning-officer for the borough, this practice was decidedly illegal. The burgesses had no voice in the management of the corporation affairs; and, being almost all employed in the oyster-fishery, termed themselves free-dredgers—though, in fact, they were little better than the serfs of the select seven, who formed the governing body.

The principal advantage of the oyster-fishery consisted in the possession of the Swale as a rearing and feeding ground for these popular shell-fish. Every spring, a quantity of the spat, or young brood, was purchased by the corporation, and deposited in the Swale, where, in the course of a few years, they grew to be marketable oysters of a peculiarly excellent flavour. A seasonal course of beds, of different aged spat, were thus kept up, and a regular spring supply of spat was absolutely necessary to carry out the system. The free-dredgers were employed in depositing the spat and dredging up the oysters. The corporation sold the oysters, and allowed the dredgers a participation in the profits, in the shape of wages, varying in amount according to the prices obtainable at market, the favourable or adverse state of the weather, and the many other casualties ever attendant on a somewhat precarious speculation. The machinery of an irresponsible municipal corporation is little adapted to carry on a purely commercial undertaking. As no fund, even in the most prosperous seasons, was ever reserved for contingencies, and the yearly feast described by Taylor, and the seven annual dinners given by the mayor to the corporation magnates, were attended with considerable expense, it may readily be supposed that in some springs there was not sufficient

* Reports from Commissioners on Municipal Corporations in England and Wales. 1835.—Report of the Commissioner on the Affairs of the Corporation of Queenborough. 1843.

money in hand to stock the beds. Money, then, had to be borrowed, on the security of the ensuing winter's fishing. This was a system very easy to begin, but very difficult to leave off; and so the corporation found it. From occasionally borrowing small sums at first, they at length were compelled, about 1815, to borrow from five to ten thousand pounds every spring, for the purpose of replenishing the oyster-beds; and from the legal expenses in preparing the bonds, and other causes, they seldom paid less than ten per cent. for the use of the money.

The free-dredgers, having a very high idea of their rights and privileges, never condescended to perform any other kind of labour; and, as their families increased in number, while the oysters decreased, the yearly interest payable for stocking the beds became a very heavy tax upon their earnings. In short, they fell into poverty; and as poverty begets discontent, they became rebellious to the select seven. The mayor, too, at this period, an active and energetic man, having great faith in the efficacy of the cart-whip and loaded pistols, inflamed rather than allayed the increasing discontent. Two parties were formed in the borough—the party of the governing body, and that of the free-dredgers. The only two public-houses in the place were the head-quarters of each. No dredger would enter or taste the beer of the corporation-house; while no corporation-man would enter or taste the beer of the dredgers-house. Though it was absolutely necessary, for the success of the fishery, that certain rules and by-laws should be observed, the dredgers resisted the regulations of the governing body, committing acts for the mere purposes of annoyance; while the select seven treated the dredgers in a most oppressive manner. When the dredgers locked up the select seven for a whole day in the town-hall—when a dredger challenged the mayor to a bout at fisticuffs—the governing body, instead of preferring indictments at the quarter-sessions, moved for criminal informations at the court of King's Bench, merely to distress and intimidate their opponents. The little money the dredgers had saved was soon expended in law-expenses; and then the governing body, after expending some thousands of pounds of the corporation-money in law-costs, made still more stringent by-laws, which debarred the most obnoxious of the dredgers from any employment at the fishery. After a seven years' continuous course of law-proceedings between the dredgers and the governing body, it may easily be supposed that the lawyers had prospered much better than the oyster-beds.

Such was the condition of affairs, and a severe winter had reduced the oppressed and contumacious dredgers to the most abject poverty, when they suddenly found a benevolent, yet not altogether disinterested friend. This gentleman established a soup-kitchen for their relief, supplied the women with petticoats and blankets, and the men with Guernsey-shirts. Beer once more was drawn and drank at the dredgers' pot-house; tobacco, latterly an unattainable luxury, was chewed and smoked; and, more mysterious still, smack-loads of dredgers were spirited away to London, where they were feasted with rare viands and rich wines, and introduced to men learned in the law, to whom they related their rights and their wrongs. Something evidently was in the wind; but the select seven rested in fancied security, little aware of the storm that was brewing. At last, a free-dredger brought an action at law against the governing body, to try their right of making the obnoxious by-laws. The dredger who brought this action, though previously in poverty, engaged, at three-hundred-guinea-briefs, the serjeants most skilled in municipal law; and the Great Fishery Case, as the Kentish people termed it, came on at Maidstone assizes. More than a hundred dredgers appeared as witnesses on their side; but, being interested parties, their evidence

could not be received. The governing body, however, disfranchised their officers, so that they could give evidence, recompensing the disfranchised with a pension of a shilling a day for life, and enfranchising them again immediately after the trial. This was most certainly a twofold act of injustice, as it tended to corrupt the witnesses, and was an undue application of the corporation funds. When the mayor was not above taking a pension of a shilling a day for life; and so often was he disfranchised and enfranchised, in a short period, for the purpose of giving evidence, that he was five times elected to the mayoralty in one year! The select body did not gain much by the disfranchising move, the counsel on both sides depending more on old charters and other documents, than *visd voce* evidence. The trial lasted three days; then the jury were locked up; and on the fourth gave their verdict, declaring the title of the corporation to the fishery to be affirmed, but their by-laws to be unreasonable.

The free-dredgers, accepting thus as a verdict in their favour, returned in triumph to Queenborough. The next day, with colours flying, and amidst the firing of guns and an unlimited consumption of beer, they manned their boats, proceeded to the fishing-ground, caught some oysters, and eating them on the spot, thus, as they considered, took possession of and proved their lawful rights. Where the money came from to carry on this expensive trial on the dredgers' side, and to supply so many barrels of beer and pounds of tobacco, was a mystery soon to be solved. The money spent by the corporation on the action, of course came out of the fast-diminishing oyster-beds.

Shortly after the trial, a dissolution of parliament took place, and who was so fit to represent the free-dredgers as the benevolent gentleman who had so nobly befriended them! Accordingly, a deputation waited on him; was favourably received; and, for the first time during many years, the Ordnance interest in the borough met with opposition. The governing body were astounded; the number of voters were about 300, while the free-dredgers numbered 155; besides, many of the burgesses, who would have voted in the Ordnance interest, were snugly installed in its employment, and, consequently, being servants of the government, were ineligible as voters.

The select seven, however, were not inactive. Burgesses were made and unmade, and recourse was had to every electioneering trick that could be put in practice. At last the day of election came. The nominees of the Ordnance Board were proposed and seconded by the mayor and corporation; the benevolent gentleman by two free-dredgers, who also were dissenting preachers. The voters came to the poll but slowly. To the dismay of the benevolent gentleman and his agent, the free-dredgers were nowhere to be seen: they had rolled off some of the barrels of beer gratuitously supplied on such occasions, and having taken possession of an empty store-house, were deliberating, with closed doors, as to which of the candidates they should vote for. Here was gratitude; but, as one of the deliberators told us, 'every man has a right to do the best for himself.' The agent of the Ordnance interest first discovered where the dredgers had retired. He went, knocked at the door, was admitted, and offered certain reasons for their voting on his side; their reply was: 'We are no scholars, sir.' The agent of the benevolent gentleman next discovered where they were, and he also advanced sundry reasons; which, being considered valid, the dredgers marched up to the poll in a body, and the Ordnance interest received its first blow in Queenborough. We have asked the old free-dredger above referred to, wherein consisted the superiority between the reasons of the Ordnance agent and those of the agent of his benevolent friend; but his only reply was a wink and a grin, and that subsidence into stolid taciturnity so often met with among

people of his class. We have been told, however, that the reasons advanced by the Ordnance agent were merely pieces of paper on which certain words and figures were impressed, but which the free-dredgers, not being able to read, could not clearly understand; whereas the reasons proffered by the more astute agent of the benevolent gentleman were round, yellow pieces of metal, whose validity were easily comprehensible to the most illiterate. As soon as the benevolent gentleman found himself in parliament, he brought in a bill to regulate the fishery, which the select seven spent a considerable sum in opposing. But another dissolution took place; another election followed, with a similar result; and then the besom of destruction, in the shape of the Reform Bill, swept Queenborough into schedule A, where, it is to be hoped, it will remain until it becomes the great commercial *entrepôt* Edward III. designed it to be.

In 1829, the mayor, who had ruled during the troubled period from 1815, died. This person invariably wore two watches, that he might never be mistaken in the correct time; he also, for the last seven years of his life, always carried a pair of loaded pistols, which he openly exhibited, avowing his intention to shoot any one who dared to molest him. Every person in Queenborough not too young, too old, or too feeble, attended his funeral. As the clergyman was reading the impressive burial-service of the English Church, when he came to the solemn words, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' and the clerk, as is customary, was throwing a handful of earth into the grave, a shower of half-pence was flung in upon the coffin by part of the assembled crowd. To the inquiring look of the astounded clergyman, they cried out that the coppers were to pay the deceased mayor's passage to a place unmentionable to ears polite. That night the free-dredgers illuminated their houses, and smashed the windows of those who did not; while those who did not illuminate, retorted by smashing the windows of those who did. This riot—a practical commentary on the text, 'No scolding to be paid'—was another rare catch for the lawyers from the oyster-beds of Queenborough.

In 1830, the corporation were £20,000 in debt, £11,000 of which were law-expenses. They paid off the whole of this debt, but were unable to stock the oyster-beds that year. The following year, however, the beds were stocked; and in the five years from 1833 to 1838, the fishery yielded a gross revenue of £58,000. But the corporation and free-dredgers had so long enjoyed the expensive luxury of going to law, that it would seem as if they could not exist without it. In short, the lawyers were destined to swallow up the oysters, shells and all. In 1838, the corporation stocked the beds for the last time; and two years afterwards—being £12,000 in debt, and nobody inclined to lend them any more—they prepared for the impending insolvency by raising and selling the last remaining oysters; so, when the sheriff of Kent appeared upon the scene, there was nothing for him to seize and sell but the paraphernalia of the corporation—their books, mace, and cart-whip. The latter, so long the terror of mischievous sailors, and other evildoers, now lies, like a warrior taking his rest, on the library-shelf of a Kentish antiquary.

The creditors, then, had no other resource than to petition the legislature for its interference; and, accordingly, a commissioner was appointed to inquire into the affairs of the corporation. The commissioner found that the debt, with interest, amounted to nearly £17,000; and the result of his report was, that parliament, in 1844, passed an act, vesting the property and privileges of the borough in the hands of trustees, until its debts should be paid. This act at once restored peace to the conflicting parties in Queenborough, for they unanimously united to embarrass and

thwart the trustees as much as possible. The oyster-fishery was gone; but still there remained the time-honoured bone of contention, 'surplus pasturage,' to go to law about. So the debt is still £17,000, the trustees being compelled to expend £4000 in law-costs, contending with the litigious people, whose mismanaged property they are endeavouring to improve. But as, by an act of last year's parliament, Queenborough Common has fallen into the possession of the Inclosure Commissioners, it is probable that the question of 'surplus pasturage' has at last been set to rest for ever. In conclusion, we need scarcely observe, that, like Sam Weller's friend, the Chancery prisoner in the Fleet, who was ruined by having an estate left to him, so Queenborough was prevented from rising in the world, and ultimately brought to utter ruin, through having been granted privileges.

“ LIMITED LIABILITY.”

THE peculiar stringency of the law of partnership in the United Kingdom has, during the last twenty years, been a subject of frequent discussion and complaint. It was not to be expected that a principle of so great importance in our commercial jurisprudence should be hastily set aside; and up to a recent period, it was difficult to say whether its partisans or its opponents were of greater weight. The latter, however, have at length prevailed; and a measure has received the sanction of the legislature, which introduces, for the first time, the rule of limited liability as it is recognised in France, in the United States, and in various other countries. This innovation has been regarded with uneasiness, and even alarm, by one class of politicians, and with unbounded satisfaction by another. Experience will probably shew both that the fears of the one and the anticipations of the other have been greatly exaggerated. For our own part, we regard the measure in question as both a useful and a necessary one. It may not be productive of all the advantages anticipated from it; but we shall feel greatly surprised, on the other hand, should it lead to any of those disastrous results upon which its opponents love to dwell. We cannot suppose that any evils which may arise from the operation of the new law, can equal those which long experience has shewn to be inherent in the old.

The objections to the law of unlimited liability are of a twofold kind. In the first place, it operates with great severity upon individuals whom want of caution or ignorance may have induced to embark in commercial undertakings without ascertaining the extent of their responsibility; in the second, it presents a serious obstacle to the progress of invention, and to the formation of industrial associations among the middle and working classes. It may be said in reply to the first of these objections, that the law of partnership is so well known, that no one who voluntarily submits to its operation, has a right to complain of its rigour. Every person who shares in the profits of any commercial undertaking, be it great or small, is responsible to the public, to use the words of Lord-chancellor Eldon, 'to his last acre and his last shilling;' and such being the fixed unvarying rule of British law, we have ourselves to blame if we incur its sweeping penalties. All this is strictly true; and yet the severity of the law has failed to prevent the formation of myriads of bubble-companies, which in times past have spread distress and ruin through all classes of society. Nay, more, we have good reason for believing that this very severity has materially contributed to these disastrous results. This assertion may appear paradoxical at

first sight, but a little reflection will show that it is not so in reality. Legislation not unfrequently aggravates the evils which it aims to cure; and that this has been the case with the law in question, is the deliberate opinion of many persons who have long and narrowly watched its effects.

A gentleman who, from his position as a judge of the Court of Bankruptcy in London, has had extensive experience in the investigation of the affairs of bubble-companies, lately furnished a committee of the House of Commons with a few instructive details as to the mode in which these associations are generally set afloat. The projectors being, for the most part, men of straw, without money or credit, must find at least one person who has both, before they can present their scheme to the public. Having caught their capitalist, they are enabled to commence operations without a moment's delay. They have only to persuade him to do some act which makes him a partner in the concern, and consequently responsible to his last shilling, and they immediately obtain credit in all quarters.

'If,' said the witness in question, Mr Commissioner Fane, 'the adventurers can get but one man of known substance to put down his name as a committee-man, under the delusive statement that he is not liable, the bubble is started, and the delusion set a-going. The needy adventurers want an office, but have no ready-money. Nobody will trust them. They then say: "Sir Thomas — has joined us." "Very well," says the landlord; "that will do:" and the office is obtained. They then go to the maker of brass-plates, then to the painter to paint the offices, then to the coal-merchant, then to the stationer, and lastly, to that most mischievous of creditors, the advertising-agent, by whose aid the project is floated. Each trusts Sir Thomas —; and the bubble has all the currency that boldness, falsehoods, a showy brass-plate, paint, and advertising can give it.' The witness added, that the effect of the law was to deter men of prudence and character from assisting in the promotion of any enterprise, however rational, and thus to leave the stage clear to adventurers and knaves, who, sometimes with the aid, as we have described, of one good name, and sometimes even without that, are enabled to deceive and plunder the public.

It may be said, that the individual who thus rashly lends his name to a scheme without sufficient forethought, ought to suffer the penalty of his folly. But there always have been knaves and dupes in the world, and the law of unlimited liability offers immense advantages to the former at the expense of the latter. A few penniless projectors have only to take advantage of the ignorance or the vanity, or may be the benevolence of one person of substance, to enable them to ruin him, and plunder the public with impunity. It is thus that the severity of the law defeats its object, and instead of preventing fraud, directly encourages it.

But it is not only in the formation of bubble-companies that its evils are perceptible. The extraordinary facilities which it affords for obtaining credit, not unfrequently prove fatal to establishments which have started into existence with every prospect of success. The following example will explain our meaning:—A few years ago, a joint-stock bank in the north of England failed. Its liabilities were very large, and it involved in utter ruin hundreds of respectable individuals in the district where it was situated. The magnitude of the catastrophe, and the interest which it excited, led to a searching investigation, and its results were detailed to the same committee of the House of Commons to which we have already referred. It appeared that the managers of the concern had continued to borrow in the most reckless manner long after the capital had been lost, and when they knew that they were only plunging the shareholders deeper and deeper into debt and ruin.

How were they enabled to keep up for years this fatal delusion? Simply by the law of unlimited liability. The creditors, consisting chiefly of London capitalists, knew that the shareholders were ultimately responsible to them to their uttermost farthing; and they therefore advanced their money entirely upon the faith of the share-list. This was frankly admitted in the course of the investigation, for the true circumstances of the bank were perfectly well known in Lombard Street, but the creditors were aware that the law would protect them at the expense of the unfortunate shareholders.

A catastrophe of this kind, involving a vast amount of human misery, it is very clear, could not have occurred under a law of limited liability; and for this obvious reason, that credit would not have been extended to the bank beyond the exact amount for which the proprietors were responsible. So much for the positive evils attendant upon what we may now call the late law. Let us next glance at those of a negative description.

It has been long contended by the opponents of unlimited liability, that it tends, in various ways, to impede the progress of social improvement. To take a familiar instance: we will suppose that a valuable mechanical discovery has been made by a poor man—and such discoveries have generally been made by poor men. We will further suppose that a certain amount of capital is required to render it available, and that he desires to form a public company for this purpose. Full of confidence and hope, he prints his prospectus, and solicits patrons among the rich and great. They applaud his skill, predict his certain success; but they positively refuse to share in the risk of his scheme, because they cannot do so without placing their entire fortune in jeopardy. They might be disposed to venture a hundred or two; but what sane man would stake his entire substance upon an untried experiment? The disappointed inventor, meanwhile, finding that the rich will not aid him, seeks counsel of the needy and the discontented. In that case, one of two things generally happens: his discovery is either lost for want of means to make it known, or it is purchased from him for a trifle by some heartless speculator, who perceives a mode of turning to account the distresses of the despairing man of genius.

That this is no imaginary picture, every one at all acquainted with the history of patent inventions in this country, and more especially in the metropolis, can testify. 'In the course of my professional life as a commissioner of the Court of Bankruptcy,' says Mr Fane, 'I have learned that the most unfortunate man in the world is an inventor. The difficulty which he finds in getting at capital, involves him in all sorts of embarrassments; and he ultimately is, for the most part, a ruined man, and somebody else gets possession of his invention.' It cannot, surely, be a wise law which leads to such results; nor is it a sufficient defence to state that, in spite of the obstacles thus interposed, we have made great and continued progress in the arts. We know the discoveries that we have made; but who can tell those that we have lost through the difficulties we have attempted to describe? In France and in America, no such obstacles exist to the progress of invention. The ingenious workman who, in either of these countries, hits upon a useful discovery, is not debarred by an arbitrary law from reaping the fruits of his industry; and to this circumstance the superiority of the French in many branches of manufacture, and of the Americans in mechanical skill, has of late years been frequently ascribed. The reformation of the law in this country will soon enable us to test the truth of this opinion.

It has, moreover, been alleged that the law of unlimited liability has proved an insuperable obstacle to the formation of associations which are calculated to improve the health and the morals of the community

at large. Sanitary reform is a movement of recent growth, but its progress has been rapid. It dates from the first appearance of cholera in this country, some twenty-three years back, and from that time till the present the condition of our great towns has been steadily improving. In London, the erection of model lodging-houses, and of public baths for the working-classes, has been attended with excellent results; but the law has operated as a serious check upon the formation of such establishments. The reason of this is obvious. There are thousands of benevolent persons who would gladly aid in the promotion of such schemes, but who are not prepared to risk their whole fortune in carrying them out. When they have contributed to such institutions, they have generally, therefore, done so by direct gifts, in order to avoid the possible penalties of the law. It is impossible to doubt that innumerable social improvements have in this way been checked. We have mentioned two, but it would be easy to cite many more. A village or small country-town may have required a supply of water, or a gaswork—or a harbour, if situated on the sea-coast, and it has not the means of obtaining a charter. The wealthy residents in the neighbourhood may have expressed their cordial approval of the plan, but they are too prudent, while the inhabitants are too poor, to embark in it, and the good work remains accordingly undone. The latter, meanwhile, are compelled to drink bad water, to forego the luxury of gas, or the advantage of a secure harbour, because the law says that a man must venture all or nothing in any joint-stock enterprise in which he chooses to engage.

Such are the most prominent evils attendant upon the law of unlimited liability. But, in addition to these, it has tended to create feelings of envy and distrust between the richer and the poorer classes; for it clearly affords advantages to the one which it denies to the other. It clearly favours the large capitalist at the expense of the small; and it has therefore widened the broad line of demarcation between the higher and the lower orders, which, all who desire the stability and safety of the social structure, must wish to see, as far as possible, effaced. It is by the alliance of capital with talent and labour that nearly all modern improvements have been effected; but the law in question has said that such combination shall not exist except under certain difficult conditions unknown in other commercial countries. In America the 'special partner,' and in France the partner '*en commandite*,' enjoy all the advantages of association, without the terrible risks hitherto incurred in the United Kingdom. The testimony of innumerable witnesses has proved that this modification of the law has been attended in those countries with the happiest results. We are now about to follow the example of our neighbours, and we have no fear of the consequences.

One positive benefit, though of an indirect kind, will, we believe, arise from allowing the working-classes to throw their small funds with safety into mercantile speculations: it will form an inducement to them to save. Storing up spare gains in a bank is a slow way of advancement, and does not stimulate hope. Being a shareholder in a mercantile concern will excite hope, confirm economic habits, and give the workers the morale which is usually found connected with a sense of property.

Our readers are aware that, in the first instance, two separate measures were introduced by the government with reference to this subject. The one was, in fact, applicable to public, and the other to private partnerships, and it is the first of these only which has as yet received the sanction of the legislature. The consideration of the latter has been postponed until next year. The provisions of the measure which is now law are few and simple. It empowers any twenty-five persons to form themselves into a joint-stock company

with limited liability, provided the terms of registration prescribed by the act are duly complied with. The number of shareholders may of course exceed, but it must not fall short of that specified. There is no limit as to the capital to be raised by the association. It may consist of hundreds or of millions of pounds. A clause is added to the act, by means of which existing joint-stock companies are enabled to avail themselves of the privilege of limiting their liabilities by the same means as those prescribed for the new companies. The effect of this very important alteration of the law will probably be to call into existence a number of small associations which formerly would never have been thought of. Some of these, we must expect to be of a visionary and unsubstantial character; but with the knowledge that the liability of the shareholders is limited, it is not likely that such undertakings will obtain much credit with the public. Upon the whole, we are induced to believe that the new law will tend materially to discourage reckless speculation. At first, we may look for much activity among the projectors of new schemes; but the excitement of novelty will soon wear out, and in the end, public companies, both great and small, will be taught prudence by necessity. They will find it impossible to plunge into debt, as hitherto, at the expense of their shareholders; and for this substantial reason—that, with limited liability, they will only be enabled to maintain a limited amount of credit.

The measure applicable to private partnerships, which has been postponed until next session, is perhaps of still greater importance than that which relates to public companies. At present, no one can share, to the smallest extent, in the profits of any mercantile establishment in the kingdom, without rendering himself liable for its debts to the full extent of his means. In other commercial countries, it is a frequent practice among wealthy capitalists, to advance a certain sum of money to a young man commencing business, on the understanding that they are to share in the profits of the concern. Nothing can be more equitable than a partnership of this kind: capital is supplied on the one side, character and skill on the other. It is on the faith of the latter that the rich man advances his money, limiting precisely the amount for which he is responsible; and by means of such timely aid, the road to independence is opened up to the youthful partner. In England and in Scotland, no such facilities exist. A young man may indeed obtain a loan, for the purpose of enabling him to commence business; but to trade solely upon borrowed money is at best a hazardous experiment. There was a witness of great intelligence examined before the Parliamentary Committee to which we have already more than once referred, who pointed out very clearly the distinction between the young tradesman who borrowed, and the one who was backed by a partner of known respectability. 'A young man,' he said, 'beginning entirely with borrowed capital, according to the rules of our trade, is entitled to no credit. He is a dangerous customer, if he borrows money which can be called from him at any time when the lender begins to be fearful, or when, for his own purposes, he requires it; whereas, if the lender become a partner *en commandite*, he fixes it there for a specific period; he cannot withdraw it; and that capital is absolutely liable to the creditors who trust him: whereas the borrowed money would not be liable, and in the event of failure, would be proved as a debt on the estate, in diminution of the dividend.' The witness, who was a partner in one of the largest retail establishments in the kingdom—Everington's & Co. of Ludgate Hill—added, that he had seen many opportunities when he would have gladly assisted young men of skill and character, but that the present law had deterred him.

We trust that this will soon be the case no longer;

and that at least before another twelvemonth elapses, we shall have followed the example of our neighbours in smoothing the path of industry to all classes of society.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

REIKIAVIK.

AFTER the *Thor* had dropped anchor in Reikiavik Bay, the first thing to be attended to was the landing of the governor, Count Trampe, in whom all of us British passengers now felt the warmest and most friendly interest, on account of his amiable deportment during the week we had spent together. He proceeded to the shore by himself in a fully-manned boat, and was honourably received at one of the landing-jetties which serve instead of pier or mole in the insular capital. Our sympathies followed him to his home, where a wife and numerous family were waiting to give him an affectionate reception. It is customary for an Icelandic governor to serve in that capacity for five years; and as the salary is moderate (under £400 sterling), and the place is considered as a kind of banishment, one who has served the full term is usually held as entitled to some higher mark of government favour in consequence. The worthy count has served about four years under circumstances of considerable difficulty as regards politics, and with great inconvenience to his rising family; so we all hoped most eagerly that the day of compensation was not far distant.

The next consideration was as to our own proceedings. There being no hotel in Reikiavik, nor any better place of entertainment than a tavern, it seemed unavoidable that we should spend the night on board the ship. We might, however, go ashore for the remainder of the afternoon, and amuse ourselves by examining the town and its neighbourhood. While we should be thus engaged, the captain undertook to make arrangements for our proposed excursion to the Geysers, in which he himself and three of his officers were resolved to accompany us. This journey, we learned, was likely to be the only one of any moment we could undertake in Iceland, as it would occupy pretty nearly all the time the *Thor* was able to wait in the island. It was already certain that the needful preparations would occupy the whole of the next day.

Eager and excited—not very different from a set of school-boys getting a holiday—we left the vessel, and broke ashore. The black shingle, which first met our eyes in landing, supported our associations regarding this volcanic spot of earth. The town and its inhabitants scarcely did so—they were not sufficiently rude. What we chiefly saw at first was a row of goodly wooden buildings, mostly warehouses, fronting to the bay, with other rows behind and intersecting—all very neat and clean-looking. There were clusters of rude fisher-like people at the jetties and the corners of streets, and masculine female figures engaged in cutting up fish on the black rocks near by; but we also saw some respectably dressed people going about, no way differing from what might be seen in a third-rate town in England. Somewhat detached from the streets, were a good modern church, a long building serving as a college, and a neat plain mansion occupied by the governor. The only part of the town where any extraordinary rudeness prevailed, was the suburb occupied by the fishermen. There the houses were mere sod-covered hovels, exemplifying the style which we afterwards found to be generally prevalent in Iceland. The truth is, that Reikiavik, apart from the fishing part of the population, is not much of an Icelandic town. Its principal inhabitants are merchants and

public officials, most of whom are from Denmark or other countries. It contains in all about 800 souls.

Our confinement for several days at sea having made us desirous of exercise, we did not stop long in the town on this occasion, but right soon set out for a walk in the country, keeping to the eastward, and near the sea-shore. We found ourselves at once transferred to a wilderness, where the ground was composed of bare dolerite, encumbered with blocks of the same rock; and nothing else anywhere to be seen but interstices filled with red earth, and here and there a patch of peat-moss. A place so devoid of vegetation is rare on the face of the earth. The only spot in my own country which I can recollect as presenting features approaching to it in hopeless desolation, is Drumshorling Muir, near Aberdeen. Such of our party, however, as possessed any knowledge of geology, found even this dreary scene not devoid of interest. It became at once evident that the country near Reikiavik had—as I must say is the case with Drumshorling Muir—taken its form and character from ancient ice. The rounded forms of the eminences and the perched blocks betrayed this before we discovered any more expressive glacial markings. When we by and by observed these in several places (the striae pointing from N. 30° W., when 13 are allowed for variation of the compass), the proof of the fact was complete. So far as I am aware, this was the first time that traces of ancient glacial action have been observed in Iceland.

Four of our party, having amongst them a couple of fishing-rods, adventured about four miles across the rocky country—a most toilsome march it must have been—in order to try their fortune in a river called Laxa or Lax-elv, which, as its name imports, is noted for salmon. They returned to the vessel after midnight, and next morning reported to us a degree of success which—communicated in these pages—may possibly send a dozen yachts to Iceland next summer. In the portion of the river within a mile of the sea, they had found an abundance of large trout, three pounds-weight and upwards, and had actually killed in an hour or two no fewer than eighteen such fish. We had them at breakfast, and found them delicious. The river is leased for salmon-fishing under mercantile views by Mr Thomsen, a merchant in Reikiavik, who has a small lodge on the ground. Mr Thomsen, being there at the time, came up to our friends on seeing them commence their sport, and very politely gave them leave to fish for trout. To any couple or trio of English gentlemen, who find the true Waltonian pleasure in angling, I can imagine no greater treat than might be obtained during a summer month spent on the Lax-elv, under the sanction of Mr Thomsen.

During this day, while preparations were making for our excursion to the Geysers, we saw what was to be seen in Reikiavik, and formed an acquaintance with some of its inhabitants. I was fortunate enough to fall in with Mr Sivartson, a retired merchant, who speaks English, and who seemed to feel a pleasure in putting himself at our service. When, after a little conversation, I learned that he had, in youth, forty-five years ago, acted the same friendly part towards Sir George Mackenzie, and had subsequently visited Sir George in Edinburgh, a common ground of feeling was at once established between us, as I was able to inform him that I had also known that amiable and intelligent gentleman, and was indeed concerned in publishing a second edition of his *Travels in Iceland*. In this book, Mr Sivartson is very kindly spoken of as a young man who, in the absence of his father, took on himself the duty of entertaining Sir George and his companions at Havnefjord, where the family then resided. Now—alas for the changes 'that fleeting time procureth!'

The first place we went to was the church, or rather cathedral—for it is the church of the bishop of Iceland

—a handsome modern building, at the back of the town. We found the interior very neat, and even in some degree elegant, with galleries, an organ, and a tolerable painting over the communion-table. The object, however, which gives this church its chief attraction in the eyes of strangers, is a baptismal-font carved by Thorvaldsen, and which he presented to Iceland under a feeling for it as the country of his ancestors—his father having been a native of this island. This beautiful work of art is in the form of a low square obelisk, having in front a representation of the baptism of Christ; on the left, one of the Virgin and Child, with the infant Baptist at her knee; and on the right, Christ blessing the children; while on the back is a group of angels, surmounting the legend, *Opus dñe Romæ fecit, et Islandiæ, terræ sibi gentiliæ, pietatis causâ, donavit Albertus Thorvaldsen, anno MDCCCXXVII.* In the vestry, we were shewn the fine silk vestments of the bishop and other priests, including one with superb decorations, which had been sent to the bishop so long ago as the early part of the sixteenth century by Pope Julius II. This was the same holy father to whom James IV. of Scotland was indebted for the grand sword of state which still figures amongst our national regalia. It was interesting to trace, in the ornaments of this robe, the same style of workmanship which is to be observed in the sword.

In a well-lighted apartment, under the roof of the church, is kept the public library of Reikiavik, consisting of two or three thousand books, Danish, Icelandic, and English, many of them being presents sent from a distance. I could not find any remarkable old books or manuscripts in this establishment; it seemed to be chiefly designed for popular use. The inhabitants of the town are allowed to have books from it for a dollar (2s. 3d.) each per annum, and about sixty take advantage of the privilege. I observed several of Mr Dickens's novels, some of Marryat's, a copy of Hume and Smollett, two of Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, and some of the publications of the United States' government.

We next went to see the school, which is a long goodly building situated on a slope to the east of the town. To find, in an island of 200 miles in linear extent, and containing 60,000 inhabitants, strictly speaking, but one public seat of education of any kind, is somewhat startling to a stranger. Such is the fact. There is not, and never has been, one juvenile seminary in Iceland, and this simply because the population is too scattered to admit of any such arrangement. The father teaches his children by the winter fireside; they teach their children again; and such is the only education which the bulk of the people obtain. Strange to say, they all read, and have, generally speaking, a taste for reading; and few English or Scotchmen write so neatly as these islanders do. The school at Reikiavik is an establishment for advancing the education of a select number of the youth of Iceland. About sixty lads between the ages of fourteen and eighteen attend it, most of them having a view to the learned professions. It is, however, only a kind of gymnasium or academy; and those who desire the special instructions fitting them to be priests, lawyers, or medical men, must pass to the university of Copenhagen. I found a suite of good class-rooms for the various branches, the Danish, French, and English languages, mathematics, natural philosophy, natural history, &c.; a set of dormitories for a certain number of the pupils—the rest living with friends in the town—and cabinets containing minerals and zoological specimens. The whole establishment seemed to be satisfactory in every respect but that of ventilation. The superintending rector, Mr Jonson, is obviously a man of vigorous intellect and good acquirements. As the establishment is supported by the Danish government, no fees are charged; and it of course becomes necessary to admit

to it only such youth as can give assurance of turning its instructions to good account.

The zealous cultivation of literature in Iceland during the last six centuries, and its remarkable productions, the sagas and eddas—histories and romantic poems—have excited the interest of all visitors. I am free to own that I can form no image of literary life more touching, or more calculated to call forth respect and veneration, than that of such a man as the Icelandic priest Thorlakson, who produced a beautiful translation of *Paradise Lost*, and many original works of distinguished merit, in the small inner room of a mere cottage which formed his parsonage, while his family concerns were going on in an equally small outer apartment, and his entire annual income did not exceed what is often given in England for the writing of an article in a magazine. Inquiry regarding the present state of literature in Iceland was a matter of course. So far as I could learn, the love of letters is still a more vivid passion in Iceland than the circumstances of the country would lead one to expect. I had much pleasure in looking over Mr Thordarson's printing-office in Reikiavik, where I found two presses of improved construction, and saw in progress an Icelandic translation of the *Odyssey* by Mr Egilsson, late president of the college, whose son, I was told, is also giving promise of being a good poet. The list of books printed and published by Mr Thordarson would surprise any one who thinks only of Iceland as a rude country half buried in arctic snows. He is also the publisher of two out of the three native newspapers produced in Iceland—the *Ingolfur*, and *Thiodolfur*. An Iceland newspaper, I may remark, is a small quarto sheet, like the English newspapers of the seventeenth century, produced at irregular intervals, and sometimes consisting of two, sometimes of four leaves, according as the abundance of intelligence may determine. In a country where there are no roads and no posts, that there should be newspapers of any kind, is gratifying. I regret, however, to say that they are described as of a violent malcontent complexion.

In the evening, there was a ball at the governor's house, for the entertainment of the officers and passengers of the *Thor*. I went, full of curiosity regarding the social life of this remote part of the world, and in hope of seeing some of the picturesque female costumes which are depicted in the works of Icelandic travellers. The governor's house is a long building of two stories, the lower containing a suite of three apartments, neatly furnished. The count, in his uniform, and his countess, an elegant woman scarcely past the bloom of life, received the company with much kindness. Two or three strapping sons, and one or two of less ripe age, were present. As we approached the house, we observed groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, some of the latter in uniforms, making their way under umbrellas along the streets, there being no sort of vehicle to carry about the gay in this part of the earth. The scene reminded me of what I have often witnessed among the beau-monde of a Scotch university town, where, vehicles being nearly as completely wanting, ladies are fain to turn up the skirts of their gowns and cover their heads with bonnet-ribbons, while trooping along under the rain to a party. I was disappointed, however, of seeing any ladies in the costume once peculiar to Iceland. It is now only to be seen upon a few elderly ladies living in remote country situations. The ladies who attended this ball were all well dressed in the French or English fashion; many of them in white muslin, others in silk. It struck me that an unusually large proportion of them were little women. As is customary in the north of Europe generally, the ladies assembled in a room by themselves; and it was not till a large portion of the company had arrived, and coffee had been handed about, that a pair of folding-doors were thrown open,

and the gentlemen were admitted to ask partners for dancing. Music being furnished by a servant from a Parisian hand-organ of superior construction, which stood in a corner of the room, dancing began, and was kept up for several hours with unflagging spirit, even by those who had next day to commence the long and fatiguing journey to the Geysers. The polka was the almost sole kind of dance practised, and, by a custom of the country, the ladies as often asked the gentlemen as the gentlemen the ladies.

THE BLIND HARPIST.

NOT such a very long time ago—but when there were no railways, when steam-navigation was in its infancy, and the electric telegraph not even dreamed of—a journey to Cornwall was quite a formidable undertaking; while the native inhabitants of that county regarded the more distant portion of the island population in the light of foreigners. Fluctuations, however, were as rife then, in mining concerns, as they are known to be in these adventurous days—fortunes were made, and fortunes were lost; and when the latter reverse befell Mr Traher, a great mining speculator, attended with many distressing circumstances, he had not strength of mind to bear up against calamity, but speedily sank beneath the blow, leaving three orphan children totally destitute. Harry, the eldest, a youth just about to leave school, obtained, through the influence of friends, an appointment in a mercantile house in India, whither he at once repaired. His sisters were considered particularly in luck's way, when a distant relation, respectably settled in London, offered to receive the poor girls, and to retain one of them as nursery-governess in her own family, providing a similar situation for the other. It was a sad parting between the brother and sisters; for India then seemed a vast deal further off than it appears now, and faint were the hopes they entertained of meeting again in this world. And, indeed, these three never did meet again; for Mary, the eldest of the two girls, in process of time became the wife of a thriving London merchant, and died while their only daughter was still a child. Ethel Traher, Harry's favourite little sister, also became a wife; but her marriage displeased her relation, who pronounced her positive conviction, that so pretty a creature, might have done far better. Mary—or Mrs Danvers, as she ought to be called—more than joined in the displeasure occasioned by Ethel's matrimonial choice; and not only cherished anger and unforgiveness in her own breast, but instilled the same feelings into the mind of her husband, and even taught her child to look down on 'the Mordaunts.' Letters from Harry were few and far between; but he was prospering; though fortunes in India, he said, were not made so quickly as they sometimes were in their own dear native Cornwall.

For some years, Mr Mordaunt, Ethel's husband, who turned his talents to account by teaching drawing, contrived, by dint of unceasing industry, to support his delicate and ailing wife in comfort, if not in affluence. Ethel also brought her husband one child, a fair daughter, named after herself, whose sweet affectionate disposition endeared her to both parents' hearts, and made amends to her mother for the loss of a sister's countenance and love. With deep emotion, however, Mrs Mordaunt read in the public prints the announcement of this unforgiving sister's decease: she yearned to clasp the motherless girl, her niece and Etty's cousin, to her bosom. But so decided had been the rebuffs of Mr Danvers, that honest pride and self-respect would not permit one of the family to approach the rich man's door. Miss Danvers reigned supreme there, the spoiled child of luxury and indulgence—proud, arrogant, and unfeeling, but strikingly handsome in person and agreeable in manner. She did not even know where the Mordaunts were to be found—she made

it a matter of conscience to cut all such disgraceful connections, and the more particularly as they were resident in the same city.

Since the death of Mrs Danvers, Harry had not written home: long illness might account for this, press of business, or the inertness occasioned by the climate; or, it might be, that no longer having his own sisters to correspond with, absence caused forgetfulness, and he did not care to see the handwriting of the new generation. Hence the name of 'Uncle Harry' was seldom mentioned, either by the dashing Miss Danvers, or by the quiet pale girl Etty Mordaunt, whose young life was passed in tending her now afflicted mother. Ere middle age had dimmed the lustre of her eyes, or changed a single dark hair to white, poor Mrs Mordaunt lost the use of her limbs through paralysis, and Etty saw the sunshine of this world through the haze of a sick-room. Yet had they much to be thankful for; and a contented happy family they were. They rented the upper part of a small house in a genteel street; and Mr Mordaunt's pupils were principally in the vicinity, with the exception of some schools in the suburbs. His emolument was certain and regular; and although he had frequently complained of a singular weakness in his eyes, attended by some pain, his serious apprehension of danger had disturbed the drawing-master's serenity of mind. All his leisure time was devoted to the improvement of Etty's docile mind: she learned everything readily save drawing—that she could not manage; and her father, half in jest, half in earnest, shook his head, and called it a 'deficiency of intellect;' and Etty herself, the gentlest and most humble-minded of human beings, lamented this 'deficiency,' because it vexed her dear father. But, as if to make amends for the want she deplored, nature had gifted Etty with a remarkably fine voice—thrilling, rich, and melancholy. A harp, which was her poor mother's only relic of better days, stood in one corner of their sitting-room; and not only had Etty learned to accompany her voice on this old harp very respectably, but Mr Mordaunt also was a performer; and what with his brilliant touch and Etty's sweet warbling, these humble family concerts were quite delightful.

Mr Mordaunt had never hitherto consented to receive pupils at his own home, not liking this infringement of domestic privacy; but, on the urgent solicitation of a former pupil, who had materially benefited by his instructions, Mr Mordaunt waved his objection, and gave a few lessons, always in the evening, to a young man whose peculiar circumstances prevented the reception of a master in his father's dwelling. This youth was the second son of Mr Rutherford, the senior partner of Mr Danvers. Mr Rutherford was not only a keen man of business, but so miserly in his habits and pursuits, that although he had but two motherless sons, and had already amassed an immense fortune, he grudged them all participation in the pleasures and luxuries of life, and kept them chained to the desk from morning till night. This kind of plodding existence suited well with the disposition and habits of the elder brother, who resembled his father in all respects; but Herbert, the younger brother, was of a higher character, and although a dutiful son, and tolerably steady and industrious, he felt bitterly the want of a happy home.

At the house of Mr Danvers, their father's partner, both young men always found a cordial welcome; indeed, it was the first wish of Mr Danvers's heart to see his only daughter united to John Rutherford, whose talents for business and money-making rendered him so very desirable as a partner for life. John had no objection to the young lady: she was much the same to him as young ladies in general; and he thought it would be a good plan thus to cement the union of the firm of Rutherford, Danvers, & Co.

Laura Danvers, however, had a strong will of her own; and although she would willingly have changed her name to Rutherford, it was not as 'Mrs John,' but as 'Mrs Herbert.' But although Herbert Rutherford bestowed the full meed of admiration on the beautiful Laura, as gallantry demanded, his heart continued untouched, and his fancy uncaptivated. There was a vein of deep feeling and romance in Herbert's nature, concealed beneath a reserved exterior, which required to be aroused by a far different nature than that of Laura Danvers. Since he had left school, his taste for drawing had been uncultivated; but on seeing the progress made by his friend under Mr Mordaunt's auspices, the slumbering taste revived, and Herbert succeeded in persuading Mr Mordaunt to grant him a small portion of time, snatched from the hours of domestic leisure. Mr Rutherford, sympathising in no intellectual culture or accomplishment, would have scouted the idea of a drawing-master for 'the grown-up boy Master Herbert,' and certainly would have grudged the cost of lessons. Hence the permission given to Herbert by Mr Mordaunt, of a weekly visit to his private retreat, where the presence of the wife and daughter was no hindrance to study, their silence, while Etty pursued her occupation of needle-work, remaining on these occasions unbroken. After the first slight introduction, Herbert instinctively felt that no approach to a more familiar footing would be permitted by Mr Mordaunt or the ladies; his presence was a check to social intercourse; Etty humbly composed herself to fulfil an appointed task, like a girl in school-hours; and Mrs Mordaunt was absorbed with a book. Nevertheless, Etty soon ascertained that the young stranger was good-looking, and had a very agreeable voice when addressing her father; nay, she learned the colour of his eyes, and thought them the most penetrating and expressive dark eyes in the world. Herbert also, though busied from the moment of his entrance with the single purpose for which he was there, yet found opportunity to remark the graceful outline of the tall slight form, ever bending over needle-work; and to detect the fact, that Etty's eyes were of the softest loveliest violet colour, shaded by silken fringes; and that in Etty's long golden ringlets a kind of sunshine seemed to linger, though little of sunshine ever penetrated the close atmosphere she indulged. Herbert, being a quick observer, remarked also the old harp in the corner, and the flowers tastefully disposed in baskets; he saw, too, how often Mrs Mordaunt's glance was earnestly and anxiously fixed on her daughter, when she seemed to be engaged with the page open before her.

These drawing-lessons had continued without interruption for some weeks, and Herbert frequently looked in at Mr Danvers's, but without mentioning the progress he was making in art—and of course the name of Mordaunt was never mentioned there—when the drawing-master's increased weakness of sight obliged him to give up several of his pupils, Herbert among the number. Vainly the young man strove to find some pretext for continuing his visits at more distant intervals: all his friendly overtures were received so coldly by Mr Mordaunt, who was a proud man in his way, that Herbert dared not persist, fearing to wound the feelings he so much respected. He thought of the sick mother, and the sweet devoted Etty, both dependent on one whose affliction might eventually incapacitate him from working to support these dear and feeble beings. But Herbert was a stranger, and Mr Mordaunt was not a man to encourage or foster the sympathy, of whose outward expression only he felt sure.

It seemed, indeed, as if fate was adverse to Herbert's wish to be on more friendly or intimate terms with his former master; for after an interval of time had elapsed, which to the young man appeared considerable,

on calling at the door one day to inquire after the health of the family, he found they had removed, and no one could afford him the slightest clue to their present whereabouts.

'I'm scared,' said the fat landlady, 'that the poor gen'l'm will get into great distress, though he owed me nothing, and always paid me reg'lar as clockwork. But he was too honest to stay where he couldn't see his way clear, poor gen'l'm; and I don't much think he'll see his way clear for long, anyhow; for his eyes failed him utter-ly afore he went; and that failure of his blessed eyes was the cause of his leaving these elegant apartments, because he were obleeged to give up his poopils. And I don't know what they will do, that I don't; for Missis Mordaunt was helpless, and Miss Etty just like one of the lilies she were so fond of nursing—easily brokt down, I should say, by a angry wind. Howsumever, I'm very sorry for them; but we've all troubles of our own, and I've my share, I assure you, sir; and you look as if you hadn't been without your own share, too, sir, though you haven't seen so many years by half as I have.'

Herbert sighed as he turned away from the quiet street, after making several fruitless inquiries concerning the objects of his interest. Sight failed, and pupils given up!—what would become of them? Where had the poor family gone to hide their distress from the gaze of the world? That sweet, gentle, loving young girl—that pale, sinking mother—the silent, uncomplaining father and husband, whose every glance towards those dependent creatures bespoke deep affection and tenderness? Oh, it was deplorable; and Herbert determined to persevere in his search, and to assist them as far as he was able, for Mr Mordaunt must permit him to be a friend now. But the former pupils, of whom Herbert knew sufficient to hazard inquiries, could give him no intelligence of Mr Mordaunt's movements: they only knew his loss of sight had deprived them of an able master; and they concerned themselves no more about the matter, except by saying that it was a heavy calamity to befall so good and industrious a man.

For many months, Herbert Rutherford had visited at the house of Mr Danvers more rarely than of yore; Miss Danvers smilingly upbraiding him for his absence, but welcoming him charmingly when he came. Her father had heard from Uncle Harry, who had returned to England with an enormous fortune, and who was coming to visit them, after the chagrin and disappointment he had experienced in Cornwall from finding all his friends and relations dispersed or dead.

'I understood, or imagined,' said Herbert, 'that you were Mr Travers's only near living relative, Miss Danvers?'

Miss Danvers blushed scarlet at this simple remark, so innocently made by the speaker, and replied in some confusion: 'Oh, I believe we have relations who came from Cornwall; but I suppose they are dead or abroad, as we know nothing of them. But I've always heard Uncle Harry was a true Cornishman in his local attachments; but I hope we may succeed in reconciling him to remain amongst us, poor lonely old man!'

'Poor lonely old man!' thought Herbert, with a suppressed smile; 'rich lonely old man, or he would not be welcome here!'

John Rutherford's attentions to the beautiful Miss Danvers had become more marked and assiduous since Uncle Harry's arrival in his native land. Miss Danvers was the nabob's nearest, nay, probably, his only living known relative, and it was high time to secure the hand of his niece. But John was prudent, and liked to feel his way, until the time seemed ripe for the experiment; so he contented himself by paying his devoirs attentively to the lady of his love, and by redoubled energy and perseverance in business, to win the favour and approval of Mr Danvers. Herbert, on

the contrary, had been absent and indolent of late—careless about ledgers, and incorrect in calculations of importance. The image of the young sweet girl and her suffering mother absolutely haunted him: what could have become of them when the bread-winner was struck down? Etty's pensive loveliness had made, indeed, a deep and lasting impression on the young man's fancy; and those evenings devoted to the drawing-lessons—although no words were spoken between them—were recalled as the most cherished memories of his heart.

Uncle Harry was received by Mr Danvers and Laura with the emprossment due to a bachelor Indian relative with laces of rupees at his disposal; but Uncle Harry was fidgety and ill at ease, and almost his first question was about poor Ethel. He had been to their native place in the hope of finding her; and he could scarcely believe it possible that Mr Danvers and Laura knew not where she was. They spoke of disgrace and vexation, and hinted their certainty that Mrs Mordaunt must be dead; or no doubt, if otherwise, *they* would have been applied to long ago. Poor relations who had behaved shamefully always found out rich ones, and never ceased pestering them with begging-letters.

'I think you may rest satisfied, Uncle Harry,' said Miss Danvers, 'that my late mother's sister is no more; for, depend upon it, if she had left children, or had herself lived (for of course they were poor), we should have heard from them quickly enough.'

But Uncle Harry did not rest satisfied even with this lucid explanation given by his beautiful niece; and, moreover, the sallow but healthy nabob quietly informed Mr Danvers, that he thought it would be as well to insert an advertisement in a leading paper, in order to discover poor Ethel, either dead or alive. It was monstrous, suggested Mr Danvers, absolutely monstrous, to make the thing so public; but remonstrance was vain, for Uncle Harry was obstinate, and might not be offended with impunity; so the utmost Mr Danvers and Laura could effect, was to persuade him to wait for a few days, when, meantime, private inquiries should be set on foot.

Mr Traher was in a hurry to return to Cornwall; he had determined on purchasing an estate there, and settling down for the remainder of his days. He detested London, and seemed quite proof against all the blandishments lavished on him by the beautiful Laura. He did not say how unnatural he thought them all, for deserting poor Ethel, but he looked and acted it; and Miss Danvers could scarcely conceal her spite and indignation—his only hope being in the belief that Mrs Mordaunt had really passed away from the face of the earth. But, worse than all, this tiresome, fidgety Uncle Harry had spoken of poor Mordaunts before Herbert; and Herbert had stared and blushed, and seemed so confused and interested in the subject, that Miss Danvers attributed the start to surprise—for she well remembered having led Herbert to suppose no very near relations existed to share Mr Traher's affection or money. Yet Miss Danvers well knew that Herbert Rutherford was no mercenary, and cared little for wealth or its allurements; and she was puzzled as to what the strong interest was attributable which Herbert displayed concerning these 'odious people.' Mr Traher seemed more pleased with the young man than with any one or anything in Mr Danvers's house; and the avowal which Herbert made to him, as they were walking out together, of his own acquaintance with the Mordaunts, more closely cemented the bond of union between them. Herbert dwelt on Mr Mordaunt's excellent qualities and industry; he spoke of Mrs Mordaunt; and the tears stood in Uncle Harry's eyes as he murmured: 'Poor Ethel, poor thing!' But when Herbert attempted to describe the fair girl, who had been as a bright angel in that humble room, then the youth broke down in confusion; and Mr

Traher, with a long piercing look at his companion, exclaimed 'Humph!' However, both gentlemen agreed that no time ought to be lost, and that other means failing, the advertisement should be inserted forthwith; 'for they must be in destitution,' sighed Herbert, 'for I know they depended entirely on Mr Mordaunt's exertions for support. God grant we may soon find them!'

On the evening of that very day, the family-party—namely, Mr Danvers, Laura, Uncle Harry, and John Rutherford, who had joined them at dinner—were assembled in the drawing-room, at Mr Danvers's, and it being early summer and warm weather, the balcony-windows were open, while the numerous sweet-scented flowers outside shaded the interior from observation. The room was brilliantly lit with wax-tapers, and the soft moonlight streamed down on the flowering shrubs and exotics, and on the broad airy street which led into a magnificent square. John Rutherford was just asking Miss Danvers to favour them with some music, which John cared no more for than he did for the *Paradise Lost*, when from the street beneath arose a strain of song, preluded by a few simple chords on the harp, which arrested the attention of Uncle Harry, who exclaimed: 'Hush! what a thrilling voice!' and with finger upraised and quiet steps, he crept towards the balcony, from whence, however, he could not obtain a view of the performers, on account of the leafy screen which intervened. Miss Danvers followed him, and she also stood entranced, for the wandering minstrels were of no common order—that was clear from the masterly harp-accompaniment, and the simple patios, clear and brilliant, of the young voice which rose on the evening air, and entered that luxurious apartment wafted with the odours of the flowers. The song ended, Uncle Harry took out his purse to reward the itinerants, when John Rutherford remarked, that 'these kind of people must realise a vast deal of money in the streets; and, for his part, he considered it was giving encouragement to vagrants to give them anything.'—'Or to give anybody anything,' gruffly muttered Uncle Harry, crushing in among the flower-stands, in the vain hope of reaching the balustrade, and throwing a handful of silver to the poor wanderers below. But ere he could manage to do this, another harp-prelude, of a wild and mournful character, hushed them all into silence; and as the voice again swelled into the full burst of song, Uncle Harry turned pale, and trembled; and so uncontrollably agitated did he become as the song proceeded, that Mr Danvers, fearing he was ill, asked what was the matter in a tone of great alarm.

'Hush!' said Mr Traher—'hush!' and so peremptorily was the word repeated, that Mr Danvers retreated, looking somewhat offended. His visitor, however, was far too engrossed to remark this; and when the sweet voice ceased, and the harp-music died away, Uncle Harry exclaimed, in a voice choked by emotion:

'I haven't heard that song since I was a boy. It is a Cornish ballad, which poor Ethel used to warble; and I must go down and give these people something for the painful pleasure they have afforded me. But, hark!—they begin again.' And after a brief space, Uncle Harry cried, in a state of the utmost excitement: 'This is strange!—another old air which I'm sure only Cornishers can know. It was our mother's favourite. I must see who these poor folks are.'

Miss Danvers followed the impatient nabob down stairs, and placing her hand on his arm, said: 'You must not go out, dear uncle; you may take cold in the evening air. We will have the harp and singer in the hall;' and turning to a domestic, she gave the order.

The gorgeously liveried servant soon returned, followed by two persons—one, a man, bearing an old harp, who was led by his companion, a female, whose

face was not distinguishable, from the slouched bonnet which overshadowed it. The man was blind, middle-aged, but prematurely care-worn, and with silvered hair; yet there was a resignation and touching benevolence in his countenance, and a demeanour which so plainly bespoke the gentleman, despite his shabby attire, that Uncle Harry felt quite flushed in addressing him, and turned to the muffled female in an apologetical manner when he tendered the silver coins. But Miss Danvers had no such delicacy; and she addressed the singer, saying: 'This gentleman wishes to hear the songs repeated—the last two. They are Cornish melodies,' he thinks; and he wishes to know, where you learned them.'

There was a silence, which was broken by the harpist whispering to his companion: 'You may tell where you learned them, my dear.'

The timid form beside the blind man seemed to shrink nearer to his side, as she said, in a low, almost inaudible voice: 'They are Cornish airs, ma'am, and I learned them from my mother.'

'Is your mother Cornish, then?' bluntly asked Mr Traher, as he vainly essayed to gain a peep of the face hidden beneath the slouched bonnet.

'Yes, sir,' murmured the sweet voice again; and again there was silence.

'I'm a native of Cornwall myself,' at last blurted out Uncle Harry; 'and one of those songs you sang so beautifully was a favourite of my mother's; and it's an odd coincidence. Be so kind as to sing it again.' The voice and the harp were more enchanting in the hall than in the open air, and Mr Traher almost sobbed with emotion as he listened.

'Thank you, thank you, my good friends!' he exclaimed, pressing to the blind man's side, and placing in his hand a glittering coin: 'you must come here again before I go, for this is a treat indeed. I haven't heard that song for so many, many years. Poor Ethel!' he sighed, half speaking to himself; but the words had reached the ears of the strangers, and they caused the blind man to move forward involuntarily a step or two, as if listening to hear more. But Mr Traher was far away with memories of the past; and the harpist, fearing to intrude, made a low bow, and uttered thanks—thanks so impressive, and so unlike a common itinerant, that Miss Danvers felt convinced he was not what he appeared.

'Come, Ethel, my love!' said the blind man, as he took the female's hand, advancing to the hall-door, the liveried lackey condescending to carry out the old harp.

'Ethel!' cried Uncle Harry, placing himself before the retreating pair—'are you Ethel, too? And pray, what's your other name, and are you this worthy blind gentleman's wife or daughter?'

The female was silent, and evidently alarmed by this abrupt address, keeping tight hold of her companion's hand.

Again the blind man spoke. 'This is my dear and only child, sir,' he said; 'and I do not know why we should be ashamed of mentioning our names to one who has so bountifully rewarded our humble efforts. My name, sir, is Mordaunt; and my daughter is called Ethel, after her dear mother.'

'O merciful Providence!' cried Mr Traher; 'and is her mother living?'

'Yes, sir,' rather coldly replied the harpist, still retreating towards the door, and not understanding this unusual interest evinced by a stranger.

'Poor Ethel! poor Ethel!' sobbed Uncle Harry, now quite unmannered, and, without ceremony, clasping the astonished harpist's hand, and arresting his progress. 'Did you never hear her speak of Harry—her brother Harry? I'm he, Mordaunt! and I was going to advise you to-morrow; and now let me look at my niece,' and he pulled away the slouched bonnet,

and a shower of golden ringlets fell down the pale girl's shoulders; and Uncle Harry clasped her in his arms, crying: 'Was poor Ethel herself; why is she not here?'

'Here?' said Mr Mordaunt. 'Alas! she is alive to us, but dead to the world.' And then, in a few words, drawing the blind man aside, Mr Traher heard the lamentable tale of distress unfolded.

Miss Danvers had vanished; she would not stay to witness so terrible a dénouement before the servants. A wandering ballad-singer her cousin! Oh, it was disgusting—it was not to be endured.

Uncle Harry found presently that it was time for him to think of a home elsewhere; and all his arrangements were zealously aided by Herbert Rutherford. So, bidding farewell to Mr Danvers and Laura, he soon returned to his beloved native county, accompanied by the poor Mordaunts; nor was the old harp left behind. Their troubles were over—so they declared, with deeply grateful hearts. It is true, one was stricken with paralysis, and one was blind: but what of that? Even in their utmost desolation, God had heard their prayers, nor left them to perish.

Mr Traher casually mentioned to old Rutherford his intention to give his niece Etty a handsome portion, provided she married to please him; and when Herbert signified his desire to run down into Cornwall to visit Mr Traher, who had given him a hearty invitation, Mr Rutherford senior offered no objection to the plan.

It was some time ere Etty could be induced to leave her dear parents, even to Uncle Harry's tender care; but on Herbert's promise of a long annual sojourn with them, he at length succeeded in carrying off his fair bride. The young couple resided near the metropolis; but 'Mrs John Rutherford' never would consent to call on 'Mrs Herbert Rutherford,' nor to own the relationship between them; for soon after Herbert's marriage with Ethel Mordaunt, Miss Danvers became the wife of John, her constant swain. But as this alienation did not disturb the even tenor of the flourishing business-system pursued by Rutherford, Danvers, and Rutherford, nor ruffle the equanimity of Herbert and Etty, no one thought it worth while to remonstrate with the proud and silly dame.

Uncle Harry and the blind man lived amicably together, long after poor Ethel had gone peacefully down to her grave. The old harp is preserved as a precious relic by Herbert's children; and he always declares the most fortunate day of his life to be that on which he commenced the memorable drawing-lessons.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the very end of the session, too late for us to amend our statement of last month, the Premier repented of his bad joke let off in the House against the Royal Society, and announced that he would give the £1000 grant for this year out of the contingency-fund, and bring it forward with the estimates next year, so that parliament may have the opportunity of discussing it, if they see fit. We may therefore hope that the scientific investigations already set on foot by aid of the grant, will be carried on to a successful issue, and prepare the way for new ones. The general question was brought before a meeting of the British Association by a proposition: 'Whether any measures could be adopted by the government or parliament that would improve the position of science or of its cultivators in this country.' The answer is embodied in a report drawn up by a committee appointed for the purpose, with Lord Wrottesley as chairman; and

important document, which we commend to the attention of all who are interested in the subject. The too prevalent neglect of physical science is dwelt on. Mr Grove says: 'It is melancholy to see the number of Oxford graduates who do not know the elementary principles of a telescope, a barometer, or a steam-engine. The contempt of anything manual or mechanical, which Bacon so strongly reprobated, still prevails, to a large extent, among the upper classes.' After examining the whole question, the committee suggest that 'provision should be made for effectually teaching all the various branches of physical science' in our universities; 'that professors and local teachers shall be appointed to give lectures on science in the chief provincial towns; that the formation of museums and free libraries should be promoted; that 'by fellowships, and increased salaries to professors,' due encouragement shall be given to scientific studies; 'that scientific offices shall be placed more nearly on a level, in respect to salary, with such other civil appointments as are an object of ambition to highly educated men;' and lastly, 'that a Board of Science shall be constituted, composed partly of persons holding offices under the crown, and partly of men of the highest eminence in science, which shall have the control and expenditure of the greater part at least of the public funds given for its advancement and encouragement.' These are but the merest outlines of what the report contains: they may suffice, however, to give our readers an idea of its purport. As regards honours and rewards, our own opinion is pretty well known. The committee appear to have been not unanimous thereupon; and with respect to good-service pensions, Mr Ball says, he has 'a strong sense of the probable evils of anything approaching to a system of government patronage of scientific men, to which such pensions would be a forward step.'

That with all our advancement in science, we have yet much to learn, is demonstrated by what is taking place in Paris. The French Exposition, though far inferior to ours, in general effect as a *coup d'œil*, is yet far superior in many of its details. To mention but two—philosophical instruments and calico-printing. There is a finish about the instruments of the Parisian makers which we have not yet attained; and in the calico-printing, science as well as art is called in, and the colours are applied with a brilliance and permanence and beauty of design truly admirable. The lesson thereby taught is an important one, and we hope our manufacturers will learn it.

That most magnificent of modern enterprises, the Crystal Palace, is not so flourishing as its projectors hoped, and as it deserves to be. According to the recently published annual report, the total expenditure amounts to L.1,275,000; and the total number of visitors, up to 30th of June last, 1,322,008. The first year's net profit is set down at L.66,000; and the outlay as L.1000 a week. The Palace is so popular a place of resort, that, were the directors to take a proper view of its capabilities for trade, and to charge a reasonable price for refreshments, they would perhaps have more reason than at present to consider their prospect encouraging. In future, the annual meetings are to be held in June instead of August; and Sir Joseph Paxton, ceasing his active superintendence, remains attached to the concern somewhat in the character of 'consulting engineer.' The half-yearly reports of some of the chief railways, and the miserable dividends declared, do but confirm what has long been foreseen by those who knew that reckless expenditure, flinging away hundreds of thousands in law and parliamentary expenses, would eventuate, as the Americans say, in

something like ruin. Notwithstanding the drag occasioned by enormous outlay in past years, there is good reason to believe that if railway directors would cease to pursue that one fixed idea, to which we have often alluded, they would not have to meet their shareholders with declarations of deficient resources. The success of some of our joint-stock banks presents a striking contrast—dividends of from six to twenty per cent. Taking advantage of these results, and the new law of limited liability, several new banks have just been started. The Post-office, too, shows a satisfactory return: the gross revenue for the financial year 1854-55, including foreign and colonial postage, is L.2,689,916; while the charges of management amount to L.1,479,876. Here we have evidence that at least in one important government department, the right men are in the right places.

Our two metropolitan Archaeological Societies have been enjoying the fine weather after their manner: one, in a series of picnic visits to the antiquities of the Welsh marches, where Scott lays the scene of *The Betrothed*; the other, in the Isle of Wight. The effect of these annual outdoor gatherings is already felt; and our ancient remains are now likely to be better respected and understood. At a meeting of the Somerset Archaeological Society, Sir W. C. Trevelyan announced a fact which some will consider of more importance than ruins—that a large vein of carbonate of iron has been found in the Brendon Hills. The value of this discovery will be best appreciated by manufacturers of steel, as hitherto the chief supply has been obtained from Silesia at a cost of three-quarters of a million annually. And it appears that we are to get inexhaustible supplies of iron from India; for Mr Henwood, of Penzance, who was sent out by the East India Company to make a survey, has just returned, reporting the existence of a large iron district between Almorah and the mountains. The metal is of excellent quality, and in quantity more than can well be calculated. Not much longer will India have to depend on England for her railway iron.

In California, the miners, while tunnelling the hills, have brought to light the dry beds of ancient rivers, at a great depth below the surface, which are found to be very rich, the gold having all the appearance of having been carried along the bottoms of the ancient streams, until the occurrence of some great convulsion which filled up the channels and buried the gold. Parties of explorers, attracted by visions of the yellow ore, are still headed off from time to time about the head-waters of the Amazon. As yet, they have been disappointed of the wished-for result; but as every visit makes us more acquainted with the noble river and its tributaries, the general result will be beneficial. As an instance of the facility with which the region may be penetrated, Don Manuel Jjurra, governor of one of the mountain provinces, traversed by the Amazon, steamed from Nauta to New York in thirty days. Nauta is a small town at the foot of the Andes; and should the Brazilian government oppose no impediment to the free navigation of the river, we shall soon hear of something important accomplished in the way of trade.

The Australians have awarded a gold medal to Captain Cadell for his successful navigation of the river Murray to a distance of 1450 miles from the sea; and with the promise of a gift of L.4000, if within eighteen months he will have two more steamers plying on the river. And with reference to the ever-important cotton question, a suggestion has been made for the establishment of a cotton-growing colony in New Guinea: the climate is described as eminently suitable; while China is near at hand to supply any number of hardy colonists. The Geographical Society of Paris offer prizes for further discoveries in Africa, and for explorations of the Blue and White Nile; and

the French Government are aiding by grants of money the opening of a travel-route from Algeria to Senegambia, foreseeing great advantage in such a connection of their two colonies.

The society above mentioned have published some further particulars respecting the products from China, for which their gold medal was awarded to M. Montigny, French consul at Shanghai. We drew attention to the facts in a former month; and may add here, that the Chinese yam, introduced as a substitute for the potato, will keep for five years without germinating; it does not suffer from frost, and appears to be superior to the potato in most if not all respects. A cultivator in Paris got more than 50,000 sets in one season; a square metre of ground suffices for 20 sets; and it is said that the produce from one hectare amounts to 60,000 kilogrammes—double that of the potato.

The sweet sorgho also has succeeded in the south of France. Judging from present experiences, this plant appears destined to fill up the gap between latitude 44 degrees and the sugar-cane-bearing regions of the tropics. Forty-four is the southern limit of profitable cultivation of the beet-root; thus France may now produce sugar in both sections of her empire. Besides sugar, the sorgho gives abundance of alcohol, a species of cider, one or two liqueurs, and molasses convertible into rum. The leaves and refuse cane are excellent food for cattle; and, moreover, the plant has properties useful in dyeing. Forty acres have been planted for the dyers of Lyon.

The Chinese pea has been sown and come to perfection not only in France, but in Germany, Sweden, Holland, and Italy. It is of an oleaginous nature, and yields twenty-five per cent. of oil superior in quality to rape or colza. The cake serves to fatten cattle; and in China and Japan, this pea, reduced to flour, and made into a kind of cheese, is eaten by millions of the poorer population. In addition to these important vegetables, there is a species of dry rice—said to grow anywhere—the Korean bean, and a prolific sort of canary grass.

A dozen yaks were also sent: these animals partake of the nature of the horse, ox, mule, and goat. Their wool is admirable, and can be shorn twice in the year. They inhabit mountains; and of the twelve, three have been kept in Paris, and the others placed in the Jura and other hill-districts, where they have already begun to breed. It is believed that the yak will prove valuable as a beast of draught and burden, in addition to the worth of its fleece. And lastly, silk-worms: the breed of these insects had so greatly degenerated in France, that the sericulturists had to buy 12,000,000 francs' worth of the eggs every year from Italy, to keep up their stocks. They will now have in the Chinese silk-worm a new and vigorous race.

Since the war broke out, the Admiralty have engraved and published a hundred sheets of maps of the Baltic, Black and White Seas, charts of the coasts and gulfs, &c.—giving a better knowledge of those waters than ever we had before. They are sold with sailing-directions at a very cheap rate. Soundings and surveys are still going on in the unknown parts. The French have been for years engaged in a survey of the Mediterranean, and have just made careful soundings of the Gut of Gibraltar. They find it to be in some places more than 2000 feet deep. We are told that a sum of £677,000 is wanted to complete the Ordnance Survey of Scotland, and that, with an annual instalment of £70,000, the work can be accomplished in ten years.

Our plodding neighbours the Dutch have brought their stupendous task of draining the Lake of Haarlem to a close by the sale of the last parcels of land remaining. By pumping out the water, they gained 2000 acres of excellent land, which sold for 8,000,000 florins. The cost of the work was 10,000,000. In a

few years, all the outlay will be repaid, and a handsome profit will accrue. This success has revived that often debated question—the drainage of the Zuyder Zee.

Those who occupy themselves with agricultural data may be interested in knowing, that the harvest began in the neighbourhood of Paris on the 5th of July in 1845; in 1846, June 28; in 1847, July 1; in 1848, July 6; in 1849, July 8; in 1850, July 16; in 1851, July 20; in 1852, July 22; in 1853, July 25; in 1854, July 31. Here we see a later commencement year by year ever since 1847. In the present year, there was a movement in the other direction: the harvest began on the 20th July. It will be useful to compare these dates with beginnings on this side the Channel: the harvest season here has been magnificent, partaking of the dry weather, of which we have had so much of late. Only in July was the general course disturbed: in that month, more than four inches of rain fell. An observer at Doncaster states the average of July, for eighteen years previous, to be three inches; and that the fall, in the case mentioned, is the first which has come up to the average for nearly two years. We hear that, notwithstanding storms, the wheat-crop in the United States is estimated at 168,500,000 bushels.

Endeavours are being made for the formation of a Scottish Meteorological Association, with the Duke of Argyll as president, the subscription to be 10s. The promoters have our heartiest wishes for their success. Scotland presents very remarkable weather phenomena; and in the investigation of these, and in correspondence with the society already established here in London, they will find worthy scope for their exertions. The Edward Forbes Memorial Fund is to be applied in the form of a bronze-medal, to be competed for annually by the students of the School of Mines. Thus the distinguished professor's name will be perpetuated among those who aspire to tread in his steps. The Polytechnic Institute has added to its scientific attractions a lecture on aluminium; and admiring audiences may now see a bar of the new metal with their own eyes.

We conclude with a fact or two interesting to all who have ever suffered from toothache. Mr Blundell, a city dentist, by the application of ice to the jaw, so deadens its sensibility that he extracts teeth without pain; and Dr Roberts has described before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, his method for cauterising the dental nerve, whereby a tooth may be stopped without pain, or a stump become a support for a new tooth; while the use of arsenic, and the ordinary intimidating mode of cauterisation, are avoided. He applies a wire to the patient's tooth, and heats it by means of a small Grove's battery. 'The advantages,' he says, 'to be obtained by this instrument are—its easy application to the desired spot in the mouth, and that perfectly cold, instead of alarming the patient by holding a red-hot iron before his face: its being at once raised to the requisite heat, and no more than the mere point of the wire used being heated; also from its being at once cooled on simply removing the finger from the spring.

The annual prizes of the Scottish Society of Arts—namely, thirty sovereigns, and gold and silver medals—are offered for 'Inventions, discoveries, and improvements in the useful arts.' Among the subjects mentioned are—ventilation, sewerage, mortars and cements, locks and tools, steam-engines, machines for printing and carpentry; for 'rendering the electric light available in practice, particularly in the illumination of mines;' paints, paper, pens, ink, photography, watchmaking, and hats. Are we never to get rid of our present ridiculous style of hat?

An attempt has been made to light the town of Deal by the electric light, and, as we hear, it failed. Prizes are waiting for those who shall succeed. And to conclude: of all the ponderous appliances used in the present war, the most ponderous will be the huge

shells now being manufactured, as is said, at the Low Moor Ironworks, near Bradford. If report speaks truly, they weigh twenty-six hundredweights without the charge.

THE TRÉNISE OF THE QUADRILLE.

It is now, we believe, about forty years ago since the quadrille was imported into England, together with many other pretty and graceful things, for which we are indebted to our Parisian neighbours. Ever since that time, the name of 'Trénise,' as attached to the third figure of the *contre-danse*, must have been familiar alike to young and old; and even now, when other foreign dances seem more in vogue among our English youth, the 'stately quadrille' still maintains its supremacy in those circles where royalty leads the way in the mazy dance. Scarcely need our readers be reminded, that at the magnificent ball recently given at the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, and whose splendour, combined with its historic significance, secures for it a place in the world's annals, the gaieties of the evening were commenced by a *quadrille*, danced by the Emperor of the French and our own gracious Queen. But who, among the thousands present at that fairy scene of grandeur, called to mind, while the measure of the Trénise was floating around, the man whose name had been thus immortalised in the annals of Terpsichore?

It was in the opening of the present century, at a time when other stars were rising upon the political horizon of France, that the accomplished M. de Trénise shone out upon the social world of Paris. The terrors of the Revolution had given place to the eager pursuit of pleasure; and in the still unsettled state of society, an authority in fashion was welcomed in Parisian circles with almost as much enthusiasm as were those who held within their grasp the higher destinies of the state.

M. de Trénise was not an artiste, like Vestris or Gardel; he was only an *amateur de la première force* in the art of dancing. His position in the world was a favourable one; for while his social talents secured him a welcome at all the brilliant fêtes of Paris, he found himself also entitled, by his birth, to a place among the more exclusive circles of the Faubourg St Germain. There was a vein of originality in his conversation which charmed and interested his hearers, unless when the subject chanced to turn upon dancing; and then he became so serious and philosophical, as unconsciously to excite a smile even among his greatest admirers. So far as the practical part of his art was concerned, however, all alike admired the earnest gracefulness of his manner and the elegance of his movements. In the fashionable world, he was regarded as a compliment by each fair débutante to be selected as the partner of M. de Trénise in a quadrille; but the crowning triumph of all was to be his partner in a menuet de la cour, the poetry of which was admirably rendered in all its varied movements by M. de Trénise.

On one memorable evening, when all the most brilliant society in Paris was assembled at a *bal de nocces* given to Madame Junot—subsequently Duchess d'Abrantes—M. de Trénise had engaged himself for the menuet de la cour, as partner to the fair bride, whose grace and beauty made her worthy of this distinguished honour; but either through carelessness or eccentricity, he delayed appearing at the ball until past midnight. The First Consul was there in all the freshness of his newly-acquired honours, the observed of all observers; Josephine, too, with her graceful urbanity of manners and elegant magnificence of toilette, shared the public attention; but the absence of M. de Trénise was not the less observed and lamented. Eleven o'clock came, and some impatience was manifested for the promised minuet. The only one who secretly rejoiced at this delay was the fair bride

herself, who would gladly have avoided so formidable an undertaking. For three whole weeks she had received long and conscientious lessons from Gardel, who declared her perfect in the poetic dance; and yet she besought her mother to spare her this dreaded minuet. 'What! not to dance the *Queen's Minuet* at your wedding-ball! Never was such a thing heard of! In my time, we used to dance three or four minuets in an evening; and you, who have had Gardel and St Armand for your masters! O no! it is impossible, my love!'

And so the youthful bride was awaiting her partner. But the night was wearing on—it was now nearly midnight, and still M. de Trénise did not appear. So it was decided that she should dance it with another *beau danseur*, who was present—M. de Lafitte—a sort of rival of M. de Trénise in the art of dancing. But a difficulty arose—he had no three-cornered hat; and how could a minuet be performed without the indispensable *chapeau bras*? One was, however, quickly procured for him, and the minuet was danced to perfection; but just as M. de Lafitte, with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and with the other leading his fair partner to her seat, crossed the room, they encountered M. de Trénise, who eyed them both with such evident displeasure, that Madame Junot hastened to excuse herself for not having awaited his arrival. She told him, that having waited for him till midnight, her mother had insisted on her dancing with M. de Lafitte; adding, in a very gentle tone: 'I hope, my dear sir, you will kindly excuse this non-observance of my word. You have, I am sure, too much *esprit* to be offended at such a trifle, more especially as you are a little to blame in the matter yourself.'

'You are right, madame,' replied he gravely, seating himself at the same time between her and one of her friends; 'and,' added he, 'I have doubtless philosophy enough to console myself for not having danced Madame Junot's *epithalamium*. Yet there were many laurels to be gathered in the steps of this menuet de la reine. I would have danced it gravely, seriously, and yet not sadly. Yes, that would have pleased me. But after having seen what I have seen! O never can I forget it!'

Madame Junot looked alarmed. 'You make me uneasy, sir. What have I done?' inquired she eagerly. 'What have you done, madame? You who dance so imitatively well, that we are all happy to engage you—you who have been taught by Gardel—you go and dance this minuet with a man—a very good dancer, without doubt—yes, he dances quadrilles admirably; but as for the great art of bowing with his hat, he has never had an idea about it in his life! O madame, he has no conception of the *révérence du chapeau*!'

M. de Trénise's two lady-listeners laughed at his solemn remarks with all the light-hearted gaiety of sixteen; but he was so immersed in his own 'speculations concerning the mystery of this grand final bow, that he scarcely either heard or heeded them.

'Ah, ladies! that seems easy enough to you, I dare say, to put on one's hat aright, for that is the whole secret of the matter. It is easy enough to talk about it: every dancing-master will explain the whole theory of placing the hat upon the brow; but the dignity, the *aplomb* by which the movement of the arm must be guided—that cannot be taught. Allow me, for a moment,' added he, starting off his seat, and placing himself before a large mirror. Then humming the few last bars of the minuet, he bowed with graceful dignity to his own image, and placed his three-cornered hat upon his head with all the seriousness suitable to so important a movement.

This scene took place in a boudoir, to which Madame Junot had retreated from the more oppressive atmosphere of the ball-room, so that there were but few persons present to witness it. Junot, however, hearing

his wife's merry laugh from the adjoining saloon, soon joined the circle. Another and a greater man followed him closely.

Napoleon Bonaparte, attracted by the gestures of M. de Trénise, signed to his friend Junot to draw out the philosophising dancer. There was no difficulty in doing this, provided the conversation concerning dancing was addressed to him in a sufficiently grave and earnest tone; for he had no idea of gaiety at a ball. It was to him always a masked-ball, and a ball masked *en noir*. If ever the lively music of the orchestra won from him a smile, he made some sort of excuse, saying that the music made him smile, as if he were talking of a forfeit he had been forced to pay. Junot, wishing to speak with him on his favourite topic, inquired of him gravely how he got on with M. de Lafitte.

'Quite as well,' replied he, 'as two men of talent, such as we are, so nearly on a par, can get on together. He is a good fellow, not envious of my success. He is very clever too.' His dancing is lively and energetic. He has the advantage over me in the first eight measures of the Gavotte de Panurge; but then, the *jetés*! oh, there I annihilate him! In general,' added he, with the utmost gravity—'in general, il m'écrase dans le javret, et je l'étouffe dans la moelle.'

The First Consul, altogether unused to such sort of reveries, opened his eyes on hearing this solemn nonsense.

'It is really prodigious,' said he at last. 'This man is much more out of his senses than many a one who is shut up in a madhouse. Pray, is he a friend of yours, Madame Junot?'

'Not a friend, in the strict acceptation of the word,' replied the youthful bride; 'only an intimate acquaintance; but, unless at a ball, he never talks of dancing, for he is a clever, well-informed man, a very good linguist, and particularly addicted to the study of ancient history. His favourite topic is the ancient customs and manners of Greece.'

Bonaparte looked incredulous, and was silent. Doubtless, he remained of the same opinion regarding the philosophising dancer; and perhaps he pitied the man who had no nobler monomania than that of being superior to all others in the final *révérence du menuet de la cour*.

M. de Trénise's sovereignty in this respect was at least an undisturbed one; and although his stately dance has passed away to make room for the polkas and galopades which are more genial to the bustling impetuous age in which we live, a remembrance of his supremacy will still exist so long as the Trénise keeps its place among the graceful movements of our social world.

CORNISH MINERS.

You will see, as you saw in the market-place at Truro, a marked difference between miners and field-labourers. The intelligence gleaming in their eyes, and their general expression, denote a habit of thinking for themselves, as you will find by their shrewd remarks, if you get into talk with them. In daily conflict with rude circumstances, their native resources are developed and multiplied. Their ingenuity is manifest in the numerous improvements they have made in their tools and machinery. They will pierce a shaft in two or three different divisions—one party working from the surface, another from one of the uppermost galleries, and a third from the deeper workings; and, when complete, the several portions of the shaft shall all meet in a true perpendicular. Their risks are great. According to Dr Barham, one-half of the miners die of consumption between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. Others are killed every year by falling from the ladders, their ascent or descent; and numbers maimed by blasting, in which the county explodes three millions of gunpowder annually. In Gwennap, the deaths by violence are one in five. . . . The temperature at

the bottom of the United Mines was recently 104 degrees; and in this the miners had to work. A stream of water at 98 degrees ran through the same level; and an attempt was made to mitigate the heat by sending in at a few yards' distance a fall of cold water, which lowered the temperature near it fourteen degrees. The men, who worked naked, would rush from the end of the level, stand for a minute or two under the cold torrent, and then back to their labour again.—*White's Londoner's Walk to the Land's End.*

STANZAS.

THE young, the young! that must be old!
How little of such wreck they dream
When launched on life's delusive stream,
Or that the wing shall ever fold
On which they soar so blithely now,
Or the glad spirit ever bow
Beneath a doom so cold!

The wayworn, aged one they see,
Nor linger in the race
To think that like that withered face
Their own shall one day be!
And left of all youth's laughing hours,
Its fairy wreath of gems and flowers,
Nought—save their memory!

The old, the old! that have been young!
Strangely such memories must awake,
Even as though buried voices spake,
Or spirit hand were flung
At dead of night o'er chords that long
Unused have been to touch or song
Neglected and unstrung!

Steals the dim vision slowly on
The things that were—the days of yore,
The lost, the earth never shall restore.
Lo! as they gaze, 'tis gone!
And Memory droops her head again
Shrinks from the throb of waking pain;
She sleeps—the spell is done!

J. II.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir! for what?' asked the turnpike-man. 'Why, for my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir.' 'No horse?' 'God bless me,' said he suddenly, looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.' Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street, and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time, on meeting me, he put his arm through mine, muttering: 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' As we proceeded together, W—— passed. 'That is the villain!' exclaimed he, 'who helped me yesterday to asparagus, and gave me no toast.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and tapping on the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper: 'Hear, hear, hear!'—*Sydney Smith.*

*Will E. C., who wrote to us on the 3d September on a point in natural history, communicate by name?

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THE FORTUNATE SHOP.

MANY years ago—it must be more than forty by this time—there stood, at the corner of a lane in the heart of the city of London, a dim, dusty-looking house, of some thirty feet frontage, upon which the sun rarely shone, save for a few hours in the afternoon, and which you might pass a hundred times, so unpretentious was its aspect, without noticing its existence. It had two windows, with a broad space of brown brick-wall between them, on the ground-floor; and when the sealed and blistered shutters, which once were green, were thrown open, as they were every morning about eight o'clock, you might have seen an elderly maiden personage sitting at the smaller one, behind a white muslin blind, hemming the frill of a cap, stitching the wristband of a shirt, or darning woollen hose. At the other and larger window, the blind was of green gauze, very faded and worn, and did not half conceal the figure of a lean, invalid-looking man, of about fifty, who stood behind a sort of counter, covered with padded felt, polishing now a silver salver, now a soup-tureen of the same metal, by the friction of his bare palm. Sometimes two or three pale lads wrought with him at the same silent labour; and if you had entered at the private door—whose knocker was half confined with a staple driven into the panel to prevent your alarming the nerves of the proprietor by indulging in a thundering rap—and had ascended to the floor above, you might have found a party of young girls preparing with their soft hands more work of the same kind for the finishing-touches of the master. The lane in which the house of the plate-polisher stood, had been once a solitary *cul-de-sac*, leading to nowhere, and compelling all explorers after a north-west passage to retrace their steps; but a few years before the time of which we speak, the pulling down of some old houses at the end of it had converted the *cul-de-sac* into a 'short-cut' and much-used thoroughfare between two or more of the most busy and populous haunts of commerce. In consequence, the lane began to assume an appearance of more liveliness and importance: there was scrubbing and washing, and painting of fronts, pointing of bricks, enlarging of front-windows, and the conversion of dingy front-parlours and neglected warehouses into sprightly-looking shops. But the plate-polisher made no alteration—did not even renew the old green blind, pumice-stone his blistered shutters, or bestow a little of his craft on the rusty knocker of his door. Rusty as it was, however, death did not disdain to lift it with his skeleton fingers; he sounded his summons in the middle of the night, and the next morning the shutters were not thrown open, but the

blinds of the upper windows were drawn down, and there was no more 'plate-polishing done here' from that day forth. For a few weeks, the old maiden-lady, shrouded in bombazine and crape, might be seen occasionally flitting about the premises, and then she vanished from the neighbourhood.

She was no sooner gone, than up rose a hoarding of lofty planks in front of the old house, begirt with a planked footway for passengers, and, in less time than you could imagine, stuck all over with posters of lottery-bills in all the colours of the rainbow, and with announcements of a hundred different kinds, laid on so thick, that you might as well think of looking through a millstone, as of obtaining by a furtive peep any hint of what was going on within. However, the lane didn't care much about it, and manifested no remarkable curiosity. Old gentlemen who dropped into the little tavern, three doors off, in the morning, to discuss the current-prices and the gooseberry-brandy, tiffed at the hoarding as it brought them up suddenly; and hasty messengers, availing themselves of the short-cut, found it all the longer for the temporary obstruction. But the hoarding flew off one Saturday night, and displayed to the Sunday gazers a handsome set of new shutters, surmounted by a Corinthian cornice, and a new private door, splendid in imitative walnut and shining varnish. When the shutters came down on Monday morning, they disclosed a handsome mahogany sash, the two lower rows of panes guarded by a stout trellis-work of brass-wire, resting upon a single plate of brass, inscribed in the centre with the name of the new proprietor, John Cambit. Behind the wire-work and the glass, lay scattered in careless profusion, as though Cambit didn't value it a straw, an absolute mine of wealth. There were big-bodied wooden bowls, positively split at the sides with the weight of old English guineas, every one of which was worth seven-and-twenty shillings apiece—there were louis-d'ors, just as plentiful, from France—bulging piles of yellow ducats from Spain—bursting bags of rupees from India—and huge bars and solid ingots of the precious gold heaped in pyramids, ready for the Mint. As for silver, it lay in masses like so much rubbish beneath the golden store, and seemed to invite the shovel of the scavenger to clear it away. Then, scattered like scraps of waste paper over all, were the notes of all nations, promises to pay, scrip, coupons, bonds and securities, and everything in the shape of a marketable pledge for untold sums and fabulous amounts of wealth. Cambit meant business, that was plain; and he did business too; for the new shop became a sort of shrine for the luckier tribes of Israel, who were continually going in and out, and for travellers, besides, from all parts of Europe. How long

Cambit dwelt in the lane, we don't exactly recollect; but we found him unexpectedly one morning promoted to Lombard Street; and on passing the old shop in the afternoon, beheld the identical boards upon which his masses of bullion had reposed, occupied by a dozen or so of wig-blocks, all in a row.

These were days, be it remembered, when wigs were wigs, and no trifles; and when Finnigan bought Cambit's lease, and went into the lane in the wig-line, he knew what he was about. If gentlemen of substance in those days succumbed to Time, they had too much pluck to allow the bald-pated old mower to be conscious of his triumph. As for parading his victory and their own defeat in the shape of a bunch of gray whiskers on each side of the face, the generality of them would as soon have thought of suicide. As yet, whiskers were not—and the trade of the barber was anything but the mere pretence it is now. The whole face was shaven clean as wax-work every morning, and the unborn beard cropped out of existence before it could betray its colour, whether red, white, or blue. Heads scant of hair mounted a scalp cunningly devised to match the natural hue; heads totally bald went into wigs; and not a few of the heads matured or prematurely grizzled or gray did the same. Full-bottoms were out, except for official purposes; but Brutuses were in, and a decent Brutus cost five guineas, and considered cheap at that; and if you were extravagant enough, you might go as high as ten or fifteen guineas—Finnigan often had fifteen guineas. His chefs-d'œuvre were real master-pieces, and as he was wont to declare, far more natural than the real hair. To look at them, you would rather have thought that the wearer's head did not belong to his shoulders, than that the wig did not belong to the head. Finnigan was a scientific man, and not only had his wigs woven under his own eye, but grew his own hair. He had a talpa-farm in Brittany, where a whole district of Celtic damsels were under his sway, and bound down not to part with a single lock or ringlet to any one but him. Every autumn, he crossed the Channel in person, gathered his crop, and brought it home in readiness for winter-orders. He never troubled himself with the operative tonsorial department, or the supplementary trade of combs, brushes, perfumery, and cutlery. All that he left to his foreman and assistants, concentrating the whole force of his superior mind upon the wigs and their welfare. Of course, he made a fortune. It was not in the nature of things that, with his genius, he should do otherwise. He retired rather suddenly, disgusted with the too coarse innovation of horse-tails upon the magisterial head, and built himself a neat villa at Wighampton, where he spent the remainder of his days peacefully.

The world is full of contrasts. The next tenant of the Fortunate Shop was the very antithesis of Finnigan, and was no other than little Pounce, the notary and law-stationer, who had an utter contempt for wigs, and wore his own head as bald as one of Finnigan's own blocks. Polished and shining, his little round pate was seen, on a gloomy day, glimmering in the darkness of the shop like the red round moon in the fog of a November night. He filled his window with bodkins, spikes, and circular pricklers; with bundles of red-tape and sealing-wax, and round and flat rulers; with ink-stands, and pencils, and India-rubber, and bundles of cut quill-pens, with their noses baptised in ink; with bottles of Walkden's best Japan and Scots blue; with reams of copy-paper and rolls of vellum; and huge sheets of parchment with this indenture and a blue stamp at the upper left-hand corner. Instead of a blind, he hung whole fathoms of engrossed vellum across a brass rod, and there he sat at a desk behind them, laughing away with his pen, and spelling every word as he wrote it, with his lips, so plainly that one might almost read from his grimaces as easily as from his

writing: when he did write; that is to say, which was not oftener than he could help, and only when all his clerks were fully engaged. Pounce came into the world to rub his hands, and he never seemed to do anything else with such thorough good-will and energy. He must have used whole tons of Flood's 'invisible soap,' and oceans of 'imperceptible water;' for he rubbed from morning to night the moment his fingers quitted their grasp of anything. He rubbed when he was taking an order, or giving directions for its execution; he rubbed while waiting for his dinner at the chop-house, and laid down his knife and fork to rub a dozen times during its consumption; he rubbed half the time he was serving a customer, and all the time that there were no customers to serve, and nothing else to occupy his hands. Of course, he rubbed on, and got on, as his predecessors had done in the Fortunate Shop. When he went away, it was into larger premises, fitted to accommodate a larger staff, and situated somewhat nearer Change.

After Pounce came Pungent, the pickle-dealer, who blocked up the window with bottles and jars, and preserve-pots and neats' tongues and dried salmon, and a shoal of other savoury and relishing etceteras; and covered the floor with tubs and barrels and kegs, and amphoræ; and did a wonderful trade among the diners and givers of dinners, and lovers of good eating, with which the city abounds. Then he made the grand discovery of a new fish-sauce, and blazoned it abroad, even to the ends of the earth; and had to enlarge his premises by buying out the newsman next door, and throwing both houses into one, to make room for his increasing trade. Over all the wide world flew the renowned Pungent Sauce—to India, to China, to Valparaiso, to the furthest skirts of civilisation, and beyond; and brought gold in heaps to Pungent's pocket. And ever the demand increased as the hunger of the nations grew with that it fed on; till Pungent, out of sheer compassion to the human race in general, and to aristocratic eaters in particular, had to turn out of the narrow lane into a grand establishment further west, and consummate his destiny by devoting himself solely to the satisfaction of the universal clamour for the immortal sauce.

Who it was that first occupied the shop after Pungent had departed, we cannot state with certainty. We think it was a jeweller, who, to the usual traffic in the emblems of modern vanity, added a commerce in old coins, old cameos, intaglios, statuettes in precious metal, and everything curious and diminutive in the world of ancient art. Besides him, we recollect a fruiterer, who made a magnificent display of melons and pine-apples, and hot-house grapes at a crown a pound, and all the horticultural delicacies of the season, collected from the home or foreign nurseries. He was a bold speculative fellow, who didn't care what price he paid for the best articles: he knew his market, and kept such an astounding show of luxuries ever on hand as put Covent Garden to the blush. He found the lane a short-cut to the Mansion House, and soon had to furnish the desserts at all the civic feasts—sending in bills of three figures after a single banquet. He was Alderman Somebody when he retired to his seat in Surrey; and very likely was Lord Mayor Somebody as well, when his turn came.

We need not charge ourselves with the narrative of the career of every man who had the good-luck to get into the Fortunate Shop, and find it a short-cut, as they all did, to prosperity and competence; but must hasten on to the climax of its history, which is not far off.

At the end of the lane, where he had lived ever since it had been converted from a cul-de-sac to a thoroughfare, dwelt Mr Christopher Cinnamon, who got his living, and brought up a family of five respectably, by exercising the trade of a grocer. Kit, who was a sleek, quiet, observant fellow, had long had his eye on the

Fortunate Shop, and more than once had made an unsuccessful bid for the lease, whose expiry was yet far off, and which was renewable, at the option of the tenant, for twenty-one years. About nine years ago, however, having compassed a little money by a prudent speculation in nutmegs, he astonished the whole lane by outbidding all competitors, and purchasing the lease at a price which set them a speculating on the man's sanity. Kit said nothing in reply to the innuendoes thrown out in his hearing, but smiled quittly, and moved into the house, without making any fuss about it. The result justified his conduct; his business and his profits doubled within six months, and quadrupled within the year. He removed his family to a country-house, and came every morning early to town to look after his shop, which promised to maintain its old character, and realise a fortune for them all, with due care in its management, by the time the lease had expired.

But Kit was not destined to wait for that. One morning, as he was sitting in his counting-house scanning the Price-current for the day, he received a visit from one of the corporation solicitors. That gentleman opened his business at once by demanding, in the name of the corporation, what amount Mr Cinnamon would be disposed to accept for the surrender of his lease. One might have supposed that Kit would have been taken aback by such a demand; on the contrary, he received it with remarkable equanimity—merely smiled his customary smile, bowed his customary bow, and replied that he had no intention of parting with his lease on any terms. The lawyer returned to the charge, but with no effect; and finally, after a little jocular skirmishing, withdrew. A day or two after, he came again, and renewed the discussion. Kit was immovable as ever—nothing should induce him to turn out. 'But it must be done,' said the lawyer. 'We are going to pull down the opposite row of houses, rebuild your side in grand style, and run the street half a mile westward.' 'So I hear,' said Kit; 'but I do not give up my lease for all that. I shall not stand in the way of improvement. Pull down, and rebuild in any style you like; but provide me a place to carry on my business the while, and give me the occupancy of the new house when it is finished until my term—which, of course, I shall renew according to the covenants—is expired.' There was no help for it. Kit would admit of no other conclusion; and as the improvements had to be carried out at once, the authorities were obliged to arrange affairs according to his wishes.

So Kit moved out into capital premises in an adjoining street, while the old buildings vanished in a cloud of dust, that hung over the neighbourhood for a twelvemonth, and the new ones rose in lofty magnificence upon their site. When Kit saw his old corner-shop—lately buried in a lane not a dozen feet wide—standing seventy feet high, with a huge semicircular façade, superb in pillars, pilasters, and carved cornices, fronting one of the most imposing approaches to the very centre of the city, he hardly knew what to make of it. The house, he saw, would be roomy enough to domicile a small colony, and thought it would make a stupendous grocer's shop; and he longed, with a natural instinct, to be fitting it out in a style to eclipse the whole trade; yet he began to ponder on the propriety of so doing, taking all circumstances into consideration. It was not long before some aids to reflection came to him in the shape of overtures from a house-agent with whom he had a gossiping acquaintance, who offered him an annuity of L.500 a year during the term of his lease, relieving him at the same time of the old rent-charge. Kit was in no hurry. It would be some months yet before the new house was habitable, and he would take time to make up his mind. The house-agent came again, and increased his bid—came a third time, and

doubled it: all to no purpose. Other competitors now stepped in; among the rest, a banking-firm offered at first L.1500, then L.2000 a year for the house, paying, besides, the old rent. Kit, who had been wide awake all the time, became wider awake than ever. He was determined to give the competitors as much line as they would run out—and they ran out a pretty considerable length. The upshot of it was, after a furious and protracted struggle between various associated bodies and private speculators, that Mr Cinnamon retained the lease of the house in his own hands, letting the several floors to tenants of his own choice; the ground-floor for L.1500 a year to an assurance company; the first floor to another public company, for the same sum; and the rest of the house, in smaller holdings, for a variable but considerable sum besides.

Christopher Cinnamon, Esquire, is no longer a grocer. The Fortunate Shop has landed him also on a propitious shore. He has disposed of his business to a man of capital for a swingeing sum, and has retired to the groves of Norwood, where he cultivates his own cabbages for his amusement, and the society of a select circle of genteel people for his edification.

Whether the Fortunate Shop will continue to maintain its character, and indemnify the assurance company who have had the assurance to pay so high a price for its countenance—and that other company who have been equally liberal—is more than we can say. For the sake of consistency, it ought to do so; and for the sake of shareholders and assurers, who are on the look-out for dividends, bonuses, and that sort of thing, we most cordially hope it will.

SECRETS OF THE GEMS.

THAT many things glitter which are not gold, is well known; but do the wearers of jewellery know that the bright and beautiful colours exhibited by most of their much-prized gems are purely artificial? Nature supplies the raw material, and art steps in to embellish it. The brilliant necklace or bracelet, which, with the native hue of the stone, would by no means be considered ornamental, becomes matchless in tint and lustre after passing through the hands of the artificer. Your chemist, always discovering something, and always ready with marvellous transformations, is truly a remarkable personage. He is jealous of his secrets, but not always able to keep them. If he could set a seal on his doings, our readers would not have been entertained with the present article, in which we shall take leave to reveal some of his processes.

Let us begin with the agate—rather a common stone, found almost everywhere, and in numerous varieties, among which are the chalcedony, cornelian, onyx, sardonyx, and heliotrope. They all consist principally of quartz, and are more or less pellucid. In some places, they are surprisingly abundant. One of these places is Oberstein, some thirty or forty miles up the valley of the Nahe, a region not often visited by summer tourists, yet interesting enough to repay him who shall explore its devious by-ways, and paths along the river. At the village just mentioned, and at Idal, four miles distant, formations of coarse red conglomerate are met with interposed with trap and greenstone; and in a soft stratum in these rocks, agates are found in considerable quantities. The workings may indeed be called agate-quarries, for they are carried on in the precipitous side of a hill; and to him who sees them for the first time, there is something remarkable in the species of industry created by the presence of the stones.

The nodules of agate, as they come from their long-undisturbed bed, are generally of an ashen-gray colour. The first operation in the process of transformation is to wash them perfectly clean; then to put them into a

vessel containing a mixture of honey and water, which, being closely covered, is plunged into hot ashes for two or three weeks. The essential thing is to keep the liquid from boiling, but at a high temperature. After a sufficient interval, the stones are taken out, cleansed, passed through a bath of sulphuric acid, and then they undergo a second course of roasting in the hot ashes.

To produce a colour in the stones, it is necessary they should be penetrated by some carbonisable substance. This is effected by the honey, which, under the influence of long-continued heat, finds its way into the interior of the crystal, where its carbonisation, if not complete in the first instance, is finished by the sulphuric acid. Some lapidaries use olive-oil instead of honey. The shade of colour depends on the porosity of the layers of the stone; the most porous become at times perfectly black. Some are coloured in two or three hours, others in as many days, others in a week or two, and some resist all attempts to change their natural hue. Some, when taken out of the pan, are found to be a rich dark-brown or chocolate; others, again, having been penetrated by the colouring matter between the layers, are striped alternately white, gray, and brown, like the onyx and sardonyx. By soaking the stones in a solution of sulphate of iron, and then placing them for a few hours in the oven, a fine cornelian red is produced in the porous layers, while those not porous remain unaltered. Thus it not unfrequently happens that very coarse and common stones—muddy-yellow or cloudy-gray—which in their natural condition would be valueless, are passed off as stones of the first quality. It is only within the last forty years that this process has been known in Germany; but the Italian lapidaries were acquainted with it centuries ago. Hence we can account for the exquisite colour of antique cameos and other ornaments once numerous in the cabinets of Italy, and now to be seen in museums and private collections in all parts of the world. The dealers, when making their purchases of what we may call the raw material, select what appears to be a desirable piece; and chipping off a minute portion, they moisten the exposed surface with the tongue, and watch the absorption of the moisture. If regular and equal, the stone is good for an onyx; if not, it is added to the heap of inferior varieties. This, however, is but a rough-and-ready test, and not always decisive.

The pores of the stones by which the colour is conveyed and retained, are visible with the microscope, and the effect of various tints is produced according as the light falls upon them at different angles. The rainbow-agate is full of minute cells, which, when exposed to the sun, produce prismatic colours, as is observed of the striae of mother-of-pearl. To detect cavities in the stones, they are soaked in water, which, slowly penetrating, reveals the hollows. Some already contain water when first found; and it is a remarkable fact, that if kept in a dry place, the water disappears, but without leaving the slightest trace of moisture on the surface; and the stones can only be refilled by boiling them.

Balls of striped red chalcedony are much prized: a large one, weighing a hundred pounds, was found in 1844 near Weisselberg, and was sold in the rough for 700 guilders. Some kinds of chalcedony are made to appear of a citron yellow, by a two days' roasting in an oven, and a subsequent immersion in a close hot-bath of spirit of salt for two or three weeks. A blue colour, which has all the effect of a turquoise, is also produced; but the particular colouring process has hitherto been kept a secret. Those stones which are naturally coloured are at times roasted, to heighten the tint, and add to its permanency. The Brazilian cornelian becomes singularly lustrous under the process; the explanation being, that the long-continued action of heat removes the oxyhydrate of iron contained in the stone, leaving it with a clear brightness diffused

through the whole mass. The smallest stones are roasted before polishing; but the large ones, of which saucers, vases, cups, plates, &c., are made, are first cut into the required shape and thinness—otherwise they fly to pieces when exposed to heat. After all the colouring operations have been gone through, the stones are ground on a wheel; soaked in oil for a day, to conceal the fine scratches, and give a good polish; and then cleaned off with bran.

Those who examined the collection of gems and works of art from rare stones in the Great Exhibition of 1851, will remember the elegant onyx vases of different colours—some streaked with white natural veins; the cups of red chalcedony; a chain of the same substance in large square links of different colours, and without visible joints; besides other objects so beautifully finished, that a prize-medal was awarded to the manufacturers.

So far, we have been treating of methods by which art assists nature: we come now to the gems that are not found in the side of a quarry, but formed in the chemist's laboratory. Before the days of Berlin wool and crochet-work, young ladies used to amuse themselves by making crystalline baskets and trays, as ornaments for the mantel-piece, but they had first to dissolve their alum. The chemist works by other means; and especially since the application of electro-galvanism to his processes, there is something really wonderful in the results. He produces crystals at pleasure, and in lumps that would astonish those who once laboured so hard in search of the philosopher's-stone. A few years ago, M. Ebelman laid before the French Academy of Sciences specimens of artificial quartz—some white, others blue, red, and violet; and by mixing chloruret of gold with the silicic acid used in the composition, he produced a mass traversed throughout with delicate veins of gold, similar to the lumps brought from Australia or California. By a modification of his process, he produced hydrophane—that species of opal which is transparent only when immersed in water; and specimens also of the allied crystal, hyalite. In this operation, silicic ether and moist air are principally employed; and a variety of colours could be imparted by the admixture of different coloured alcoholic solutions. Chloride of gold produces a beautiful topaz yellow; and by exposing the crystal for a time to light, the gold is dispersed through it in flakes, as in aventurine; and kept in sunlight, the flakes change to a violet or rose colour, and become transparent. On this fact, we have an extraordinary instance of molecular action—the distribution of metallic scales through a solid mass; one which, as some geologists suppose, helps to throw light on the mode of formation of rocks and minerals. That pieces of wood, plants, and animal substances will become silicified, or, as is commonly said, petrified, is well known; and though often wondered at, the diffusion of the gold flakes through the crystal is yet more marvellous.

Besides Ebelman, two other savans—Senarmont and Becquerel—have obtained surprising results in the artificial formation of crystals and minerals. Some among their specimens of chrysolite and chrysoberyl were hard enough to cut glass. And many curious effects have been noted in the course of their investigations and experiments. Glass containing arsenic, though at first transparent, becomes cloudy and opaque, then waxy, and finally crystalline. A familiar instance of a similar effect is offered by barley-sugar, which gradually loses its transparency, and becomes somewhat waxy in texture. Another discovery was, that pounded loaf-sugar, mixed with sulphuric acid, forms a glutinous substance which, when dry, detonates like gun-cotton.

We might go on with these interesting results, which open novel views of the capabilities of chemical science; but for the present we content ourselves with a few

words on ultramarine—a substance much used by artists and by a certain class of artificers. Some years ago, it was prepared exclusively from *lapis lazuli*, a mineral found in Siberia, and was sold at prices varying from seven to twenty guineas the ounce, according to quality. But the chemists set to work upon it, prying, weighing, testing, and eventually discovered its constituents, but were long at a loss for the colouring principle. At last Guimet, of Lyon, hit on the idea of trying to combine the constituents in their natural proportions, as in the native mineral; and the result was, that the colour was produced, and ultramarine could be sold at two guineas a pound. The constituents are—silicate of alumina, soda, and sulphuret of sodium; and the colour is supposed to be due to the action of the last on the two first. Guimet's success set other experimenters on the scent; the secret was rediscovered, and now ultramarine may be bought at 1s. 3d. a pound, and is largely used in many industrial processes.

But there is still another way of manufacturing artificial gems; and to make our article complete, we must finish with a short notice of it. Our clever allies across the Channel have the credit of discovering and practising it with no small advantage to themselves. Just outside the *Barrière du Trône* at Paris, stands a large factory, where a species of sand, brought from the Forest of Fontainebleau, is converted into emerald, topaz, sapphire, and ruby. Artificial pearls are also produced in great numbers; and as these are lined with fish-scales, an active fishery of roach and dace is kept up in the Seine during the spring months, when the fish are in their prime. But it is for the manufacture of diamonds that the factory is most celebrated—diamonds that deceive the eye of everybody but the maker. Thomas Carlyle has given us, among his *Essays*, a story concerning *The Diamond Necklace*, which lets us into the secret of a stupendous fraud, successfully accomplished before the very eyes of royalty; and if we could get at the history of the transactions of this diamond-factory, we should find the fraudulent business still lively. Many have been deceived who never found out the cheat put upon them; others have discovered it to their sorrow. We give one instance from among many, borrowed from a contemporary:—

“A few years ago, an English lady entered the shop belonging to the proprietor of the factory, situate on the Boulevard, looking rather flushed and excited, and drawing from her muff a number of morocco-cases of many shapes and sizes, opened them one after another, and spread them on the counter.

“I wish,” she said, “to inquire the price of a *parure*, to be made in exact imitation of this: that is, if you can imitate the workmanship with sufficient precision for the distinction never to be observed.”

M. B—— examined the articles attentively, named his price, and gave the most unequivocal promise that the *parure* should be an exact counterpart of the one before him. The lady insisted again. She was urgent overmuch; as is the case with the fair sex in general. Was he sure the imitation would be perfect? Had he observed the beauty and purity of these stones? Could he imitate the peculiar manner in which they were cut, &c.

“Soyez tranquille, madame,” replied M. B——; “the same workman shall have the job, and you may rely on having an exact counterpart of his former work.”

The lady opened her eyes in astonishment and alarm; and M. B—— added, by way of reassuring her: “I will attend to the order myself, as I did when I received the commands of Milor ——, who ordered this very *parure*, I think, last February;” and with the greatest unconcern, he proceeded to search his ledger, to ascertain which of the workmen had made it, and the date of its delivery. Meanwhile, the lady had sunk down in a swoon. The milor named by the tradesman

was no other than her own treacherous lord and master, who had forestalled her, by exchanging Rundell and Bridge's goodly work against M. B——'s deceptive counterfeit, no doubt to liquidate his obligations on the turf. The vexation of the lady on recovering from her fainting-fit may be imagined: she reproached the diamond-maker with having assisted her husband in deceiving her, and retired mortified at the idea that she herself had never detected the difference between the false and the real. Many times had she worn the glittering gems, believing them to be the same she had brought in her casket from England.

We have heard it said, that many of the snuff-boxes given away as marks of royal or imperial favour are adorned with diamonds made in M. B——'s factory; and that Mehemet Ali, the late Pacha of Egypt, was the first to give away the costly-looking shams. If this be true, it would only be fair to expose the mighty personages, as well as cheating grocers. Let the recipients of snuff-boxes and diamond-rings see to it. A mock tiara, that may be bought for 600 francs, will look as well as a real one worth 1,1000. What, then, shall be said of minor articles?

LIFE'S UNDERCURRENT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MANY years have come and gone since I first formed the resolution to narrate the events of my obscure life; but I have been prevented by my doubts and fears. Would the world care to know anything about Charles Graham, his privations or sorrows; one who never left his native country, and never mixed in events of startling interest; whose days and years were passed in the undercurrent of society, unheeded and unknown?

The first four years of my life are dimly impressed upon my memory; I had then a home and parents. My father's image is but faint; not so my mother's. Even now, in my dreams, I see her, and sit upon her knee; she playing with my yellow locks, that are now gray and scant. There is one scene in my father's house no time can ever efface: my mother in her shroud, my father weeping over her, and, by and by, a number of strangers carrying her away. I wept because my father wept: I knew not the sad loss I had sustained. In a few weeks after, he followed her to the grave himself, and I was left alone in the wide world.

Relations I had none, that any of the neighbours had ever heard my parents speak of: they were from a distant part of the country, and poor. He was but a labouring-man, who had no trade; his abode was in a garret of an old decayed house, where poverty finds a shelter while any feeling of independence remains, and all privations are endured to shun the workhouse. Among the neighbours that inhabited the same flat of garrets, there was one called Annie, a poor old woman, who had been most kind and attentive to my parents in their illness, and was most kind to me. When the others proposed to throw me upon the parish, the good Annie would not hear of it, but said: ‘I will look to poor Charlie while I live; and at my death, it will be time enough then.’ The others took no interest in the disposal of me, so long as I was not to be a burden upon them; and Annie got her own way. With her I lived for six years: I shared her bed, and often scanty meal; but she always gave me the larger share. She loved me as her own child; and I loved and obeyed her as if she had been my mother, and still revere her memory.

Poor Annie's was a common lot. Born of poor but

respectable parents, she had been sent in early life from her father's home to service, in which she continued, with a fair character, for many years. With strict economy, she had saved out of her wages a good sum of money for her station, and become a prize worth winning to young men in her sphere of life.

In an evil hour for her, she was won, and became the wife of one who proved unworthy of her. Short was her dream of happiness. Her husband, who had no money of his own, got all she had to commence business for himself: like many others, he could be a servant, but not a master. With money in his power he had not toiled for, he became improvident and dissipated: in a few years, all was gone. Peace and comfort had long before fled poor Annie's fireside; now care and want had become its constant inmates: still, Annie struggled on to stem the flood of poverty. At length dissipation did its work: her husband died, and left her destitute. After his death, she maintained herself by labour, until old age rendered her unable to perform a whole day's work, and reduced her to her present low estate.

How strong is woman's love! Young as I was, I remember how her eye brightened when she spoke of her husband—her favourite theme—of his good looks; then all his evil doings were forgotten and buried with him: his good alone survived. Then would she weep, and say: 'Save a few faults, he was the best of men.' I never heard her murmur at her lot. She often said to me: 'Charlie, put your trust in God, and He will never forsake you. I am now old, and He has supported me through many trials, for my trust was in Him. I am now far happier, a poor gatherer (chiffonniere), than I was before; for when I was adding to my wealth, I was full of care; and when my husband was squandering it, I had both care and sorrow. Now I can lift my heart in humble dependence on One who is stronger than I: no care for the morrow disturbs my mind. I can say in sincerity of heart: "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."'

I was too young for many months to accompany her through the streets and lanes of the city at the first peep of dawn: I remained in bed until her return. Very soon, however, she taught me to be useful to her. I kindled the fire before her return, and ran messages for the neighbours, and thrived apace, and became sharp and active for my years. At length, I sallied forth with Annie, my little basket on my arm, to wander with her in the gray of a summer morning; searching among the ashes and rubbish for anything we could turn to account, trifles that had been thrown into the streets by people a few grades better off in their circumstances than poor Annie. Again we wandered forth in the evening on our weary rounds. During the intervals between our wanderings, Annie plied her wheel and spun, and I sat by our little window, and learned my alphabet; for she had got some teaching in her youth, could read her Bible, and scrawl a few lines—not very easy to decipher. Such was my teacher; and I made progress.

For weeks and months, I sat at her side, and was patiently taught by her, until I could read my Catechism, and answer every question it contained. Her well-thumbed Bible next she made me read aloud to her. The first feeling of pride I ever felt was when she said: 'Charlie, you read the blessed Book better than I can.' I had toil and privation; yet I look back on these as happy days.

Our quiet hearth was often disturbed by the brawls of our neighbours; for dire necessity compelled Annie to live among the offscourings of society, where intemperance and profanity prevailed; still, the most abandoned of our neighbours respected Annie. Such is the homage vice pays to virtue. Even in this retreat, of

abject poverty, there were different grades of character, and some free from any stain save poverty. Of such was one we used to call the Mourning Lady.

In the next room to Annie lived this mysterious female. No one knew her name: the neighbours in the garret called her the Mourning Lady, for she was always in deep mourning; but not that of a widow. From her manners and dress, she could not, in former years, have been the child of poverty. She was not an old woman. Her face was finely formed, but very pale, and she looked sad, and spoke habitually low in her pleasant English accent. Compared with the others, her voice was music to my young ear. She held intercourse with none save Annie, and Annie loved and respected her. Neither of us was ever in her room—the lady seldom left it, and then only after night-fall. Once or twice, she was absent from her room for a few days, and was always sadder when she came back. She appeared to us to have no mode of living; for she neither spun nor sewed, yet never wanted food, as others often did. It was only on the Sabbath evening that she came to Annie's room, when we went to church together—I under Annie's cloak, to hide my rags. On our return, she never spoke of anything but religious subjects. After a short stay, she would retire to her own room until the following Sabbath.

One afternoon, a short time before Annie and I set out on our rounds, the lady came into our room, and asked me to carry a letter to a hotel in town, and wait an answer. Away I ran. It was with difficulty I could get the proud waiters to take the letter from me, and deliver it; but at length they did. I waited only a short while on the steps outside the door—I was too ragged to stand in the lobby. When a letter was given to me, I ran home with it. The Mourning Lady was still with Annie: she opened it. As she read, I saw the tears run down her pale face. She spoke not one word, but 'Thank you, Charlie,' and retired into her room.

Next forenoon, after our return from the morning's gathering, she took Annie into her room: I was by her side. The lady was more composed. A small bundle in a black silk handkerchief lay on a little table. 'Annie,' said she, 'I am now going to leave you. I would reward your kindness, but I have not the power. Whatever is in this room, I leave to you: it is not much. Farewell, good Annie; we shall never meet again until we meet in Heaven.' Her voice faltered: both were in tears. I got the little bundle on my head: 'God comfort you, poor lady,' said Annie as we went out. When we came within a few doors of the hotel, the lady took the bundle from me, and gave me a piece of silver. There was a post-chaise at the door: a gentleman handed her in, and it drove away. I returned to Annie, and shewed her my riches, elate with joy; but Annie was weeping.

That day, we removed what was of use to Annie, and she disposed of the other articles. There was not much; but it was a treasure to poor Annie, and enabled her to procure several little comforts, and me a cheap second-hand dress.

Of a very different character was Miss Jane, who exhibited, in the room on our left, a melancholy specimen of human frailty: her life was a series of, broken resolutions, sin, and repentance. Her relations were wealthy and respectable, but she had worn out their endurance by her evil habits, and she was disowned by them: the lust for ardent spirits was her bane. She was not always, however, under the influence of this passion; but would for weeks be sober and industrious. She was expert at needlework of the highest quality, and could maintain herself genteelly and comfortably.

In her lucid intervals, she was all penitence and self-upbraiding; she was even religious, and attended church regularly. At these times, Annie would say: 'I trust

Miss Jane is at last a reformed woman. Vain hope! Perhaps next morning, as we went out, we would find her asleep at her door, in a helpless state of intoxication. Then she would continue a new course of drinking until all her former earnings were gone, and any clothes she could spare in pawn, to be redeemed again by toil and in penitence. Such was this victim of a low passion—still young and handsome, when dressed and in her sober periods. Annie often remonstrated and exhorted with her. She would say: 'Poor lost woman! Lost in this world and the world to come; for the Scriptures say again and again: "No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven."' "

Miss Jane would tartly reply: 'Annie, I am not a drunkard—I only take a ramble at a time; but for weeks, I never taste or care for it; not like some of our neighbours, who are never sober when they can get drink. I scorn the name of drunkard!' Such was Miss Jane.

After the Mourning Lady left us, the room soon got a new tenant. Like her, he had not the appearance of the usual occupiers of these wretched dens, for rooms they could scarcely be called—they were low and campeeled, the windows small, and looking only on the sky, or the roofs of the opposite buildings. The new tenant's appearance was gentle and subdued; but there was a fire in his eye at times, as it glanced from under his high pale brow. His clothing was genteel, but bare, aged, and well-kept. I soon learned that he was an unsuccessful artist, who had come to the city, unknown to fame, to court her favours in a new sphere of action. When not reading to Annie, I spent my time in his room, gazing in wonder on the creations of his pencil—the beautiful forms that, to my young mind, he made to rise out of nothing, and remain permanent on the panel. I saw them assume their forms, but I could not comprehend how; I thought it was something more than human.

Beautiful as they were, he could not live upon them, scarcely by them. I was his agent in the sale of his pictures, and carried them to the pawn or the dealers, asking a small sum, but oftener taking what I could get for them. He had no choice, however: one I was told to ask five shillings for, brought me an offer of only two shillings and sixpence; this was among his first. I carried it back to him, and told what I had been offered. I knew he had not got his breakfast, and had nothing in the house. With a desponding look, he said: 'Charlie, I have no choice: go, take the money; but it is far too small a sum for such a picture.'

Away I ran back to the dealer; but he would now only give me two shillings, and I took them. The artist sighed when I gave him the pittance, and sent me for bread and cheese with the half of it.

Thus he struggled on, taking for his works what I could get. At times, I was told to come back with another. The artist never went himself: he was far too bashful—a feeling I knew nothing about at this time. For several months, he had struggled on, and was getting lower and lower in spirits. His pictures did not, by the prices I got from the dealers, appear to rise in the public opinion, and want was pressing hard upon him. 'Charlie,' said he to me, 'I will make one effort more. I have a favourite sketch I have kept for happier times: I will try it at my utmost need. If it fails, I will forsake my art for ever, for I cannot live by it, and I must have mistaken my talent.'

The picture was taken to a dealer: he gave me five shillings for it, and bade me call again in a day or two with another. I returned to the artist rejoicing, and told what the dealer had said; but I never saw him so much depressed. He wrought none for the next two days. At length hunger pressed: I got one that he had by him, and ran to the dealer. 'I do not care for this,' he said; 'bring me a companion to the last, and I will give you the same sum for it.'

I begged him to take the one I brought, and he gave me two shillings for it. I ran to the artist with the money, and told him the order I had got, thinking he would rejoice; for five shillings seemed to me a large sum.

I expected to see him pleased—not so: he groaned, and buried his face in his hands. 'Is it come to this?' said he. 'How can I have mistaken my vocation so much?' At length he raised his head—his eyes were damp: 'My poverty, and not my will, consents.' The picture was finished, true to the time, and I was despatched with it. It was on a small panel, for the artist was too poor to paint a large one, or time from his wants to spare: he painted for bare life.

When I reached the shop, almost breathless with the haste I made, there was a gentleman in conversation with the dealer. I have said I was not bashful; so I went boldly up to the counter, nor heeded the gestures the dealer made me to keep back and leave the shop. I was too anxious to get the money, and carry it to the artist; and placing it upon the counter before him, said: 'You promised me five shillings; it is the same size as the other one.' He would have covered the picture, but it was not yet dry. I pertinaciously stood by the counter, and insisted upon having the money. The gentleman looked at the picture, then at the dealer.

'Why,' said he, 'this is the companion to the one I bought from you the other day, for which you charged me two guineas. What is the price, boy?'

'Five shillings, sir,' was my answer. He looked at the dealer, who was looking at me as if he could have killed me on the spot.

'For shame!' said he to the dealer. 'I will deal with the artist himself. Here, poor boy, are the two guineas I was to have paid for it, and a shilling to yourself. Give this card to the artist, and tell him to call on me.' I ran out of the shop, and reached home breathless from joy and the speed with which I had run up the long turnpike-stair to our garret. I ran first to Annie to give her my shilling—a great sum to her, for she was now in bad health, and very frail, and unable to wander far at night or morning. The anxious artist heard my joyous voice as I told her my good-fortune: he came in hastily, and I gave him the two pound-notes and the two shillings, with the card, and told him what the gentleman had said.

He leaped for joy, then sank into a chair, and remained silent for some time, gazing on the card. The money he seemed not to care for—it remained in his hand unlooked at: he seemed to me as if he cared not about the money—the small bit of card engrossed his whole thought. When he rose to go into his own room—'Charlie,' said he, 'here are the odd shillings for you: I am still your debtor.' This was a white day for us all.

That same day, the artist's garb was improved, and he came home with a larger canvas than I had ever seen him use before. He was in great spirits; and he set to work, and whistled or sung from daylight until twilight: the canvas glowed under his brush as I stood by his side gazing in admiration. At length the picture was finished, and taken home. On his return, joy and hope shone in his countenance: he was most liberal to me. He painted only two or three more pictures in the garret, which he left for a more respectable lodging. He was at length known to fame, and no longer at the mercy of the dealers, who would now have offered pounds for the shillings they had given me.

It will seem surprising that in a community like ours there was a miser! There was, indeed, a revolting character, a neighbour in the garret, the poorest of the poor inmates, for he was haunted by the demon of poverty, in the spirit of greed. He was always whining and complaining, yet the inmates affirmed that he had money, and could live better than he did. He was not

an aged man, yet lean and haggard in his appearance, as if bowed down by years. He was always begging from the other inmates: he denied himself even necessary food. He had a box of hardware, spectacles, and other goods; but, if we could believe him, he never made any sales: he begged from his neighbours a share of their scanty meals, and sat by their firesides until he was unwelcome. But he cared not for their hints to retire—even insult fell unheeded on his ears, so long as he enjoyed the comforts of a fire, a thing he never had in his own room.

Yet this miserable man had once lived in affluence, and was liberal and humane, until, by some mishap—I never knew of what nature—was sunk to beggary, when his whole nature changed. He had one daughter, who had been for a time the companion of his misfortunes. In his most abject want, she had been married to an industrious tradesman, depending only on his labour, and having little to bestow upon her father. Several times she came to visit him, and bring a few comforts, such as she could spare from her poor home—her father accepting everything, yet grumbling. He was always in want—the pest of the whole garret. I will not dwell much longer on him.

At length, after four days of continued absence, Annie and the neighbours became anxious to know what had become of this miserable being, for no one had heard him go out. I was sent to his daughter, and brought her with me. When the door was forced, I shall never forget the sight that presented itself. Upon the almost bare floor lay the emaciated body of the old man, his arm stretched towards a few crusts that lay before him, but not within his reach. All was misery within the room, and his time-worn clothes were on his person; but he was cold in death. He had evidently been taken ill, and, unable to help himself or call for aid, had died from want.

When his daughter and Annie were stripping the body to dress the corpse, they were astonished at the weight of the vest and small-clothes; and on examining them, and opening up the quilting, for it was all lined and sewed over with rags, they found guineas, half-guineas, and crowns—I never heard how many—all concealed in the clothes. I only saw the heap upon the table. The old miser was buried, and the daughter's husband became a prosperous tradesman in the city.

How different was rough Tom, as we called him—open and free, beloved by all the inmates, full of frolic and humour, yet often very annoying to Annie when in his cups; although he had a great regard for her, and I was his favourite. He had spent his youth in the army; for twenty-seven years he had served his king and country in many lands.

It was my greatest pleasure to sit and listen to his marvellous tales, as he told me of his campaigns in America. He had been in the battle of Bunker's Hill, and was with Burgoyne when he surrendered. How my young blood curdled as he told of the fierce Red 'Engines'—their massacres and their scalplings—of peaceful homes consumed, and blackened bodies. I trembled as I listened; yet there was a fascination that held me fast, or I would have fled. When I left his room, his stories flitted before my imagination like a phantasmagoria: Red Indians and scalplings haunted me in all their horrors; yet I loved to hear Thomas tell of them.

Of all the inmates of the garret, Tom was the most scrupulously clean. When he went out, his shoes, whether good or bad, were shining-black, and every article he wore was well brushed. He might with economy have starved comfortably enough through life, for he had a pension of ninepence a day for his service and wounds; but economy and Tom had never been acquainted, and when he drew his pension, which he did every year, it was a saturnalia in our garret

until all was spent, for everybody must partake of his hospitality, and Tom was in his glory as the head and promoter of the feasting and revelry.

When all was spent, then came want and suffering again. Tom would go out and ply as a porter on the streets for any light work he could get to do, for he was far from strong: age and hard service had shaken almost to a ruin a naturally iron frame. He was often as much pinched as any of us, but, like an old soldier, suffered without complaint: all he looked forward to in this world was next pay-day, as he called it. He took the world as it came, or, rather, as he made it.

The other occupants of this garret-floor had never been but what they were, pure birds of prey—venders of matches and other small-wares, and never had a higher ambition; enjoying heartily any little good-fortune that fell to them in the course of the day's excursions. Annie and I were made partakers—for we of the garret were a commonwealth—often of misery, and sometimes of gleams of happiness between.

To-morrow was a day we never thought of providing for. Want was ever at our side; and the present employed all our energies.

The period of my abode with Annie was now drawing to a close. For six years she had cherished me as a son: she did all in her power to keep me free from vice; but I was too young to understand her admonitions. My memory was well stored with psalms, questions, and texts of Scripture, but I saw little around me save scenes of profanity and dissipation. Except in Annie, I saw no shade of self-restraint. I loved the soldier, notwithstanding, even in his cups; and Miss Jane in her sober moods; and likewise the Mourning Lady while she was with us, for Annie loved her. With all the others, I was on good terms: I saw neither good nor evil in their ways, save in their drunkenness when they annoyed me. I was the pet of all. Young as I was, I was their messenger; wily and sharp, and active as a kid; learned above my years, for I could write a goodish hand. For this, I was indebted to Miss Jane, who taught me in order that I might write begging-letters to her friends; and often I brought her answers with money in them, if I might judge by their weight.

Poor Annie, worn out with age and toil, was now unable to go her wonted rounds. My scanty gatherings were unable to support us; but the other inmates spared something from their scanty means, and Miss Jane nursed her as a daughter, and never got tipsy during her illness. Annie was calm and resigned, and even wished for death; her only regret was to leave me destitute. At length, the hour came. I was sitting by her side on the miserable bed, weeping; a few of the female inmates were in the room, for even to the vicious a death-bed is a solemn scene. Annie had lain for some time as if life had fled: no one spoke to disturb the passing spirit; a dead silence was in the room. She revived, as if by an effort; and placing her cold hand on my head, attempted to speak, but so indistinctly, I could not understand her. I thought I could distinguish the words: 'Trust in God:' her hand fell from my head; she gave a deep sigh—it was her last.

By whom, or where, she was buried, I never knew. Four men came with a plain blackened coffin, and carried her to her silent grave: no mourner followed. Miss Jane got a bottle of whisky, and gave the neighbours a dram, and then commenced one of her drinking rambles.

I was once again without a friend on earth. The little furniture she had was taken by the landlord for arrears of rent. For several nights, I slept alone in the empty room, almost dead with fear; for I had heard from Annie and the others fearful stories of ghosts and other unearthly things, which those who told of them firmly believed in. Darkness and solitude chilled my young heart more than the cold I suffered;

but dire necessity overcame my terrors. I went no more forth to gather. I got a morsel from the inmates for running their messages, and Miss Jane, was very kind, for I was useful to her.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

RIDE TO THE GEYSERS: FIRST DAY.

A RIDE to the Geysers! Not one reader in a thousand can have the faintest idea of what it means and implies. Be it known that the particular group of hot springs known as the Geysers, is fully seventy English miles from Reikiavik. The journey can be performed on horseback in two days, and the same time is required for returning—the intermediate stopping-place being Thingvalla, thirty miles from Reikiavik. There are no roads in Iceland, nothing but rough tracks; there are no inns, nor any accommodation that can be depended upon in private houses. With ponies to carry yourself, your provisions, tent, and bedding, you adventure into what is virtually a wilderness, like the member of an exploratory-party in Caffreland or Australia. You bid adieu for the time to civilisation, to all its refinements and comforts, trusting, in the sight of extraordinary natural objects, to find a compensation for all the hardships you are to encounter. If the weather be of a broken character, as it was now, and is apt to be before the middle of July, then the discomforts of the adventure are likely to be not a little enhanced.

I had difficulties of my own to think of. Having been a rider hitherto on only a few rare occasions, and having reached a time of life when the body has lost much of the elasticity on which successful riding depends—remembering how racked and battered I had been by a Highland pony last year in Glen Tilt, I hardly knew how I was to get through this long rough ride. The only thing *per contra* was a hardy resolve to do my best, and not give in for light cause. All the day before our start, I looked anxiously at each group of ponies we met on the street, and they were not a few, for this was the time when the country-people come to dispose of their wool to the Reikiavik merchants, and take back supplies of fish and other provisions in exchange. I examined with care the saddles and other furnishings, and studiously considered whether I should be able to keep on the back of any such creature for a single mile; how much would be the momentum of a mass resembling my body thrown from its back upon the ground; what, supposing I kept on, would be the extent of strain and shatterment I should endure in thirty or forty miles: the whole physics of the business was clearly brought before me in the first place, and the whole pathology in the second. I must own I felt a little nervous. There is a peculiar saddle used by women in Iceland, composed of a kind of low arm-chair, placed sideways on the horse, allowing the feet to hang together on one side, where they are supported on a rest formed of wood. I cast many a longing lingering look at such examples of this kind of saddle as met my observation; wondering whether I could face the shame of adopting such an effeminate expedient; cogitating whether there were any good reason why an inelastic middle-aged traveller should not please himself in the matter of a saddle; turning the thing in all sorts of ways. It was all to no purpose—more moral courage was required to do the one thing, than physical to brave the other. So I gave up

all idea of heteroclitic modes of riding, determined to do as the rest did, and—bitterly thought of the morrow.

The morrow came, a dull gray cool morning, threatening to renew the rain of the preceding day. I was spared so much of the trouble of pre-arrangements, that I can give but a superficial account of them. Coming ashore between seven and eight, I found the rough puddly street fronting the sea filled with a crowd of horses and men, much like a country fair in Scotland. As our party consisted of twelve gentlemen, besides the captain's steward, and three guides, for all of whom both riding and relief horses were required, and as seven horses were further required for the baggage and provisions alone, we had rather more than forty of these animals assembled for our service. The loading of the baggage was the business of chief difficulty. An Icelandic baggage-horse has first a thick pad laid over its back; over that is girded on a packsaddle of wood, bristling with pins; on the pins are hung either certain boxes, for carrying small articles, or the bundles, bags, and other things which are too large to be accommodated in the boxes. To tie the latter articles on with coarse woollen ropes, in such equipoise as may prevent the double burden from being overset—here is the labour and the cumber before starting on an excursion in Iceland. It seemed as if there were to be no end of tying and untying, strapping on and taking off; trying this way and that way: hard work for the guides and ourselves; while round about us stood groups of fishermen and other populace, staring at the work with lacklustre eyes and open mouths, as if unable to nuster so much intelligence as might enable them to understand what we were about. We had all provided ourselves with Mackintosh cloaks; and some who were duly forewarned about the journey, were cased in proof to the heel. So was not I, which has only the more impressed on me the duty of recommending every future traveller in Iceland to have some sort of overalls, fishing-boots, or what not, to defend himself, not merely from the only too likely rain, but from the still more likely splash of the horse-tracks, and the flowing rivers he will have to cross. An old hat will be the best covering for his head, as, in the event of his being thrown off, it may save his face and head from injury.

Well, at length the strappings, unstrappings, and restrappings come to an end, and we all mount and ride off, forty-one or forty-two horses in all! If right rule had been followed, the guides would have been on before with the reserve and baggage-horses, so that that rough tumultuary body would have been out of our way. As it was, we went all confusedly in one line—highly picturesque in general effect, but not very convenient to us. Presently, the gentlemen-travellers got themselves separate and ahead, and then things became more agreeable. For two or three miles, the track is cleared of stones, and not very bad to ride upon. It allowed us to launch out, rather briskly. To my agreeable surprise, I kept my seat pretty well, and even found that a hard trot was not attended with either imminent danger or actual suffering. The atmosphere cleared, too; and what with the lively rattling movement, and the social feeling excited by the numbers of our cavalcade, I felt an exhilaration for which I had been totally unprepared. The immediate scenery was, it is true, a rocky desert; but we

had the sea and the grand Fæssian mountains not far off. Everything that met the sight was new and strange, and we had unimaginable wonders before us. Bickering along the hard black path went we, winding and threading along, sometimes one ahead, sometimes another; sometimes straggling in a long broken series, sometimes close up, no two persons alike in costume, scarcely any two co-ordinate in the gift of horsemanship, but all alike apparently in the enjoyment of the highest spirits, and a resolution to go through with the adventure manfully, whatever might come of it.

Pausing for half an hour at the Lax-elv, four miles from Reikiavik, I had an opportunity of observing a double set of those alluvial terraces which indicate a former different relative level of sea and land; the higher might be a hundred feet above the sea, the lower about thirty. They were composed of a black dust, the detritus of the volcanic rocks of the valley. It was interesting to find, even in the remote Iceland, a monument of certain peculiar past changes of the earth's surface, which at home we are apt to think local and limited. In this case, the land had at one time been submerged to the depth of the upper terrace, and the valley was an estuary. The river having brought in and laid down a bed of alluvial matter, an uprise at length takes place, leaving that in the open air. The river flows over it, cuts it down, leaving terraces at the sides, and then a new alluvial sheet is spread out in the recessed estuary. Another uprise taking place, so as to throw back the sea to where it now is, the second set of terraces is formed in the same way.

The guides having come up, and gone on a little before with the remainder of our train, we mounted again, and proceeded across a country somewhat higher, and where the track ceased to be in any degree indebted to the care of man. Swelling eminences, once glacially smoothed, now shattered and worn by storms, and covered with perched blocks—shelving smooth surfaces in our path, on which we could still easily trace the scratches and furrows made by the ancient ice—had their share of attention. At rare intervals, a distant slope was observed to be a carefully managed grass-farm. In some places rough with blocks, in others full of deep puddles, as the track may be, our hardy little horses go briskly on, picking their steps wonderfully through the one sort of impediments, plashing like wild-ducks through the other, hesitating at nothing apparently but clay, as feeling in it a fatigue which nothing else can give. The Icelandic horse well merits the praise he usually receives. He is not exactly the steed one would like to appear on in the ring at Hyde Park; but for his place and purpose, no creature could be more fit. He is generally of light-brown colour, and not above thirteen hands high. Being essential to all travelling and carrying, an immense number exist in the island. A good one costs about two pounds sterling. It will scarcely be believed, but I was assured, on excellent authority, that the keep of one of these hardy and useful creatures for a winter does not, in most circumstances, stand his owner above a six-dollar (2s. 3d.).

One of our party was Carl Trampe, a son of the governor, a handsome rosy boy of thirteen, who, at our pressing solicitation, had been permitted by his parents to accompany us, partly for the pleasure we had in gratifying a boy, and partly that he might interpret for us to the peasantry and guides; for Danish has now so far departed from the early form of the language (which the Icelandic represents), that our officers could not be understood by the natives. Carl was mounted on a pony of superior condition, the property of his father; and, light and elastic, continually rushing backwards and forwards, around and about us all—now swaying this way, now that—he and his dancing cap-tassel formed quite a feature of our cavalcade. He had

acquired a native trick of managing the horse by his limbs, with little help from a bridle; and the sight of his light figure all alive on the almost flying jennet, capering through amongst piles of blocks, up or down the roughest, boggiest braes, now outlined on the sky a quarter of a mile ahead, then, before I was aware, curveting at my side, was an envy to myself, and probably one or two others of the senior portion of our train, to whom the simplest progression in such circumstances was all they dared aspire to. Carl's movements, doublings and circlings, were precisely like those of a young dog on a walk with its master, and from the same cause, I presume—the pulses of an overabundant vitality. Dear, happy boy, never can I forget your merry holiday face and kind look, as you every now and then came back to inquire if I had 'cen gut hesta' [a good horse], and next moment careered away again to the front, as if borne by the wind! How the pony contrived to pick its steps in such encumbered ground while going at such speed, I can no more tell than I can say how it is that my fingers modulate a strathspey on the flute.

It was a wonderfully rough, novel, hilarious, exciting affair after all. When mixed, as we often were, with the reserve and packhorses—all of which constituted a mere drove or flock, driven on by the three guides and the volunteer aid of Carl—what knocking about, what scattering and gathering-up again! I soon found I should be knocked entirely to pieces by the graze and jam of the boxes and scrippage, as the tide of carrier-ponies crushed past me, if I did not look sharply out and warn them off with my whip. As it was, I got some severe scratches and bruises. About noon, we reached a green valley with a silver stream gliding over the pebbles, and, halting there, let the horses refresh themselves while we partook of a light lunch. The sun was now struggling amidst a dissolving mass of clouds, and the landscape, though it presented not a single human habitation, looked almost gay. By and by, we dashed into a new and drearier wilderness, an elevated moor, skirted by bare rocky hills, where we did not for miles see a patch of pastoral green, or a sheep, cow, or any other of the animals of civilisation. The wildest spot in Assynt or Applecross was a paradise to it. Still, we were all as lithe as larks; and I could hear the wit of the party expressing his satisfaction with everything to a classic-loving friend—

*Pony me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura, &c.—*

as he dashed past him on his miniature Bucephalus. We were indeed too sportive, I fear, and thus had become a little heedless; and so perhaps it was not a wonder that one of our Britons got a tumble, which left him for a few minutes insensible, and inflicted several painful cuts upon his face. We plastered him up admirably, and he made light of the disaster, as a rough rider should. My wonder was that, if there was to be any tumble amongst us, the victim should be any one but myself, to whom it was, all through the journey, a never-failing wonder when I found I could mount, or keep my balance, or guide the reins, or do anything whatever in the way of equitation—not the least wonder of all being when I was able to dismount without taking my measure amongst the stones. The accident sobered us all a little, except, of course, the irrepressible Carl. In time, however, the bepatched countenance of our associate became rather a subject of pleasantry amongst us; and when he himself began to cut jokes upon his cuts, as the aforesaid wag remarked, everybody felt that things were again all right.

For fully fifteen miles of our journey to-day, our path was across this dismal high moor, where to the most of our party there was positively nothing to be enjoyed

but our own innate hilarity—neither beautiful scenery, nor sublime scenery, nor good honest serviceable scenery, nor any of the works of human industry or ingenuity. It was literally one unvaried scene of iron country, or, to speak by book, an expanse of hard bare rock, of tame outline, half covered with loose blocks, amongst which we had to thread our way, with nothing to guide us but the champ of preceding travellers. At some places, where a streamlet had to be crossed, a number of blocks had been thrown in across it—a great effort in road-making for the Icelanders, who innocently call it a *bro* [that is, bridge]. At other places, the rocky bed of the streamlet became itself the path for a little way; and there a difficulty generally occurred, for the track onward would be, as it were, dispersed, broken up over a wide waste, from which it would not gather again for a mile or two, and this it would be hard to hit without a guide. At some undrained parts, the depth and extent of puddle was astounding; and through it we had to scamper in a cloud of spatterment, that left us anointed from head to heel. Verily, it is not alone for what comes from above that the services of Mackintosh are called for in Iceland!

While most of my companions groaned at the unrelieved dreariness of this moor, I found my slight acquaintance with geology of service, in enabling me to find some interest in the study of its superficial features. The whole surface bore the marks of ancient glacial action—indeed, had been bared and rounded into the form of a rocky moor expressly by the abrading action of moving ice, the blocks being the masses which that agent had detached, and carried along, and finally left on the swept surface. The original glassy smoothness, the furrowing and striation, were visible in many places, the latter having a direction approaching more or less to that of the meridian. I regret that, owing to the impetuosity of my steed, and my unhappy inactivity in dismounting, I could not apply the compass with greater precision. The fact is, a curious, and, as far as I am aware, a novel one in the geology of Iceland, and may serve to explain why blocks of granite are reported to have been found on the most elevated spots in the island—a rock nowhere found *in situ* within its bounds. Indeed, it harmonises perfectly with the observations which have now been made in the north of Europe and America, latterly by myself in Scotland, to the effect that there has been a universal sweeping of the surface by ice, down to some point in latitude which remains to be determined. The parallel channels between the Faröe Islands, all lying between north-west and south-east, I regard as excavations made by this wide-spreading arctic ice-sheet.

The first relief from the tedium of the moor which my companions experienced, was when the Lake of Thingvall came in view, giving notice of the approaching termination of our day's ride. It is a fine sheet of water, fully ten miles each way, varied by a few picturesque islets of volcanic aspect, and bounded on the opposite side by lofty mountains. For the last few miles of our journey, we passed over a plain skirting this lake, and somewhat more than a hundred feet above it, having a wall of mountains near by on the left. Not at this time, but afterwards in returning, I observed that the rocky ground was every here and there rent in short deep chasms, all of them pointing towards the lake. At length, approaching Thingvall, which consists merely of a church, a parsonage, and a farm-establishment, we found our way suddenly interrupted by a tremendous chasm, of fully a hundred feet deep, and as much in width, having a flat bottom composed of debris, and covered with green-sward. This is the Allmannagala, or All Men's Chasm, so noted in the narratives of all travellers in Iceland. A rent in the original fabric of the ground is a rare object in nature, at least in our country, though the contrary is

commonly supposed to be the case. I know of but one certain example in Scotland, the famous *Wangie* in the Dumbartonshire hills. Here is a splendid example of the phenomenon, extending for miles, with a river pouring into it on one side, and escaping through a chink on the other. We have to make a kind of cascade of ourselves also, in order to get across it. I had heard of the thrilling terrors of the path, and that, nevertheless, it was common to descend on horseback; so, while some superior equestrians dismounted and led their beasts, I sat still, while my steed went laterally down the face of the hundred-feet vertical precipice, feeling its way from crag to crag, and sometimes slipping upon its hams, till it got to the green-sward below—a bit of adventure such as I had never seen even in Norway. It was a fine piece of savage scenery, such as Salvator Rosa would have chosen for a haunt of robbers. The cliffs rose quite vertical on the side we had descended. The other side was lower, and somewhat inclined, having fallen away from the former, as was more particularly shown by the outer surface in that direction, which descended in steep inclination to the river. It was easy to trace the angularities of the cliffs corresponding to each other on the opposite sides; but to me it was more curious to mark that the general surface thus widely rent clearly bore the usual appearances of glaciation; hence it was evident that the rending had taken place *since* the glacial period. I shall have occasion to return to this subject; meanwhile, we have to cross the river, in order to get to the resting-place beside the church, where the greater number of our men and horses are already assembled. And, truth to tell, this was the worst part of the day's journey to me, as, contrary to my expectation, the river was deep enough to wet me to the knees, and I had, from some strange oversight, no change of shoes.

Behold us, then, gathering up and dismounting at the little cottage-like church of Thingvall, about eight o'clock of a dull, damp, raw evening, with the knowledge that our best lodging was to be a pew or a chancel-floor, without a fire to dry or cook anything; nothing but wet long grass round about us; and even a pair of dry stockings only to be obtained by half-an-hour's pottering among the creased and bespattered baggage, which the guides were now painfully disengaging in the puddle close from the reeking ponies! The pitched gentleman took a wicked pleasure afterwards in telling me how rueful I looked at the first accost of Thingvall.

PHILOSOPHY OF SEBASTOPOL.

EXISTENCE is everything to the creature to whom the possession belongs. I have heard that there are wise men who say the external world is altogether a fancy, and that it is the internal sense which entertains the imagination: that alone is a fact. I do not know much about such sort of things, but I must say, if this be true, that I have lately seen fancy dealing with fact in a very rough way in Crim-Tatary, where I have been studying metaphysics. When fanciful balls are driven from the mouth of the cannon by gunpowder, metaphysical facts fall down in a strange way before them. I am just home-invalided. Dysentery has done for me more than the bullet and the sword; and I have returned to my native shore a broken and a shattered man. I have, however, seen strange things, and have earned something for myself beyond half-pay—namely, the right to talk about what everybody is glad to listen to.

One of the most surprising pieces of experience I have picked up whilst living amidst scenes of conflict and violence, is the extraordinary indifference with

which men soon come to regard personal risk when danger is continually around them. It seems to me, however, that there is some spice of barbarism in this indifference. I do not think it is so readily entertained by those who have a high sense of the privilege and value of life, as it is by those who have few objects in view beyond the gratifications of sense. To the former, courage becomes a matter of calculation. Men, when they prize their lives highly on account of the capacities they feel to be within them, are capable of acts of great bravery, provided an aim of high ambition is before them; but they will not encounter the chance of destruction for a straw: those, on the other hand, who have not learned to cast up accounts with themselves, will as soon face the cannon's mouth for the most trifling object as for the highest and grandest achievement. This, no doubt, is coolness; my own observation has induced me to hesitate as to whether I would accord to it the more dignified appellation of courage. In the majority of cases in which it occurs in the ranks of the British army, I am convinced the coolness is born of indifference rather than of bravery; and, in support of this opinion, I adduce some incidents I have witnessed myself.

Soon after the Allied armies had taken up their positions to the south of Sebastopol, green coffee began to be served out to the British troops. After a few days of hesitation and consideration, some adventurous fellows, in the intervals of their assaults upon the earthworks of the fortress, and of their labours at the trenches, planned an attack upon the scarcely less formidable green berries. They contrived to roast them in the tops of their canteens; and then set up extemporaneous coffee-mills, by rolling round shot over the dried berries laid upon pieces of stone. In this way they managed so far to crush the coffee as to make it defenceless to hot-water; but so soon as the rumour of this culinary success was noised abroad, cannon-balls suddenly rose in value: and when a Russian shot has been seen hurtling through the air, I have known a dozen stalwart fellows start for it, their eyes fixed upon it during its descent, as if it had been a cricket-ball, rather than a messenger of destruction and death; and lucky did he think himself who was nearest to it when it buried itself in the ground, perhaps just beneath his feet. At first, in their haste and inexperience, these amateur cricketers occasionally made the important mistake of running for a shell, in place of a round shot; and I have heard, in the excitement of the moment, a burst of laughter and shout of merriment echo through the air from their comrades, when the error has been pointed out by half-a-dozen of the adventurers being knocked over upon their backs, maimed and bleeding from the bursting of the deadly missile.

After a few weeks' practice, the men became very expert in distinguishing shells by their flight through the air, and took pretty good care not to run after them, when they did not present themselves unsought. But they still made very little of them when they did, just casting themselves down flat on the ground until the explosion was over, and the fragments were scattered. There was one huge shell, however, they never could get used to, which was fired from one particular mortar: this shell measured sixteen inches across, and contained eighteen pounds of gunpowder in its mischievous cavity. It was emitted from a raft that lay floating in the harbour, and occupied some forty seconds in its flight: first, a very perceptible whiff of white smoke burst out from the raft; then, on came the ponderous missile, turning over and over in its flight—whish—whish—whish—with an intermitting whistling sound; at last, down it pitched on the ground, with the force of fifty tons concentrated in its impact, bursting with a tremendous explosion at the instant. The fragments of this shell were scattered, when it

burst, more than 300 yards in all directions; it therefore never could be looked upon in the light of an agreeable neighbour—a quarter of a mile was by no means respectable as a distance from it. In consequence of its whistling note, this monster *horrendum mirabile* was christened Whistling Dick; and watchmen were set to look for the white whiff of smoke from the floating-raft, whenever parties were engaged upon the works within its range. The instant this was noticed, the alarm was raised, and the men rushed to the shelter of the nearest hole or embankment within their reach.

A hole or pit dug hastily into the ground is the first rudiment of a protective work. Several such lodgments are made during the hours of darkness, in advance of the foremost trench; and from four to six riflemen are sent to occupy each. One of these men is kept constantly on the look-out, above the edge of the pit, ready to take aim at any chance-object that is presented to his eye; the rest of the party while away the long hours, in the absence of any stirring excitement got up in their behalf by the enemy, the best way they can. They are completely sheltered from the effects of round shot, and even shells fall and burst within a yard of their lurking-place without working them any harm. If, however, one of these explosive spheres lights, by an unlucky chance, quite within the pit, it is certain destruction to the whole. Yet the watching the descent of the shells that fly in their direction, seems to afford rather a pleasurable excitement than otherwise. I have often heard remarks of a speculative kind ventured with the most perfect nonchalance, which had for their point the probable safe arrival of one of these deadly missiles, that seemed to be coming straight for the speculator down from the clouds. It is no unusual thing for small bets in tobacco to be laid as to how far off some shell will fall. Wagers as to the course overhead of round shot were amongst the common resources to which the little garrisons of these rifle-pits turned for amusement. The passage of a ball to the right or the left of the vertical often determined the pipe in which a last charge of the precious weed should be smoked. The scenes in these holes are, however, sometimes of the most painful kind. I remember once to have made one of a party of four in a pit as large as a round table, and six feet deep, and which was entirely isolated from all friendly aid during the continuance of daylight. Of this party, two were suffering from severe dysentery, a third was supporting a shattered arm, and the fourth had had his eye knocked out by a splinter produced by a cannon-ball.

Upon one occasion, I chanced to be in a pit advanced to within 80 or 100 yards of one of the Russian works. At this time our behaviour was so carefully watched, that the top of a feather could not be shown for a moment above the embankment without a dozen rifle-balls whizzing past it. There was an officer with the party, but he was suffering so severely from dysentery that he lay for a long time in a fainting state, with his head on the knees of one of the men. While in this sad predicament, the fancy seized him that if he could have some hot coffee it would at once revive him. He expressed his wish; and it was found there was coffee in store, but no wood at hand for the fire. Observing this difficulty, one of the privates remarked that he would soon furnish the wood. He seized a pickaxe which had been used in the construction of the pit, and in an instant jumped from the hole. Without the slightest hurry in his department, he took his way to a tree that was prostrate on the ground about forty yards to the rear of the position, and, with his back to the Russians, began leisurely to pick off chips with his axe. The enemy appeared to be staggered at first by the coolness of his bearing, but very soon a leaden storm was whistling around him

in all directions. With perfect unconcern, however, he continued his operations; and, wonderful to say, was untouched by the missiles. The Russians became more angry and eager, and most probably fired with less than their usual care and precision. At length they laid a large gun upon the adventurous woodpecker, and three times a round shot rushed within a few inches of him. By this time, he conceived that he had made chips enough for his purpose; so he stooped down and gathered them together in the skirts of his long greatcoat, sauntered back through the leaden hail-storm, and dropped into the pit with his treasure unscathed, to the great surprise and infinite relief of his comrades, not seeming to have the slightest idea that he had done anything out of the usual way; and, indeed, I do not think the notion had ever been clearly presented to his mind what the risk was that he had volunteered to meet.

All the world knows that the naval service is quite as much marked by gallantry as the army. They also share with it the matter-of-fact indifference to personal risk I am just now more particularly alluding to. On board ship, matters of ordinary routine often go on under fire, just as if the vessel was hundreds of miles away from the enemy. Immediately before the attack upon the forts of Sebastopol, in which the fleet bore a part, an officer of the Rifles, who was invalided, had been sent on board one of the small steamers to recruit. One of the first incidents of his repose, however, was his going with the vessel into the engagement. She was placed in circumstances of peculiar risk, for she had on board a large quantity of shells, which she had recently brought for the general service of the fleet, and she was near the *Agamemnon* when the red-hot shot were striking her sides. She bore her share in the action, and was at last ordered out of fire by the admiral. The invalided officer was standing by the bridge when the captain of the ship came down from his station on the paddle-box, whence he had been directing the manœuvres. The steward came up to him at the instant, and touched his hat, with the announcement: 'Dinner is on table, sir.' The announcement was received with all due honour, and immediately afterwards the officers were at table discussing the merits of a fine boiled turkey, with the appropriate accompaniments, all of which had been prepared amidst the balls of the redoubtable fortress of Sebastopol.

THE TURKISH GENTRY AT HOME.

If travellers contradict each other flatly in matters of fact—in matters depending on the testimony of their own eyes and ears—it is no wonder they should take opposite sides in questions either of individual or national character. But here is something that puzzles us. If we were told that the Turks, like other people, had redeeming qualities, we could understand; but when an author gravely assures us that they have no positively bad qualities to redeem, we do not know what to make of it. Mr Trenery is that author. With him, the sole drawback in the character of a Turkish gentleman is the want of what he calls spirituality; while a Turkish lady would be perfection itself, were it not that her higher nature is obscured by a little ignorance. His book describes the life of the harem—the Turkish gentry literally at home; and if his pictures are coloured with rose-tints and gold, they are at least novel and amusing in no common degree.*

The Turkish gentleman, being a person of exquisite

taste, has of course a dwelling-house constructed on strictly æsthetic principles. The one into which we are first introduced is the property of a certain Mustapha Effendi, a quiet, gentlemanly Osmanli; it is on the edge of the Bosphorus, and is built in 'the pure, but exceedingly picturesque style of Turkish architecture.' On one side, the walls rise out of a lake hollowed in white marble, the material with which, likewise, the surrounding courts are paved; and in the midst of these is a fountain, with its thousand jets, and its multitudes of gold-fishes. The buildings are environed with orange-trees, palms, limes, and terraces of all sorts of gorgeous flowers. The morning-room is lighted by windows that open upon a terrace of flowers, interspersed with marble walks. In the centre of the terrace is a lofty ledge of artificial rocks, with a stream cascading over them, and falling from basin to basin to the number of twelve, the waters widening as they fall till they expand into a large sheet. 'Through the spray formed in the descent, the sunbeams shone; thus creating a perpetual rainbow, within whose fairy circle, you sat on a marble bench, surrounded by a carefully arranged group of shrubs and blossoms—all bathed, like yourself, in softened sunshine and prismatic colours.' The drapery of the room, covering the walls as well as the furniture, is of rich white satin damask; and the roof is of pale blue, ribbed with gold, and studded with gold stars. The saloon is a much longer room, 'hung with orange velvet, worked and fringed with gold; cushions of purple silk *crêpe*, brocaded with gold, tables covered with cloths woven throughout of gold and silver tissue; carpets of orange ground, through which run wreaths of pink, and green, and purple flowers; sofa, cushions and pillows of white satin; walls of plate-glass and gold-carving.'

This is the reception of the visitors: 'Our *caïque* drew up in the shadow of a row of plane-trees, where a path from Mustapha Effendi's house descended to the water. A slave saw our approach, and immediately ran indoors. A moment more, and Yasumi Hanoum, Mustapha's young wife, came running down the terrace to the *caïque*. My sister rose, and stepped on to the landing-place. Yasumi took her hand, and kissed the hem of her dress; the two being the greatest marks of affection which an Eastern lady can exhibit.

"Shekîr Allâh!—God be praised!—you are come!" said she, in those soft melodious tones which make the voice of an Osmanli woman seem almost music. "You are very kind to come here to see me. I love you very much! and hope you will be able to love the simple Osmanli. May I love you?"

"How glad I shall be if you will! I hope you will love me dearly," said my sister, smiling affectionately upon her.

"And you will love me, too?"

"I shall only love you too much;" and she threw her arms around Yasumi's neck fondly, then raised her hand to her lips.

"You are very good. You shall have all my heart. Now, come; my husband will be impatient if we do not haste."

Here is the portrait of this young wife: 'Yasumi—Jasmine—Hanoum was a beautiful Circassian, of scarcely seventeen years. Her complexion was unspotted as the daylight; with a lovely pink on each cheek; and her skin was soft, delicately soft, as the interior

* *The City of the Crescent; with Pictures of Harem Life: or the Turks in 1854.* By Gordon O. L. Gordon Trenery, Esq. London: Skeet, 1855.

of a violet's leaf. Her nose was long, straight, and nobly formed. Her features were exceeding lovely; but the best of all was the expression of the soul's glory that shone through them so exaltingly. Her head was formed after the most magnificent Caucasian type, which few need be told is the same as—rather, it is the parent of—the English; and is the very highest organisation presented by the head of the human race. The forehead was wide and lofty; its flowing line was of genius and of grace, and expressed a regal dignity that stamped her one of nature's queens. Her hair was thick, dark, and glossy; but, after the fashion of Osmanli women, greatly disfigured by being cut short and square just below the ears.

In another room, still more gorgeous than the rest, the master of the house appears, sitting on a sofa, and almost hid in its cushions. On each side of him is one of his womankind, refilling his pipe, and presenting coffee to him. In a corner of the room is a young Greek singing to the accompaniment of her mandolin, while two dancing-girls keep time with their graceful movements and their castanets. 'The Selictar-Aga had gone in before us to announce our arrival, and also that we were on the way to the apartment in which our host sat. As we pushed aside the drapery from the door, he rose to a sitting posture, and fixed his eyes straight upon the carpet before him. Yasumi walked on, still leading my sister by the hand. When we had advanced about one-third of the length of the room towards him, he looked up with a sweet smile, which smile did not relax until Yasumi reached the cushion; then falling on one knee, she said:

"I bring you our friends again, my lord. Bid them welcome from their beautiful Frangistan!"

"Sel'lâh Al'lâh!—praise be to God!" said Mustapha. "Bourum—you are welcome—quite welcome. Tihat l'ahcin itt'ar gouzum—look graciously, and sit, my eyes!" said he to my sister.

The host is very hospitable in offering a pipe to his lady-visitor, but confesses his ignorance of the manners of Frangistan. The strangers are frankly permitted to introduce two of their friends, Mrs E—and her husband; and soon dinner is announced by a young Circassian, who comes tripping in, and falls on her knees before Mustapha.

"Masha'llâh! I am told that your ways in Frangistan are peculiar," said Mustapha rising. "How you act on such an occasion in England, I know not; but in Roum—Turkey—all we do is to walk into the room one after another, the men taking precedence, as it is good and seemly to do."

"Will madam allow me?" said Mrs E's husband to my sister, at the same time presenting her his arm as stiff and formal as his own cravat.

"Al'lâh âkbur!—God is great!" cried Mustapha; "what am I to do?"

"Be my escort, Effendi," said Mrs E—, resting her arm on his rich pelisse.

"Then I will take Yasumi," I said; "with a proviso, that her husband shall not be jealous," I whispered aside.

"That, I am sure, he will not be!" said Yasumi, with sparkling eyes. "He has a soul purer than the light, and more loving than the daffodil for its own shadow. I love him, for he is good."

"And times are changing, even in Turkey, Hanoum."

Changing, indeed! Upon three silver trays, each placed on a stand eighteen inches high, the meal was to be served. Cushions of the most delicate pink and sky-blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver, and coloured silks, were strewed around them. Beside

every cushion lay two napkins of the finest white muslin, exquisitely wrought with silks, and golden birds, and flowers. A row of slaves, reaching from the furthest tray to the door, passed the dishes from hand to hand, up to the last one, who presented it to Yasumi, meekly kneeling on the carpet.

We all were led to a cushion, each by one of the attending slaves. The napkins were carefully spread upon our knees; warm rose-water was poured from a golden ewer over the hands of all. Then the repast commenced, every one helping himself from the dish in the centre, by taking from any part of it that was most pleasing to his eye.

The Osmanlis are very fond of variety in their food. The number of courses at a private dinner is generally fifteen, yet it does not last so long as the like meal in England. Seldom does any one take from the same dish twice. The slaves remove them as fast as they are done with, and put the next course upon the table. During the evening, the time is filled up at intervals, as elsewhere, with conversation. The sipping of coffee proceeded, the dances were kept up in full spirit, the music continued, and the massaljis still kept us laughing by their tales. Then the hour for repose came on, and all the household was hushed in sleep. Our beds were formed in the Osmanli fashion of cushions of orange-coloured silk, embroidered with gold, and filled with the softest down. Over us was lightly drawn a sheet of blue silk gauze, brilliantly marked by crimson stripes, and a coverlet of pale violet silk, worked with azure and golden flowers. Everything was made of the richest materials; and the beautiful silk gauze, airy as the rainbow, spiritual as an Italian summer-cloud, claimed our especial admiration of its truly Oriental luxury and magnificence.

Such is a glimpse of the Osmanli gentlemen at home. We come now more especially to the ladies. 'The Osmanli ladies do not sit cross-legged, as is often supposed. The legs are folded beneath them, after the fashion of a person kneeling, and then sitting down upon the heels. The toes of the feet are turned inwards, and touch each other. Never do you see an Osmanli with her legs dangling over the edge of the cushion. To expose these parts of the person whilst sitting is considered indelicate.' The lady who calls forth this passing explanation now begins to ask the usual questions of an Osmanli woman on your first introduction to her at home. 'And the two-legged donkey,' adds our author, 'who presumes on her simplicity, by making any other than those courteous answers due from a gentleman to a lady, claiming his kindness and attention, will assuredly have his delinquency punished as it deserves. The Osmanli woman lives for nothing but love, and always finishes her salutations to a new friend, though she be but a slave freshly brought home to the house, by imploring her to love her.

"Look on me. Do you love me?" asked she.

"Not to love you would be to possess a very indifferent taste, or no taste at all."

"It is enough, and you are very kind to say it, light of my soul!" returned she. "Am I not pretty? What do you think of me?"

"You are lovelier than the daughters of Peristan; your beauty is more glorious than the noonday sky; your cheek is softer than the first flower of spring; your face is fairer than the snow-flake upon a mountain; your hands are like pearls; your eyes are like moons; your lips are like rubies, newly washed in the Boulak; your teeth are like diamonds from the valleys of Nishapore; your smile is softer than the light of the evening-star; and your presence is sweeter to the soul than a sunbeam breaking through a dark cloud! I have spoken, Kadeun." And I smiled a quiet smile in her innocent eyes, quite convinced that I had flattered strong enough to please even an Eastern lady.

"Inshal'lâh!—I trust in God!—You are no Giaour!"

exclaimed she; "else, where did you learn to speak so like a good Muslem?"

"Have you never heard how wise the Giaours are? That they leave no lore untouched?"

"Mashallah! And I like to hear them talk, too! Adjaib ust! It is wonderful! I am told that the books they write are more beautiful than music, and fill the soul with love, till it enters the seventh Paradise. Is that true, sir?"

"In spirit, it is very nearly so."

"You are good, and I like you!" and, with a sweet simplicity, she went through the usual and graceful salaam, as I made the temina in acknowledgment of the compliment.

One curious effect of the seclusion in which a Turkish woman, whether married or unmarried, usually lives, is, that love-advances must always come from her. The man would not presume to notice her—and, besides, it would be vulgar to do so. Hence the language of flowers, of which the following specimen is given by our author:

"Am I not pretty?" and she holds up a white lotus.

He holds up a flower of Paradise. "You are lovelier than the houries in Korkham—Paradise."

"Do you love to look upon me?" asked by presenting a blush-rose.

"As the tiger-lily loves to gaze upon its own shadow."

"Can you love me?" and she shows a daffodil.

"As the daisy loves the sun!" and he turns towards her the flower in question.

"Would you die for my sake?" and she pulls a rosebud in two parts.

"I would submit my neck to the bowstring without a murmur;" and he pulls off the head of a yellow geranium, or a violet.

"You are good, and I love you!" and she shews him a jasmine.

He makes the temina with the rapidity of lightning.

"Will you be my husband?" She pulls a hair from her head, and winds it round the jasmine.

He picks out a rose, and holds it with the flower pointing downwards to the earth.

"I cannot live without you; but if you refuse to have me, I shall die."

She takes a sunflower, and holds it by the side of the jasmine.

"Meet me to-night, at twilight:" now a lily is quickly added; "by the fountain:" a grape-tendril, or a moss-rose; "in the kiosk:" a peach, on any delicate fruit that is in season; "near the wall:" or if she holds up a single green leaf plucked from one of the flowers, she says, "the kiosk is on the banks of the Bosphorus;" or, if she gathers her flowers into a bunch, and points the tip of her finger to the centre, it means, "the kiosk is in the midst of the garden." If she removes her finger, and then points a second time, "surrounded by trees." Then a lavender-bud, "there is nothing to fear." But a white rose is, "be as careful as you can." And then she readjusts her yashmak, which is, "There will be a mark where you should climb."

The mystery of the harem, however, is now fast disappearing, and with it, we trust, will disappear the unspirituality of the men and the ignorance of the women. 'One Osmanli allows his wives to come to meals with him in the salem-lik [men's apartments]; or he, and his children also, go to the harem, and take them there. Another Osmanli permits them to live in the salem-lik, or harem, indiscriminately: only, they must remember to make their hastiest flight on the announcement of that spectre—a man. But other Osmanlis are learning to sneer at all this nonsense, and suffer their wives or their daughters—after the fashion of those worthy Turks of whom I have written—to appear in the salem-lik, and talk to any of

mankind who may come there, whenever they will; only requiring that they shall never enter our presence without having their yashmaks strictly arranged, and being careful to see that some other person—a slave at least—is in the room.'

THE PENNY DAILY PAPER.

This is a novelty in our domestic experiences, and really it is a very pleasant one. There, each morning, as we enter our parlour to breakfast, we find the little inexpensive sheet ready for us, with all the news of the preceding day, and the latest intelligence transmitted by telegraph. Four hundred miles as we are from London, matters that have transpired there at six in the morning, are presented in this modest intelligencer by breakfast-time. We never could afford such a luxury or convenience before; and in the city of our residence, though as populous as Rome, there actually never was till now a local daily paper to be purchased. This new enjoyment in life we owe to the late law, making the stamp optional. Thousands must feel the blessing as we do, and thousands must be thankful for it, as we are. Let the old weekly and twice a week papers rail or grumble about the change as they may, the public grasps at the penny daily paper as something it needs, and will, if possible, have. It sees no necessity for taking three days' news in one sheet twice a week, instead of daily, in order to make as much as possible go under one penny stamp, and that stamp, after all, perhaps, not needed for any purpose the reader has to do with. It wishes to know each morning what is going on. If the stamp prevented it from obtaining this knowledge each morning, then it will think the stamp well away, how well assured soever the old large papers may have been of the virtues of that red mark.

Such of the penny daily papers as we have seen are respectably conducted. The trash which was uttered in anticipation of their necessarily proving low in tone, like many similarly priced papers in America, is in the course of being triumphantly falsified. The almost equal nonsense of the attempts to prove that a power of posting and re-posting was necessary to every particular news-sheet, and that the stamp was only the fair compensation for the postage (anything to keep on the stamp!), is undergoing similar exposure, in the fact, that the unstamped papers find their way all over the country by cheaper means than the post. But then, it is said, the penny papers cannot live. Not a week passes but the old papers have some pleasure of recording the death and burial of a few of them. That would be very serious, if true. But the failure of a number of rash speculations, out of the multitude, is not quite a proof that all the penny papers are to fail. What a powerful fact it is on the other side, that the *Manchester Examiner* (a paper which had the manliness to favour the abolition of the stamp) has attained for its daily form a circulation of 14,000, which would be considerably larger if the mechanical means existed for printing the sheet in proper time! It is possible, however, that the unstamped daily sheet will not succeed in many towns at a penny, for want of a sufficiently large population. If so, let them be tried at a somewhat higher rate. It was not implied in the demand for an unstamped press, that all the papers should thenceforth be published at a penny.

The public may felicitate itself on attaining anyhow an unstamped press. Public intelligence and opinion will now have unrestricted flow through the land, and the advance of the national mind will henceforth be at an accelerated rate. It is perhaps more wonderful that the blessing has been attained even now, than that it was withheld so long, considering that so many of the natural advocates of an unrestrained press were bound over by erroneous views of their own interests to oppose the measure. Every such acquisition by the

public is indeed a wonder, for even liberals and political economists, as we see, cannot, in their own case, get over the idea, that the public, somehow, is made for the individual trader, not the individual trader for the public.

SUN-FISH OR BAKING SHARK.

Some twenty-five years since, the capture of this valuable fish was prosecuted very successfully from Innis Boffin and the vicinity of Westport, at which town, as well as Newport, there were works erected for frying out the oil. About that date, as much as five pipes of oil of 120 gallons were received by one Dublin house alone per season. It has much decreased of late years, which is attributable rather to the decline of the means of pursuit than to the absence of the fish, as it is seen every year in large numbers on the distant banks, and occasionally close to the shore, in packs of twenty-five or thirty, in very fine weather. There were four taken at Galway this year, and many were seen in the vicinity of the Arran Islands. The average size is about 25 feet long by 18 feet in circumference in the largest part, the shape resembling a shark. The liver has hitherto been considered the only valuable part, averaging thirty hundredweights, and containing about 180 gallons of fine oil, second only to sperm, and sells from 4s. to 5s. per gallon. The carcass, which may be estimated at from four to five tons, is of a gelatinous character, consequently of great value: it is now thrown away as useless. Neither skill nor courage is required in the capture; it being of a sluggish nature, and literally presenting its most vulnerable part to the harpoon.—*Symonds's Observations on the Fisheries of the West Coast of Ireland.*

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

The Emigration Commissioners report that 53,183 emigrants landed at Quebec in 1854, being upwards of 16,000 more than in 1853; a greater number, indeed, than in any previous year except 1847. Of these, 35,132 were of British origin; and it is remarked that the disposition to remain and settle in Canada, instead of pushing on to the States, is stronger now than formerly. Another noticeable fact is, that since 1851 the emigration from Ireland has comprised more women than men. Last year, the excess of females was 2209. The return for New York shews 313,747 emigrants landing at that port, being 30,000 more than in 1853. Still, we find that the number from Great Britain and Ireland was 32,731 fewer than in the former year. Germany contributed an unusual influx, or there would have been a great falling off. In connection with this, there is the fact that pauperism is on the decrease in Ireland—take the Ennis Union, for example:—In 1851, the number of paupers was 3677; in 1853, it had fallen to 1793; and in the last week of last July, to 825, with a still diminishing tendency. Pauperism has diminished also through the whole of South Wales.

VOICES OF THE DUMB.

It is a curious fact that many animals which are naturally dumb, in the widest sense of the word, are possessed of a power of producing sounds, by the use of some external organ or foreign instrument, that forms a very convenient substitute for a natural tongue. I have observed this of the goat-chaffer, which, whenever taken, utters a shrill shriek of fright, by rubbing its chest against its wing-shells and the upper part of its abdomen; and of the death-watch, that produces its measured, and, to the superstitious, alarming strokes, by striking its horny frontlet against the bedpost, or any other hard substance in which it takes its stand. The tick-watch is an insect of a different order, but armed with a similar apparatus, and makes a noise by the same means, like the ticking of a watch, from the old wood or decayed furniture in which it resides. And it is a singular circumstance, which I shall merely glance at in passing, that some species of the wood-pecker, in the breeding-season, in consequence of the feebleness of its natural voice, makes use of a similar kind of call, by strong reiterated strokes of the bill against a dead sonorous branch of a tree. The most astonishing instance, however, of sound excited in this manner, is that

made by two species of Italian grasshoppers—the *Cicada plebeja* and *C. orni*. The music of these insects, which is confined to the male, is produced by a singular apparatus, that consists of several winding cells under the body, separated by different membranes, and opening externally by two narrow valves. In the centre of these cells is contained a scaly sonorous triangle, and exterior to them are two vigorous muscles, by the action of which the cells are supplied with air through one of the valves, and so powerfully reverberate it against the triangle, as to produce the notes of which the grasshopper's song consists, and which is so loud, that a single insect hung in a cage has almost drowned the voices of a large company.—*John Mason Good.*

THE LITTLE FOOT-PAGE.

No jewel in his cap he wore, no plume in pagelike pride;
No lute upon his back he bore, no dagger by his side:
He never had long silken hose, or wore a satin blouse;
Nor did he ever bear a rose on either of his shoes.
In ladies' bowers he ne'er was seen; he ne'er sang ballads
anyhow;
His name was not Alphonse, Eugene, Lucentio, or Ascanio.

But the names which to Pages were given of yore,
And the name of the Page I am speaking of, bore
As much likeness as Sukey to Eleanor,
Or Betty to Phyllis and Lalage;
From such Pages he was just as different as
A page out of Butler's *Hudibras*
From a page out of Butler's *Analogy*.

He was clad in a totally different way,
In the exquisite taste of the present day,
In a light little jacket of rifle-green,
Whereupon three bright rows of gilt buttons were seen—
Every button most sadly suggestive to me
Of amphibious fashion and finery.
And, to make the difference greater still,
This little Foot-Page's name was Bill.
His duties, so far as I'm able to tell,
Were to open the door and to answer the bell;
To fetch the books from Hookham's; to look
At his master's letters, and tease the cook;
To walk after his mistress to church, and wait
At table; and meet, I may likewise state,
The collateral claims of the knives and plate;
And to fill, to the family's pride and joy,
The place of a man at the price of a boy.

I know not whether to smile or sigh
At my friend's Procrustean philosophy,
But I know that I very much long to say:
'Pitch the Page to Old Harry, dear madam, I pray;
He's a sham and pretence: if you can't keep a man,
Get some "neat-handed Phyllis" instead, till you can;
And holdly abandoning "Buttons," employ
An "Anne Page" instead of a "lubberly boy."
A. W.

MOVEMENT OF A GLACIER.

Assuming, roughly, the length of a glacier to be twenty miles, and the velocity of its progression (assumed uniform) one-tenth of a mile, or 500 feet, the block which is now being discharged from its surface on the terminal moraine may have started from its rocky origin in the reign of Charles I. The glacier history of 200 years is revealed in the interval; and a block, ten times the volume of the greatest of the Egyptian monoliths, which has just commenced its march, will see out the course of six generations of men ere its pilgrimage too be accomplished, and it is laid low and motionless in the common grave of its predecessors.—*From Forbes's Tour of Mont Blanc.*

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THORNEY'S TIFFIN-PARTY.

'MY DEAR POPPLES—If not better engaged, come and tiff with me at three P.M. on Friday, to meet Nicholas and MacErin.—Yours ever, CHARLES THORNEY.'—This is a true copy of a note I received on Wednesday, the 4th July, from the doctor of our regiment. 'Better engaged,' indeed! Of course not—how could I be so? Are we not stationed at the vile cantonment of Mangrowlee, on the Jumna? Is it not a fact that at this place—where, by the last relief, the regiment of light cavalry to which I belong, has been sent for its sins to languish out three dreary years in the society of a native troop of horse-artillery, three civilians, and a married chaplain—there is no gaiety, there are no balls, no dinner-parties, no theatricals, no races, no cricket-matches—no nothing to beguile the tedium of a long Indian day, or to cheer even a few hours of the weary six months' imprisonment in one's own house during the hot winds and rains? Do not the old officers of the regiment shut themselves up with their 'babes and spouses,' and defy or repulse the approaches of the most cordial politeness, in its attempt to draw them out of the dens where they are estivating in sulks and gloom; while the youngsters, who as yet have no higher delights than the mess-room and the billiard-table, have each taken the motto of Sardanapalus for their own, and say: 'Eat, drink, and play; the rest's not worth a filip!'

Have I not exhausted all my 'mental resources,' as they are grandiloquently called? Have I not read twice over all the books my own library and the regiment book-club contain? Have I not tired of studying veterinary surgery, as a change and a relief; and given in at page 75 of the first volume of Percivall's *Hippopathology*, at the awful paragraph commencing 'Interstitial Deposition?' Have I not read Persian, Hindu, Oordoo, and sickened of each, in consequence of their offering no relaxation for the mind, after eight hours' poring and pottering over their minute characters and childish stories? Worse than all, have I not utterly and ignominiously broken down in the construction of the play I outlined while riding round the parade-ground one evening, and even failed to make anything of the 'mystery' it resolved itself into in my dreams that night?

Under these circumstances—in this wretched, dull, dreary Mangrowlee—how is it probable, my dear Thorney, that I could be 'better engaged,' or, indeed, engaged at all? So, of course, I write off a reply, accepting Thorney's invite with rapture and gratitude (I don't put these words in the note, though); and on Friday, at half-past two P.M. precisely, I pick up my

friend Nicholas—who is station-staff at Mangrowlee, and acting-adjutant to the regiment, besides—and whisk him off in my *pulkee-garry*, drawn by two Bufmah ponies, to Thorney's hospitable mansion overhanging the river. Like all Indian bungalows, it has three large rooms only, one opening into the other: first, the drawing-room, a light, cheerful bow-room, with a wide and lofty veranda outside; then the dining-room in the centre, dark but cool; and on the other side, the bedroom, the doorways of which are filled in with thick heavy *purdahs*.

When we have finished looking at the pictures on the walls of the drawing-room—the best being a very fine engraving from Paul Delaroche's portrait of Napoleon I, in a neat white and gilt frame—we go out through the open doors (for it rained heavily last night, and the air is balmy and cool to-day in consequence) into the broad veranda, where, chained to three long low wooden bedsteads, are half a dozen of our host's canine favourites. Villainously ill-favoured, to be pets, they are too! There is, first, Spot, the smooth English terrier, the best-tempered and gentlest-looking of the whole lot. Beyond her, there are Wasp, the bull-terrier, who is tearing and rending and howling in his anxiety to get at our legs, and Ranger, not by any means a gentlemanly liver-and-white setter, as you might fancy from his name, but a marvellously bandy-legged bull-pup, with enormous breadth of chest and a scrogged-up nose and upper-lip, which suggest the idea of artificial means having been called in to the aid of nature. No dog could ever have been born so ugly! On inquiry, it appears that this hideous Caliban of brutes inherited his name by the accident of having succeeded to the vacant place in the kennel, on the death of a favourite spaniel without heir. But the dog that takes my fancy most, and exercises a peculiar fascination over me, is a thorough-bred bull—ah! well, if you'll allow me, I'll call her mother of dogs—who answers to the name of Venom. While all the rest are growling and gnashing their teeth, and darting to the utmost limit of their chains, to try if, by any good-fortune they may succeed in tasting one mouthful of the intruders, she sits still on her haunches, and never moves; she does not even wag her tail when Thorney speaks to her; but her head—a little stretched out—is fixed, and she pins us with her unwinking eyes! She knows that she is chained, and that it is ineffectual kicking against the pricks. But I feel, and I am sure, Nicholas beside me feels, that if, by any invisible power, the chain which holds were silently reduced to powder, she would know it instinctively the very instant it was done, and the next would see her flying at our throats.

While we are looking at the dogs, and thinking of

these things, MacErin, the fourth of our party, drives up to the door, and joins us in the veranda. He is a fine, tall, handsome young fellow, of six feet and half an inch or more; but as, when he joined the regiment six years ago, he was only five feet nothing or thereabouts (he shot up to his present altitude, not in one night, like the bean-stalk of our childhood, but in the course of an attack of low wasting fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave, and sent him on sick-certificate to England), he acquired the nickname of 'Little Mac,' which, in spite of its present unfitness, he is still called by every one in the regiment, from the senior captain down to Algernon Marnaduke Plantagenet Scabbard de Scabbard, the junior cornet (distantly connected, as he tells us, with the reigning family), who has himself to get on an elevation when he wishes to draw his sword.

While Little Mac is declaring that he would prefer being cast into a den of lions, to being thrown in among these rampaging roaring pets of Thorney's, because the 'torment of the pain of death would be shorter, tiffin is announced.

We take our places at the small oval table, in the dark cool dining-room; and there being no soup, the covers are at once removed. The usual delicacies of the season are before us—hermetically sealed salmon, roast-fowl, cutlets and Irish stew, with potatoes in the centre, and curry and rice at the angles; for many people in India dine in the middle of the day, although the meal is called tiffin, and have tea and coffee only in the evening. For fluids, we have iced Madeira and Allsopp's Pale Ale, 'with the chill off'—really, and not according to any slang interpretation of the phrase. It does not do to make the beer too cold; over-iced beer is 'flat, stale, and unprofitable.' 'We are all hungry, so conversation languishes while the viands disappear. Pudding, cheese, and Vanilla ice, with a dash of cherry-brandy over it, follow. Then the cloth is removed, and cheroots and a light are placed on the table; while a *khitmutgar* arranges on a tray, at Thorney's right hand, the materials for making a good cup of coffee.

The river flows, as I have said, close under the house; that is to say, you could 'hench,' as Scotch boys say, a stone into it from the veranda. Through the open doors I can see its gleam and glitter, and the small glass-huts of some miserable dwellers on an island not a rifle-shot off. Lazily puffing the smoke out of my mouth, I lie back in my chair, and placidly watch the eternal tranquil flow of the noiseless stream. What a divine feeling of happy indolence there is in watching a 'silent river flow—flow—flowing on, 'for ever and for ever!' as Tennyson says. If I had my will, I would always live on the banks of one; not a brawling, noisy, impertinent, gabbling mountain-torrent, but a deep, sullen river, in whose very silence there is a sense of power.

In the last cantonment at which the regiment was stationed, I had a house on the banks of the Ganges. I was very ill then for a long time, and for days and days I have lain on a couch placed in a sort of bower—what the Portuguese call a *quirante*—overhanging it; so that now, when I see such a river, I always recall Longfellow's *Lines to the River Charles*, which I then learned to appreciate; especially the verse:

Of, in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflooded me like a tide.

My thoughts have wandered away from the society I am in; but I am awakened from my day-dream by hearing Nicholas ask Thorney if he has a rifle; 'for it is a sweet spot for rifle-practice, this,' as he truly says. But Thorney has none—only two smooth-bores; and smooth-bore shooting is so uncertain, that there

is not much satisfaction in it. But the mention of firearms directs the conversation into a sporting channel, and I am fast falling again into dreamy reminiscences of the past, when I am attracted by seeing a native, with a bundle on his head, wading into the stream.

'Hallo! al-Thorney,' I say; 'this surely, under the house, can't be the main branch, for there's a fellow trying to ford it.'

'No, it isn't,' says Thorney; 'the main stream is beyond the island; but it is very deep in parts here.' I still regard my wading friend with lazy interest; on he goes, looking straight before him, with one hand steadying his bundle, and with the other steadying himself with the help of a long pole. He sways his body from right to left as he takes long strides through the water: now it is up to his waist; now up to his armpits; now it has reached his neck. 'He'll have to turn back,' I exclaim; 'the river must have risen since he came over to the mainland.' (I have known the Ganges rise as much as fourteen feet in one night.) No; he's all right! One step more, and I see his shoulders reappear; and in a few minutes more, he is shaking himself dry like a dog in front of the grass-huts before alluded to.

'I wonder he's not afraid of alligators. Are there none of the blunt-nosed fellows here?' I ask Thorney.

'No; I fancy they only have the "ghureel" as high as this. The other abounds below.'

I have given the conversation another twist; and now every one tells a story of the ferocity of Indian alligators, till one's blood runs cold. One I recollect. A friend of Thorney's was once watching a grass-cutter crossing a *nullah*, just as the man I have mentioned was doing. Suddenly he threw up his arms above his head, and gave utterance to one long piercing shriek; he had been seized by a crocodile. For a few seconds, he was seen, waist-deep, sailing swiftly and smoothly up against the current, like the ship of the *Ancient Mariner*,

Moved onward from beneath;

and then, still screaming, slowly and gradually subsiding below the surface, which veiled the rest of the tragedy.

'Come out into the veranda,' says Thorney, 'after that horrible tale; the sun is going down, and it is cooler there.'

Chairs and teapots are placed outside, and we moisten our clay after the hot and heating coffee with iced brandy and water. As for me, I light a fresh cheroot, tilt my chair on its hind-legs, and fix my feet on one of the stuccoed pillars about on a level with my eyes—American fashion. With my eyes on the river, and one of Colvin, Cowie, & Co.'s best Manillas in my mouth, it is not unpleasant; and for one moment a gleam of sunshine rests on this Mangrowlee, which I hate so bitterly.

Suddenly, however, we hear a terrific row in the compound—shouts, screams, and curses. 'What's that?' cries Little Mac eagerly, all intent on some diversion or excitement.

'Oh, nothing,' says the most phlegmatic of the party—myself; 'only a horse got loose, I suppose; for I feel as if only an earthquake should move me now. But it's more than a loose horse. We are inundated in a moment by a flood of affrighted servants—staring, horror-stricken, and oh! so voluble. It is of no use asking them to speak one at a time, or quietly, or slowly. But in the midst of their uproar and gabble, we all start from our chairs, for we have heard enough. They talk of murder. By degrees, and from half-a-dozen sources, we soon gain the whole truth: it is the common domestic tragedy of India. Thorney's *bheestie*, jealous of his wife, with reason or without reason, has cut her into pieces with his *tukhar*,

and is now running a muck among the servants' houses. Another man comes in to tell us that the assassin has cut down Thorney's khitmutgar, who tried to stop him, and is now bolting across the compound, to get down to the river.

In a moment we are all scattered: Thorney goes to see the woman and the khitmutgar; Nicholas gallops off like a madman for the magistrate and the police, or for a guard of soldiers; while Little Mac and I, hastily snatching at anything in the shape of a stick or bludgeon, rush off in pursuit of the murderer. As usual in such cases, he had prepared himself for the perpetration of the deed by taking drugs beforehand—opium, or, more probably, the dried leaves of hemp—and either from that cause, or from the generally confused state of mind he was in, he had made a dash to the wrong end of the compound. When he tried to effect his escape, there was a high mud-wall between him and the banks of the river. If he had had time, he could have climbed over it easily; but his pursuers were close behind, and he saw at once that they would catch him at a disadvantage if he turned his back and attempted to get over it in front of them. When we reached the spot, he was standing at bay, not close to the wall, yet not very far from it; and all the servants of the doctor's establishment, and of all the neighbouring establishments, were in a semicircle round him. Many of them were armed with sticks; but although they could undoubtedly have seized him by making a simultaneous rush upon him, still one or more would certainly have paid the penalty of the daring act, for the fellow was evidently determined to sell his life dearly. When we saw the aspect of affairs, and thought of the khitmutgar whom he had already wounded, neither Little Mac nor I could well blame them.

The natives of Hindostan invariably look up to Europeans of every rank for guidance and direction in all difficult circumstances; so, on our approach, way was instantly made for us to a front place, and every one seemed to consider that the crisis was at hand. As the elder, and as knowing more of the natives and the native language than Little Mac, I naturally took the lead either for fighting or negotiation. The last I tried first.

'You scoundrel!' I began; 'what is this you've been about? You've murdered your wife; what are you going to do now?' I kept my eyes fixed on him as I spoke, and held myself ready for a spring upon him, or for self-defence, in case he should attack me, for I saw by his bloodshot eyes, tangled hair, and excited manner, the state of intoxication he was in; and I knew he was equal to anything—even to that greatest daring of all—the assaulting an European officer. His tulwar was in his hand, still dripping blood.

'What is to be done? It was her fate. She was faithless, and I have revenged myself. Let me go.'

'No, no, my fine fellow; you don't go yet awhile. Mac,' I continued in English, with my eyes still fixed on the murderer's, and in a mere casual way, as if it was a thing of no importance I was communicating—'Mac, get behind him if you can, and try whether you can dash in upon him and take him by surprise.'

It won't do! Whether Mac moves off too hastily or not, I don't know, for I dare not look round; but I see that 'my fine fellow' is better up to flank-movements than Liprandi, and is not to be caught in that way. He turns round, half-facing us both, but with his eyes, one of them at least, still on me, and says slowly and deliberately: 'Sahib, for he still speaks quite respectfully to us, though sullenly—' Sahib, if you attempt to get behind me, I'll cut you down.'

Mac stops short, and we remain in our relative positions for a second or two, thinking what is to be done. It is true we could both together make a rush, and one of us might escape without a wound, but it is not

probable; and our friends at home would not care to be told that the blue scar commencing at the roots of our hair, dividing our nose, and giving us a hare-lip, was received in attempting to capture a felon. 'Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?' they would say, and with reason; so if the thing is to be done at all, it must be done cleverly.

My thoughts revert to my school-days, and the book which, with the wit and caustic severity peculiar to that period of life, we used to call 'Adan's Roman Iniquities.' I recollect there was a class of gladiators called Retiarii, who bore in their left hands a three-pointed lance, and in their right a net, which they cast over the heads of their adversaries. When they had entangled them in its folds, they jobbed them to death, as a fisherman does a large dogfish or a conger-eel. 'O why,' I think for one bitter moment, 'was there not something practical mixed with my education at the Edinburgh Academy? Why—why in "the Yards" were we not exercised in the games of the Secutores and the Retiarii under a proper Lanista? What an opportunity this would have been for putting in practice the lessons of our youth! Vain regret! I have no net, and if I had, I should more probably entangle myself than the truculent bheestie.'

Suddenly an inspiration, like a flash of light, darts into my brain. Venom! how could I forget her? The dogs—only let them loose to distract the villain's attention, and we can seize him in an instant. In the same way as before, with my eyes still fixed on my adversary's, and as if it was another casual piece of information, I pass the word to Mac. He slips out of the crowd, and goes toward the house; but not without my friend's noticing his disappearance. I don't think he has any idea of what he has gone for; but he knows that, whatever it is, it bodes him no good. It is 'miching mallecho'—it means mischief, and he gets restless accordingly. I feared this; and I see, or suspect I see, that he is preparing for a rush. That would never do, so I must gain time: I must parley with him again.

'Listen. Why don't you give up your sword, and surrender yourself to justice? You are only making matters worse by this conduct. You have desperately wounded, perhaps killed, the doctor's khitmutgar; if you murder one or two more, do you think you can escape being hung?'

I have gained my point: he deigns to listen, and condescends to argue. If I could only get him into a discussion on the abstract principles of English jurisprudence, Mac might take twice as long as he is doing in bringing the dogs. What on earth detains him so long?

'Sahib, I killed my wife, because I had a right to do so. I did not intend to kill Kulloo Khan, the khitmutgar, but he stopped me as I was making my escape. I want to get across the river, and I will kill any one who opposes me. Let me pass.'

As he said this, he came forward with his bloody tulwar raised above his shoulder, ferocious and determined. I saw matters had come to an issue, and I was still at a loss what to do. (What can Mac delay so long with the dogs?) The frightened servants had turned and fled when he advanced, and I was alone in his path with a thin stick in my hand, nothing more. If he got down to the river, he could swim across easily, and might take us altogether, for there was not a boat within miles. If I threw myself on him, he was desperate, and I might not have the same luck as Roderick Dhu, who

Received, but recked not of a wound,
And clasped his arms his foeman round.

A tulwar, in a native's hand, gives no unskilful barber's cut; it shears through bone and muscle, and it is

not often the patient needs a second blow; although, when a native does begin hacking and hewing at an enemy, he never appears to know when to leave off. I have seen a body with thirty wounds upon it, inflicted by one arm and one sword. Taking all these things into consideration, I retreat slowly backwards before him. (Where are those dogs?) He is pressing forward; and if assistance does not arrive quickly, he must succeed in escaping. Ah! hark! here they are. I hear Ranger's snarl, Wasp's bark, and Venom's—no, Venom was mute, as I expected; but I hear Mac and Thorney cheering them on: 'Here, dogs, here; hie to him!'—and the approaching rush of the pack. For one sickening moment, Venom, as it appears to me, is in doubt which is the criminal. I cannot take my eyes off the bheestie, but from a corner I can see her charging straight at me, and I wish to Heaven I were wearing something thicker round my neck than a ribbon-tie. But the murderer saves me! When he first heard the baying of the dogs, he stood irresolute; now, when it is too late, he turns to fly. The instinct of the pack at once guides them on his traces, together with the cheers of Thorney, who has joined me, and is standing at my side. He has not taken two steps, when Wasp has him by the calf, and Venom, with one savage bound, fixes her fangs in his flesh, above the waist. The upper part of his body being naked, she rends and tears at him, while he shrieks with agony. Reader, did you ever see Bell's statue of Actæon? If you have, you know the situation. But he is desperate, as I said, and with one blow he has cut Venom nearly in two. That momentary diversion, though, is sufficient for me. He has not time to raise his arm again for a second blow at Wasp or at me, when I have pinned him by the throat with my right hand, while my left grasps his sword-wrist like a vice. An easy back-trip, and he is thrown on the grass, mastered and bound, sooner than it takes to write it. Venom is lying gasping her life out on the sward, and Thorney bending over her almost in tears. If he had the power, he would hang the scoundrel for the slaughter of Venom alone, I believe. The police arrive, and the murderer is led away in their custody.

'I say, Mac, what made you take such a terrible long time in bringing the dogs? I thought you were never coming.'

'Why, my dear fellow, I dared not have let them loose myself; they would have torn me in pieces first, and perhaps you afterwards. I had to go in search of Thorney, whom I found sewing up his khitmutgar's wounds.'

'Is he all right, Thorney?'

'O yes, he'll do very well. He's got an ugly cut; but he'll get over it, I think.'

'And the woman?'

'Dead!—cut into fragments. She must have been killed, however, by the first blow, poor thing.'

'I wonder whether she was guilty?'

'Guilty or not guilty, no one will ever know now. He will, of course, say in his defence that she was, and perhaps bring evidence to prove it; but it is so easy in India to buy up half-a-dozen false witnesses, that I would not believe in her crime on the mere testimony of his perjured associates. Anyhow, she was a woman, and is dead; so we may say of her, as of Hood's "unfortunate":'

Top: a her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly.

Here, bearer, bring brandy and water for the gentlemen, and cheroots and a light. And now, let us make ourselves comfortable again, for all that running about is warm work in July.'

I light another cigar, but I do not lapse into and her day-dream; the realities of the past hour

have dispelled all idle fancies. As it is getting dark, we all shake Thorney by the hand, wish him good-afternoon, and walk slowly homewards together, thoughtful and silent.

THE GULF-STREAM.

It is a singular fact, that two of the most important of the industrial arts—the extraction of food from the soil, and the transportation of commodities to and from distant regions—have, from time immemorial, been the occupations of the most ignorant and prejudiced classes of mankind. The sailor, who witnessed the wonders of the great deep, was as little impressed by its marvellous phenomena as the ploughman, who, amidst the wonderful and mysterious processes of vegetation, whistled as he went for want of thought. The boon which astronomy conferred upon the navigator may be compared to that which chemistry subsequently afforded to the agriculturist. Yet neither was sufficient. Vegetable physiology next aided the tiller of the soil; but the plougher of the deep, ignorant of its prevailing winds and currents, still empirically followed the devious tracks of the old voyagers. At length Lieutenant Maury, of the United States' navy, by collecting and collating an immense number of journals and log-books, was enabled to produce the *Wind and Current Charts*, that have caused so marked a progress in the art of navigation. From these charts, in their turn, Lieutenant Maury has written the first *Physical Geography of the Sea*.* The aim of this work is, as the author tells us, 'to present the gleanings from this new field in a manner that may be interesting and instructive to all, whether old or young, ashore or afloat, who desire a closer look into the wonders of the great deep.' Gleaning principally from this most industrious of gleaners in the wide field of science, let us attempt to describe one of the most remarkable of all known oceanic phenomena—the mighty current which ceaselessly flows from west to east, across the bosom of the North Atlantic. The fountain-head of this ocean-river, as it may well be termed, is in the Gulf of Mexico. From thence, it flows north-easterly along the shores of the United States, until it reaches the banks of Newfoundland; then stretches across the Atlantic to the British Islands, where it divides into two parts—one flowing northward to the Arctic Sea, the other southward to the Azores. In the whole world, there is not so majestic a flow of water as this ocean-river. Its current is more rapid than the Amazon or the Mississippi. In the severest droughts, it never fails; in the greatest floods, it never overflows. Though its banks and bed consist of cold water, yet the river itself is warm; and so great is the want of affinity between these waters, so reluctant are they to mingle with each other, that their line of junction is often distinctly visible to the eye: one half of a ship may frequently be perceived floating in the cold ocean-water, the other half in this warm current, known to mariners and geographers as the Gulf-stream.

Long before the discovery of America, the Gulf-stream, by carrying nuts, bamboos, and artificially carved pieces of wood to the shores of Europe, indicated the existence of a western continent. Columbus himself was told by a settler in the Azores, that even

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea*. London. 1855.

strange boats had been seen, constructed so that they could not sink, and managed by broad-faced men of foreign appearance. Without doubt, these men were Esquimaux Indians. Wallace, in his *Account of the Islands of Orkney*, tells us that, in 1682, an Esquimaux was seen in his canoe off the south side of the island of Edda by many persons, who could not succeed in reaching him; and another was seen, in 1684, off the island of Westram. Moreover, he says, 'be the seas never so boisterous, these boats, being made of fish-skins, are so contrived that they can never sink, but are like sea-gulls swimming on the top of the water.' Two more of these current-drifted canoes were subsequently found on the shores of the Orkneys; one was sent to Edinburgh, the other hung up in the church of Burra.

As if determined to make its course and existence known to the most unobservant, the Gulf-stream carried the main-mast of the English ship *Tilbury*, that was destroyed by fire off the coast of St Domingo, during the Seven Years' War, to the coast of Scotland. But, again, it carried to Scotland a number of casks of palm-oil, that were recognised, by their marks and brands, to be part of the cargo of a ship that had been wrecked near Cape Lopez, in Africa. How could this last remarkable drift come to pass? Simply thus:—The Gulf-stream, which we have compared to a river, is in reality a part of a great system of oceanic circulation. The branch that, as we have said, turns off from the British Islands, southwards to the Azores, joins the great equatorial current, which flowing to the westward from the coast of Africa, enters the Caribbean Sea, and emerges from the Straits of Florida as the Gulf-stream. The casks of palm-oil, then, had twice traversed the Atlantic—first from east to west, in the equatorial current, and secondly, from west to east, in the Gulf-stream—before they found a resting-place on the coast of Scotland.

To compare small things with great: if we were to place little pieces of cork, chaff, or other light bodies, in a basin of water, and give the water a circular motion, the light substances would crowd together in the centre, where there is the least motion. So it is in the great basin of the Atlantic, where the Sargasso Sea forms the centre of the whirl caused by the circular motion of the equatorial current and the Gulf-stream. This sea, situated about midway in the Atlantic, in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands, covering a space equal in extent to the valley of the Mississippi, is so thickly matted over with a peculiar weed (*Fucus natans*), that the speed of vessels passing through it is often greatly retarded. To the eye, at a short distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon, and countless hosts of small crustacea dwell on this curious carpet of the ocean. Columbus sailed through it, on his first voyage of discovery, in spite of the terrors of his less adventurous companions, who believed that it marked the limits of navigation; and its position has not altered since that time. This Sargasso, or Sea of Lentils, as the Spaniards first termed it, has a historical interest. In the celebrated bull of Pope Alexander VI. in 1493, when he divided the world between the Spaniards and the Portuguese, he decreed that the Sargasso Sea was to be their mutual boundary to all eternity!

The waters of the Gulf-stream do not, in any part of their course, touch the bottom of the sea. They are everywhere defended from so comparatively good a

conductor of heat by a cushion of cold water, one of the best of non-conductors. Consequently, but little heat is lost, and the genial warmth is carried thousands of miles to fulfil its destined purposes.

On a winter-day, the temperature of the stream, as far north as Cape Hatteras, is from twenty to thirty degrees higher than the water of the surrounding ocean. Even after flowing 3000 miles, it preserves in winter the heat of summer. With this temperature it crosses the fortieth degree of north latitude, and there overflowing its liquid banks, spreads itself out, for thousands of square leagues, over the cold waters around, covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth, to mitigate the climate of our high northern latitude. Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influence more freely, it at last meets the British islands. By these it is divided, one part going into the polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay; but each with a warmth considerably above the ocean temperature.

Modern ingenuity has suggested a well-known method of warming buildings, by means of hot water. Now, the north-western parts of Europe are warmed, in an exactly similar manner, by the Gulf-stream. The torrid zone is the furnace; the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, the boilers; the Gulf-stream, the conducting-pipe; from the Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the great hot-air chamber, spread out so as to present a large surface. Here the heat, conveyed into this warm-air chamber of mid-ocean, is taken up by the prevailing west winds, and dispensed over our own and other countries, where it is so much required. Such, in short, is the influence of the Gulf-stream upon our climate, that Ireland is clothed in robes of evergreen grass; while in the very same latitude, on the American side of the Atlantic, is the frost-bound coast of Labrador. In 1831, the harbour of St John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice so late in the season as June; yet the port of Liverpool, two degrees farther north, has never been closed by frost in the severest winter. The Laplander cultivates barley in a latitude which, in every other part of the world, is doomed to perpetual sterility. The benefit thus conferred on our country by the Gulf-stream is a remarkable accident in our condition. It obviously depends on the Gulf of Mexico continuing to be a gulf, which, however, it might easily cease to be. A subsidence of the Isthmus of Panama to the extent of a couple of hundred feet—and such subsidences have taken place in geological times all over the world—would allow the equatorial current of the Atlantic to pass through into the Pacific, instead of being reflected back to our coasts. Britain would then become a Labrador, and cease to be the seat of a numerous and powerful people.

While the Gulf-stream is covering our shores with verdure, ripening the harvests of England and the vintage of France, its influence is equally beneficial, at its fountain-head, in the western world. The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are encompassed on one side by the chain of West India Islands, and on the other by the Cordilleras of the Andes, contracting with the Isthmus of Darien, and again expanding over the plains of Central America and Mexico. On the extreme summits of this range are the regions of eternal snow; next in descent is the *tierra templada*, or temperate region; and lower still, is what the Spaniards truly and emphatically have termed *tierra caliente*, the burning land. Descending still lower, in the level of the sea, where, were it not for this wonderful system of aqueous circulation, the peculiar features of the surrounding country assure us, we should find the hottest and most pestilential climate in the world. But as the waters become heated, they are carried off by the Gulf-stream, and replaced by cooler currents entering the Caribbean Sea. The surface-water flowing out is four

degrees warmer than the surface-water entering to supply its place.

As in a hot-water apparatus for warming a building,—to keep up the simile—the water cooled in the hot-air chamber flows back to the boiler; so one part of the waters of the Gulf-stream, after giving out their heat, flow towards the equatorial current, the other to the polar basin of Spitzbergen. The secrets of the arctic regions are hidden by impenetrable ice; but we know that a return-current, bearing immense icebergs, comes down from the dreary north, through Davis's Strait, and meets the Gulf-stream at the banks of Newfoundland. Scoresby counted at one time six hundred icebergs starting off on their southward journey by this current, which, pressing on the waters of the Stream, carves its channel into a 'bend' in shape resembling a horse-shoe, and some hundreds of miles in area. This bend is the great receptacle or harbour of the icebergs which drift down from the north, and are here melted by the warm waters of the Stream. Who dare say that, in the course of ages, the Banks of Newfoundland have not been formed by the earth, stones, and gravel carried down to that spot by these very icebergs?

Such is the distinctness kept up between the warm and cold water, that, though the northern current forms a large bend or indentation in the Gulf-stream, it does not commingle with it; the former here divides into two parts—one actually under-running the stream, the other flowing south-westerly between it and the coast of America. It is this last branch of the cold current that affords the citizens of the United States a refreshing sea-bathing in summer, and an unlimited supply of the finest fish. In all parts of the world, the most plentiful supply and most delicious quality of fish are found in cold water. The habitat of certain kinds of fish unerringly indicates the temperature of the water; and it is highly probable that cold currents are the great pathways along which migratory fishes travel from one region to another.

Though the Gulf-stream was noticed by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the sixteenth century, we are indebted to the celebrated Dr Franklin for the first chart of its course. Being in London in 1770, his attention was called to a memorial which the Board of Customs at Boston had sent to the Lords of the Treasury, stating that the Falmouth packets were generally a fortnight longer on their voyage to Boston than common trading-vessels were from London to Rhode Island. They therefore begged that the Falmouth packets should be sent to Providence instead of to Boston. This appeared very strange to Franklin, as the traders were deeply-laden and badly-manned vessels, to say nothing of the extra distance between London and Falmouth. He accordingly consulted a Nantucket whaling-captain named Folger, who happened to be in London at the time. Folger immediately explained the mystery by stating, that the Rhode Island trading-captains were acquainted with the course of the Gulf-stream, while those of the English packet-service were not. The latter kept in it, and were set back from sixty to seventy miles per day, while the former merely ran across it. At the request of Franklin, the Nantucket whaler traced the course of the stream, and the doctor had it engraved, and sent copies to the Falmouth captains, who treated the communication with contempt. This course of the Stream, as laid down by Folger, has been retained in our charts almost to the present day. Who, we might ask, taught this unscientific Nantucket whaler so correct a course of this mighty current, then so little known? It was the whales, the gigantic prey he followed in the ocean. The right whale (*Balaena mysticetus*), as seamen term it, never enters the warm water of the Gulf-stream: it, as well as the warm waters of the torrid zone, is as a wall of fire to these creatures. But they delight to congregate, seeking for

food, along the edges of the Stream; and thus Folger, through the experience of many voyages, was enabled so correctly to denote its course.

Our space warns us to conclude, ere we have scarcely passed the threshold of this interesting subject. But we must observe, that the Gulf-stream of the Atlantic has its counterpart in the Pacific. The latter flows out of the Straits of Malacca, just as the Atlantic current flows out of the Straits of Florida. The coast of China is its United States; the Philippines, its Bermudas; the Japanese islands, its Newfoundland. The climates of the Asiatic coast correspond with those of America along the Atlantic; and those of Columbia, Washington, and Vancouver, are duplicates of those of Western Europe and the British islands; the climate of California resembles that of Spain; and the sandy plains and rainless regions of Lower California, remind us of Africa. The course of this China Stream has not yet been traced out, but it sets southwardly along the coast of California and Mexico, as the Gulf-stream does along the west coast of Africa to the Cape Verde Islands. This current, too, has its Sargasso Sea; to the west, from California, of the southwardly set, lies the pool in which the drift-wood and sea-weed of the North Pacific are gathered. Inshore of, but counter to, the China Stream, along the eastern shores of Asia, is found a current of cold water, resembling that between the Gulf-stream and the American coast. It, too, like its counterpart, is the nursery of most valuable fisheries. The fisheries of Japan are as valuable in the east as those of Newfoundland in the west. Thus the people of widely distant regions are indebted for their supplies of excellent fish to the cold waters which the currents of the sea carry to their shores.

By the researches of Lieutenant Maury into the mysteries of oceanic phenomena, the art of navigation has already been greatly advanced. The shortening of long and tedious passages, the lifting and bringing, as it were, the distant isles and great marts of the sea so many days nearer to each other, has not escaped the attention of a practical people in this utilitarian age. Yet there will be other, though less apparent benefits derived from the hand of science, drawing aside the curtain that so long has enshrouded the secrets of the deep. Seamen will take an interest in their profession beyond its mere practical technicalities. They who have the best opportunities of observation, will become observers; and what Scoresby has accomplished in the north, will be followed out all over the globe. Captain Methven, in a recent work,* speaking of the advantages of educational influence among those who intend to follow the sea, says: 'To the cultivated lad, there is a new world spread out when he enters on his first voyage. As his education has fitted, so will he perceive, year by year, that his profession makes him acquainted with things new and instructive. He will dwell with interest on the phases of the ocean—the storm, the calm, and the breeze, and will look for traces of the laws which regulate them. All this will induce a serious earnestness in his work, and teach him to view lightly those irksome and often offensive duties incident to the beginner.' We may go further, and say that his mind will be led from nature upwards to its Great Architect; and by being wiser, he will become a better man. As an instance, we may conclude with the following interesting extract from a letter written by an old American shipmaster to Lieutenant Maury:—

'I am free to confess that for many years I commanded a ship, and although never insensible to the beauties of nature upon the sea or land, I yet feel that, until I took up your work, I had been traversing the ocean blindfolded. I feel that, aside from any

* The Log of a Merchant-Officer; viewed with reference to the Education of Young Officers and the Youth of the Merchant Service. London. 1854.

pecuniary profit to myself from your labours, you have done me good as a man. You have taught me to look above, around, and beneath me, and recognise God's hand in every element by which I am surrounded. I am grateful for this personal benefit.'

Need the writer, who himself for many years traversed the great deep, say more!

LIFE'S UNDERCURRENT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

At length Annie's room was taken possession of by a new tenant; an old blind fiddler, with his aged wife. I begged them to allow me to remain with them; and they cheerfully agreed to my request, for she was frail, and he required a boy to lead him forth, and extend his rounds. With pleasure I undertook the task: I felt I had advanced a step in life; poor Annie's had ended where mine began. I was no more urged forth before the dawn, winter and summer, to grope in garbage for bare life.

I commenced my task next afternoon. I had no bashful feelings to subdue; I rather felt proud as, barefoot and in rags, I led Willie through the streets. We never begged, but took all the coppers that were given us as he played through the streets. He had a double object in view; for, blind as he was, he was an excellent violinist, and was often engaged for evening-parties, where they wished a dance. As we wandered through the streets at night, we were at times taken away in haste to tradesmen's houses, where parties of young people were assembled, and who felt their enjoyment incomplete without a dance.

I had now made a change, from want and suffering to luxury and comfort. As I led Willie home, warm, well-fed, and comfortable, the contrast was forced upon me as we walked along the same streets where Annie and I had a short time before, at the same hours, wandered cold, hungry, and dejected. These parties were our windfalls, and pretty frequent at New-year's time.

Willie, after I had been a few weeks with him, was so pleased with me, that he bought me a suit of second-hand clothes. I was no more clad in rags; but my old clothes were carefully kept as a check upon me, to be at once reassumed in the event of my misbehaving. We never went out until towards the afternoon; in the forepart of the day, he taught me to sing to his fiddle. My voice was not powerful, but sweet and flexible; and my ear was correct. I was now a great acquisition to him, for he took up the ballad-trade. I sung, and the ballads went from us as thick as snowflakes for a time; but by and by the business slackened; yet it was still remunerating. In the winter months, our harvest lay in the city; but as soon as the month of June or July came round, we set off on our country rambles.

It being war-time, we selected our songs accordingly; there is tact even in ballad-singing in the city. We sung such as—*There was a Gallant Soldier, on Sentry he did stand; Fullerton's Light Horse; Come all ye Gallant Sailors bold; Behold Poor Wilk, just come from Drill; Hey, Bonny Lass, will you lie in a Barrack*: these took well, relieved with a love-song now and then. *Up among yon Cliffs Rocks; The Broom o' Cowdenknowes; Logie o' Buchan; and Come under my Plaidie*—a new song, and a favourite. Such as these were our town-stock, and we threw on them. Willie told me, that within his recollection the taste of the people had completely changed, for at one time it was only garlands and long stories of ghosts that attracted; now, these did not sell. In the country, however, such ditties were still popular, and they sold well; such as—*It is a Sailor of whom I write; Gregor Ghost; Molly Bawn; The Douglas Tragedy; The Bonny House o' Airlie; Edom o' Gordon*. The love-songs were the

same as in the towns, but the tragical ballads sold best. This was the happiest period of my life; I had no care, I had no want: yet I have sung for hours with no heart to sing, but compelled by the certainty of a sly blow on the head from the end of Willie's bow, if I slackened. He made me always stand at his right side, and he struck so dexterously, no one could see the blow; for he only drew a longer bow, that the end of it might reach me.

Blind as he was, he was sharp as a hawk: I dared not leave his side for a minute; and at night he would hold my two hands in his, while he searched my pockets, lest I had concealed a half-penny, and made me chew a piece of bread, lest I had one in my mouth. He was not cruel, however, although he was jealous. I was strictly honest to him; and mechanically said my prayers night and morning: the old man listened, and called me a good boy, but never prayed himself. The strange associates with whom we were often forced to mix in the low, lodging-houses often scoffed, but never interrupted me.

We were in our wanderings through Fife; it was a summer evening; the clothes Willie had given me I had much outgrown, and they had been sorely pieced and patched by Mary his wife. I was singing away—a crowd of people stood round—I was selling fast, for I had just finished *The Gudwife o' Auchtermuchty*, and I now began *The Hunting of the Cheviot Chase*. For this, Willie had a tune peculiarly his own: as the verses occurred, his music was fierce, and again it wailed—every note was an echo of the song: no one could give its spirit-stirring strain better than he. All stood admiring; but I noticed a very genteel little boy, about my own size and age, who was close by me. His whole mind seemed engrossed; his features and arms were all in action unconsciously; he expressed every sentiment of the ballad; and when I finished, his eyes were filled with tears, while his face was flushed and his hands clenched. We were going to give over for the day, and were about to leave the place, when he said: 'Please, do not go, until I bring mamma; you must sing that song to her, for I love it, and she will pay you well.'

In a few minutes, a servant came for us. I sang the song twice; the boy hanging on his mother's gown, and she pleased and smiling at his enthusiasm. When I finished the second time, he began to whisper to her, and I heard the words: 'Dear mamma, you don't know that he is undeserving. Oh! mamma, he sings so prettily, and he is so poor; pray do, mamma.' She was a widow; this her only child.

We were taken into the kitchen, and plentifully regaled; after which she called me to her, and questioned me. I told her my sad tale, and everything about good Annie, and all her kindness to me. The lady put some questions from the Scriptures, which I answered readily; repeating, likewise, a psalm to her. Thanks to Annie, my mind was stored with such matters; although at this time the psalms and the ballads held equal rank in my mind. I was repeating a second psalm, when the boy interposed: 'Oh! mamma,' said he, 'let him sing the song again; I love it better than psalms; and give him the last dress I wore. Pray do, mamma, and I will be a good boy for a very long time.' She kissed her son, and I was dressed in the cast clothes from shoe to cap, equipped like a butterfly new out of its chrysalis, and as proud as a boy could be.

I have always found that there is no pleasure without some pain, for until this hour, I never had had a shoe upon my feet; my first pair, although they went easily on, pinched me sorely for a time, and caused me great uneasiness: vanity, however, enabled me to bear it, for vanity feels no pain. I had another ordeal to undergo; for Willie was much displeased, and said my vanity would ruin him. He carefully groped me all over, and in anger ordered me to go back for my old

dress and resume it, or I should be his destruction. For the first time I rebelled, and he grew warm; but I kept out of his reach, and threatened rather to run away and leave him, than relinquish my new dress. He murmured, but was forced to yield. He soon grew reconciled, for my smart dress rather increased his gains; the people pitied us more when they saw so well-dressed a boy forced to sing ballads with his aged father. I was so docile and obedient, everybody took me for his son.

Willie himself was not in rags; his dress was plain, but not patched, for the fiddler scorned the name of beggar, and the idea of charity. I often heard him say, when roused by the taunt, his head erect, and his white sightless eyes rolling as he spurned the epithet: 'I am no beggar, I am a musician; I give value for all I get; music is worth gold. If I am not paid with gold, the fault is not mine; merit is not always rewarded. Foreign music I have no taste for; but name any tune, reel or strathspey, or any lilt from *Johnnie's Gray Brecks to Logie o' Buchan*, and I will give you them in true Scottish style.' Such was his opinion of himself; and, I must own, he had a wild melody in his playing that charmed his hearers, although a taught ear might have found many faults. At wedding, kirk, or banquet, Willie would have been preferred by the guests to a more correct performer without his spirit.

These displays of temper took place only when circumstances compelled us to stop at night in the low haunts of vagrants, where I witnessed the same scenes as in our garret. Many of them were lazy impostors; others were objects of charity, aged or maimed, unfit for work; but all were improvident, for to-morrow seldom found them possessed of any part of what they had obtained the day before. Meal in the country, their chief alms, they found means to dispose of to the industrious poor, who scorned to beg, but were pinched by want: in the towns, they got in general money; but all complained that the begging-trade had much fallen off since they first knew it.

One day we got scent of a wedding that was to take place in a village a few miles from where we were performing. This was an occasion not to be let slip; so away we went, and arrived in the village the day before its occurrence, and were fortunate enough to be engaged. It was a pay or penny wedding—a golden harvest for Willie, as well as for the young couple—for the object of a pay-wedding is to raise a sum of money for the bride and bridegroom. The admission to the wedding-feast was two shillings, the dancers paying the fiddler, and anybody who chose to come on these terms was made welcome.

We reached the place on a Thursday afternoon; all was prepared, and a large barn fitted up with benches and tables for the guests, a space being cleared before the barn for the dancers. Here, as the evening came on, Willie began; he fiddled vigorously, for he was in high spirits, and the dancers seemed never to tire. The ale and whisky were not spared until it was growing late; I daresay they would have danced all night, but for the eccentricity of Willie's fiddle, which gradually began to emit strange sounds—a mixture of discords, without tune or time. Willie, however, was in general a strictly sober man.

Next morning I was up betimes; all the village-dames were in full employment, cooking the wedding-feast or preparing for it. All was joy and gladness, and my vocal powers were in full requisition. I sang, *Fy, let us a' to the Bridal, for there will be liting there; The Bride came in frae the Byre, Scree up your Pipes; Johnny Cooper*, and my other wedding-songs. I was feasted, and got pence besides. It was far in the forenoon before my master awoke out of a deathlike sleep, sick and oppressed with headache; but I got him breakfast, and he began to recover. The bride was to be conducted home at three o'clock: the strangers had begun to arrive long before that hour, and I was set to sing, Willie

accompanying me. I was singing *If I had a Wife was round as a Plum*—, when a shout arose from the audience of 'The bride! the bride!' I took my master's hand, and led him forward a few paces, when we struck up *Fy, let us a' to the Bridal, for there will be liting there*, and advanced until we reached the front of the procession. Close behind us came the cart with the bride's plenishing, laden high, and on the top of all was her spinning-wheel, decorated with gaudy ribbons streaming in the breeze: the horse was also decorated. Next followed the bride, led by her maidens and relatives. When the procession reached the door of the bridegroom, his mother broke the bridal-cake over the head of the bride, kissed and welcomed her home amidst loud huzzas and the firing of fowling-pieces.

The tables were soon loaded with the feast, and the guests sat down after grace was said; and a long one it was, for the aged elder who spoke it, touched on many subjects. At length Amen came, and the clatter of spoons, knives and forks, was the only sound heard for a time. Willie and I were not overlooked. We sat in a corner, and had of the best as soon as the company were satisfied; and that was very speedily, for everybody ate as if it had been for a wager. The tables were then cleared, and preparations for the dance commenced; while the old people retired to another house, to enjoy themselves over their cups.

Willie and I were perched upon a table-top, and the dancing began with vigour: two reels on the floor at once. It was a stirring scene; such shouts, such whoops, such cracking of fingers, such noisy beating of time and stamping of feet, can only be heard at a harvest-home or a penny-wedding. But towards the termination, as the drink began to take effect, jealousies arose, and high words, and even blows were exchanged; so Willie and I slipped off, and left the tumult behind.

For more than two years, I led blind Willie, and was happy and content, singing in the streets of my native city in winter and spring, and wandering in the country during the summer months: yet our gains were not great. We never wanted, but we never had much to fall back upon. It was in the second winter after our return from our wanderings, poor Willie sickened and died; and Margaret, his wife, aged and frail, was removed to the workhouse. Poor Willie Scott, he was always kind to me, and I loved him and Margaret for their kindness; but not as I loved Annie. He taught me to sing for his own sake; Annie taught me for mine. He was not religious, neither was he profane: like thousands of others, he neither believed nor disbelieved; his mind was a blank as dark as his eyes, stored only with songs and ballads, which he sang unconscious of their beauties.

I was again alone in the world, and felt my destitute condition more keenly than at Annie's death. I had more knowledge of the world; yet I knew not how to earn a morsel of bread. I was averse to return to the gathering—indeed, the thing was hopeless; for it could not possibly do more than sustain me in life, and I had now no home to sleep in, and no means of procuring clothing. The dress I had received from the lady was greatly worn; but this was not the worst. I had outgrown it much: it stuck to me, and hampered all my motions. My cuffs did not reach my wrists by more than an inch, and my trousers had long bidden my ankles farewell. Stockings or shoes, I had none; a shirt I did not possess; neither did I miss it. Such, at this period, was poor Charlie.

I lurked about the old garret, and must have starved, had it not been for some of the inmates, who at night gave me a small portion of their scanty fare. Miss Jane had gone; so had Tom: but where they were I did not know, nor was it of much importance, for slender are the ties that bind the poor: their sympathies are strong when in contact; but when dispersed, their own necessities absorb all their cares.

I felt this could not last long. The new inmates of the garret were strangers to me. The one that occupied the Mournful Lady's room, the best in the front, was a woman at the furthest verge of middle life. She had two sons about my own age, and gained a livelihood by fortune-telling; living well, in general, upon the credulity of others. Among her visitors were many well-dressed females; in appearance far above the rank of the low and ignorant: she read their tea-cups, cut the cards, and interpreted their dreams. I never was present, neither was her sons, at any of these consultations: when a knock at her door was heard, we disappeared until the visitors took their departure.

When visitors were few and far between, she used to go out with a basket containing some articles, on pretence of selling them at the doors of gentlemen's houses, where she imposed upon the servant-girls. She was improvident and dissipated, and, with all her gains, was often as poor as any inmate of the garret. Her boys were without education; they could not read, and scrupled not to pilfer. Their mother never checked them for anything they either did or said: she had been herself well instructed in all the branches of female education, and was well connected; but, having made a foolish and ill-assorted marriage, against the wishes of her parents and relations, had gradually sunk, along with her husband, from stage to stage, at each stage leaving behind them a little of any good principle they had. After her husband's death, she became quite debased.

There were other two aged widows, basket-women, struggling with honest pride through the last scenes of life. The earlier period of their life, although not wealthy, had been calm and happy—sad reverse!—yet I never heard them murmur at their present lot: they were sober and pious. They were my friends, and gave me shelter, for the weather was very severe. One fire in the evening served them both; for they could not afford two. There was another shared the same fire with me; I may say he was in the garret, but not of it. Poor man! he had mistaken his calling. He was about fifty years of age, tall and thin; his hair, scanty and grizzled, fast verging to gray; his clothes, of an antique fashion, clean and threadbare; he was humble and mild in address, but his figure was uncouth. His father was a small farmer, whose ambition was to see his son a minister, and while he lived, he had with great difficulty contrived to get him educated and passed: but the poor dominie had not the least talent for oratory, and his voice was thin and weak. What his abilities were as a scholar, I cannot say; but for years he had obtained a scanty living by private teaching, though latterly, even this had nearly failed him, and he must have starved, save for the dinners and suppers he got from old acquaintances. He was not dissipated; he was sinking fast to his grave through heart-sickness, brought on by want and blighted hopes.

I could not be a burden on the poor widows, for I could aid them in nothing: I often wished I had had only five shillings, to buy a box and furnish a small pack. I had heard of small beginnings; but where was I to get one?—how was I to earn it? Once I mentioned my wish to the fortune-teller's sons; they urged me to join with them, and go a-pilfering, and I would soon get more than five shillings. The temptation was great; but there was something within me that made me revolt at the thought of dishonesty; it must, doubtless, have been the result of good Annie's teachings. I went out for a few days, and sung in the streets; but all I received barely kept me in life. I was too young, however, to despair. Even now I remember how eagerly I looked forth through our dingy window as soon as daylight came in, to ascertain what kind of weather it was; and if the frost was gone, and the day looked mild, I felt a thrill of gladness.

At present, I look back upon this period of my life as an unpleasant dream.

I had offered myself as a drum-boy to all the recruiting-parties in town: I had gone to the seaport, and offered myself as a ship-boy; but my size, for I was small of my age, and my youth, caused me to be rejected. I would have sold myself as a slave to any one had I had an offer—anything to escape my present misery. The month of February found me singing in the streets: there was a biting wind that blew through me when I did not strain my voice; my teeth chattered in my head; my fingers and toes ached so much that I could not restrain my tears, which stole silently down my face. I had not tasted food that morning; it was now past mid-day; I was almost in a sinking state. I had no ballads to give for half-pence; but still I sang. No one stopped to hear me; it was far too cold. Still, I exerted my voice to the utmost; for, had I slackened my efforts, I should have broken down. It was *Up among yon Clifty Rocks*. I was on the point of giving over in despair, for I felt my strength failing fast, when a shabby-genteel dressed man stopped for a minute to listen. I looked piteously at him when I ended the song; he gave me a penny, and said: 'Boy, sing that song again.' O what an effect that penny had!—a dinner in its train, and perhaps a second penny! My spirits rose; I sang it with vigour. When I concluded, he inquired if I could sing any others. I sang *Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes*. At the conclusion, I did not hold out my hand—I never begged. I thought he was going away; but he gave me another penny, and inquired if I could sing many others.

'Yes, sir,' I replied; 'any one you please, from *Child Morris* to *Logie & Buchan*.' He smiled, and bade me follow him; and this I did with pleasure, until we came to one of the low neighbourhoods of the city.

I was here led by him into a room where a comely young woman was seated at a table in the window; she looked at me in surprise as I stood close by the door, shivering with cold. After whispering together for some time, I was in a sullen tone desired by the woman to come in and warm myself. How genial it felt; I had not been near such a fire for weeks. In a short time, dinner was prepared; and after the two were done, a plentiful portion was given to me. All my misery was forgotten; I felt as if transported into another world; and the fear of being turned out was the only thought that damped my joy.

When dinner was over, I was desired to sing. I sung several songs, and gave satisfaction to my listeners: they then inquired if I could dance as well as I sang, or if ever I had been with show-people. I said I could read and write, but I could not dance. 'As for reading or writing,' said they, 'we have little use for it; but if you had been a good dancer, it would have suited us better.' They then inquired after my parents. I told them my sad tale, and that I never had had a friend in the world but good Aggie and blind Willie; and they were both dead. The young woman shed tears, and said: 'Poor fellow, your lot has been very hard; but if you behave well, and will stay with us, as we are in want of a singing-boy, we will be good to you.' My heart filled; I could not speak; but tears of joy burst forth as I gave consent.

In a short time, Leonora gave me soap and water, and made me wash myself, for I was sorely begrimed: cleanliness had never been urged upon me, even by Annie, save on the Sabbath-mornings, for cleanliness amongst the very poor ill suits their squalid misery. After my ablution, she trimmed and combed my long yellow hair, that hung in ringlets over my shoulders; and I remember she gazed upon me, and kissed me as if by impulse.

My new protector laughed, and said: 'Leonora, have I not made a good hit? We must clothe the boy.'

'Not so fast,' she replied; 'I must hear him again. Do you take me for a fool, Bellino? (This was the name he at present went by.) I must hear him again.' 'You jade, do you not believe me? Up Charlie, and let her hear you again.'

I struck up and sang *Coming through the Rye*.

Leonora, a taught singer, found great fault with the time and cadence; and I told her that was the time and manner in which I had sung when I accompanied Willie's fiddle. My new master now brought a violin from the next room, and played; I accompanying him for some time in quick and slow airs, for every one of which I had a song. Leonora was satisfied, and in any of the songs she knew, sung along with me. Bellino was in raptures again. I cheerfully agreed to abide with them. I assisted Leonora in her household duties, and became a great favourite; and, although my clothes were tight and tattered, she made me strictly clean in my person, feet, face, and hands, and I felt a comfort I had never dreamed of until now.

'Charlie,' said Bellino to me next forenoon, 'your old songs and ballads will do well enough at times, but I must teach you other songs; such as this.' He gave me an Italian song, and bade me read it to him. I did my best to pronounce the words, but knew not the meaning of one of them; neither do I think he did so himself, for he did not translate it to me, and said if I got the words by heart, we could smother the pronunciation in the music to hide my Scottish accent. It was not long ere I could repeat it correctly; he playing the air over two or three times before I began to accompany him. Thus was I occupied for many days, rehearsing and learning, happy and content.

My mind was stored with songs and ballads; but since Annie's death, I had not learned one verse of a psalm, nor been in church, so feeble was the impression Annie's training had made upon my young mind. At times I even swore a little, so contagious is bad example. Ever since her death, I had become more and more remiss. I was too young to be vicious, even in the midst of vice: fearful of losing the favour of my protectors, I was diligent and submissive. Bellino told Leonora I sung Italian songs like a native, and that my name must be Signor Carlino.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

THINGVALLA.—RIDE TO THE GEYSERS: SECOND DAY.

In the entire absence of inns in Iceland, it is customary for parties of the natives, when travelling, to carry a small low tent, under which they can sleep. We had such a convenience in our baggage; but it was not called into use this evening, as a larger and better tent has been left at Thingvall, for the use of travellers, by the French scientific expedition of 1836; and this, with the church, was deemed sufficient to accommodate us. The church! it will sound strange that a church should be regarded as a fit and proper place for lodging, even in a country so rude as Iceland; but it appears from the report of all travellers, that it is everywhere customary to allow places of worship to be so used, when the stranger prefers it, as he is very apt to do, to any of the filthy and stifling houses of the peasantry. On the present occasion, we learned that the church was at our service, under the simple restriction that we should bring no hay into it to sleep upon. The parson, a plain-looking middle-aged man, dressed much as an assistant Highland schoolmaster would be in our country, speedily came with the key to give us admission, and seemed disposed to do all he could for us; but that was very little. He had one spare bed at our service; and this we all insisted should be occupied by the senior gentleman of our party, who had had some threatenings of lumbago. Besides this special

hospitality, he gave us the use of a fire in his house for the boiling of our coffee. A corrupt Latin was the only language in which our clerical friend could impart his ideas to us. But we had little inclination for conversation at this moment.

While the younger and more active men were busy erecting the tent, and preparing for an evening meal on the green, some of us inspected the interior of the church, which we all declared to be the greatest curiosity, of its kind we had ever seen. Imagine a low hovel-like structure—tarred deals ingrafted on a rough masonry—the roof covered with green sod; the interior twenty-five feet long by ten feet three inches wide. Entering by a door four and a half feet high, at the west end, we proceed along a narrow passage, having five or six short pews on each side, composed of the rudest carpentry, and resting on the bare earth. The last nine feet at the east end is set apart as a chancel, with a deal-seat all round the interior, and a rail in the centre, exactly three feet square, within which is a small communion-table, or rather ledge, bearing two homely brass candlesticks, such as may be found in common use in cottages in our country. There were some attempts at that decoration which all the less severe forms of Protestantism encourage. Over the communion-table were some coarse pictures—subjects incomprehensible. The screen dividing the chancel from the body of the church was a neat piece of carpentry on an architectural design, coloured, and inscribed with 'the scrolls that teach us to live and to die.' A pulpit, barely sufficient to stand in, projects from the screen into the pewed space, having light from a single pane in the roof just over the desk. It was with an uncontrollable feeling of amusement, strangely mingling with intense feelings of personal discomfort, that I examined the place and all its miniature features. At last, sitting down on the floor of the pulpit—for it has no seat—and leaning back in it, as one might do in an arm-chair, my eye caught a legend inscribed over the inside—*Habenti Dabitur*. Alas! nothing for the *Carenti*, I bitterly thought, with an instant protest against the slightest intention of treating irreverently that text of profound meaning, even expressed, as it here was, under associations of the most homely kind.

Five of us were able to stow ourselves in the chancel for a night's rest, using each his blanket and such other wrappings as he had brought with him; while one of the Danish passengers took up a position in two pews near the door. The night passed in a much more comfortable manner than I expected. It was curious to waken in the morning, and by peeps through the opening eyes, under the imperfect light, catch the curious features of that dwarf-church, its pictures, candlesticks, legends, and little windows, while the mind as yet was scarcely alive to a whereabouts. Finding further sleep hopeless, I got up, and, sitting amongst my unconscious companions, penned this part of my journal. Then, making my way out over the limbs of the Dane who occupied the couple of pews, I found the sun up and shining over the dewy green and gray landscape, and the mist slowly withdrawing from the lake; the river rolling placidly in front, with some cows feeding on its banks; a hovel near by smoking; the people of the farm beginning to stir abroad for their work; things in general rather cheerful. One prominent object was the wavy crest of the nearer side of the Allmannagjá; but the eye was quickly invited to the more striking, half snow-clad mountains in the background, amongst which was conspicuous an ancient volcanic one, called *Skaldbreid* [Broad-shield, a name referring to its form as a low cone]. In the perfect daylight, I could now comprehend the nature of the Allmannagjá and the matters connected with it. An extensive tract of high ground, composed of rock bared by ice, has here experienced a subsidence, causing a long hollow or valley. The Allmannagjá is but one of the lateral rents

resulting from this subsidence. Along the rising-ground to the eastward, appear four more, one above the other, and all parallel; a feature heretofore scarcely adverted to by any traveller. The scenery tells its tale admirably. We see in a moment the consequences of a stupendous natural event, of a kind which we are accustomed to think of as peculiar to an early state of things, but which is proved to be late or recent by its manifest posteriority to the glacial epoch. It was the first time that the consequences of any of the more tremendous convulsions of nature were brought tangibly before me; and I should vainly endeavour to describe the sensations which the spectacle excited. I think there can be no room to doubt that the lake has been formed in consequence of the subsidence, for the subsided ground passes beneath its waters.

Before setting out on our journey this morning, we had an opportunity of examining the walls of the Allmannagiau, and found them composed of fully five beds of trap, of unequal and varying thickness, and thus very unlike the regular stratification of the Farøe Islands. We had also an opportunity of examining the fall of the river Oxaá over the higher cliff, and its escape through a passage in the lower, after a short course in the bottom of the chasm. The cascade is one of a highly picturesque character. All along the neighbouring valley of subsidence, are short irregular chasms, full of fine clear water, which flows towards the lake. It is stated that people can fish by merely dropping a baited line through a hole into this subterranean river.

Thingvall is the same word as Dingwall, the name of a town in Ross-shire, and Tingwall, in Zetland, and the Isle of Man, signifying the *plain of the assembly*. The Althing, or supreme court of the Icelanders, was established here in 928, and continued to be held in the same place till 1800, when it was removed to Reikiavik. Till 1690, it was held in the open air—a primitive style of court, which was once known in our own country, where the tops of certain hills, or the summits of the artificial mounts called *moot-hills*, were places for the administration of justice. The various spots can still be pointed out near Thingvall, where witches were burnt, where unfaithful wives were drowned, and where male culprits were beheaded.

The first few miles of our journey to-day were across the valley of subsidence, which we found to be fully as rough as any part we had passed over, and, moreover, covered with a low brushwood, composed of dwarf birches. These are miserable examples of trees, seldom more than three feet high, and shewing everywhere a tendency to creeping along the ground, as if obliged to cower under the severity of the climate. After skirting for a little way the border of the lake, where we observed wild swans and other aquatic birds in considerable plenty, we came to a steep slope, forming the eastern boundary of the valley—ground which we knew to have once been level, but let down into an inclination in consequence of the convulsion referred to. It was a most picturesque and romantic sight to see from the rear the cavalcade of horsemen, and the drove of spare horses, threading scatteredly their way up this rude and bosky ascent, and one by one disappearing over the sky-line at the top. At the top, we have to cross one of the rents which have been spoken of—a terrific abyss called the *Hrafnagiau* [Raven's Chasm], which extends for two or three miles, with a width of from ten to thirty feet; and would be totally impassable, but for a few blocks which have fallen in at a certain place, and to some extent filled up the gulf. From the general narrowness, irregularity, and darkness of this chasm, it would form an admirable retreat for a number of outlaws or robbers. The surface continues for miles to exhibit the same fractured character, with less appalling effects. There are also short minor subsidences, leaving a piece of surface forty feet or so

below the rest, while at the ends, a thin superficial crust having remained at the original level, 'antres vast' have been formed.

After leaving this district, the road goes over some high ground more than usually close to the mountains, and at a considerable elevation upon them. Here the evidences of the work of fire become more striking, the surface being mainly composed of scorice and slag, starting up in thin, withered, irregular forms out of a base of black or red dust. One can observe little difference between these masses and the stuff thrown out from a glass-house. Meanwhile a dull drizzle met us in the teeth, and threw a gloomy shade over this Tartarean landscape. The withered scorious obelisks then looked like a host of wild animated figures surrounding us. When we raised our heads against the blast, and took a glance at the mountains close beside us on the left, we saw them shooting up into dark lofty angular summits, strikingly different from the rounded outline of eminences which we had hitherto seen. While fire was the word borne on their front, snow lay in deep beds in every shady recess, seam, and terrace. We felt that we were now beginning to come in contact with some of those peculiarly savage scenes, the effect of extraordinary operations of nature, for which Iceland is celebrated. It was only left to us to regret that we should get but peeps, as it were, of the outskirts of the grander scenes presented by the island.

After some hours' hard riding, we passed out of the drizzle and the high ground together, and suddenly found ourselves on the edge of a fine grassy plain, such as might have formed a most desirable race-ground in England. It was the first piece of pleasant scenery we had yet seen in Iceland, and the feeling of relief and cheerfulness which it communicated raised us all into the highest spirits. The horses were let loose, the provisions brought forth, and a lunch arranged on the ground. A bright river passing through the valley supplied us with fine water. A small party of natives, halting with a tent and a few travelling ponies, about 200 yards from us, evoked associations of primitive styles of life, as described in the Bible and other books. The place was, after all, beauty in the lap of horror, for the plain was hemmed in by an amphitheatre of lofty black mountains, which rose like walls before us, and lost their heads in the clouds.

After an hour's rest, we mount again and set forward, and now again we cross over high ground, but not quite so savage as before; and about four o'clock, we descend on *Apa-vatn*, a lake reposing in the bosom of a wide basin-formed country. Here was a *boe*, or farm-stead, which I would fain have stopped to inspect. On the brink of the lake, too, only a quarter of a mile from our track, was a cluster of hot-springs, sending up a tempting column of steam. But as there was still nearly the half of our day's journey before us, it was necessary to push on. Crossing a sprawling river, we came once more to high ground, where the drizzle recommenced, and made us all very uncomfortable. Now and then, a lonely farm-stead varied the scene. At one we observed women milking the ewes in a fold—a business once common in Scotland, and embalmed in our national poetry, but long obsolete, while here it is still common. I now began to feel extremely fatigued by the length of the ride, and sometimes lagged so much behind as to be in some danger of losing my party and going astray. Then would Carl come careering back on his winged pony, and kindly try to get me brought forward. The country was not now so rough as it had been during the first day and the earlier part of this. But a new difficulty beset us. In the turfy soil over which the track passes, ten or a dozen narrow paths had been formed by the ponies, and all of these worn at least two feet deep. The feet of the horseman were thus liable every now and then to come against the side of the path, or to be

trailed over it, causing him to lose the stirrup, and be sadly deranged in his seat. The violent strain to which my over-fatigued person was exposed through this cause was such as I cannot attempt to describe. It was most provoking to see so much inconvenience submitted to, where a man with a spade could have cleared perhaps a mile of good road in a day. I verily believe it is the ponies which cause the roads to remain unimproved. Were there such a thing as travelling on foot, travellers would improve the roads as they went along, here flinging a stone out of the way, there knocking down some narrow turf division between two tracks; for it so happens that a man requires a wider space to walk in than a horse. Raised on horseback, they are the less likely to pause with a view to effecting such improvements; and finding they can scramble on by aid of the wonderful adroitness of their steeds, they do scramble on accordingly, leaving things from year to year unimproved.

About seven o'clock, we came to the Brorå, 'or Bridge River, and encountered one of the strangest adventures that had yet occurred. This is a copious rushing stream, deep seated in a rocky channel, and very difficult to ford. It has been found that the best place to cross it for this road is at a point just above a cascade. The cascade, however, is a horseshoe one, with the curve prolonged about a hundred yards up the stream, forming through that space a narrow chasm, into which the water falls with tremendous violence. It has been found necessary to ford, not above this chasm, but across it; and for this purpose a wooden bridge has been laid over it, half buried in the rushing waters when the stream is tolerably copious, though at other seasons comparatively dry. Well, here we come in a wondering cluster to the high bank of the Brorå, and look down with a kind of awe on the arrowy dashing river, and the roaring cascade, and the singular bridge laid across the chasm, with the water running a foot deep on its boards, and a river to wade girth-deep before we get to the said bridge, and another after we pass it—if we ever shall pass it! What a strange affair for civilised men to be engaged in! Behold, however, a guide is already in to lead the way for the bridge. The baggage and relief ponies follow, feeling with their toes for a safe footing on the rocky bottom, while the water chafes angrily round them. The long string passes on, and then the gentlemen-travellers follow, feeling 'in for it,' and resolved to take their chance. I go on with admiration overmastering fear. One glance up and down while on the bridge, to see the blue and white water tumbling into the gulf and rushing madly along below—that was all that courage could spare from the desperate attention required for the beast and his footing. We pass; we get through the second half of the river beyond; and we scramble up the rough bank, and look back, to wonder as much at having passed, as we five minutes before wondered whether we should be able to pass or no. I should mention that the bridge, which is about eight feet broad, and may be twenty long, has a railing on each side. Formerly, it was narrower, and had no railing!

We were now within sight of a mountain beyond which were the Geysers, still, however, ten miles distant. Most of the party dismounted, for a few minutes, to survey the river and its cascade. My fatigue forbade me to do this, lest I should not be able to mount again. I thought of my too great resemblance to the worthy Burgher minister of Penicuik, who said that 'his body was wonderfully constituted to take a great deal of ease,' implying, *e converso*, that it was not fitted to endure a great deal of fatigue. And then I felt amused at thinking of the Burgher minister of Penicuik on the banks of a river in Iceland. And then we got into motion again, and I went on automatically, too pained to feel, more content to proceed than to stop,

since stopping would call up a new and more poignant sensation. Two hours passed thus, after which we got into a wide flat valley—miles-breadth of flooded meadow-ground—along which we skirted till we began to see, at the distance of two or three miles, on a piece of sloping ground, under a small hill, a strange assemblage of masses of steam waving in the evening breeze. Our eyes became fixed, of course, on this object, which every minute had a different aspect. I felt uncertain if this was the smoke of the Geysers, and, lagging so far behind, had no means of ascertaining. But presently, there shot up amongst the waving masses a column of steam, spreading at the top like a tree, and I then felt sure that we were at length approaching the object of our journey. Crossing the flooded meadow-ground, and passing a farmhouse on the hill-face, we came about ten o'clock to the field which contains these wonderful springs. It was still clear daylight. The ground seemed like a place where some work is going on that calls for extensive boilings of caldrons. Were 5000 washerwomen to work in the open air together, the general effect at a little distance might be somewhat similar. Turning the corner of a turf-enclosure, I beheld a rill of hot water passing along a white crusted channel. Presently, I observed beside this stream a little hole among the stones, with hot water plop-plopping in it, exactly as in a kettle. My beast did not like it, and for some time refused to proceed. Going on, I found more holes of the same kind; then larger apertures, from which only steam was coming. Then joining my companions, now dismounted, I found myself in the midst of the Geysers. A strange scene it was—the multitude of horses, men, and baggage, in the midst of a multitude of earth-fast boiling kettles. There is that tent pitching on the green—there is the Great Geyser, perched on its mount of incrustations! A large flock of sheep is passing by, attended by shepherds, who do not bestow a passing glance on the Geysers, familiarity having had its usual effect with them in creating indifference. I sat on the beast, and gazed around with wonder, the mind being active, while the body was actually torpid with suffering. It was necessary to call the help of a guide ere I could dismount; and when I did reach the ground, my limbs yielded under me. What were the sensations of the pony which had borne me forty miles that day, I cannot pretend to guess; but it struck me that a handsome apology was due to him from his rider.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WHAT British boy or girl does not know the name of Hans Christian Andersen, the kindly, genial, quaint, and loving story-teller of Denmark?—the chronicler of that immortal 'Ugly Duckling,' whose 'Eventyr' has invested with romantic interest the quackings of every web-footed denizen of the poultry-yard. In many a nursery, the warlike 'tin-soldier' (now invariably a Russian, as he used to be a Frenchman), the top, the ball, and even Nurse's darning-needle, have all become so many deathless heroes of romance, through the magic touch of this gentle Scandinavian enchanter. All his works have been, as they well deserve to be, translated into English, with the exception of his very last, *Mit Liv's Eventyr*, which has but just appeared in Copenhagen, and of which we have been so fortunate as to obtain a copy. It is a continuation and extension of the *True Story of my Life*, which brought down Andersen's autobiography to the year 1846, and of which a translation, by Mary Howitt, appeared in London in 1847. The present work, which forms the twenty-second and concluding volume of a collected edition of his writings, takes up his history at that point, and

brings it down to the present year. It will, no doubt, ere long be translated *in extenso*; but meanwhile we are happy to present our readers with a few extracts, chiefly descriptive of his visit to England and Scotland in 1847. He says:

'King Christian VIII. had received from the well-known London publisher, Richard Bentley, a handsomely bound edition of my translated works. The kindly feeling which his majesty entertained, towards me was greatly increased when he read the *True Story of my Life*.

"Now, for the first time, I know you thoroughly," said he cordially to me one day when I entered the audience-chamber, in order to present a copy of my last book. "I see you so seldom," continued the king. "We must talk together oftener."

"That depends on your majesty," answered I.

"Yes, yes—you are right!" said he; and then, in the kindest manner, expressed his pleasure at the fame I had won in Germany and England. Before I took leave, the king inquired: "Where do you dine to-morrow?"

"At the restaurant," was my reply.

"Better come to us, and dine with me and my wife. We sit down to table at four o'clock."

As I mentioned before, I had received from the Princess of Prussia a beautiful album, in which were many interesting autographs. Their majesties looked over it; and when I took it back, I found that the king had written in it the following sentence:—

"Through well-employed talents to achieve for one's self an honourable position, is better than favour and riches. Let these lines remind you of your well-wishing friend,
CHRISTIAN R."

It was dated the 2d of April, which the king knew was my birthday. The Queen Caroline Amelia had also written a few kind and gracious words. No costly gift could have gladdened me so much as these treasures of word and spirit. One day, the king asked me if I were not going to England. I answered that I hoped to do so in the course of the approaching summer.

"You can get money from me," said his majesty.

I thanked him, but said: "I have no need of that; for the German edition of my works, I have received eight hundred rix-dollars, and that money, I can spend in travelling."

"But," said the king smiling, "in England you will be the living representative of Danish literature, and you must therefore live in some measure well and handsomely" (*smukt og godt*).

"Oh, so I will; and as soon as my cash runs short, I'll travel homewards."

"You can write directly to me for whatever you need," said the king.

"O no, your majesty, I shall not do that; another time, perhaps, I may trespass on your kindness; but one ought not to be always tormenting, and I hate to talk about money! But may I write to your majesty without asking for anything? Write—not as to the king—for then it could be only a formal epistle—but as to one whom I hold very dear?" The king graciously gave his permission, and seemed pleased with the manner in which I had met his proffered kindness.

Our author left Copenhagen in May 1847, and travelled through Holland to Rotterdam. There he embarked on board a steamer for London; and he

describes in a lively manner the impression which the Thames, with its forests of masts and innumerable steamers, produced on his mind. From the Custom-house, where he landed, he took a 'cab'—a species of vehicle he holds in especial favour—and drove to a hotel in Leicester Square, to which he had been recommended by H. C. G. Here he at first fancied himself in excellent quarters, although he says: 'The red yellow sun shone in through my window, as if through the glass of an oil-flask;' but the Danish ambassador, Count Reventlow, whom he called on next morning, warned him not on any account to say that he lived in Leicester Square, which was by no means a fashionable locality. 'And yet,' remarks our honest Dane, 'I lived close to Piccadilly, in a large square, where the Earl of Leicester's marble statue stood amidst green trees. The Chevalier Bunsen, Count Reventlow, and several ambassadors, visited me there; but it was not the fashion. In England, everything is etiquette; even the Queen herself is bound by it in her own house. I was told, that one day when she was out airing in one of the beautiful parks, she would fain have prolonged her drive, but eight o'clock was the precise hour for dinner; and if she did not return to the minute, all England would animadvert on her conduct. In freedom's land, one is near dying of etiquette; yet that is, after all, but a trifle, where there is so much that is excellent.'

Count Reventlow, on the day after his arrival, obtained for him an invitation to an evening-party at Lord Palmerston's, where he was delighted with his reception—having made, as his countryman assured him, 'a sudden jump into high-life.' Yet the honeyed words of the Duchess of Suffolk, who called the *Improvisatore* 'the best book about Italy,' or the interest testified by the Duke of Cambridge respecting Christian VIII., could not prevent Andersen from feeling thoroughly overcome by the heat, the crowd, 'the moving on polished floors, and listening to a chattering in divers languages which I did not understand.' 'Many,' he says, 'handed me their cards with invitations.' 'To-morrow,' whispered his friend in Danish, 'we'll look over the cards, and choose the best!' Invitations poured in upon him; and in three weeks he became quite tired of the whirl of high-life. One day he repaired to Brompton, to visit Jenny Lind, who lived there in a pretty cottage.

'When she saw me from the window,' he says, 'she ran out to the door, seized both my hands, and led me into the sitting-room. A crowd of persons were always loitering about the garden-gate, with the hope of seeing her. On her table lay several elegantly bound books; amongst them she shewed me the *True Story of my Life*, which Mary Howitt had dedicated to her. Beside it lay a large caricature, representing a nightingale with a woman's face. Lumley, standing by, was strewing sovereigns over her neck, in order to make her sing. We talked of our home in the north, and of many other things. She promised to give me a ticket to the Opera every time she sang. I must not think, she said, of buying one, they were so ridiculously dear. "Let me sing for you there, and then, at home, you can read a story for me!" Only twice, however, did my numerous engagements permit me to use the punctually sent tickets.'

Count Reventlow took Andersen to visit Lady Morgan. The old lady had requested him to defer his

visit until she should have read his works, which it appears she had not previously done. He seems to have been more gratified with an evening which he spent at the Countess of Blessington's. 'Charles Dickens,' he says, 'came in, young, handsome, with an intelligent friendly expression of countenance, and beautiful hair, falling down at each side. We pressed each other's hand, spoke and understood each other. I was so glad to meet the one of England's living authors, whom I prized the most highly, that my eyes filled with tears. Dickens understood my feelings: he sat near me at table, and took wine with me, as did also the present Duke of Wellington, then Marquis of Douro.'

'St Paul's,' he says, 'looks better on the outside than it does within. It struck me as resembling a fine pantheon, with its marble monuments. In Nelson's, stands a youthful figure pointing towards one of the four names of battles which are there inscribed. That one is Copenhagen; and, as a Dane, I felt that it was as if I wished to efface it from the triumph.'

The present Baron Hambro invited Andersen to visit him at his country-seat near Edinburgh. The invitation was accepted; and, furnished by Mr Jerdan with a letter of introduction to Lord Jeffrey, our author travelled northwards. There is nothing very remarkable in the account of his visit to Scotland. He describes Edinburgh and the surrounding country pretty much as any common-place tourist might do, and scarcely names any trait of individual interest, save such as tend to his own glorification. Indeed, truth to tell, the quaint naïveté of the *man* is sadly spoiled by the absorbing egotism of the *author*. He says: 'I met the jovial critic Wilson; he was all life and spirits, and jestingly called me "Brother." Critics of the most opposite parties united in testifying good-will towards me. "The Danish Walter Scott" was the honourable title which many conferred on me, unworthy of it. The authoress, Mrs Crowe, brought me her novel *Susan Hopley*, which has been translated into Danish.'

Andersen had received a gracious invitation to visit the Queen and Prince Albert in the Isle of Wight; but was not able, when in England, to avail himself of it. It was then intimated to him that he might wait upon Her Majesty at Balmoral; but alas! our honest Dane's cash began to run short. He felt an honourable delicacy in trespassing on the liberality of his friends here, or of his sovereign in Denmark; and, aware that a visit to English royalty would necessarily entail considerable expense, he magnanimously resolved to forego that honour, as well as the great pleasure of a visit to Abbotsford. On his journey to the south, he met in a railway-carriage Theodore Mook and his wife. They made acquaintance with him, and told him that the newspapers contained a full account of his visit to the Queen!

The Scottish journals said that I had read some of my tales aloud for Her Majesty; and yet there was not one word of truth in it. At one of the railway-stalls, I bought the last number of *Punch*. I was mentioned in it, with a remark to the effect, that it was strange that I, a foreigner, an author from another country, should be honoured by England's Queen with an invitation, which was not given to any English writer. All this pained me considerably; but with respect to what *Punch* had said, my fellow-traveller comforted me by remarking: "That it was a certain sign of popularity to be noticed in that paper: many Englishmen would give a great deal of money to obtain such a distinction!"

When Andersen returned to London, he found it quite deserted by the *beau monde*. On invitation, he visited Mr Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by him in his pleasant cottage at Broadstairs. He says: 'We talked of Denmark and Danish literature; of Germany, and its language, which Dickens wished to learn. After

dinner, the children came in. "We have plenty of them!" said Dickens. There were five, for the sixth was away from home. They all kissed me, and the youngest one kissed his own little open hand, and then offered it to me. With coffee came in a young lady—one of my admirers, Dickens said, to whom he had promised an invitation whenever I came. The evening passed swiftly. Mrs Dickens was quite full of Jenny Lind, and wished greatly to possess her autograph, which it was very difficult to obtain. I happened to have the little note in which the great songstress had bidden me welcome to London, and told me her address; that I gave to Mrs Dickens. It was late in the evening when we parted, and Dickens promised to write to me to Denmark.

Yet we were to meet once more. The next morning, when I was about to start in the packet from Ramsgate, my kind friend made his appearance. "I must still say another farewell!" he exclaimed, and accompanied me on board, where he remained till the last moment. We pressed each other's hand; he looked with his bright heartfelt eyes so kindly into mine; and as the vessel sped onwards, he stood on the verge of the light-house, looking so brave, so young, so handsome as he waved his hat. Dickens was the last to waft me a greeting from dear England's coast.

The first little book I wrote after my return to Copenhagen, I called *A Christmas Greeting to my English Friends*. It was dedicated to Charles Dickens, and sent to him. I received the following reply:—

"A thousand thanks, my dear Andersen, for your kind and most highly-prized remembrance of me in your Christmas-book. I am very proud of it, feel myself highly honoured thereby; and I cannot sufficiently express how greatly I value such an evidence of friendship from a man of your genius.

Your book has rendered my Christmas hearth more joyous. We are all enchanted with it. The little boy, and the old man, and the tin-soldier, are my especial favourites. I read these stories over several times, and always with unspeakable pleasure. A few days since, I was in Edinburgh, where I saw some of your friends, who spoke much of you. Come to England again—and soon! But whatever you do, do not cease to write, for we could not afford to lose even one of your thoughts. They are so simply and truly beautiful, that you must not keep them confined in your own head.

We have long since returned from the coast where I bade you farewell, and are again in our own house. My wife sends you her affectionate remembrances; her sister sends the same, and so do all the children. And as we are all of the same mind, I pray you to receive the whole summed up in a loving greeting from your sincere and admiring friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.*

The year 1848 came on—a remarkable year, a volcanic year—in which the great time-wave rolled bloodily also over our fatherland. In the beginning of January, King Christian VIII. lay sick. The last time I saw him was one evening when I received an invitation to tea, and to bring something with me to read for his majesty. I found with him only the queen, one lady and one gentleman in waiting. The king greeted me in his usual kind and cordial manner; but he could not rise from the sofa. I read aloud two chapters of my then unfinished romance, *The Two Baronesses*, and afterwards two or three short tales. The king seemed quite lively, and laughed and talked as usual. When I was going away, he nodded to me from his couch, and the last words I heard

* This letter appears in H. C. Andersen's book translated into Danish, and is now again rendered into English. It is probable that the double translation has considerably altered the original *tourneure de phrase*.

him utter were: "We must see each other soon again." But it was not to be. He became very ill. I felt a restless fear of losing him, and went out daily to Ameliaburg to inquire. Soon came the certainty that this sickness was unto death. Deeply moved, I went with the sad tidings to Oelenschläger, who, strangely enough, could not yet believe that the king's life was in danger. He saw my agitation, and burst into tears, so heartfelt was his attachment to our king. The next day, I met him on the palace-steps, leaning on Christiani, who had just left the royal bed-chamber. Oelenschläger was very pale, and spoke not a word, but pressed my hand in passing, while the tears stood in his eyes. The king had been given over!

On the 20th of January, I stood in the evening, amid the snow, and gazed up at the windows of the chamber where my king lay dying. Next morning, when I returned, there was a crowd outside the palace. Christian VIII. lay dead! I went home, and wept long and bitterly for him whom I had loved so well, and now had lost for ever in this world.*

How well it speaks for both sovereign and subject when the one inspires, and the other feels, such honest personal affection! Andersen's experiences of crowned heads seem to have been always of a pleasant and kindly nature. In 1849, he made a tour in Sweden, and was introduced at the court of King Oscar.

'He met me in so cordial a manner, that it almost seemed to me as if we had often before met and conversed together; yet this was the first time. I thanked his majesty for the Order of the North Star, which he had graciously conferred upon me. We spoke of the resemblance between Stockholm and Constantinople, and of the excellent discipline and piety of the Swedish soldiers. The king said that he had read what I had written respecting the Swedes' sojourn in Fuhnen; and declared his warm sympathy for the Danish people, his friendship for their king. We spoke of the war.* I said that it lay in the nation's character, that where it felt it had right, it held fast by it, and forgot its own smallness. I appreciated the king's noble disposition. He invited me to dinner. "The queen, my wife," said he, "knows your writings, and will gladly become personally acquainted with you."

In the course of another tour, he came to the town of Eisenach, where, in the small palace, dwelt the Duchess of Orleans with her two sons. Andersen was presented to her by the Grand-duke of Weimar. 'I had heard of her exceeding kindness and generosity according to her means, so that her residence was a blessing to the whole place. When I saw her, the thought of all she had suffered, and the vicissitudes of her life, had such an effect on me, that my eyes filled with tears before I had uttered a word. She perceived it, and kindly stretched out her hand to me. Perceiving that I was looking at the portrait of her husband, which hung upon the wall, and which represented him young and blooming as I had seen him in Paris, her eyes also filled with tears as she spoke of him and of her children. They knew my stories, she said. She was dressed ready for an excursion of some miles into the country, but asked me to dine with her the next day. I had to answer, that I was just about to take my departure from the town, but hoped to return thither in about a year. "A year!" she repeated. "How much may happen in a year, when so many things occur in even a few hours!" In taking leave, she graciously pressed my hand; and, greatly moved, I left that noble princess, whose fate has been a hard one, but whose heart is strong, trusting in her God.'

Our space forbids our making any further extracts from this interesting book, but we will give its author's concluding words:

'In our progress towards God, the bitter and the

painful elements evaporate; the beautiful remains behind, as a rainbow in the sky. May men judge me as mildly as I in my heart judge them; and they will do so! The confessions of a lifetime have, with the good and noble, the power of a hallowed shrift: to them I safely commit myself. Cautiously and confidently, as if conversing with dear friends, have I here related the story of my life.'

WHAT THE FRENCH ARE DOING.

THE French Exposition, though less effective than ours as a spectacle, is found, on careful examination in detail, to present extraordinary signs of progress in mechanical art—not so much in the form of new inventions, as in perfecting what was already known. In this respect, the collection surprises those best able to form an opinion of its value; and the adjudication of medals will be made in conformity with it. Many, who not being inventors, have taken up an invention and converted it into a branch of industry, will here a medal; the development of industry and skill being considered by the juries—and rightly—worthy of reward.

Some of the things exhibited are well worth attention on this side the Channel, and we must not let the war divert us from consideration of the ways and means by which it is to be carried on, and social welfare promoted. There is Beaumont and Mayer's thermogenic-engine, which heats water and generates steam without fuel or fire. As yet, its applicability to mechanical purposes is not apparent; but ways have been found of turning it to account. For instance, it is kept fully employed in heating the chocolate sold in thousands of cups per day to visitors; and this is accomplished without any breach of the law that prohibits fire within the building. And the Emperor, having seen the engine in action, ordered one to be sent to the Crimea, where, in case of the troops having to pass another winter there, it would serve to heat soup, coffee, or water, whether fuel was to be had or not—no unimportant consideration during a campaign. Moreover, it may supply heat to the cooking-galley of a ship, as well as to the chocolate-establishment; and thus shews how a source of danger from fire on shipboard may be avoided.

The construction of this machine is simple enough to be understood from a brief description. A boiler is made, traversed by a conical tube of copper, 30 inches diameter at the top, 35 inches at the bottom, inside of which a cone of wood of the same shape is fitted, enveloped in a padding of hemp. An oil-vessel keeps the hemp continually lubricated, and the wooden cone is so contrived as to press steadily against the inside of the copper, and to rotate rapidly by means of a crank turned by hand or horse-power. The whole of the boiler outside of the copper cone is filled with water. Thus constructed, the machine in the Exposition, with 400 revolutions a minute, makes 400 litres of water boil in about three hours by the mere effect of the friction of the oiled tow against the copper. When once the boiling-point is reached, it may be maintained for any length of time, or as long as the movement is continued. It is quite easy to keep the steam in the boiler at a pressure of two atmospheres, where, besides the uses above mentioned, it blows a whistle as lustily as any locomotive.

Many improvements of telegraphic apparatus are exhibited: Gintl's, for sending messages in opposite directions at the same time; Varley's 'translator,' for employing Morse's printing-apparatus in connection with the needle-telegraph; and Breguet's portable instrument, one of which, we are told, is carried by every train in France. Should any stoppage or accident occur, the conductor alights with the instrument, connects one wire with the earth, the other with the line of telegraph, and can thus communicate with the

* Between Denmark and Prussia.

stations on either side of him. Breguet has also his 'electric-monitor and automatic-controller,' by which the 'coaching-superintendent' of any line can be kept informed of the progress of a train through its whole journey, the signals being transmitted as it passes each distance-post. Another instrument, by the same maker, is intended for use in the termini, or where the premises are extensive. A train arrives; a clerk touches the computator of the instrument; a hammer is released, which striking a large bell, the sound is heard afar, and brings the porters and attendants together; and, by the number of strokes on the bell, tells whether the arrival is a passenger or luggage train. Breguet is one of those who will have a medal for creating an industry; he employs numerous workmen, and has made more than 2,000 instruments. His watch—also in the Exposition—excites much interest and admiration: it tells the name and day of the month, the equation of time; is a repeater, striking the minute as well as the hour; is a thermometer of tolerable accuracy, and winds itself up by the action of its own movement. The price of this remarkable piece of workmanship is 30,000 francs.

The calculating-machine—that specimen of Swedish ingenuity, which was shewn in London for some months of the present year—is now in Paris. And little less extraordinary is the composing and distributing machine in the Danish department—as though Sweden and Denmark were having a trial of skill. Machines for setting up, or for distributing type are not new, but this combines both operations; and while the compositor is composing a page by playing on a series of keys arranged as in the piano, the type that has been printed from is distributed at the same moment. Much time is thereby saved; in addition to which the machine—so say the inventors—will do the work of four men. An eminent London publisher who has seen it, thinks the working capability rather under than over stated.

Apropos of printing: those who saw the collection of books printed at Tours, can hardly fail to have been struck by their cheapness. We do not mean cheapness and bad quality; for the books are unexceptionable in paper, typography, engravings, and binding, and we know of no case in which the material and workmanship are equalled at the same cost. The establishment at Tours has been in existence upwards of a century, but only within recent years has it grown to its present development. It is indeed a book-factory, where every part of the production is carried on, and excellence and low price insured by the division of labour. It is well worth a visit. The books are mostly such as are to be read by Roman Catholics. They never contain anything offensive to good morals; and, being recommended by the bishops and other clergy, the sale and circulation are immense.

There are many interesting things, too, shewing what may be done in the multiplication of food resources. M. Magnin, of Clermont-Ferrand, has been so successful in converting the common red hard wheat of Auvergne, once thought useless, into vermicelli, macaroni, semolina, &c., that in the country around Le Puy there are not fewer than 1500 mills, and the quantity produced is reckoned by millions of kilogrammes. In 1887, France imported 1,000,000 kilogrammes from Italy; now the importation is described as next to nothing.

There is also the process for preserving vegetables, and another by which fresh meat may be kept perfectly sweet, for perhaps an unlimited time. There are legs of mutton, loins of veal, poultry, &c., in the Exposition, which were prepared three years ago, and are still as good as on the first day of their treatment, and shew no signs of alteration. They have all the odour and appearance of meat recently killed, no taint or staling being perceptible. There are fruits, also,

preserved in the same way—bunches of grapes, melons, apples, &c.; and vegetables, among which a cauliflower is as plump and bright with bloom as if but just brought from the garden. What renders the process the more remarkable is, that no pains are required to exclude air from the things preserved, a wire-screen alone being necessary to keep off flies and other insects. A three years' trial may perhaps be considered decisive; and now there remains to see whether place or climate affect the result. If not, the discovery—if such it be—may be regarded as one likely to prove highly beneficial. One of our most eminent savans was offered a leg of mutton on his departure from Paris, that he might convince his friends in England of the reality of the process for preservation. What the process is remains a secret; but we have heard whispered by a distinguished chemist that it consists in nothing more than brief immersion in very weak sulphuric acid. The acid, it is said, so coagulates the albumen, that a coat is formed on the surface of the joints, impervious to the air, and without affecting the flavour.

A CHILD AT PLAY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

A ROY child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And, kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He raised, in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper-bell
Called that boy-builder home to sleep:
He passed a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair—
He came with the returning light,
And lo! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of Earth.
Gold, learning, glory—What are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand-forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

A TRUE SISTER OF MERCY.

Miss Nightingale is one of those whom God forms for great ends. You cannot hear her say a few sentences—no, not even look at her, without feeling that she is an extraordinary being. Simple, intellectual, sweet, full of love and benevolence, innocent—she is a fascinating and perfect woman. She is tall and pale. Her face is exceedingly lovely; but better, than all is the soul's glory that shines through every feature so exultingly. Nothing can be sweeter than her smile. It is like a sunny day in summer; and more of holiness than is expressed in her countenance one does not often meet on a human face as one passes along the dusty highways of life. Through all her movements breathes that high intellectual calm which is God's own patent of nobility, and is the true seal of the most glorious aristocracy—that of mind, of soul!—*Trenery's City of the Crescent.*

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PARGATE-SUPER-MARE.

Mrs HARRIS and myself have too small an income and too large a family to dream of keeping a carriage all the year round; but for six weeks in the summer months we almost attain to that dignity. We hire for that period a four-wheeled vehicle of considerable size, and, although it has no horses, we pay a woman solely to look after it. It holds my better-half and the two girls, and the nurse and baby, quite comfortably; but although it has a commodious box, with a hood to it, I am not permitted even to ride outside at the same time; the boys and myself go out at a different time of day: in short, and to confess the whole secret at once, the machine is a bathing-machine.

About the end of July, when town begins to be too hot to hold her, Mrs Harris discovers that our dear Jemima's back is 'gwing,' and requires to be strengthened by salt water; or that Master Tommy is dyspeptic; or her dear self failing as to appetite. If I dispute these matters, she will detect lunabago in myself, and get a couple of doctors to agree with her; so I need not say (having been married twenty years) that I give in at once; and she descends upon Pargate on the east coast without resistance: there we take our bathing-machine. Pargate, as I say of the baby, is very charming when it's asleep; when the narrow winding streets are deserted of their roaring throng, and when I can set foot upon its beach without becoming the prey of savage boatmen and the sport of donkey-boys. It is not quite so pleasant at other times. It must have been built, I think, by a succession of daring speculators, each of whom ran up his line of houses to his last sixpence, and then failed; for the terraces are generally unfinished at either end, and from each starts an entirely fresh style of building, often at right angles, but always with a quite new direction, as though it would distinctly state: 'We are Inkermann Villas—a totally different affair from Alma Cottages; and quite in another sphere, we flatter ourselves, from that of Balaclava Buildings.' A gigantic dwelling-house, like 'three single gentlemen rolled into one,' forms the centre of these rows, as a double number stands out in a game of dominoes; and dotted about, even in the heart of the High Street, are 'Prospect Mansions,' with a little bluster on one side for a green-house, set in a garden-ground of the size of a street-tumbler's carpet, with a fishpond gunk in it of the dimensions of a footpan.

In order to get sufficient 'view of the sea' for the conscientious Pargateers to print it under their 'Furnished Apartments,' a wooden chamber is built upon the roof, or a gallery run out from the second story,

or even a flag-staff stuck up, which an enthusiastic lodger may climb, and sit cross-legged upon with a telescope; so that if the Picturesque is born of the Irregular, Pargate from the sea should rival the Bay of Naples.

When the visitors are sleeping in all the parlours, and packed together in cases like herrings in the great Assembly-rooms, there is still always 'One Bed to Let' in every house: your taking it for a week or so doesn't in the least affect that announcement suspended over the area-railings; for your landlady will assure you that two gentlemen—who at present are taking it in turns to lean against a post all night, perhaps—are only awaiting your departure; or that the notice refers to accommodation she has yet to offer in the lumber-garret. If you only rent a bedroom, you must put up with coming through the whole of the back-yards from the end of the row, because the front-door opens immediately into the front sitting-room, where a family of distinction holds its state.

I don't think there is any shop in Pargate—except, may be, the watchmaker's—where they don't sell prawns. The whole cry of the place, from morn to eve—like the 'Wo, wo!' of Jerusalem—is, 'Prawns, prawns—fresh prawns! Parcels of from twenty to two hundred are left all day at your lodgings by mistake, and newspapers full of them poked in your pocket as you walk about, and sold to you whether you will or no. Another trouble of the town is its warm bathing-establishments; its vapour, douche—whatever that is—and medicated baths; into these you are liable to be dragged, stripped to the skin, and then to have your skin taken off and bones broken, unless you are very sharp indeed: the opposition bathers will tear you asunder in the High Street, rather than not accomplish their horrid purpose. Also, if you are small and light, so strong is the rivalry of the fly-drivers, that you are liable to be snatched up bodily, and carried a great distance against your will. Mrs Harris, although, as I can well believe, she made a great resistance, was conveyed to the Tuileries Tea-garden, a mile and a half into the country, and back again in this manner, for ninnepence. It is cheap enough certainly; but then, when one doesn't want to go, where's the good. They say they don't care for money, but only custom, to have the appearance of driving a good business; but think of them driving Mrs Harris—who is not business—and her infant for three miles as a living (and kicking) advertisement! Finally, if you escape these different snares, it is not to be hoped for that you will evade raffling for an American clock: there are three bazaars in Pargate, open day and night

for this purpose, with emissaries in every quarter of the town. In one of these—the Boulevard Italien, by reason of the four aloes in green pots; the Grecian Saloon, because of the naked Cupid who holds the umbrellas in the doorway; or the Hall of Pyramids—imagination fails in accounting for this title—in one of these you must needs sooner or later be entrapped. By an outlay of sixpence, you reap the singular advantage of drawing out of a Wheel of Fortune the American-clock, sixpence, or a blank. I never knew but one person who got his sixpence back again, and that he was obliged to spend in the bazaar; while the clock has stood over the wheel, to my own knowledge, these five seasons, as though it were meant for eternity rather than time. Each of our children has invested the required amount for every successive year, and still they live in hope; and from the wheel and its devotees a moral might at least be drawn, if not an American-clock.

The pier, which is not finished at the end—nothing is finished at Pargate—is crowded all day long by people in the lightest of raiments; loose coats without waistcoats, and transparent gowns; and everybody wears yellow slippers, as though a great fire had broken out while we here are all dressing, and driven us out *en deshabillé* for safety. When a pleasure-boat is hired, all the children cheer; and the adventurous lessee affects the manner of Mr Jones of the Surrey, as 'the Rover of the Bloody Hand,' until the sail is set, and the bark begins to wabble, when he is sea-sick incontinently. Indeed, our Pargate visitors are for the most part Cockneys, unaccustomed to the briny deep, who prefer fishing in what they call 'the Arbour' to going out to sea.

The beach is not so crowded as the pier, principally, as I believe, because there is no charge for going upon it, and it is indeed a very pleasant place. First, we thread a camp of bathing-machines, just now not in use, which, we are assured by the amphibious party in charge of them, 'it is one body's work to keep clear of the parties who will read novels and flirt upon the steps, or smoke cigars inside.' Some of these have white, and some spotted awnings, raising the idea of their being the habitations of some tremendous female, who is not able to get her skirts and the bend of her back inside. At distances varying from a yard to a mile from land, there are scores of these vehicles—the one with blue wheels, from which those screams are proceeding, is ours, for Tommy is now taking his antidyseptic—and under and about them are dancing nymphs of a fawn colour, and elderly dippers in blue. It is a very favourite amusement to watch them taking hands and dancing on these yellow sands, while the white waves list, as Shakspeare, with Pargate doubtless in his eye, has before described. There is a strong tide here at certain seasons, with unexpected currents and shifting sands. On one occasion, as Mrs Harris was disporting herself under the protection of the speckled awning, a male voice addressed her from without.

'Go away, you wicked wretch!' she screamed; 'go away directly, bad man!'

'Madam,' replied the voice—'madam, it is the tide; the nip-tide or the spring-tide, or something, and I cannot help it; it has carried away my bathing-machine, and all my things, and I must climb into this one, or be drowned.'

'If you only dare,' said my wife—'if you only dare so much as to lift the awning, I will—yes, I will—I will cry police!' and with that she ran up the steps as fast as her bathing-gown would permit, bolted the door of the machine, and (she says) fainted. But the man held on desperately to the outside of the awning, had his clothes taken to him in the water, dressed, and waded home.

I was nearly driven away from Pargate last year by an

affair of this kind that happened to myself. I had ordered out our vehicle to a great distance, under the impulse of my extreme modesty, and because there were ladies on the beach, and was swimming lazily about the pier-head, when I suddenly felt myself drifting shoreward. I struggled to regain the machine; but the current—the current! I had heard so much of—was too much for me. I was not afraid of drowning, for I could keep myself afloat well enough; but worse than death by drowning threatened me: I was being gradually borne, in spite of all my efforts, directly down upon the esplanade! I felt myself blushing from head to foot—tingling, I may say, from top to toe—and the water getting shallower every moment. I dared not turn my face to shore, but raised my voice as well as I could in warning.

'Ladies!' I said—'ladies! the current is carrying me to your feet. I cannot help it—upon my word, I can't—and I shall be on dry land in a couple of minutes. I shall have to run along the beach'—I thought it better to tell them the worst at once—'I shall have to run nearly a hundred yards, ladies, before I can jump in again with any hope of regaining my bathing-machine.' When I had said this, I thought they would be off; but from a hurried glance over my right shoulder, I saw they were still there, about four-and-twenty of them, and I heard a sound of suppressed laughter.

'Ladies!' I began again—and how I wished I might be a sand-ael to the end of my days rather than what I was—'ladies! don't look in this direction; but I call you to witness that it is only the cur—cur'— At this place, I got my mouth full of shingle, and found myself not more than ankle-deep in water. Let the *Pargate Star* of the ensuing Saturday tell the rest; I am not sure, indeed, but that it was on the Saturday that this dreadful thing occurred, and that there was a special edition of the *Star* devoted to me that very evening. At all events, here it is: 'DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE!—We regret to say that the esplanade of Pargate was made the scene, at mid-day, of a flagrant outrage, the perpetrator of which, we trust, the police will make every effort to secure. While our fair promenaders were employing their minds upon the beach with thoughtful books, or knitting graceful articles for the adornment of their boudoirs, they were terrified by the appearance of an elderly monster in human form swimming swiftly towards them, and uttering the most savage but unintelligible sounds.' [This refers, I suppose, to my simple statement regarding the force of the current.] 'Our fair friends, of course, rose on the instant, and made the best of their way homeward'—[they did nothing of the kind, but sat as still and composedly as though I had been a novel species of jelly-fish]—'and the ruffian, having reached the shore, contented himself with pursuing them for a moderate distance with dreadful cries.' This libellous paragraph affected my spirits for some time afterwards, but I have long got over it; and I am happy to state that Mrs Harris is quite unacquainted with the circumstance.

Next to bathing, the great business at Pargate is the collection of shells and weeds, and creeping things. Since Mr Gosse's natural history books, and Mr Kingsley's *Wonders of the Shore*, have come out, everybody has a glass-tank of his own, which he calls a *vivarium* or an *aquarium*.

My dressing-room has been taken possession of by my daughters for these marine purposes, and my bath for a receptacle of decayed fungi and pieces of rock that are not sufficiently picturesque, or that are unfitted for forming retreats to the *Mesembryanthema* or *Crassicornes*. I pay about 10s. a week for sea-water, brought morning and evening for the accommodation of *Actinia*. It would make Mr Hume turn in his grave to know what it cost me in shrimps alone for our gigantic polypus. The only creature amongst them, I confess, I

have much regard for is a horribly ugly hermit-crab. I have seen him glide out of a cranny all unawares, and sideways, and kill and eat on all sides of him without Jemima being in the least aware of who did the mischief. She thinks the dust must have got in through the oil-skin cover, or the heat through the muslin-blind, and slain her pet ziziphinus; whereas the last-named gentleman, incautiously venturing out of his red house, has been seized upon by my talented friend, partially swallowed, and partially thrust back again into his own doorway, to save appearances. Julia gave me quite a turn the other day by running in suddenly as I was calculating our expenses for the last week, with—'O dear papa! there's another come; such a charming little fellow!'

'Good heavens!' said I, still thinking of the bills and what the baby cost—'impossible!'

'O yes,' she said, 'there is, papa; another little yellow sea-anemone!' which was a great relief to me and matter of real congratulation.

I have been also compelled to purchase a set of—as seems to me—glass surgical instruments, for the extraction of all unpleasant marine deposits, and a large earthenware jar, with iron clamps, for the final conveyance of all this rubbish into the City! I rather flatter myself, however, as I know I shall have to carry it, that this last may be dropped by accident between Pargate-super-Marc and London Bridge. All the flirtations that used to be conducted over crochet and Berlin wool are now transferred to the vivarium; potichomanie itself, after a short struggle, has succumbed to the tank. One of the young doctors of the place, and otherwise a sensible person, is always hanging about my dressing-room; he 'dotes on zoophytes,' he says; and I expect to hear him say every day how he dotes on Jemima. I wish, for both their sakes, that he had a house to his back, like his favourite Nerita, and didn't live in lodgings. I don't mean to say that Doctor Blank would

Botanise upon his mother's grave;

but I do think, if she was drowned, and covered with cockles, he would look to the cockles first, and to his mother afterwards.

Besides the eternal splendours of the bazaars and the Tuileries Tea-gardens, there is a periodical glory to Pargate, twice a year, in its regattas. On those great days, the pier is crowded more than ever, as well with natives as with aliens brought from any distance at fares fabulously low. There are sailing-matches and rowing-matches, and duck-hunting and fireworks, got up, as the bills say, 'in a style of Eastern profusion,' which I do not think, as regards the duck-hunting at least, can be quite the appropriate thing to say. Such fleets of vessels cover the harbour and offing on these occasions, that I could never make out the competitors until this very summer, when, under the guidance of an old boatman, I identified everything capitally. 'The Blue,' he said, 'was Jack Spiers; and the Green was Jim Ogle; and the Yeller was "the Old 'Un." The Old 'Un was as good an oar as e'er a one in Pargate, let it be who it will, and had rowed this twenty year; ay, and had won too, except the last time or so.'

'Getting too old, perhaps,' I suggested.

'Too old! Why, he aint a day older than I be,' said my gray-headed friend, 'if so much;' which of course shut up that channel of discussion. Presently poor 'Yeller' dropped behind, and was clearly to everybody—except my companion—giving himself up for last: to him, he was only 'pullin' a good starn-race.' Next he dropped his oar, and had to go back for it, which threw him out completely.

'Ay, if it had not been for that now,' said his ally; and 'even yet the Old 'Un will be somewheres.' That vague position turned out to be some fifty yards behind at the finish; and yet there was a balm remaining to

my friend: 'Well, anyways, the Old 'Un didn't shew no white feather,' he said.

I confess my heart was fully with 'Yeller' throughout—as whose would not be?—but I could not help thinking, as I stood on that same pier in the evening, alone and under the quiet stars, of how, in the far Crimea, and in a more deadly struggle, we put our confidence, through feelings as honourable perhaps as mistaken, in the 'old 'uns' still; and my thought carrying me away in that direction, I could not help contrasting Balaklava Bay, and what was doing there, and on the terrible heights a few miles away from it, with the repose and peace of that moonlit scene before me. The tide was out, and all the haven steeped in darkness, save where some 'still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand, glistened like a star; a hundred masts and spars stood out against the sky; and anchors, like huge beasts, and hulls, uncovered to their keels, loomed strangely. The sea stretched out in calm to northward without a coast, specked here and there with lights from passing vessels; four steadfast fires, which yet I could but see at intervals, burned right in front—the four revolving-lights that are set up on the shifting Pargate Sands. The town was not yet sleeping, but the streets had lost their stir, and from the higher windows flashed the gleams; the flag-posts and the wooden galleries look fair enough under the mellow moon, and the quaint dwellings climbing up the cliff, and all the range of terrace on the heights. Not one in all the populous place need dream of war; and yet if our positions were but changed, and Russian ships might scour our seas as we the Euxine and the Baltic, one half an hour of a frigate's time would serve to lay all in ruins. I felt myself forgetting whose the fatal fault was, and who provoked the war. From thankfulness for our own safety, I passed on to pity for our foes. I shall have a respect for that twopenny pier and pictures of 'Pargate by Moonlight,' I am sure, for the time to come. I wonder whether people went about in yellow slippers at poor Kertch, and raffled at bazaars, and kept vivariums!

BOOKS BEFORE PRINTING.

In an age like the present, it is difficult to conceive the intellectual condition of our ancestors of the middle ages, who, living before the invention of printing, were almost wholly without books. Among the numerous publications which give its character to our own time, we are fortunate in falling upon one which holds a torch to the past, while further illumining the present; and the well-known name of the writer is a sure guarantee for the admirable way in which his spiriting is performed.* Our readers are indebted to Mr Knight's lucubrations throughout for whatever benefit they may fancy they derive from this attempt to give them some notion of Books before Printing.

Less than five hundred years ago, such books as there were belonged exclusively to scholars, or rather to the ecclesiastical corporations which, under the name of abbeys, monasteries, and the like, included amongst their members, not only everybody that had any pretence to learning, but almost everybody that had the ability to read. An old writer, Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, who, in 1344, wrote a Latin treatise on the 'love of books,' avowedly prepared it solely for the clergy, and seems to have treated the notion of there being any other class of readers with a magnificent contempt. 'Laymen,' says he, 'to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books.' It is presumable that he

* *The Old Printer and the Modern Press.* By C. Knight. Murray, London.

would not have said this if laymen had then been at all in the habit of reading. It is indeed a fact, that even many of the clergy, and men of the monastic orders, were very imperfect readers; and, according to the good bishop's view of their qualifications, some of them were hardly more fit to be intrusted with books, than the despised and unlettered laity. In the treatise alluded to, his lordship is not sparing of his reproach, in regard to the frequent misuse of books which had come under his notice. He rebukes the unwashed hands, the dirty nails, the greasy elbows leaning upon the volume, the munching of fruit and cheese over the open leaves, which were the marks of careless and idle readers. With a solemn reverence for a book, at which, as Mr Knight remarks, we may now smile, but for which we can hardly help respecting him, he says: 'Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with propitious haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed'—an admonition still worthy of attention in certain quarters, though, of course, its observance is not of so much consequence as it was in the fourteenth century, before the invention of printing.

The good bishop's own collection of manuscript-books was a somewhat considerable one for the times in which he lived; and he appears to have made a goodly use of it. He bestowed a number of volumes upon a company of scholars residing in one of the Halls at Oxford, and instituted 'a provident arrangement' for lending books to strangers—meaning by strangers, students of Oxford not belonging to that Hall. One item of the arrangement may, on account of its curiosity, be quoted: 'Five of the scholars dwelling in the aforesaid Hall are to be appointed by the master of the same Hall, to whom the custody of the books is to be deputed: of which five, three—and in no case fewer—shall be competent to lend any books for inspection and use only; but for copying and transcribing, we will not allow any book to pass without the walls of the house. Therefore, when any scholar, whether secular or religious, whom we have deemed qualified for the present favour, shall demand a loan of a book, the keepers must carefully consider whether they have a duplicate of that book; and if so, they may lend it to him, taking a security which, in their opinion, shall exceed in value the book delivered.' Anthony Wood, who in the seventeenth century wrote the lives of eminent Oxford men, speaks of this library as formerly containing more books than all the bishops of England at the same time possessed. He tells us further that, 'after they had been received, they were for many years kept in chests, under the custody of several scholars deputed for that purpose.' In the time of Henry IV., a library was built in the college which is now called Trinity College, and then, says Wood, 'the said books [meaning those given by Richard de Bury] were put in pews, or studies, and chained to them.' The statutes of St Mary's College, Oxford, in the reign of Henry VI., are quoted in Warton's *History of Poetry*, as furnishing a remarkable instance of the inconveniences and impediments to study which must have been produced by a scarcity of books: 'Let no scholar,' says one of them, 'occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same.' From this we learn at once the exceeding scarcity of books in those times, and the great care that was taken to preserve them. At an earlier period, however, the scarcity must have been still greater, and the process of reading of a slower operation, as we find that it was the custom of librarians in the monasteries, to give out a book to each member of the fraternity at the beginning of Lent, to be read diligently during the year, and to be returned the Lent following. The original practice of keeping the books in chests would

seem to indicate that they could not be very frequently changed by the readers; and the subsequent plan of chaining them to the desks, suggests the notion that, like many other things tempting by their rarity, they could not be safely trusted to anybody's hands. It was a very common thing to write in the first leaf of a book: 'Cursed be he who shall steal, or tear out the leaves, or in any way injure this book.'

But notwithstanding this primitive difficulty of getting access to books, there is abundant historical evidence to shew, that the ecclesiastics of those olden times did their utmost to multiply them for the uses of their particular establishments. In every great abbey there was a room called the scriptorium, or writing-room, where boys and novices were constantly employed in copying the service-books of the choir, and the less valuable books for the library; whilst the monks themselves laboured in their cells in transcribing missals and compendiums of the Bible. Equal pains were taken in providing books for those who received a liberal education in collegiate establishments. Warton says: 'At the foundation of Winchester College, one or more transcribers were hired and employed by the founder, to make books for the library. They transcribed books, and took their commons within the college, as appears by computations of expenses on their account now remaining.' But there are several indications that even kings and nobles had not the advantages of scholars by profession, and, possessing few books of their own, had sometimes to borrow of their more favoured subjects. It is recorded that the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, had lent to Henry V. the works of St Gregory; and he complains that, after the king's death, the book had been ungenerously detained by the prior of Shene. The same king had borrowed from the Lady Westmoreland two books, that had not been returned; and a petition is still extant, in which she begs his successors in authority to let her have them back again. Louis XI. of France, wishing to borrow a book from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, they would not allow the king to have it till he had deposited a quantity of valuable plate in pledge, and given a joint bond with one of his nobles for its due return. The books that were to be found in the palaces of the great, a little while before the introduction of printing, were for the most part highly illuminated manuscripts, and bound in the most expensive style. In the wardrobe accounts of King Edward IV., it is stated that Piers Bauduyn is paid for 'binding, gilding, and dressing of two books, twenty shillings each, and of four books, sixteen shillings each.' It should be borne in mind, that twenty shillings in those days would have bought an ox. But this cost of binding and garnishing did not include the whole expenses; for, we are informed, there were delivered to the binder no less than six yards of velvet, six yards of silk, laces, tassels, copper and gilt clasps, and gilt nails. As the price of velvet and silk was then enormous, we may conclude that these royal books were as much for show as use.

One of the books thus garnished by Edward IV.'s binder, is called *Le Bible Historiale* (The Historical Bible), a work of which several manuscript copies may still be seen in the British Museum. In one of them, the following paragraph is written in French: 'This book was taken from the king of France at the battle of Poitiers; and the good Count of Salisbury, William Mountague, bought it for a hundred marks, and gave it to his lady, Elizabeth, the good countess. . . . Which book the said countess assigned to her executors, to sell for forty livres.' From another source, we learn that the great not only procured books by purchase, but employed transcribers expressly to make them for their libraries. In a manuscript account of the expenses of Sir John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, it is stated that in 1467, Thomas Lymprior—that is, Thomas

the Limner—of Bury was paid the sum of fifty shillings and twopence for a book which he had transcribed and ornamented, including vellum and binding. The limner's bill is made up of a number of items—for whole vignettes and half-vignettes, capital letters, flourishing, and plain writing. That books were in those days luxuries which few people could spare the money for, may be seen from a letter of Sir John Paston, printed in the collection called the *Paston Letters*. Writing to his mother in 1474, Sir John says: 'As for the books that were Sir James's (the priest's), if it like you that I may have them, I am not able to buy them, but somewhat would I give; and [as to] the remainder, with a good devout heart, by my troth, I will pray for his soul.' Think of a man seriously proposing to pray for a person's soul, by way of paying the balance of a valuation for books which he could not meet in cash! It shews us that our modern notions of book-buying and devotion differ very widely from those that were entertained in 1474. Sir John's offer, however, but reflects the simple superstitious piety of his time; and in these more favoured and enlightened days, we must blame rather his time than him for the absurdity. It was a kind thing of him, at anyrate, to leave us an inventory of his books—only eleven in number, one or two of which appear to have been collections of small tracts—shewing us what constituted a gentleman's library in the fifteenth century.

Bookselling, in those days, had not yet grown to be a separate or special business; but it nevertheless appears there was an actual trade in books, and that there were schemes and plans devised for making them, to some extent, of general use. In Paris, as early as the middle of the fourteenth century, people who dealt occasionally in books were commanded to keep a number of them for hire; and in a register of the university of Paris, M. Chevallier found a list of books so circulated, and the price of reading each. Of course, the circulation must have been limited to persons of rank and learning. 'That,' as Mr Knight remarks, 'the ecclesiastics and lawyers constituted the great bulk of readers, and that the addition of a book, even to the private library of a student, was a rare occurrence, is evident from the absolute necessity for manuscript books being dear. If the number of readers had increased—if there had been more candidates for the learned professions—if the nobility had discovered the shame of their ignorance—if learning had made its way to the Franklin-hall—manuscript books could never have been cheap. But from the hour when a first large expense of transferring the letters, syllables, words, and sentences of a manuscript to movable type was ascertained to be the means of multiplying copies to the extent of any demand, then the greater the demand, the greater the cheapness.

If the nobles, the higher gentry, and even the lawyers and ecclesiastics, were indifferently provided with books, we cannot expect that the yeomen had any books whatever. The merchants and citizens were probably somewhat better provided. The labourers, who were scarcely yet established in their freedom from bondage to one lord, were probably, as a class, wholly unable to use books at all. Shakespeare, in all likelihood, did not much exaggerate the feelings of ignorant men—who, at the same time, were oppressed men—when he put these words in the mouth of Jack Cade, when addressing Lord Say: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of this realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." The poet has a little deranged the exact order of events, as poets are justified in doing, who look at history not with chronological accuracy, but with a broad view of the connection between events

and principles. The insurrection of Cade preceded the introduction of printing and paper-mills into England. Although, during four centuries, we have yet to lament that the people have not had the full benefit which the art of printing is calculated to bestow upon them, we may be sure that, during its progress, the general amelioration of society has been certain, though gradual. There can be no longer any necessary exclusiveness in the possession of books, and in the advantages which the knowledge of books is calculated to bestow on all men.

When books were so costly and so inaccessible to the great body of the people, as they necessarily were before the date of printing, bookselling was carried on by merchants as one of the various branches of their business. There were, indeed, a class called stationers, who had books for sale, and who probably executed orders for transcribing books. Their occupation is thus described by Mr Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe*:—'These dealers were denominated stationarii, perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business, though statio is a general word for a shop in low Latin. They appear, by the old statutes of the university of Paris, and by those of Bologna, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the librarii—a word which, having been originally confined to the copyists of books, was afterwards applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, which, with us, though, as far as I know, nowhere else, have retained the name of stationery; and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers.' But the merchants, in their traffic with other lands, and especially with the Low Countries, now called Holland and Belgium, appear to have been the agents through whom valuable manuscripts found their way to England; and in this respect, it has been remarked, they were something like the great merchant-princes of Italy, whose ships not unfrequently contained a cargo of Indian spices and of Greek manuscripts. John Bagford, who, about 1714, wrote a slight life of Caxton, the first English printer, which is in manuscript in the British Museum, says: 'Kings, queens, and noblemen, had their particular merchants, who, when they were ready for their voyage into foreign parts, sent their servants to know what they wanted; and among the rest of their choice, many times books were demanded, which they were ordered to buy 'in those parts where they were going.' Caxton himself tells us in the *Book of Good Manners*, which he translated from the French and printed in 1487, that the original French work was delivered to him by a 'special friend, a mercer of London.' This commerce in books could not have been very great, and certainly not great enough to employ a special class of traders.

So long as books existed only in manuscript, and could be multiplied only by laborious transcription, the authors, of course, enjoyed but a restricted reputation. Yet some of them attained a considerable renown, and from kings, princes, and the higher nobility, received a liberal degree of patronage. In England, the poems of Geoffrey Chaucer were undoubtedly familiar to all well-educated persons, however scanty was the supply of copies, and however dear their cost. The poet Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer, seems also to have gained a considerable popularity. His principal poem, *Confessio Amantis*, printed by Caxton in 1483, is said to have been the most extensively circulated of all the books that came from his press—a fact which leads us to conclude that it must have previously been in great demand. The poem has all the elements required for popularity in those times, being full of stories that were probably common to all Europe, running on through thousands

of lines with wonderful fluency, though with no great force. The play of *Pericles*, ascribed to Shakspeare, is founded upon one of these stories. Romances of chivalry, stories of 'fierce wars and faithful loves,' were then especially the delight of the great and powerful. When the noble was in camp, he solaced his hours of leisure with the marvellous histories of King Arthur or Lancelot of the Lake; and when at home, he listened to or read the same stories in the intervals of the chase or of the feast. Froissart tells in a simple and graphic manner, how he presented a book to King Richard II., and how the king delighted in the subject of the book: 'Then the king desired to see my book that I had brought for him; so he saw it in his chamber, for I had laid it there ready on his bed. When the king opened it, it pleased him well, for it was fair illumined and written, and covered with crimson velvet, with ten buttons of silver and gilt, and roses of gold in the midst, with two great clasps, gilt, richly wrought. Then the king demanded me whereof it treated; and I shewed him how it treated matters of love; whereof the king was glad, and looked in it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well.' Froissart, being a Frenchman, wrote in French; but even Englishmen at that period often wrote in the same language, and some of Gower's early poems are in French. According to his own account, the long poem of the *Confessio Amantis*, above referred to, was written in English at the command of the same King Richard; whence it would appear that royal personages were among the first to encourage the cultivation of the vernacular language.

Somewhat later than Gower and Chaucer, lived John Lydgate, a monk of Bury, who was a very popular poet, and possessed great versatility of talent. Warton says: 'He moves with equal ease in every mode of composition. His hymns and his ballads have the same degree of merit: and whether his subject be the life of a hermit or a hero, of St Austin or Guy Earl of Warwick, ludicrous or legendary, religious or romantic, a history or an allegory, he writes with facility. . . . He was not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a mask before his majesty at Eltham, a May-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord-mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of Corpus Christi, or a carol for a coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry.' A fine illumined drawing in one of Lydgate's manuscripts, now in the British Museum, represents him presenting a book to the Earl of Salisbury. Such a presentation may be regarded as a first publication of a new work before the date of printing. The royal or noble person at whose command it was written bestowed some rich gift upon the author, which would be a pecuniary recompense, unless he received some advantage from the transcribers, for the copies which they multiplied—which in most cases is unlikely. Doubtful as the rewards of authorship may be in an age when the multiplication of copies by the press enables the reader to contribute a small acknowledgment of the benefit which he receives, the literary condition must have been far worse when the poet, humbly kneeling before some mighty man, as Lydgate does in the picture, might have been dismissed with contumely, or have had his present received with a low appreciation of the labour and the knowledge required to produce it.

The fame, however, of a popular writer was of a kind far more direct and flattering than belongs to the literary honours of modern days. There is little doubt that the narrative poems of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, were familiar to the people through the recitations of the minstrels. Mr George Ellis, in his

agreeable work on the *Rise and Progress of English Poetry*, observes: 'Chaucer, in his address to his Troilus and Cressida, tells us it was intended to be read, "or elles sung," which must relate to the chanting of the minstrels; and a considerable part of our old poetry is simply addressed to an audience, without any mention of readers. That our English minstrels at any time united all the talents of the profession, and were at once poets, and reciters, and musicians, is extremely doubtful; but that they excited and directed the efforts of their contemporary poets to a particular species of composition, is as evident as that a body of actors must influence the exertions of theatrical writers. They were, at a time when reading and writing were rare accomplishments, the principal medium of communication between authors and the public; and their memory in some measure supplied the deficiency of manuscripts, and probably preserved much of our early literature till the invention of printing.' We may thus learn, that, although the number of those was very few whose minds could be elevated by reading, the compositions of learned and accomplished men might yet be familiar to the people through the agency of a numerous body of singers and reciters. There has been a good deal of controversy about the exact definition of the minstrel character—whether the minstrels were themselves poets and romance-writers, or the depositaries of the writings of others, and of the traditional literature of past generations. Ritson, a writer upon this subject, says: 'that there were individuals formerly who made it their business to wander up and down the country chanting romances, and singing songs and ballads to the harp, fiddle, or more humble and less artificial instruments, cannot be doubted.' They were a very numerous body a century before Chaucer; and most indefatigable in the prosecution of their vocation. They even appear to have become at length something of a nuisance, like the barrel-organs and hurdy-gurdies that now infest the quieter portions of our towns. There is a writ or declaration of Edward II., which complains of the evil of idle persons, under colour of minstrelsy, being received into other men's houses to meat and drink; and it then goes on to direct, that to the houses of great people, no more than three or four minstrels of honour should come at most in a day; 'and to the houses of meaner men, that none come unless he be desired; and such as shall come, to hold themselves contented with meat and drink, and with such courtesy as the master of the house will shew unto them of his own good-will, without their asking of anything.' Nothing can more clearly exhibit the general demand for the services of this body of men; for the very regulation as to the nature of their reward, shews plainly that they were accustomed to require a liberal payment, and it was only when their demands began to approach towards extortion, that the state found it needful to interfere with them. After this enactment, they struggled on, in a sort of vagabondish manner, sometimes prosperous and sometimes depressed, according to the condition of the country, till the invention of printing came to make popular literature always present in a man's house. The book of ballads or romances which was then to be bought, could, be constantly retained without the incurring of any charges for 'meat and drink;' for, in the words of Richard de Bury, whom we quoted in the beginning, books 'are the masters who instruct us without rods, without hard words or anger, without clothes and money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if, investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.' To this truthful and judicious eulogy, let us append Milton's more modern and more eloquent laudation: 'Books,' says he, 'are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are;

may, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And . . . unless wariness be used, as good kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.*

The inestimable advantage of good books, printing has secured to us as an inalienable possession. Whosoever will, may at a trifling cost procure them. These few particulars, relating to the condition and commercial circumstances of literature prior to the use of printing, may nevertheless be interesting to some of the readers of this Journal. Taken in contrast with the present state of knowledge, and the means existing for its dissemination, they may serve at least to shew the great advances that have been made since William Caxton first set up his printing-press at Westminster. To appreciate all the advantages of the present, it is sometimes advisable to look into the past, and to contemplate from that position the higher ground of benefit and convenience to which we have attained. Without the mechanical contrivance of printing, the thoughts and ennobling imaginations of genius could never have become possessions to any but the affluent and favoured few; but by means of that imperishable invention, they can now be made available to the uses of all who have learned the simple art of reading; and a man's poverty, unless it be extremely desperate, need no longer hinder him from sharing in the wealth of mind and fancy which was meant for the common inheritance of mankind.

THE COSSACK PRINCE AND THE PARISIAN LADY.

THE present war, unhappily, has made us all but too familiar with the aspect of the Cossack in the field and in the foray; but, happily, to most of us he is yet unknown in his social intercourse with the civilised world of Western Europe: so we are about to introduce to our readers the celebrated Platoff, hetman of the Cossacks, as he has been portrayed to us, by the lively pen of a French lady, who became acquainted with him and his family during the occupation of Paris by the Allied powers in 1814.

The younger Platoff had been quartered in this lady's hotel, which was one of the most elegant and sumptuous mansions in Paris. To this arrangement, she of course made no objection, and wisely resolved to bestow upon her unwelcome guest the hospitality befitting his rank and position.

Madame d'Abrantes, accordingly, charged her domestics to behave with all due respect to the princely intruder, and placed her confidential *valet de chambre* in close attendance upon him. The domestics were, however, but little disposed to yield their services to a Russian. Day after day, complaints were made to his courtly hostess of the barbarous customs of her guest. The *femme de charge* came to tell her, that with such an inmate she could no longer undertake the management of the household, for that she could not stand by and see things wantonly destroyed as they were by these Russian savages. On inquiring from the faithful

Blanche the cause of her discomposure, Madame d'Abrantes learned that the primitive young hetman was in the habit of going to bed in his boots, and with his spurs on into the bargain; so that each morning found the fine bed-linen of the duchess not only dusty and blackened, but also torn in shreds by these equestrian appendages.

The Duchess d'Abrantes smiled at the indignation of her *femme de charge*, and advised her to have patience with the ungainly habits of her guest. It seemed to her as though the exhortation had been effectual, for several days passed on without any new complaint being uttered by the thrifty Blanche. At last, she inquired whether their *pensionnaire* had become more civilised.

'No, indeed, madame,' replied Blanche; 'but I do not fret myself so much about it now, for I have given him the sheets which are intended for the stable-servants. They are only too good for a savage like him!' added she in a contemptuous tone.

The valet de chambre who was placed in attendance on Platoff, marked his dislike to the Cossack in a still more original manner, and one that might have been less innocuous in its results.

Young Platoff had a voracious appetite, and was very gluttonous in his tastes. His French attendants were resolved to try and cure him of his *gourmandise*. For this purpose, the *maître d'hôtel* purchased a strong emetic, and mixed some grains of it in each dish which was prepared for his table. On the morning fixed upon for this experiment, ten or twelve dishes were served up at his breakfast—the ragoûts, the sweetmeats, even the wine and brandy, were strongly dosed by his relentless fops.

The Cossack ate voraciously of all. As one dish after another disappeared before him, the valet looked on with inward glee. 'Well,' thought he, 'the brute will be properly punished!'

At last, breakfast was despatched; and after swallowing a large cup of *café à la crème*, and finishing his bottle of brandy, the hetman yawned, stretched himself two or three times, and threw himself upon his bed, from whence his sonorous snores were soon heard to echo through the adjoining apartments. Joseph listened with surprise. He expected quite a different result from the huge dose which had been administered. At last, he grew alarmed at the prolonged and heavy slumber of the Cossack. It occurred to him that he might, unawares, have poisoned the stranger, and he felt not a little troubled at the thought. To his relief, however, as evening approached, Platoff suddenly started up, and inquired of the valet what o'clock it was. Joseph replied it was past five, and expressed a polite hope that the hetman was not indisposed.

'By no means,' replied he; and then swearing out one of his accustomed oaths, declared that he was dying of hunger, and commanded that his dinner should be got ready as quickly as possible. Joseph gazed at him with a stupefied air of disappointment and surprise.

'Go at once,' resumed the hetman, 'and desire the cook to hasten dinner as much as possible.' I have not felt so hungry since the day I arrived in Paris.'

Joseph went down to the kitchen, looking so bewildered and crest-fallen that the *maître d'hôtel* and the cook both cried out at once: 'Good heavens! he is not dead!'

* *Areopagitica: a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.* 1644.

'Dead, indeed!' rejoined Joseph; 'can such fellows ever die, I wonder? No, no; he is crying out for his dinner as if he had not tasted a morsel for the last four-and-twenty hours!'

'His dinner!' repeated the *maitre d'hôtel* incredulously—'his dinner, after the dose we have given him. Surely that is not possible.'

'It is not only possible, but certain; and he will be in a fury if it is not served directly.'

'Well, we must only give him another and a stronger dose.'

'No, no,' replied Joseph, whose conscience misgave him for the part he had acted. 'We have done wrong already in playing this trick on the Cossack without madame's knowledge; and now I will go and tell her all about it.'

Madame d'Abrantes could scarcely refrain from smiling as her valet retailed to her this extraordinary experiment; but, assuming an air of gravity, she expressed her disapproval of such conduct towards a stranger dwelling beneath her roof, and desired her servants, under pain of her heavy displeasure, not to play any more tricks of the sort with Platoff.

She was by no means sorry, however, when a few days later her uncouth guest took his departure, and was replaced by a far more polished personage, Monsieur Volhinski, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Emperor Alexander.

It seemed to her now as if she had done with the Platoffs; but one day when M. Volhinski was paying his *devoirs* to his fair hostess, he informed her that the famous Platoff, and his daughter Madame Grécoff—father and sister to the ogre from whom she had so recently been delivered—were very desirous to become acquainted with the widow of Napoleon's first aid-de-camp, the intrepid Junot; and at the same time he requested permission to present them to her. Madame d'Abrantes of course gave a gracious assent to his proposal; and a few days later, M. Volhinski was announced in company with his Cossack friends.

The attention of Madame d'Abrantes, as might be expected from a true Parisienne, was at once attracted to the extraordinary costume of her female visitor. Madame Grécoff was young, and had a pleasant physiognomy, without, however, possessing any pretensions to beauty. She was of small stature, of dark complexion, and bedaubed with red and white paint. In her dress, she betrayed that half-barbaric taste which delights in showy finery as well as in a profusion of ornaments, placed without skill or order about her person. She wore a dress of rich yellow silk, which suited but ill the colour of her eyes. It was very badly made, forming a sort of domino or *robe de chambre*, with short sleeves, which were the more unsuitable for a morning-dress, as the weather was cold and changeable. Her arms were covered with long white gloves, over which were placed very handsome and expensive bracelets; and on each of her fingers was a ring. Even her thumb was adorned in like manner. The effect of this profusion of trinkets over a pair of gloves may be more easily conceived than described. And her head-dress—it was of such an outlandish form that the Parisian *élegante* could not define to herself whether it was a cap or a bonnet; she only knew it was twice too large for the little head on which it was placed, and that in the attempt to fix it firmly there, it had been sadly mutilated and spoiled. As for her *chaussure*—she wore a pair of coarse silk or *filoselle* stockings, dyed almost blue; and large leather shoes, which shewed themselves but too evidently from beneath her fine

yellow dress, which was as much too short in front as it was too long behind.

This barbarous *chaussure* seemed almost a social crime to her courtly hostess, who dwells less complacently upon the remembrance of Madame Grécoff than upon that of her father, the famous Platoff, who, despite his uncivilised deportment, contrived to win the good graces of Madame d'Abrantes. This remarkable man was at that time between fifty and sixty years of age. He was tall, and of commanding aspect, had a finely formed head; and his physiognomy was devoid of that savage expression common to so many of his tribe. He wore a long robe of blue cloth, reaching nearly to his feet, and plaited closely round his waist, like a lady's dress. Around his neck was suspended a very conspicuous order, set in diamonds, which the Empress Catherine had had made expressly for himself. At his side hung a Turkish sabre, given him by Potemkin, and said to be of immense value.

Neither Platoff nor his daughter could speak a word of French. They could both of them talk a little German and English; but as Madame d'Abrantes was not acquainted with either of those languages, the conversation was carried on through M. Volhinski, who acted as interpreter to both parties. The hetman said many flattering things of Junot, which were very acceptable to his widow. M. Volhinski inquiring of him what he thought of Madame d'Abrantes, Platoff bent one knee before her, as if to ask pardon for what he was about to do, and, taking her by the hand, led her to a window. There, he examined her countenance so attentively for some minutes, that she could scarcely preserve her gravity at such an unusual procedure. At length, with a low bow, he conducted her back to her seat, and said some words in Russian to Volhinski and his daughter. The smile with which they heard him, indicated that his observations were laudatory; so the duchess naturally desired to know their purport.

'He says,' replied Volhinski, 'that you surely must have the mind and the soul of a man; and that he is convinced you are very courageous, and have great firmness of character.'

This, doubtless, was regarded by the Cossack as the greatest compliment he could pay to a woman. As he was about to conclude his visit, Madame d'Abrantes's children entered the apartment. One of them, an infant boy in his nurse's arms, on seeing the hetman in his outlandish robe and cap, set up a loud cry, and turned away his face in childish terror. Platoff went over gently to the boy, spoke to him with his eyes rather than his lips, and quickly won his good graces; so that the little fellow allowed him to take him in his arms, and during a quarter of an hour played with his brilliant decorations, and laughed with delight at the magnificent baubles. On returning the infant to his nurse, Platoff began to laugh, and spoke a few sentences in Russian to Volhinski.

'Do you know what he says?' inquired he.

'No.'

'Well, he was relating to me, that in a town of Champagne, the name of which he cannot now recollect, a woman in whose house he was quartered seeing him take into his arms her child, a charming little girl of eighteen months old, fell at his feet bathed in tears, and besought him to give her back her infant. Fortunately, she spoke a little German; so he understood her, and inquired what she was afraid of.'

'O sir!' cried out the unhappy mother, clasping her hands in an agony of tears, 'pray, pray, don't eat my child!'

'Which was the savage then—this woman or me?' inquired Platoff laughing.

The famous old hetman, however fierce and relentless he might be in the battle-field, had undoubtedly much of that kindness of look and manner which, during the more peaceful hours of life, wins the good

graces of both women and children. His visit left a very favourable impression on Madame d'Abrantes, who, despite the voracious habits of the younger Platoff, no longer thought with horror and disgust of the redoubtable hetman of the Cossack tribes.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

THE GEYSERS.

IN the waning light, and oppressed with fatigue—knowing, besides, that we should have ample opportunity of inspecting the scene next day—we were not disposed to take much trouble this evening. A hasty and superficial survey of the field sufficed. In the arrangements for our sleeping and refreshment, there was a more pressing claim upon our attention. It was soon ascertained that the tent, generously left by the French scientific expedition for future sojourners at the Geysers, is no longer in such order as to be fit for service. We had therefore to call into use the small tent we had brought with us, which, however, was not capable of accommodating more than four persons. In these circumstances, we learned with satisfaction that the farmer had a room, ten feet by nine, which he could let us have to sleep in, along with some hay to form a bedding. Three of the English voyagers, who were particularly resolute to watch the eruptions of the Great Geyser, took up their quarters in the tent. The rest, including myself, with the Danish officers, adjourned to the shelter of the farmhouse. Before we did so, a couple of shepherds came upon the ground, each bearing in his arms two lambs from the neighbouring flock. The captain wished to add to his stock of provisions for the succeeding day. Tiny creatures they were, not much bigger than rabbits; and it did not seem too good a bargain, when we learned that a couple of them had been purchased for a rig-dollar (2s. 3d.). Their ultra-infantine look, however, made it seem a shame to deprive them of life; and when I beheld them lying dead a few minutes after on the heath, reason had some difficulty in reconciling me to my share in the transaction.

The farm-establishment at the lower end of the Geyser-field consists, like most such establishments in Iceland, of a cluster of small hovels, of lengthy form, placed close beside each other, with their far-ends half buried in a rising bank, and the whole thickly covered with sod; besides a few detached hovels to lodge cattle, and to serve as workshops, each man being here his own carpenter as well as smith. The place is called *Laug* (pronounced Lauigh), a Danish word implying water, which in the forms of Lag, Laggan, Logie, and Logan, is also impressed on many places in Scotland; so even in this circumstance there was something to remind me of my native land, and of a certain relationship between it and this arctic region. At the fore-end of each building is usually a small window. Passing by a low door into the central hovel, and making our way along a dark passage, we come to cross-passages giving access to the several apartments—a kitchen, with a turf-fire; a kind of family-room, with several beds—all inconceivably dirty and mean, yet differing from the homes of British poverty in this, that there is here a sample, in one form or another, of every kind of utensil and piece of furniture that is required in humble life. The room assigned to us was a singularity in its way, having a wooden floor and panelled walls, besides a window of suitable size, and containing, moreover, a

chest of drawers with a letting-down desk at top; while the walls presented one or two neatly framed pictures. Thorver, the farmer, was himself the artificer of the whole room and furniture—a piece of work surely most creditable to him, considering that he had taken up carpentry entirely at his own hands. The energy required to enter upon and carry out such a job appears in the more striking light, when we reflect that every deal employed in his joinery operations has to be brought on horseback over the seventy miles of rough wilderness intervening between Reikiavik and the Geysers. I afterwards inspected his workshops, and found there all the various apparatus and tools required by the smith and carpenter, but in a rudeness and simplicity such as might have marked similar establishments in England during the Wars of the Roses.

When I entered the room, a farm-servant was shaking out a small crateful of dried grass upon the floor. It seemed to the wit of the party a very small quantity of bedding for so many people, and he pleaded for our getting a second crateful *pro bono publico*; but he was told by the captain that hay was one of the luxuries of Iceland: this little crateful would cost about two rig-dollars, and he believed that no further quantity could be obtained from the farmer at any price. We were, therefore, obliged to be content. Six of us lay down on the floor side by side, while a seventh stretched himself alongside their feet, and an eighth packed himself up in a condensed form somewhere outside the door. I lay down in my clothes and shoes, with merely a plaid over me. The party bore a considerable resemblance to a box of sardines; and had any one been disposed to turn, a general movement of the party, somewhat like that of a Venetian blind, would have been necessary before he could be gratified. In spite of the inconvenience, we all enjoyed a refreshing night's rest.

Getting up at an early hour, I proceeded to examine the field of the Geysers. It was only necessary to cross a little grass-park with a turf enclosure, in order to find myself in that strange scene. It forms a gentle slope of perhaps a quarter of a mile in extent, under the shade of a long hill of about 300 feet in elevation. The Great Geyser is at the upper and further extremity of the field, and between it and the rocky crest of the hill are slopes of red débris, which I shall afterwards have to advert to. The steam everywhere rising and waving over the ground; the slight sulphureous smell; the multitude of apertures of various sizes, many of them in violent ebullition, and some flinging up jets of boiling water; the numerous steaming rills flowing over pavements of silicious incrustations—are sufficient to raise a feeling of wonder, even if no greater marvels were present. The grand attractions of the place are, however, the Great Geyser, and two other apertures called the Great and Little Strokr, which are not only large in comparison, but have the peculiarity of making occasional eruptions.

The Great Geyser presents itself, in its calm intervals, as a circular pool of hot water, 72 feet in its largest diameter, and 4 feet deep, resting in a basin of silicious matter, and of a regular chalice-like shape, which forms the summit of a low conical mount composed of such stuff, rising perhaps ten feet above the general surface, but which has a much longer slope in one direction than in the other, in consequence of the decline of the ground. We walk up the rough sides of this mount, amidst little devious rills of the overflowing water, and from the top survey the pool, visibly at or near boiling-heat in the centre, and constantly exhaling steam. The basin, which may be considered as a crater—for the Great Geyser is undoubtedly liable to be described as a water-volcano—is of a regular form, having a tube of above 10 feet diameter descending from its centre, to a depth which may be stated at 88 feet,

if we are to judge from the length of line let out before a plummet finds rest. Up this tube, hot water is continually rising in a gentle flow, except at the moments when an eruption takes place, on which occasions, as will be hereafter described, it is discharged with frightful violence and in immense volume. The whole coating of the basin and tube is a silicious deposit, of an ash-gray colour, in many places smooth, but in others presenting an appearance of efflorescence, somewhat like the surface of cauliflower. At two indentations in the lip of the basin, the surplus water runs out in small streams, trickling over the outer surface in miniature cascades, to join the neighbouring rivulet.

It was with infinite wonder, and a kind of childish delight, that we examined all the peculiar features of the spot. I laid a thermometer into the shallow water near the edge, and found it rise to 188 degrees Fahrenheit. The whole mount was more or less warm; some parts so much so that the bare skin could scarcely sustain the contact. One of the little pools of surplus water, which had a temperature of 76 degrees, served me as a dish-bath. The other members of the party took each his pool, and soon the whole mount was a scene of washing and dressing, being the first time we had had the luxury of hot water at our toilet for several days. I might also say it was the first opportunity we had had, since we left home, of getting any of our integuments thoroughly dried. Accordingly, there was soon an exhibition of damp stockings, handkerchiefs, and towels laid out on the hotter parts of the mount, all strongly weighted with detached fragments, lest an explosion should take place and wash them away. At the same time, the housewife was engaged in preparing coffee with the hot water of the great basin: for, notwithstanding the sulphureous smell, and the slight actual infusion of silica and other materials, there is no reason felt to reject its use in food.* While we were thus surrounding the Geyser, a rumbling noise was heard beneath, accompanied by a shaking of the ground, and the alarm was given for an eruption. Then there was a hurried gathering-up of clothes and shaving articles from the slopes of the mount, and a scampering away to a safe distance. But it was needless. After a slight heaving of the water in the centre, accompanied by an increased overflow, all things settled down again into their wonted condition. Such movements take place several times in a day at the Geyser, while a true eruption may not happen once in four-and-twenty hours.

After breakfasting on the sward near the tent, we strolled about to examine the other apertures. About 140 yards from the Great Geyser is the Great Strokr, a term which in Icelandic signifies a churn. We have here a kind of well, under 9 feet diameter, and said to be 87 feet deep, of irregular form, and coated with the usual silicious incrustations, with an approach to a basin-form at the top. Looking into it, we find that, about a dozen feet down, the aperture contracts, and boiling water labours at that point with a continual choking noise, as if with difficulty restrained from bursting out. The guides collected a barrowful of turf, and threw it into this aperture, for the purpose of inducing a demonstration. Accordingly, in ten minutes, violent jets of water began to burst forth, at the rate of about three in a minute, and rising to a height of from 70 to 100 feet, so that the water had scarcely fallen back to the ground in one instance till a new burst succeeded; and this went on for about ten minutes, without shewing any symptom of declining till near the very end. Except for the dirtiness of the water, this was a most magnificent

spectacle. The jet, it may be remarked, does not rise in a continuous and united stream, as it has been represented to do in prints, but in a multitude of small jets, ascending to different heights, and darting at once upwards and outwards, like the stars projected from a certain kind of firework. In spontaneous eruptions, we have of course the water pure, but in general less violent. The Little Strokr, at some distance down the field, exhibits similar eruptions, but on a much reduced scale.

Besides these active pits, and the multitude of little natural caldrons scattered near them, there are, at a place near the Great Geyser, and a few feet higher in level, two large apertures 30 or 40 feet deep, by from 10 to 20 wide, and full of the most beautiful hot water, to all appearance tinted blue. Formerly this was a regular Geyser, remarkable for its frequent bursts of hot water and its noisy emissions of steam, and thence called the Roaring Geyser; but after an earthquake in 1783, it gradually fell off in these violences, until in a few years it settled into its present entirely tranquil appearance. Coincident in time with its cessation, was the commencement of the present outrageous practices of the Great Strokr, which previously to that time had not attracted any particular attention. The colour of the water is, I apprehend, an optical effect dependent on the cavernous nature of the apertures, for when we inspect it in a tumbler, it is devoid of all tinge. The outflowing water runs over the sward, and leaves it in a petrified state. This is a style of aperture of which some other examples may be found in the lower part of the field. In one of these, Mr Robert Allan observed bubbles of air about a foot in diameter, rising from a great depth, and passing on to a certain point, where they seemed to be absorbed, or to be diverted into another and unseen channel.

Towards the hill is a district to which scarcely any attention has yet been given by travellers, but which seemed to me of great interest, as it is evidently the memorial of ancient and extinct geysers. It is a slope of considerable steepness, composed of the debris of red incrustations, mingled with coloured clays, and which we may judge to have long been in its present state, as it is seamed with water-courses, and sprinkled with blocks of rock which have fallen from the crest of the hill. On the lower parts of this region, near the Great Geyser, there are several small holes, in which blue or pale mud is constantly boiling, some as big as a good porridge-pot, the boiling of which they exactly imitate; others so insignificantly small, that I had no difficulty in closing them up, whether to break out elsewhere I could not tell. I had the curiosity to ascend the red slopes, sinking deep in the dust and mud at every step, and near the upper limits, found a number of spots quite warm, where it was evident there had been boiling mud-holes in former times, as, when I dug a little way into the clay with my trowel, steam began to issue from the hole, and when I put in my hand, I found the heat insupportable. These clays were of many various colours, and of the finest consistence, so that I should expect them to form excellent pigments. Examining this elevated district more minutely, I discovered a few small holes still actively giving out steam and jets of water. At one where only steam came out, there was a faint noise, which induced me to put my ear close to the ground, when I distinctly heard a rushing sound, like that of water pouring down a conduit. It set me upon curious speculations as to the source of all the water which we see issuing from the earth in this thermal region. This is a question, however, on which it would be difficult to come to any satisfactory conclusion. Close above the site of these ancient springs is the crest of a small splintery trap-hill, evidently quite incompetent to gather so much water. There are larger hills two or three miles off, but divided from the geyser-fields, by valleys at a much lower level. The

* Dr Black analysed some water of the Geysers, and found in an English gallon—soda (grammes), 5.55; alumina, 2.80; silica, 31.50; muriate of soda, 14.48; sulphate of soda, 8.55.—M. Robert, in the *Voyage de La Recherche*, 1840.

Haukadal rivulet runs near by, but on a level below even the lowest of the hot springs. It seems most likely that the rise of the water to from 240 to 300 feet on this small isolated hill, is effected by the force of the heat to which it is subjected.

The weather was to-day more pleasant than it had hitherto been, and the forenoon passed away agreeably in the study of the various wonders of the place, and in the gathering of specimens of the more curious incrustations. Amongst those which I obtained, were some fragments of a thin iridescent crust which gathers at the bottom of some of the quiet pools on the outside of the Geyser mount. When viewed in the air on the end of the small spatula with which I gathered them, they appeared like pieces of the richest opal. I took the greatest care to preserve them; but on my return home, they were found to be resolved into merely a glittering dust. One gentleman amused himself by throwing a silk handkerchief into the Great Geyser, sinking it with a small weight, in hopes of seeing it by and by discharged. Another took his gun, and tried to bring us a few snipe from the neighbouring valley. One of the most serious occupations of the day was the preparation of a huge kettleful of curried lamb-soup for dinner. Made of water from the Geyser, it was placed in the basin to be boiled, for no doubt was entertained that that was fire sufficient. It rested there for several hours, under a strict watch, lest an outburst should take place, and overwhelm our dinner. I may add, that one of the greatest sources of merriment which occurred during the day, was the sight of the handsome young Lieutenant — running down the mount with the kettle in his hand, to rescue it from a threatened eruption which did not take place. On such occasions, as we all know, wonderfully little serves as a joke.

We dined on the sward between the Great Geyser and Great Stokkr, but found the lamb so poor as to be scarcely eatable; and such, I may say, was the character of any native meat which came under my attention during the excursion. In those countries, sheep and cattle are left to the resources of nature, as they used to be in our own country before the days of turnip-husbandry. The effect is such as we, who now live in such different circumstances, can have no idea of till we chance to visit a land where no artificial feeding exists. We supplemented our poor meal with a box or two of preserved meat, which one of the party had providently brought in his baggage. Overlooking all privations, the general feeling was, that if only the Great Geyser would please to make a good eruption, we should have nothing to complain of. Evening, however, came on, and still the basin remained perfectly tranquil. At length the time came for our retiring to rest; and as it was necessary to commence our return-journey early next morning, fears were entertained that we should not see an eruption. Had the night been a little more genial, I verily believe that all would have tried to spend it beside the Geyser, in order not to miss the chance of seeing it in its grandest aspect. As it was, we, who had lodged last night in the farmhouse, were constrained to retire thither once more. Just before going, about eleven o'clock, and while there was still a good deal of daylight, four of us in a gay mood took each a tumbler in his hand, with a little cognac and sugar, and dipping it in the basin, made some punch, with which we cordially drank to our absent friends. The singularity of the act, and not less the singularity of the situation, made this one of the most memorable moments of our excursion. I bethought me what some of my friends in Scotland would have felt at getting alongside of so splendid a reservoir of boiling water, more especially if they should have been able to contrive a means of drawing the element from the bottom of the tube, where the temperature is 49 degrees above ordinary boiling-point! Only suppose a colony of writers

from Cupar, Forfar, or any of the other county towns of Scotland, planted in such a place. What a convenience—what an economy of fuel! It would needs be one of the happiest of communities.

LIFE'S UNDERCURRENT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

Thus matters went on for some time; I learning, and singing as often as required by their visitors; but my dress was not improved. I never went out, but when sent a short message by Leonora. One afternoon, Bellino, came home rather earlier than usual, in great spirits.

'Leonora, my love,' said he, 'I have got it arranged; our party is made up, and we must prepare for our campaign. But how are we to raise the needful, my pretty one?' There was a pause. 'Come, put me on the plan, my girl; for my last shilling is chilled in my purse from want of a companion, and my heart feels heavy in my breast.' Another pause. 'What! not one word of consolation to your poor Bellino?' Leonora looked very grave. Then, pointing to me—'There is my hope,' continued he, 'the leader to my ambition, Signor Carlino—as like a painted post as a gentleman. He cannot appear as he is; he would not even make a scarecrow, his clothes fit so tight.' This he said partly to Leonora in an under voice; and then in a louder tone: 'Come, my hopes of success are placed on you; do assist me, my sweet one.'

I sat mute, and gazed timidly; Leonora sat silent, in deep thought. At length raising her head—

'Where can we go,' said she, 'but to our Uncle? Your watch he has already in his keeping; I have two gowns, and a few other articles—I will give them into his charge until better times.' Bellino started, and embraced her, shouting: 'Glorious Apollo! Bellino is himself again! Look brisk, my beauty; next to you, our Uncle is my only friend; let us despatch, for golden prospects rise before me. You shall a lady be, my pretty one.'

A bundle was soon made up, and Leonora went out with it, and returned with money. I was sent for liquor and victuals; the evening was spent in feasting and singing, and anticipations of success. They, for that night, were the happiest of the happy, and I shared their felicity; for I was to get a new dress, to enable me to perform my part in the adventure, and appear before an audience. For the first time in my life, I retired to my shake-down in the corner in joyous anticipation of the morrow.

I was awakened through the night by their wrangling and abusing one another; I feared they were going to fight: they had sat and continued their potations until the liquor, which at first made them jovial and loving, had at length sown discord. Gradually, their voices died away in sleep. When daylight enabled me to look round, Bellino sat on his chair, his head and arms resting on the table, sound asleep; and Leonora, dressed as I saw her when I went to bed, lay asleep across the bed—the wrecks of their debauch covering the table and floor.

It was late before they awoke, sick and feverish: I had got the room in order, all traces of the debauch removed, breakfast ready, and the kettle boiling. They were as fying as if no squabbling had happened the night before, but their heads ached, and their stomachs were sick; they loathed food, I was sent for more liquor, and they mixed it with their tea, and in a short time rallied; but during the whole forenoon, they were very heavy and dull.

In the afternoon, I was taken to a second-hand clothes-shop by Leonora, and fitted from shoe to cap; and when we came home, Bellino was much pleased with my appearance, but not more than I was with myself. My clothes were showy; a broad-frilled shirt

covered my shoulders, my neck and breast were bare, and my hair hung in ringlets down my back. I had a genteel boyish appearance; Signor Carlino graced his new title, and was no more called by his patrons Charlie.

In the evening, visitors arrived; they were three in number, and much better dressed than my master. They were all younger men, none of them above thirty years of age: I was introduced, and highly praised by Leonora and Bellino. After a display of my powers, I was so fortunate as to meet their approval. The evening was spent in consultations and matters of business: at length, all was arranged. They appeared to be better supplied with money than Bellino, who bargained hard with them for my share of the profits, which were to be his own. The whole went out together, and I was left alone: when they came home, I know not.

Next day, the printer was set to work to print the bills: it had been resolved to begin the adventure in my native town. I was surprised at the number of the bills, but much more so when I saw, posted upon the walls and corners, a different one from any that had come home. How my young heart fluttered! There, in large letters, after the notice of the concerts, were the names of Signor Bellino, Madame Leonora, and Signor Carlino Bellino: here was a rise in the world for poor Charlie! I felt very proud: I appeared all at once to have become somebody. In the notice, I was described as the 'Infant Prodigy,' and I was called by Bellino, when he talked of me, 'an Artist,' as they called themselves.

Next evening, the concert was to come off; the forenoon was spent in rehearsal, and in the afternoon, Leonora was busy washing, starching, and ironing our scanty wardrobe, and arranging her dress during the time my shirt was drying—my only one. She did my hair in ringlets; my thin pale cheeks were rouged: Leonora's and Bellino's, which inclined to red rather much, were whitened with flour. In due time, all of us were ready, and made up for stage-effect; and when the other three came, we set off, with no little anxiety as regarded our failure or success.

A large and elegant room had been engaged, and all things arranged in the most approved order; the doors were opened, and our spirits rose as the room began to fill with an audience large and respectable. The entertainment commenced; and I had the pleasure to be encored, although it was an Italian song: I got through the evening with the greatest applause. Leonora sang several songs without an encore; she must have been much hurt at my success, for she became cool, and spoke snappishly to me during the whole evening; but I was to her as humble and obedient as I had ever been.

Bellino and his companions were in great spirits at our success. I got supper, and was sent to bed; Leonora still in the sulks at me. They continued their carousal until far in the night. For several evenings, the performances were given with various success; at length the audiences became so thin, that they did not pay the expenses. Nevertheless, Bellino had made for his share a good sum of money; his watch, and all the other articles that were in pledge, had been redeemed, and they both got new dresses: their way seemed to be to square their wants to their incomes, their wants being oftenest in advance.

A consultation was held with the others, when it was resolved to court fortune in the other towns: we were too poor to pay for our conveyance by coach, so we set off on foot, each carrying his own instrument, and Leonora her bundle of dresses. I had a good share of the burthen myself—all the bills that were to be posted up when we made a halt at any place where we hoped to collect an audience, and the little linen my master and mistress had; these were made into a bundle, which I carried on my back like a knapsack,

and towards the evening I was often ready to sink under it. We were ever in difficulties, for our expenses were certain, and our audiences very uncertain—oftener yielding but little more than a profit than otherwise.

During the summer months, we visited several towns with various success. As we journeyed along from town to town, when we came to a gentleman's estate, if the family were there, we stopped at the nearest village until Bellino went to the gentleman and offered our services; and at times they were accepted: these were the bright days in our weary pilgrimage, for we were well fed and well paid. At times, we would remain for a day or two; I often got a few shillings to myself from the company, but this did me no good, for Bellino always took it from me: he was, in this respect, as bad as Blind Willie, my last master.

Towards the end of summer, discord began to disturb the harmony that had cheered us in all our fatigues and privations. One of the young men on such occasions took the part of Leonora, and this led to taunts and bickerings among all three: these became more bitter every day; and at length they broke out into an open quarrel, and death and blood were threatened on both sides. The other two men looked on with indifference, as if they enjoyed the brawl; while I stood trembling, and Leonora weeping, or pretending to do so. These noisy threats ended one day in apparent reconciliation, and all retired to bed as if nothing had occurred; Bellino and the two others a good deal the worse of liquor, while Leonora and the young man remained perfectly sober, for I saw they drank sparingly.

On the following morning, I was scared by the kitchen-fire of the inn where we were stopping, when Bellino entered in a fearful rage. I was much alarmed; he stamped and swore so fearfully, I crept into a corner, and trembled for my safety. I soon learned the cause: Leonora had decamped through the night, carrying off all his cash and linen, scant as his wardrobe was, leaving him without a farthing to pay for our lodgings. Fortunately for him, she had left his watch: I was sent with it to the pawnbroker's to get all I could on it; and on my return, the partnership was dissolved, for Bellino set off after the runaway. I was left once more alone in the world, without a home or friend, and felt as forlorn as ever.

Until evening came, I had hopes of my master's return; it was not till then I felt fully the bitterness of my present situation, for self-reliance had not yet come to me. As it grew dark, I began to weep; I had not eaten anything throughout the day. I had not one penny in my pocket, and fearful of being turned out, I looked imploringly at the landlady, for she had scarcely spoken to me during the day, and the few words she did speak were not in an inviting tone: they were uttered as if she looked upon me as an intruder upon her hearth, inquiring when I expected my father to return. Observing the silent tears, however, that stole down my face, her heart was touched, her voice and manner softened, and she inquired if Bellino was my father. I told her the sad story of my life, and the good woman wept.

'Poor boy,' said she, 'your sorrows began soon; but do not weep, you may remain with me for a day or two, until I try to find a master for you, and save you from this vagabond-life. Would you wish to be a tradesman?'

'O yes; thank you,' I replied; 'could I only find a master.'

'There is no fear, trade is brisk and hands scarce; if you are a good boy and industrious, you may yet be a rich man. I expect Thomas Ross and a few master-weavers here in an hour or two; I will speak to him to take you as a learner: he is a good master, it is a good trade, and they make good wages at the calico-weaving, which is easily learned.'

Her kind words shed a ray of hope on my despair, and

with a grateful heart, I thanked my hostess. At length the expected guests began to drop into the kitchen, where I sat solitary and anxious, listening to every word that was said; their talk was of trade at first, but gradually politics absorbed all their interest. I sat fearful lest the landlady in the hurry of business might forget her promise, for her guests were many; but at last she beckoned to one of them, a plain elderly-looking man, who rose and went to her; and they talked together for a few minutes. My eye was upon them; I saw her point to me, and my heart beat fast as I observed her look pleased as the conversation proceeded. Presently the old man rejoined his company, and after a short time, all eyes were turned upon poor Charlie; he had evidently spoken to them of me.

I was called to the table, and offered drink, which I civilly refused; but taking a glass, I took a little of it, and drank all their healths. Some of them boisterously insisted that I should empty the glass, when the individual who had spoken with the landlady checked them, and I was excused. I was then requested to sing, which I did; and every one in the company gave me a few coppers—it was such a sum as I had never before possessed. It was all my own—delightful feeling!—I could scarcely keep my hand out of my pocket; for there was no Blind Willie or Bellino to take it from me, and I almost felt I was no longer poor Charlie.

I retired to my seat by the fire, after I had sung a few songs, anxiously awaiting the result of the landlady's application; but they were so much engrossed in their own debates, that my heart began to sink as they began to drop away. I feared I was forgotten; and they were nearly all gone, when Thomas Ross, the individual to whom the landlady had spoken, came to me: 'Poor boy,' said I, 'come to me at my shop to-morrow forenoon, and I will see what I can do for you, if you behave yourself.' I thanked him for his kindness, and he left the room.

I went to bed that night with a feeling I had never enjoyed before; I could scarcely refrain from leaping and bounding about the room, I was so happy at the prospect of being enabled to earn my bread by my own industry. I was weary of the vagabond-life I had been forced to lead. Again, the money I had just received was a temptation to continue it on my own account, without a master to take the whole from me; small as the sum was, it appeared a great one, and had been won without toil: with these thoughts revolving in my mind, I fell asleep.

The instructions and example I had got from Annie were by this time nearly forgotten. I first became careless while with Willie; and in Bellino's service, where the worst of examples was before me, all pious feelings had forsaken me. But now—I think it was partly suggested by a dream—old thoughts came back upon me, and I rose up unconsciously, and found myself upon my knees repeating the prayers Annie had taught me. At length I crept into bed, and again fell asleep.

Early in the forenoon I waited upon Mr Ross, and was kindly received. From the questions he put, I saw he was suspicious of me from the wandering life I had led, and the people I had been forced to live among; he was a member of the Secession Church, and a very religious man; but, thanks to Annie's training and my good memory, I answered to his satisfaction. He inquired not of the songs and ballads I knew, but put questions from the Catechism and Scriptures; and I raised his wonder at the number of texts and passages I could repeat.

He then said: 'Charlie, I will be your friend, if you behave yourself; I have not at present an empty loom, but you can fill pirns until I get one. In the meantime, you shall have bed and board for your work, and as soon as I can, I will place you on the same terms as my other learners; you will for the first year get

the half of your earnings; and after that you shall be free, and get all you can work for.' I thanked him for his kindness, and that forenoon commenced my new mode of life. For the first few days I felt my new situation very irksome, the change being great; but still, I plied my task with energy, and pleased my master. Gradually I became reconciled, and filled my pirns with a lighter heart than ever I had sung; and the hours passed like minutes. I knew my work, and for the first time in my life felt happy and independent of the caprice of others; I was in a new world, where all around me were busy and happy. At times they sung, or discussed politics or the passing events; every one was a statesman in his own estimation, and saw no difficulty in setting to rights both church and state, if they were but allowed to do so. At times, we would practice psalmody, for all Mr Ross's men were members of the church; and I soon picked up the psalm-tunes, and was often leader when they were in the mood, for the recently revived religious impression was still strong upon me.

In a few weeks, I was seated at my loom, and received instructions from my master, with whom I was a favourite. I joined in family-worship, regularly attended church, and felt a peace of mind and calm happiness I cannot describe: my time passed as in a pleasant dream. In a short period, I could maintain myself, and at the end of my engagement I was comparatively rich: I had a chest of my own, containing changes of linen and of clothes; I was independent, and could more than support myself.

I had no wish to leave my benefactor, and I agreed still to work for him. I had formed friendships with some of my fellow-workmen of sober habits; for, I am sorry to say, several of them were improvident and dissipated, and were only a shade above the inhabitants of the garret, my first associates. My companion and fellow-lodger was James White; he had been the child of misfortune, like myself, in his earlier years, but, unlike me, had been born to brighter prospects. His father, who was in business for himself, and was thought to be prosperous, died after a long sickness; and at his death, from losses and misfortunes, he left his widow and two children in poverty. The widow sunk under her privations and her grief; and James, only five years of age, and his sister younger, were sent to the charity-workhouse. From what he told me, I must have been far happier under good Annie than they were under the tyranny of the keeper and matron; for although I suffered toil, cold, and privation, I was not flogged and crushed like him at the caprice of unrestrained cruelty. His sister, along with many others of tender age, sank under their cruel treatment, and this without inquiry. The matron was the harshest of any one in the house—a perfect tigress. My heart sickened at the narrative he gave me of the sufferings of the workhouse children under their unchecked officials, whose feeling seemed to be—~~that the beggars~~ it is good enough for them; they are not starved, they are clothed, and have a house above their head—what more do they require? The statements I have heard from James often made my blood boil in my veins, child as I was myself of destitution and poverty.

I will not dwell longer on his workhouse sufferings. At twelve, he was sent from the house as an apprentice to a weaver, where he was overwrought and almost starved; and on the Sabbath confined all day, lest he should run away. But where could he run to? If he returned to the house, his complaint was unheeded and unredressed; he was punished for running away, and then sent back to his oppressor, now backed in his cruelty. After several unsuccessful attempts, he made his escape and reached Glasgow, where he soon obtained employment. He was now twenty years of age, seven of which he had spent in the workhouse, yet he read worse than I, who was taught only by Annie. He

was not dissipated, but imprudent; not inclined to read, yet eager after oral information, and very acute in the arguments that often occurred in the shop. Although he earned more money than I did, he was often in my debt before his web was out of the loom; and when he began his rambles, he was neither better nor worse than many of the others. Like most of them, he could earn money, but could not take care of it.

I was now an expert tradesman, and earned as much as any one in the shop, till I was gradually led into all their habits. Being a good singer, my company was much courted; my evenings were oftener spent in the tavern than in my lodgings. I was called by my landlady a good, steady lad; for I settled regularly every Saturday evening my weekly bill, and owed no one anything; content if I had a few shillings over in my pocket for my extra expenses until the web was in, never thinking I was one behind. If I fell sick, or was out of employment, I had not a single pound in store to provide for the casualty; such was the imprudent manner in which we almost all lived, both married and single.

There were sixteen of us in Mr Ross's shop, all living as I did, except Allan Roy. He was careful and penurious, never allowing himself the smallest comfort or relaxation, and scarcely taking what was necessary to sustain him at his toil; he seemed to have no other enjoyment in life, than to hoard money for its own sake. He seldom joined in any of our discussions; his mind was too intent upon his web. I never could draw from him what was his ultimate aim; for he was void of ambition, and had no intention of becoming a master himself; although he could have done so at any time, for he had a good sum of money in his possession, which he hoarded up, fearful of trusting it in the bank, or venturing it in trade. He appeared to have but two ideas—*toil, toil; and hoard, hoard.*

The consequence of all this was, he fell into bad health and died; his penurious habits remaining unchanged to the last, for even the approach of death did not alter them. But his brother James was of a different turn of mind; he gave Allan a funeral so genteel, that his old shopmates said: 'Could he have seen it, it would have broken his heart.' James got the money, and spent it in dissipation; in a few months he was a poorer man than ever, and ended by enlisting into the 71st Regiment.

For many months I had boarded with a widow, a good and pious woman, her family consisting of three daughters. The two youngest wrought in a neighbouring factory; the eldest assisted her mother at home, and took in sewing. The widow, to eke out her means, kept lodgers; and there were three of us. Her son—for she had been left with four orphans—who had married very young, lived in a distant town, struggling with a numerous family, rather receiving aid from, than assisting his mother.

It was indeed a happy home. I was treated as a son and brother; and had it not been for the misery I saw around me, resulting frequently from early and imprudent marriages, I could have wedded the engaging, pretty Mary. After observing a prudent silence for a year or two, I resolved to ask her and her mother's consent, for I knew that neither of them looked upon me with an unfavourable eye. I was never so happy as when we met at night after our day's labour, or walking by the river-side on a Sunday afternoon after church, the three sisters by my side, when Mary was always sure to have an arm.

One forenoon she came home from the factory unable to remain, she was so unwell. A very bad fever was at this time cutting off great numbers in the city and neighbourhood. My poor Mary lingered a few days between death and life, and at length expired in her mother's arms. It was at this time I first saw the triumph of genuine piety over every selfish feeling;

no murmur escaped the widow's lips; the tears streamed down her face, her eyes raised to heaven with an expression I shall never forget, so expressive of mental anguish struggling with pious resignation. I wept for Mary, and long felt her loss.

That evening she died, Katie sickened; I had just finished reading the fourteenth chapter of St John, when she leaned forward on the table, and complained of headache and shivering. The widow's head sunk on her bosom, as she wrung her hands and groaned: 'Oh, God! strike not twice; spare my children.' Next day she was much worse, and soon followed her sister. My fellow-lodgers had hastened away as soon as the fever came into the house. I was young, and life is sweet, yet I could not think of flying the house of mourning.

But alas! the blight was on the widow's hearth; the youngest, the merry Jeanie, sickened and expired the following day. Thrice had death stricken the young and vigorous, and spared the aged and infirm.

After the funeral, the desolate mother was forced to sell her furniture to defray the expenses of sickness and burial, and go to live with her son—to be the drudge and nurse of her daughter-in-law, or linger out her last days in the charity-workhouse.

A NIGHT-JOB IN JERSEY.

It is midnight under the new moon; almost pitchy dark it is, for the stars are few, and a curtain of cloud seems drawn between us and them; the by-lanes, with their lofty banks, and the long elm-avenues through which our way lies at first, are especially haunts of gloom, and yet we are walking rapidly as though to meet one who will not loiter, nor tarry. We are four men in all, dressed in coarse garbs enough, but bearing each a wrapper or thick shawl, in addition to the ordinary garments of the working-classes; our shoes are either of amazing thickness, and studded with the hugest nails, or mere slippers, and those with holes in them. We walk in single-file for the greater safety, and our leader carries a large glass lantern, which throws great squares of light upon all sides; we have also each a similar one, but the stout wax-tapers within them are not lighted; a huge basket, too, is slung across each man's shoulder, within which is a bottle and some refreshment, and a sort of Lilliputian sickle, notched at the extremity like a circular saw: it is clear from the small space these occupy that we expect other burdens. After a couple of miles of this sort of walking, we emerge upon an open road by the sea-shore; the light is here extinguished; and, as though we were no longer fearful of discovery, our tongues begin to move somewhat more freely.

'What time are they likely to be on the sands?' said I.

'Not till half after one, unless the wind freshens,' replied the eldest of the four; 'but we must be off pretty soon, or the tide will fall too low to float our boat; and, besides, we have a goodish way to pull to "the Gravel."'

'I hope,' struck in another, 'we shall find them we're after at last; for we have spent two nights in looking for them already, and all for nothing.'

'Ah! they'll be on "the Gravel,"' exclaimed the fourth man, 'sure enough; they can't help themselves; but the worst is, there will be others to shafe with us, if that light yonder is from the tavern at La Hogue.'

The ray which had attracted the last speaker's notice, streamed from a narrow and low-roofed cabin, from the open door of which, as we got nearer, unequivocal sounds of tavern revelry were proceeding. Our leader seemed to be in nowise disturbed by this, but entered the festive chamber without hesitation; it was a large but dingy apartment, with a little space railed off to form

a kind of bar, at which most excellent brandy was being sold at three-halfpence the glass; a few pieces of bread and some biscuits seemed all there was to eat; but what was wanting in food was amply made up by tobacco, for not one of the miscellaneous company seemed unprovided with a cigar. They were most of them attired like ourselves, or rather worse, perhaps; but one or two among them with heavy moustaches, and dressed in shabby-genteel foreign garments, were, or had been, evidently of a higher class: these spoke in the French tongue, which the others, who seemed nevertheless to understand it perfectly, responded to in a strange sort of patois. The majority seemed to know only a very few words of English.

There were several women among the company, similarly accoutred, and armed with the like weapons as ourselves, who seemed to speak of the common object of our expedition, and other matters connected with maritime pursuits, with much familiarity and unconcern.

'Wrecking?' said a huge brawny fellow, whose sickle shewed a great resemblance to a cutlass; 'well, I should think I ought to know something about that. It is not twenty years ago since I went out to the *Jean d'Arc*, off the Corbiere, and brought every soul to land; the wind was sou'-west, and lashed the breakers into mountains about her, so that we could scarce get the life-boat near her; and when we sheered off with the last man, I thought it the luckiest moment of my life. A little boy, one of the cabin passengers, was crying most dismally; and, when we had got about a mile away, let us know that his old father was left aboard after all. Hard matter I had to persuade the men to pull back, for the hurricane was getting worse rather than better; but when we got near her again, there stood a man upon her fore-castle, sure enough, with a great bag in his hand, and making piteous signs. I told him, through my trumpet, that it was impossible for us now to hold on even for a second, and that there was but one chance left for him; that I would steer right under her bows, and he must jump for it. So, loaded as we were, and in the midst of the Corbiere Rocks, I steered as close as I dared; and as the crest of a big wave swept us by, something heavy leapt out from her into the midst of us, and we thought it was all right; but when we came to look—for it was between dusk and dark—it was only a heavy bag, and the man was standing on the fore-castle still the same as before. Well, we were all for leaving such a fellow, who preferred his luggage to his life, just where he was, especially as it was all a chance whether we got to land ourselves; but the poor little boy so moved us with his cries and prayers, that we returned a second time to take off his father. Well, he *did* get home safe with his bag and all, and he gave us a hundred guineas out of it; "for," said he, "you have saved what is more to me than life, the means of happiness for my child." He had been a poor man, d'ye see, all his life, and suffered bitterly in consequence; and he was coming home from foreign parts with a hard-earned fortune, determined that his little boy should never go through the same as he.'

'I tell you what, François,' said a lady near him, 'if you have got any more tales of your own goodness and valour to tell, perhaps you'll keep 'em till after this business of to-night is over; there's a good many gone down before us already, and it's time to be off.'

And certainly for the last half-hour there had been almost a continuous rumbling of cart-wheels and treading of horses, as they turned on to the stone-slip in front of the tavern, which led down to the sea.

As we all now crowded out together, and looked over the lone waste to seaward into the darkness, we could descry a score or two of lights, like Will-o'-the-wisps, moving in one direction, but from different quarters, over weed and pool. Our own road lay over, first, a

slope of sand, and then athwart a range of shiny stones—now to left, and now to right, as inlets of the tarrying tide compelled us. By the 'dim obscure' of the scant starlight, or by the flashes of our several lanterns, we climbed and slipped and tumbled for a mile or so, and at last arrived at a little harbour where our boat lay moored. François and our four selves, besides a tall man, with a patch over his eye and no roof to his mouth, who joined us unexpectedly and begged to be admitted, formed our freight and filled her quite sufficiently. The first of these took a single oar, and by an application of it after the principle of the screw at the stern, caused us to wriggle away pretty rapidly; now the intricacies of the rocks obliged us to go to this side, and now to that; and again even drove us backwards to avoid some shoal, or perhaps for a little space we would intrust ourselves to the narrow and fast-emptying channel. The lanterns had been placed beneath us, for the steersman could see better without them; and we could then remark ten or a dozen of what appeared to be huge floating glow-worms, but were indeed boatfuls of others bound on the same enterprize with ourselves; there were murmurs, loud and deep, at the probable subdivision of our expected spoil; and when we neared the land, or rather the great peninsulas which the sea permitted for a few hours to enjoy that title, we heard the frequent laughter and rude converse of those in carts who were approaching, by a more circuitous route, 'the Gravel' likewise.

'The Gravel' was a great bay in an island of rocks which was gradually getting bare of sea; and we anchored there, and waited, like Canute—having chosen a more favourable period, however—for the waves to retire. We were all well fortified with brandy, and garrisoned each with a lighted cigar, and around us were wrapped the mufflers we had brought with us from home; but still the gusty night-air cut us keenly, and we were anxious to be out of our sitting postures, and at active exercise. Suddenly a large circle of light began to congregate at the head of the bay; and my companions, exclaiming that the work was begun, leaped into the sea, and made towards it. They waded up to their knees and higher for some distance, making two lines of light across the bay, one cast by their lanterns held above their heads, and one of phosphorus, where they clove the wave before them. François and I remained for some time after their individual splendour was lost in the larger constellation beyond, and until the tide had fallen a foot or so lower, when we reached the same spot in two or three minutes, and far more comfortably.

A strange scene then presented itself. Upon the circular head of a bay, that was increasing every moment as the tide retired, there were a company of forty to fifty people, each with a lantern, around which he delved and dug as though he was in El Dorado. With every stroke of his sickle there leapt up an infinite number of silver eels, of from six to twelve inches in length; they absolutely paved the place for an instant after the incision was made, and the next moment had disappeared like so many augers into the yielding sand. The usual practice was to pounce down on them instantly with the disengaged fingers, but the more expert sand-eelers would gather six or eight together, between the sickle and their left hand, as the reaper collects his sheaves; the saw at its termination was apparently for this purpose, but I found myself incapable of profiting by it. I could only see the sand-eels, too, within the radii of light from my lantern, but my companions seemed to discern the glitter of their beautiful backs as well in the outer darkness, and to distinguish them from the phosphoric gleams of the waves as they stood in the bay itself, and caught them as they dashed through the sea. After a while, however, I could catch them under favourable circumstances tolerably well, although I clutched a pound of sand

with every ounce of eel, and, weighted my basket so that it could not be lifted with one hand, and weighed me down as the Old Man of the Mountain bent poor Sinbad. The remedy for this is to dip the basket in the sea, when the sand loses its consistency, and slips out through the wicker-work, while the eels remain. There was only an hour and a half of this amusement permitted to us, for the spring-tides rise and fall here with extreme rapidity, and would take but twenty minutes to get from round our feet to over our heads. When I felt the tide coming in so swiftly, and no inclination manifested by our party to depart, I tried to determine for myself in what direction we had left our boat; but through the surrounding darkness no eye could penetrate far, and, had it been otherwise, no stranger could have recognised his bearings amongst the entirely similar masses of rock. At last, when the carts had long driven off and the rest had taken to their boats, our leader, to my great relief, gave the word to retreat. We kept the way as though it were broad daylight, although it lay through pretty deep water for a considerable distance; but when we had each hoisted our dripping bodies, and scarcely less heavy burdens into the vessel, we found to our extreme horror that our number was not complete. The poor fellow who had joined us so unexpectedly was missing. One of my comrades was about to leap overboard instantly; but François laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and said: 'One life is sufficient for one spring-tide; it would be death for any man, though he knew every inch of "the Gravel," to venture upon it now.'

We hoisted our lanterns on the oars and screamed our hardest; but no reply came to us, save the mocking cry of the curlew and the moan of the rising sea.

'The old man is deaf,' said the pilot; 'and, if he could hear, it would be of no use now. I trust, however, he is gone away with some of the others; a wicked enough thing to do without giving us any warning.' And certainly there was no lantern to be seen, save those that were already a mile to landward; so, with somewhat lightened hearts, we steered back through the perilous passages, and along with the advancing tide.

We found our runaway at the tavern, and gave him each of us a strong 'bit of our mind,' in English, French, or patois, as nature dictated; but it was far better as it was, than that the poor fellow without a roof to his mouth should be left without a floor to his foot, three miles below highwater-mark, off Point La Hogue.

We discussed our adventures and the proceeds of them at breakfast the next morning, where we assembled in less burglarious costume. To one especially fine fellow (for an eel), who had distinguished himself in life by his agility and difficult capture, we gave the appropriate title of the Caffre chief Sandilli. Afterwards, we went to see thousands of the lesser fry disposed of in the fishmarket at a trifling sum. François was there, who assured us he had obtained for his own bag thirteen quarts of sand-eels!

A MANGROVE SWAMP.

The banks near the lagoon were low, and the ground back of them apparently swampy, and densely covered with mangrove-trees. This tree is universal on the Mosquito coast, lining the shores of the lagoons and rivers, as high up as the salt water reaches. It is unlike any other tree in the world. Peculiar to lands overflowed by the tides, its trunk starts at a height of from four to eight feet from the ground, supported by a radiating series of smooth reddish-brown roots, for all the world like the prongs of an inverted candelabrum. These roots interlock with each other in such a manner that it is utterly impossible to penetrate between them, except by laboriously

cutting one's way; and even then, an active man would hardly be able to advance twenty feet in a day. The trunk is generally tall and straight, the branches numerous, but not long, and the leaves large and thick: on the upper surface, of a dark, glistening, unfading green; while below, of the downy whitish tint of the poplar-leaf. Lining the shore in dense masses, the play of light on the leaves as they are turned upward by the wind, has the glad billowy effect of a field of waving grain. The timber of the mangrove is sodden and heavy, and of no great utility, but its bark is astringent, and excellent for tanning. Its manner of propagation is remarkable. The seed consists of a long bean-like stem, about the length and shape of a dipped candle, but thinner. It hangs from the upper limbs in thousands, and, when perfect, drops, point downward, erect in the mud, where it speedily takes root, and shoots up to tangle still more the already tangled mangrove swamp. Myriads of small oysters, called the mangrove-oysters, cling to the roots, among which active little crabs find shelter from the pursuit of their hereditary enemies, the long-legged and sharp-billed cranes, which have a prodigious hankering after tender and infantile shell-fish.—*Bard's Wainna.*

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

I CAN see that I grow older,
And I note it day by day!
I can feel my heart grow colder
As its pleasures pass away.
At the tell-tale glass I linger,
As with faded eye I trace
Solemn tokens which Time's finger
Has engraven on my face.

But one moment can restore me
To my boyhood and my prime,
And sweet memories come o'er me
Of that brief and blessed time:
Then I hear, a father's blessing,
And I feel a mother's kiss;
And again I am caressing
One who shared with me my bliss.

Who shall say the Past must perish
'Neath the Future's coming waves?
What the soul delights to cherish
From Oblivion's depths it saves!
Looking backward, on I'm gliding,
Till I reach that final shore
Where the Present is abiding,
And where Change shall come no more.

PUTNEY.

G. M.

SARDINIA.

No one can cross its frontier without being struck with the contrast it presents to the other Italian states. While they are decaying like a corpse, it is flourishing like the chestnut-tree of its own mountains. The very faces of the people may tell you that the country is free and prosperous. Its citizens walk about with the cheerful, active air of men who have something to do and to enjoy, and not with the listless, desponding, heart-sick look which marks the inhabitants of the other states of Italy. Here, too, you miss that universal beggary and vagabondism that disfigure and pollute all the other countries of the Peninsula. What rich loam the ploughman turns up! What magnificent vines shade its plains! Public works are in progress, railways have been formed, and new houses are building. Not fewer than a hundred houses were built in Turin last year, which is more, I verily believe, than in all the other Italian towns out of Piedmont taken together.—*Wylie's Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber.*

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THE STORY OF A FAMILIAR FRIEND.

Still virginalling
Upon his psalm.—SHAKESPEARE.

Our Friend is of ancient, though obscure origin. Nobody knows anything definite respecting the founders of the family; but the first name in the genealogy is of Latin derivation, and this carries conjecture a long way back into the past.

Our Friend has passed through many trials, and seen many conditions of life. None more aristocratic than he, in those good old times of which the romancists tell us. Then was he the guest of kings and nobles, and unknown, even by name, to the 'general vulgar.' His politics are changed for the worse since then: he has become a very democrat. He disdains not to be seen in the back-parlour of the petty tradesman, or the cleanly cottage of the intelligent mechanic. He raises his voice in the cause of progress; he advocates popular refinement. Very sad this, and very repugnant to the feelings of any right-minded and properly educated person. Not to be denied, however, as you will presently acknowledge.

The earliest occasion upon which we find authentic mention of Our Friend, is in some papers relating to the expenses of the royal household during the reign of King Henry VIII. He was known at this early period by the name of *Virginal*.

Very small, very shrill, very imperfect and feeble in every way, was Our Friend in the time of the Tudors. His voice was limited in compass to two octaves and a half, or three octaves; his now pleasant, jovial-looking ivory teeth were of gloomy tortoise-shell, or still more sombre ebony; his legs were slender and shaky, and his general demeanour unsteady.

A row of small quills, or 'jacks,' projecting through a series of little loopholes in a part of this intelligent machine then called the 'table,' caught the strings when set in motion, and produced a tone similar to that of a guitar-string struck by the nail of the player. These strings—one of which went to each note—were made in steel, iron, and latten. There were but few sizes manufactured; and the result was, that the differences of tone between every three or four notes were entirely dependent on the degree of tension—a state of affairs which would be utterly deplorable and unendurable to the well-educated ears of the nineteenth century, attuned as they are to the minutely graduated strings of modern instruments. In the treble, they were occasionally made of gold, silver, and even silk; but these were more readily affected by the weather, and less harmonious in tone.

To return to the matter of the state-papers. King

Harry, whose musical establishment was as ample as that of any other English monarch past or present, esteemed Our Friend so highly, that we find in these records an account of several payments made to 'players on the virginals'—yearly payments, too, ranging from twelve to fifty pounds; and the latter, be it remembered, was no inconsiderable annuity in those days. Besides this, the princesses Mary and Elizabeth loved and studied 'the touches of sweet harmony,' in their bowers at the palace of Westminster, and amid the quiet chambers of the old water-side residence at Greenwich; thus associating, by a gentler link than that of mere succession, two memories so dissimilar in popularity and reputation. That Mary I. played upon the virginals, we learn from a letter written to her by Queen Catherine, in which that royal lady, alluding to the divorce then in progress, counsels her daughter to cheerful resignation, and says: 'Sometimes, for your recreation, use your virginals or lute, if you have any.' Elizabeth was an accomplished performer. The volume known as *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, composed by the leading musicians of her time, and triumphantly executed by those fingers which look so slender in the portraits at Hampton Court, is of insupportable and overwhelming difficulty. Music more impossible, more crabbed, more savage and impetuous, cannot be conceived. A dozen of its pages would serve not only to crush the pretensions of any ordinary professor, but even to appal the bravest and most skilful among those spasmodic pianists who delight the concert-going public of this concert-giving age.

So great was the fame of her majesty's musical acquirements, that many authors have supposed the very name of the instrument to convey a complimentary allusion to the virgin queen; but our state-papers, before quoted, give sufficient proof to the contrary, inasmuch as the date they bear is anterior to that of her birth. Dr. Johnson suggests, that it was so called 'because played upon chiefly by young ladies,' and a modern writer, with better judgment, ascribes its title to its uses; and reminds us how, in the pleasant twilight of convents and old halls, it served to lead sweet voices singing hymns to the Virgin.

Several virginals belonging to Queen Elizabeth, are yet extant in different parts of England. There is one, a very curious specimen, at Helmingham Hall, in Suffolk, the ancient and interesting seat of the Tollmach family; Sir E. B. Lytton is the possessor of another; and a third, perhaps the most remarkable of all, is preserved at the residence of a Worcestershire esquire. It was purchased at Lord Spencer Chichester's sale, in 1805, and is of incalculable value.

We all love to adorn that which we dearly value: it is one of the commonest and gracefulest impulses of humanity. The written Bibles of old were cased in velvet, and clasped with gold and jewels. Petrarch's famous bronze inkstand was a model of the beautiful and ornamental in art. The delicious little painting by Annibal Caracci, of Silenus teaching Apollo to play the pan-pipes, is said to have formed one of the panels executed by that great master for the decoration of his own barnard's lord. Let us see, then, how Queen Bess, the haughtiest and most magnificent of monarchs, did honour to Our Friend. Right royally, as you may be sure. Here is the description of that Worcestershire virginal which we mentioned a few moments since:—'The case is of cedar-wood, covered with rich crimson-coloured Genoa velvet, and fastened with three ancient locks, finely engraved and gilt. The inside of the case is lined with yellow silk; the front is entirely covered with plates of gold. There are fifty keys, with jacks and quills; thirty of them are of ebony, tipped with gold; and the semitones, twenty in number, are inlaid with silver, ivory, and different kinds of rare woods, each key consisting of about 250 pieces. On one end are the royal arms, richly emblazoned; and at the other end is a symbolic and highly finished painting of a crowned dove, with a sceptre in its claw—the painting done upon a gold ground, with carmine, lake, and ultramarine. The whole instrument is well preserved, light, and portable—five feet in length, sixteen inches wide, seven inches deep, and not exceeding twenty-four pounds in weight.'

Our Friend wears his court-dress in this portrait. He is almost too dazzling to be looked upon, and only to read of his splendour puts one in mind of the riches of Solomon's Temple.

Arrived at such dignity—having, as it were, touched the highest point of all his greatness—we meet little mention of Virginal after this period. One *Spinnet* seems to have usurped his place and fortune. In a quaint and somewhat dull volume, written by a French priest called Mersénes, printed in 1635, and entitled *Harmonicorum Libri*, we find a fanciful biography of the new instrument. Comparing the structure of the spinnet to that of the human body, he says that the sounding-boards are the muscles; the cross-bars, the bones; and the strings, the organs of speech. 'The spinnet had ordinarily forty-nine strings, of which the lower thirty were made of latten, because that was strongest and deepest. The higher ones, nineteen in number, were of steel and iron. . . . There were but six or seven sizes of strings; but if the spinnet were made in real perfection, there would be strings of different sizes, suited purposely to every note. Even in the length of string the makers were careless, and nearly everything depended on the tension.' Another writer tells that 'there have been spinnets made with the keys split in two, to furnish that nice gradation of quarter-tones as found on the violin. The difficulty of the instrument was, however, quadrupled by this, and the effect unpleasant.'

Let us not be deceived by these innovations of name and make; the Spinnet, after all, is but Our Friend in a new dress. He has travelled since we last heard of him; has crossed the Alps, and there learning that *spina* was the Italian for thorn or quill (of which, we may remember, the jacks were made), he has straightway appropriated the word for his own proper title, and, like some musicians of our own times, returned to Old England as a distinguished foreigner, in search of the patronage which is, as a foreigner, his due. From this time forth, we are not sure of him for a moment; he is in a state of perpetual mutation and improvement. Like Richard, he can 'change shapes with Proteus,' and always 'for advantages.'

As Monsieur *Clavecin*, alias *Clavier*, alias *Clavicembalo*, alias *Clavichord*, we next encounter him.

His compass extends now to four, and sometimes to four and a half octaves. His shape, horizontal and triangular, is that of our modern grand pianoforte—a harp, in fact, played by keys and jacks, and laid down in a case. Some attempts have been made to produce a greater softness of tone. A pig's bristle has been substituted for the crow-quill (answering to the ancient plectrum) which originally formed the tongue of the jack; and in a curious little treatise called *Musurgia seu Praxis Musica*, written by Ottomarus Luscinius, a Benedictine of Strasburg, we read that 'the clavichord is used by the nuns in convents; and, in order that the players on it may not disturb the sisters in the dormitory, the strings are muffled with small bits of fine woollen cloth.' All honour to the ladies of the German convents! They have suggested an improvement of infinite worth, and afforded Our Friend an opportunity of once more changing his style and title, and of appearing before us in the character of *Manichordion*.

The manichordion resembled in form the square pianoforte of fifty years ago. It was long and narrow; the sounding-board took up half the length of the instrument, and the lid was inlaid with coloured woods, or decorated with a quaint painting on the inner paneling, or sometimes domed like the lid of a hair-trunk. The leading peculiarity of the manichordion, however, was the first regular adoption of the long strip of red cloth under all the strings. This ingenious contrivance softened that asperity of tone which had been so distressing in the virginal, spinnet, and clavier, and remains an indispensable item in the construction of the pianoforte of the present day.

We have by this time become so used to the transformations of Our Friend, that when he appears before us under the name of *Harpischord*, we are past being astonished, and recognise Brainworm through all his disguises. Besides, the change brings him nearer to us and to our own personal experience. The very name of harpischord is 'familiar in our mouths as household words.' Did not all the Sacharissas, Chloes, Melissas, and Flavias of those dear old novels in ever-so-many volumes, which, as children, we discovered in a handbox in the garret, and devoured so eagerly and surreptitiously, sitting up in bed, before the nurse-maid came to call us in the morning—did not those unimpeachable heroines all play upon the harpischord as a matter of course? And then, do we not ourselves remember that frail querulous instrument which stood in a recess in our grandmother's parlour, and was only unlocked as a great favour and upon particular occasions! The case was of some light wood, inlaid with ebony; the keys were worn and yellow, and many quite dumb; and an ingenious device, representing a lute, flageolet, and music-book, surrounded by a wreath of dogroses and convolvuli, very distinctly painted, adorned the front panel just under the music-desk. Inscribed along the windings of the blue ribbon attached to the lute were the words: 'Ruckers Fecit. Antwerpen.' Ruckers was one of the best makers of the eighteenth century, ranking with Phillip Jones, Tabel, and Geronimo of Florence.

The harpischord derived its name from the harp, being strung entirely with wires—two to each note. A single harpischord was, in fact, a double spinnet. The double harpischord was an improved, extended, and powerful instrument, with two rows of keys, and three strings to each note. Of these three, two were tuned in unison, and the third sounded an octave higher. The latter was abolished by Merlin in 1770, and replaced by another unison, which left the tone equally full, and rendered the instrument less susceptible to atmospheric influences. Many experiments were essayed at this time, to soften still further the jarring tone produced by the action of the quill. Tongues of leather, ivory, and various elastic substances, were tried, but without

any material success. What was gained in sweetness was lost in brilliancy; and the grand desideratum was left to be attained by the valuable invention which here forms the most interesting epoch in Our Friend's biography, and gave to us, in the *Hammer-harpsichord*, that noble and expressive instrument with which we are all so familiar under its later name of the *Pianoforte*.

As in many more illustrious cases, the honour of discovery is, in this instance, ascribed to no less than three persons, the earliest of whom, one Castofali, an instrument-maker of Florence, is supported by the *Giornale d'Italia*, and stated to have accomplished his design in the year 1711. The Germans, on the contrary, claim the invention for J. C. Schröder or Schræter, a native of Dresden, in Saxony, and an accomplished organist. The *Monthly Magazine* for December 1810 advocates the cause of this claimant, stating that he had made a model instrument, whereof the strings were struck by hammers, and had, in the year 1717, presented it for the royal inspection at the court of Dresden. The third and last candidate is Bartolommeo Cristofori of Padua. He is warmly seconded by the Count G. R. Carli, an elegant and thoughtful writer of the last century, who relates that he (Cristofori) originated the improvement during his stay in Florence in the year 1718. The essay on music—to be found in the Milanese edition of Carli's works, published in eighteen volumes, 1784-7 A.D.—contains the following spirited passage:—'From the organ we pass readily to the clavicembalo—an instrument always progressing towards perfection, and much improved by Bartolommeo Cristofori, a Paduan, who added hammers to the mechanism; of which great invention we are so forgetful that we have even believed it a new thing, bringing it here from Germany and England, and receiving it as an unique production of those fortunate regions which are destined to illuminate us with our own Italian lights. Thus is it that we have never known how to preserve any single thing for our own honour.'

Be the inventor which of these he may—and we are strongly inclined to believe that the laurels belong to Schröder—it is at all events certain that the object of centuries was at last accomplished. The quill, pig's-bristle, thorn, ivory-tongue, leathern-tongue, and all other twanging abominations, were for ever banished. A tiny hammer, clad in chamois or other soft leather, was made to fall upon the string, and evoke a clear, precise, and delicate tone unheard before. The harpsichord had become an instrument of percussion, and it only remained for later manufacturers to perfect, extend, and popularise the pianoforte.

The first seen in this country was made by one Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, and by him sent over to Mr Crisp, author of the tragedy of *Virginia*; a gentleman of considerable taste and learning, who sold it again to Fulk Greville, Esq., at the price of 100 guineas. Every one who heard the new instrument was delighted. No spinet, clavier, harpsichord, or other variation of the virginal, had been made capable of any modification of tone. The hammer-harpsichord obeyed the soul of the player, and, according to the pressure of the skilful finger, passed through every gradation of *piano* and *forte*. The new effect gave rise to the new name—a sufficiently feeble and inexpressive one for so fine an instrument—and it shortly was known to all the dilettanti of London as 'Mr Greville's pianoforte.' One imperfection remained, and that imperfection was in the touch. Unlike the jacks, of whose 'nimble legs' Shakspeare, in his sonnets, has preserved an imperishable memory, the hammers moved slowly and with difficulty. Only the gravest measures could be played upon the pianoforte; and to give these their due effect, a sustained sound, such as the organ alone can afford, was absolutely necessary. Nothing, however, was attempted to repair this defect

till after several years, when Plenius made a pianoforte, in imitation of the first. The touch of this one was better, but the tone worse. Backers, a famous harpsichord-maker, next took the instrument in hand, and made several; but they were little superior to the old harpsichords, and found no favour with the public. It is probable that such repeated failures might have discouraged the trade, and that the pianoforte would have been, if not wholly forgotten, at least put aside, and preserved, even to the present day, as a mere curiosity in music, had not an event occurred at this juncture which gave an impetus to every branch of the art, and awoke the ingenuity as well as the ambition of all the performers and manufacturers in England. The illustrious John Christian Bach, organist, pianist, and composer, arrived in this country, and established that series of concerts which first made familiar amongst us the grand classical music of the German schools.

Every harpsichord-maker now tried to render the pianoforte practicable and popular. The failures were many; and it was not till 1766, that a German named Zumpé succeeded in the construction of some small pianofortes (similar in shape and size to their remote progenitor the virginal), whereof the tone was peculiarly sweet, the touch facile, and the price sufficiently moderate to place it within the reach of all those who had hitherto been purchasers of the harpsichord and clavier. A revolution the most sudden ensued in every musical household in the kingdom. Zumpé could not meet the demand, and orders more numerous than he could execute poured in from all parts of the United Kingdom, and even from the capital and northern shores of France. Pohlman, although his pianofortes were of inferior tone, made a fortune by supplying those who could not obtain the instruments of his more skilful contemporary. Stoddard and Broadwood next entered the field, and in their hands the pianoforte acquired with every year fresh brilliancy, facility, and power. The compass was extended to six octaves—the prices varied from 30 to 200 guineas—the instrument began to be, what it still is, the most universal, the most useful, and the most remunerative, both to seller and purchaser, in the world. One more invention—one last improvement—was yet needed to complete the action of the hammer upon the string, which, wanting the elasticity to rise again immediately, rested too long, and dulled the vibration of the note. This ultimate nicety of mechanism was attained by no other than our graceful English poet Mason. He loved music and his pianoforte; and after bestowing some thought upon the subject, came to the conclusion, that the desired effect might be produced by detaching the hammer from the key, so as to give but a momentary concussion. Thoroughly to comprehend the delicacy and aptness of his invention, you but need to open your pianoforte and remark the manner in which sounds are produced. At the first touch upon the ivory key, the little hammer swings lightly in a semicircle, as if wielded by an invisible hand—falls, rises, and leaves the string to vibrate to the last pulse of sound. This alone was needed to perfect the expressional powers of the instrument, and since then, no real or material improvement has been effected. True, many freaks and whims have been started from time to time. A pianoforte with pedals has been tried, and found wanting. We all remember that ear-rending and infinitely distressing anomaly, the fiddle-piano, in the American department of the Industrial Building of 1851, wherein a violin, connected by mechanism with a second row of keys, played a dismal unison with the right hand of the performer, and put every listener out of spirits for the rest of the day. Then there are transposing pianos—repetition pianos—patented pianos, with hard names of unknown derivation, which few people know anything about, and which nobody ventures to pronounce—

pianos of seven octaves in compass—pianos adorned in richest carvings, built of 'costliest woods, and illustrative of all the wealth, ingenuity, and tastefulness of the age—better still, little Quaker-like pianos of white wood, fine tone, and most modest price, built (on the suggestion of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal**) by a maker who stands at the 'head and front' of his trade, and by him offered to the public of small means—the 'needy clerk, the poor teacher, the upper-class mechanic.' This last is the very best and triumph of the pianoforte—as glorious a transition in its degree, from the time of the rare and royal virginals, as is the daily press and cheap literature of the nineteenth century from the darkness of that time when a scholar transcribed the classics with his own hand, and the parish-bible was chained to the reading-desk in the middle of the church.

We have not time nor space to say more, though much more might still be said of the future and the past, especially of the future. We should not be sorry to see pianofortes still more cheaply wrought, and finding their way more frequently into the poorer walks of life; and we should hail a reform in the class of music and style of performance which has of late years become popular, for we are weary of overrics, pensées nocturnes, caprices, and other 'sickly imaginings' of the modern pianoforte school. We should rejoice to see music regarded less as a mere matter of course in female education, and better loved for her own heavenly sake. But with great good, small evil must creep in; so let us be patient though some charlatanisms have been consequent upon the progress and perfection of an instrument which deserves our truest gratitude and affection, which celebrates our happiest, and soothes our saddest hours, and to which none amongst us can refuse the name of Our Familiar Friend.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

THE GEYSERS—AN ERUPTION—RETURN TO REIKIAVIK.

This night passed in much the same manner as the last. Happening to awake about three o'clock, and feeling restless, I rose and walked up to the tent. The sun was already an hour above the horizon, and, a gentle west wind having set in, the weather had become both beautiful and genial. One of the tent-party was already astir, and told me that an eruption had last night taken place, less than half an hour after we had retired. Here was a disappointment for the majority of the party, for of course it became less likely that we should be favoured with another explosion before our departure. My friend informed me that it had been a magnificent spectacle, far exceeding the eruption of the Great Strokr, and he had been enabled immediately after it took place to examine the interior of the basin, which is always on these occasions left for a little while empty. He at the same time shewed me the handkerchief which had been sunk in the well of the Geyser on the preceding day. It had been thrown up in the eruption, and found in the state in which I saw it—namely, half torn to pieces—a curious evidence of the violent operations which go on in the recesses of this wonderful water-cavern. Having now lost nearly all hope of seeing an eruption, I retired once more to our sleeping-chamber, and lay down again. At six, I once more rose, and went up to the field of the Geysers,

contemplating nothing but to make a few preparations for our journey. As I approached, behold an immense quantity of steam fills the air. There are hurried cries from one or two persons. To my delighted surprise, the Great Geyser is actually engaged in one of its eruptions! I got to the spot just in time to see it at the height of the paroxysm.

The prominent object before me—the ground of the spectacle, as an artist might call it—was the vast effusion of steam covering the place, and rolling away under a varying wind. It was only on coming pretty near, and getting to windward, that I caught the sight of a multitude of jets of water darting in outward curves, as from a centre, through amidst this steam-cloud, glittering in the sunshine for a moment, and then falling in heavy plash all over the incrustated mount. It seemed to me—though the circumstances are certainly not favourable for an accurate estimate—that these jets rose about sixty or seventy feet above the basin. Three or four of our party looked on excitedly from a little distance beyond the reach of the water, but half-concealed amidst the steam. It went on jetting thus at brief intervals for a few minutes, and then gradually ceased. When I could venture up to the brim of the basin, I found the water sunk down a few feet in the funnel; so I was able to descend into that beautiful chased and flowery chalice, and break off a few specimens of its inner lining, now partially dry by reason of the heat communicated from below. The rest of the farmhouse-party came one after another upon the ground, to express their vexation at so narrowly missing this fine spectacle, as well as that of the preceding evening.

When one contrasts the terrific violence of the explosion, lasting as it does only a few minutes, and usually occurring but once in one or two days, with the tranquillity manifested by the Geyser at other times, it becomes a curious question how such explosions take place. Sir George Mackenzie's theory is, that steam is gathered in some cavernous recess connected with the subterranean channels through which the water rises; and that when it has accumulated there till such time as the pressure overcomes the resistance, it bursts forth through the tube, carrying the water before it, and tossing it high into the air. Professor Bunsen, who spent eleven days beside the Geyser in 1846, has announced another theory, founded on the changes which take place in water after being long subjected to heat. In these circumstances, water loses much of the air contained in it; the cohesion of its molecules is greatly increased, and a higher temperature is required to boil it. When water in this state is brought to the boil, the production of vapour is so instantaneous and so considerable, as to cause an explosion. Now, it has been found that the water of the Great Geyser at the bottom of the tube has a temperature higher than that of ordinary boiling water, and this goes on increasing till an eruption takes place, immediately before which it has been found so high as 261 degrees Fahrenheit. Observations to a similar effect have been made in regard to the Great Strokr. This peculiarity—for so it is, seeing that in ordinary circumstances the hotter water at the bottom would rise to the top, till all was equally warm—shews that the heating of the water in the Geyser takes place under extraordinary circumstances. As far as I understand Professor Bunsen, he implies

* See *Pianos for the Million*, in No. 306, and *Occasional Notes*, in No. 304 (2d series).

that the great pressure of the column above, and perhaps some mechanical impediments to free circulation in the form of the Geyser, give these required circumstances. Such being assumedly the case, there is an increase in the cohesion of the molecules of the water constantly going on at the bottom, at the same time that the heat is constantly increasing; at length, the latter force overcomes the former—ebullition takes place—an immense volume of vapour is instantaneously engendered, and an eruption is the consequence. The former may be called the mechanical; the latter, the chemical theory of the Geysers. I must leave others to say which is the most plausible. There are other difficult questions, particularly as to the infusion of silica contained in the water, and the source of the mud or clay which we see boiling in so many of the Geysers, and deposited in such vast quantity around the extinct ones on the hill. I must not launch into these questions; but I may remark, that the resolution of the rocks of the district into such matters under such circumstances, seems to me calculated to form a valuable study to the geologist, as tending to illustrate many of the early changes of matter on the earth's surface.

The air being much clearer to-day than formerly, we could see beyond the nearest range of hills. Unable to visit Hecla, which is thirty miles from the Geysers, on the other side of a dangerous and unbridged river, we had been very eager all the preceding day to get at least a view of that celebrated mountain. We were now gratified with a sight of its triple and snow-covered summit, peering over the low hills on the opposite side of the valley. It is usually thus covered with snow, so as to present nothing to the traveller beyond what he could see on any mountain of similar elevation. It is only once in a long lifetime that the Iclander sees it in action as a volcano—the last time being in 1846.

At nine o'clock, our party set out on its return, after paying about seven shillings to Thorver for the grazing of the forty horses during the two days. The vacancies left in our boxes by the declining stock of provisions were fully filled by the spoils of the Geysers, of which each person had appropriated a greater or less quantity. Under a bright sky and a high temperature, we started in one cheerful group, leaving the guides to bring up the baggage and other horses at their convenience. Scarcely ever but in Italy have I seen a more beautiful day than this. The heat in some places was almost oppressive. After a few miles, pausing at a *hyc*, or farm, to get a drink of milk, we found a couple of travelling-horses standing tied together, head to tail—one being saddled for a man, the other for a lady, and the latter having a showy cloth laid over it. The quietness of the two animals, under an arrangement which so completely forbade any sort of movement, was edifying. Our wit said it was a good deal like matrimony in some of its aspects. The travelling-lady by and by made her appearance, and proved to be a pretty young woman, dressed rather elegantly, but with only a sailor's glazed hat upon her head. The gentleman, who was her brother, entered into conversation with some of our Danish friends, and asked with eagerness for news of the war in the Black Sea. He spoke with fervour against the Russians, and said if he had the czar here he would hang him. I cannot say I felt any surprise at so truculent a sentiment, not merely as harmonising much with the British view of the late czar as a great malefactor, but as expressive of the general feeling of the north of Europe regarding the Russians. Wherever I have been in Norway, Sweden, or Denmark, I have heard but one expression of fear and wrath regarding that encroaching, intriguing, and unscrupulous power.

At this place we found an old woman, of a diseased

and fatuous appearance, set out at the end of the house to enjoy the air. She was, I believe, an example of a disease called *lepra*, peculiar to this island, and attended by great swellings and ulcerations. Whether it be exactly the same ailment as the ancient leprosy, I cannot tell; but there can be no doubt that it is a result of the same causes—namely, deficient conditions in food and air for healthy life. Our photographer afterwards had an opportunity at Reikiavik of taking portraits of two persons thus afflicted. In the existing circumstances of Iceland, cut off from general intercourse with other nations, and dependent on one other country for supplies of grain, it is not wonderful that there are great deficiencies of aliment amongst its people. But, supplied as we are with all necessities we can pay for, it is scarcely possible for us to imagine what privations our neighbours in this solitary isle are exposed to. Only a few weeks before our visit—bad weather having prevented the arrival of vessels at the usual time—there was a kind of famine in Iceland, inasmuch that the governor's own family experienced a deficiency of bread. Perhaps, however, the disease in question is less directly owing to want than to filth and bad air. All the winter through, an Iceland farmer's family, including servants, spends the greater part of its time, night as well as day (so far as there is a day), huddled up in one stifling apartment, where the atmosphere becomes so polluted, that a stranger entering from the open air can scarcely meet it without sickening. One consequence of this is often remarked upon—namely, the indifference of the people to some points of the moral law; but it is of scarcely inferior importance that the spending so much time in air unfit to actualise the blood, poisons the springs of life, and physically deteriorates the population. The tendency of all modern observation in hygiene has been to shew the paramount importance of healthy respiration, even over wholesome and sufficient food.

At noon we reached the Bror, which, having fallen a little during the two past days, seemed not quite so formidable as before. While we rested on the opposite bank, the native gentleman and lady came up, and dashed into the stream with a nonchalance that cooled a little the airs we had been inclined to give ourselves for not hesitating about so difficult a ford. In the course of our forenoon ride, we met a considerable number of parties of natives, nearly all of them on the return from Reikiavik with fish and articles of merchandise. Some which we passed on their way to that place, were carrying packs of wool, to be exchanged for merchandise. Six, ten, or a dozen horses went in a row, so laden, conducted by two or three roughly dressed men or women, also mounted; the women being in some instances mounted simply on a higher saddle than the men, so as to allow their feet to hang down on each side. Every such cavalcade affected me more or less painfully, under a consideration of the disproportion between the amount of the goods, and the number of human beings and animals required for carrying them, marking as this did the low and primitive state of all industrial organisation in Iceland, and the exceeding poverty which must be the unavoidable consequence. It was at the same time an interesting study to a historical mind, as a living reflex of the condition of our own country in times not long past; for certainly in Scotland, it is not yet more than a century since packhorses were employed for the transport of all kinds of heavy articles.

At three o'clock, we reached Utlé, a *hyc* on the banks of Apa-vatn lake. While the bulk of the party rested there for an hour on the sward, enjoying the hot sunshine, I strolled down to the lakeside to see a set of geysers whose steam had attracted our attention on our outward journey two days before. It was a highly curious and interesting scene. There are two groups of geysers here, on the beach of the lake, and

divided from each other little more than a hundred yards. In each case, within the space of perhaps a quarter of an acre, there is a multitude of small apertures, crusted with silica, and each boiling with all its might, the water in some instances furling up a foot or two into the air. Beside a good active caldron in one of the groups, an old woman from the bye was quietly established with her tub, using the hot water which jetted up by her side for the purification of her clothes. In the other group, which was the more interesting of the two, I counted thirty boilers in full work, blurring forth hot water, which flowed over the incrustated sands into the lake. One of them, formed of two apertures close together, and shewing large cavernous bores, projected water two feet high in one continuous stream, which, plashing out on all sides, was evidently forming a basin of the same character as that of the Great Geyser. The other apertures were mostly very small; some so much so, and with such tiny jets of water, as to look like so many little kettles on a fire. So much petty fuss, and fume, and splutter, had in it an element of the droll, at which I could not help—solitary as I was—filling a-laughing, and that heartily. There was at the same time much to fix the grave interest of the scientific inquirer, in the way in which the silicious matter was disposed round the orifices. The style of the incrustations evidently depends on how the water behaves. Where it quietly runs, the silica is deposited in thin flakes, forming a laminar crust. Where it falls in a plash, a cauliflower-like crust is formed. I apprehend, when the lake is full to its banks, all this scene of natural ebullition takes place under water.

The people of the bye supplied us with some good fresh milk, which only wanted being free of black specks of dirt to be entirely acceptable. As we reposed on the grass in the powerful sunshine, with our steeds grazing near by, the families of the place came out and sat down beside us, regarding us with a stupid wonder and interest. There were one or two good faces among the children, but the majority looked like persons to whom neither nature nor circumstances have been kindly.

In the evening, as we were approaching Thingvalla, the fine Italian weather was suddenly exchanged for a cold easterly drizzle, which made us arrive at the end of our day's journey in no comfortable state. Our good friend the parson had been so kind, however, as prepare a large dish of trouts for our supper; and he once more received the senior of our party into his humble manse. The night passed exactly like the former one at the same place. Once more we stretched ourselves in that narrow channel, with that curious miniature burlesque of church-furnishings around us. The only difference to me was the accidental one of my having a parallel sleeper of somewhat larger growth beside me on this occasion than on the former one: small the difference was, it caused me to be so thoroughly jammed—owing to the exceeding narrowness of our space of flooring—that I had to plead for a change of arrangements in the middle of the night.

In the morning, which was drizzly and uncomfortable, though not strictly cold, the priest came to see what he could do for us. We asked him a few questions as to his family and other circumstances, and learned that he has a wife and eight children, besides a step-daughter. His parishioners, about a hundred in number, are extended over so wide a space, that he has a preaching station at the distance of eighteen miles, to which he travels once a month. His honorarium amounts to twenty-five pounds of English money. 'Decimis lausis?' I asked. 'In toto,' replied he. 'Habesne agellos aut fundum?' 'Non.' 'Habes equum?' 'Imo, bonum equum.' We could not but wonder how so large a family, besides a horse, could be supported on means so small. In wandering about the

place, I lighted upon his little stithy, which reminds me to tell that in Iceland a priest is always able to shoe your horse, if required.

LIFE'S UNDERCURRENT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

My next residence was with a young couple, who had only one child. They had come together both equally poor, but by means of economy and industry, had furnished their little home, and were still adding to the stock. I was here quite happy for several months; for it was the abode of peace and love, until the domestic hearth was darkened by intemperance. The husband, who, for love of his wife, had forsaken his old associates, soon after I became their lodger gradually began to resume his evil habits; at times coming home late and intoxicated. At first, the wife used tears and gentle remonstrances. He listened to her complainings mildly, and promised amendment; but his former habits overcame his faint resolution, and then his deserted wife could only weep in secret, and watch with an aching heart for his return. Often in the cold winter-evenings she would watch for hours, while her baby slept.

At length poor Helen's complainings were met by vituperation; and then followed strife. She became melancholy and dejected; her former tidy habits gradually faded away, for poverty began to pinch with his iron grasp. In the same tenement, there were several females in poor Helen's situation; and these came to condole with her, and talk over their sorrows. Drink was resorted to as a consolation and solace; and the unfortunate Helen soon became its victim, and more its slave than her husband. My home for some time had become very uncomfortable from their squabbles; yet I was loath, on the poor baby's account, to leave the house, for what I paid for my board and lodging was the only money Helen could depend upon when Saturday came round. Article after article had been pledged; even her own and husband's dress. At length it became altogether unbearable: blows were exchanged by the wretched pair, and I left the house. Soon after, James enlisted in the army, and left his children to the care of a drunken and degraded mother, made such by his own misconduct.

Month after month passed on, and I was happy and content. As my earnings increased, so did my wants and expenditure. At the end of each week, I was never much richer or poorer than I was at the commencement of the month. I had no desire to change my situation in life; I looked upon labour merely as the means of supplying my wants, for ambition had not yet entered my breast, nor thought of change. The present hour was all I cared for, until one afternoon I met a young man in a warehouse for which I wrought; and although much changed, I at once recognised him as one of the old inmates of the garret when I lived with Annie. He was the son of a basket-woman, and at that time assisted her by selling matches. The recognition was mutual, although I was in my working-clothes, and he dressed like a gentleman, and transacting business with the firm. Our meeting was cordial, and an appointment was made to visit him at his hotel in the evening after business-hours.

We met, and talked over what had happened to us since the days of our wants and privations. He had, when his mother died, been sent to the charity-workhouse; from thence to the Lanark cotton spinning-mills, where he learned to be a spinner, and was, with

the other children, sent to school at over-hours. Being of quick parts, he attracted the notice of his superiors, and, by patient good conduct, was promoted step by step, and his salary increased. He was now a confidential agent, by economy had saved several hundred pounds, and was at this time in treaty with a company who were about to commence business, in which he was to be the acting partner. On hearing all this, I could not help feeling as if fortune had dealt unkindly by me, compared with him. The night following was a sleepless one, for I turned over and over in my thoughts project after project to better my circumstances; but all alike appeared hopeless except one. At length my mind was made up, and I slept soundly.

The whole of next day, as I sat at my loom, I thought of my last night's resolve; and the more I thought, the more I was pleased, and the easier it appeared of accomplishment. I had often heard that there was no way of acquiring money but by saving; and my plan was, to spend no more of my wages than what was absolutely necessary, and to avoid company in public-houses, where a great part of my earnings had hitherto been consumed. I commenced with good-will; wages were fair, and trade brisk. My aim appeared distant, but reason told me it was sure; and at the end of a few weeks I was surprised at the progress I was making, and regretted the sums I had needlessly spent. At length I reached the first stage. One Saturday evening I made up the sum of ten pounds, the lowest the banks would receive as a first deposit; and with a feeling of pride I went on Monday to the office, and felt I was already a man of some importance as I read my receipt.

None of my acquaintances knew what I was doing with my money, and often bantered me for not joining in their revels as I was wont. The only indulgence I allowed myself was the purchase of a book at one or other of the stands, for I felt lonely in my room after being used to company; and so I soon acquired a taste for reading and amusing information. I at first thought I might, like Roy, turn a miser; but mine was not the lust of money for its own sake, but as the means to attain an end: my object was to accumulate a small capital, and become a master like Edwards, my old associate the spunk-boy. It was emulation that urged me on; it was a race of life, and he had got the start; but the field was open, and my heart beat high with hope as, month after month, the chances of success became more and more apparent.

I was residing with a respectable widow in the Gallowgate, where I had been for several months, when a new lodger came to take up his abode with her. I was struck with his appearance on the Sunday when I first saw him. He had evidently been in better circumstances, for his clothes were made in the extreme of fashion, although now threadbare; his manners and address were above those of a mechanic; and he had a look of bygone dissipation, with a fixed melancholy in his expression. During the two weeks he had been in the house, his hours had been most regular, and he was always strictly sober when he came home to his lodgings.

It was the third week before any intercourse took place between us. The landlady had told me that the poor lad, as she called him, appeared broken-hearted, and this made me feel a certain interest in him. She had lent him one of my books during my absence in the day, and replaced it on my table before my return. One evening I had come home rather sooner than usual, and was sitting at the window, when she came and requested the loan of one of my books for Mr Kennedy. I told the good woman to inform him that he was welcome to any of them, and I should be happy to have his company on any evening, either in his own room or mine. From this time, a night seldom passed without our meeting. I felt happy in

his company, and learned much from him, for he had been well educated, and possessed a soundness of judgment quite new to me.

One evening, he came home more depressed than usual. I knew he was out of a situation; but this evening there was a wildness in his manner and fierceness in his eyes that almost alarmed me for his safety. I inquired what was the matter; he made me no answer for some time, but paced the room. Having said all I could to soothe him, he came and stood by the fire, his elbows resting on the mantel-piece, and his face covered by the palms of his hands.

'Graham,' said he at length, 'I feel and thank you for your kindness; but I am a ruined man: nothing can redeem the past. I am now drinking the dregs of my cup of folly, and their bitterness I can no longer endure. I have placed a gulf between me and my future prospects I see no mode of overleaping; my fellow-men have put a ban upon me. I have been after two situations to-day, both of them far below my former standing, and have been rejected: on one application, I was rejected rudely; on the other, with taunts and insult—and I am here alive to tell it! I feel that my bad fame follows me, yet I have long renounced my folly; for months I have not tasted anything stronger than water, and I am resolved never again to put within my lips the insidious destroyer of my once bright prospects. (Graham, I that had hundreds of my own, and at this moment have not five shillings in the world. I am unfit for laborious outdoor work; I have no trade; I am useful only in a situation of trust, where steadiness alone is required. Dishonesty was never laid to my charge, yet I am a ruined man; and were it not my early education, I would put a period to my misery this night.'

I looked at him with pity and surprise; for his feelings of repentance and remorse I could not comprehend—they were strangers to my breast. I could look back upon my past life with thankfulness; it had been of continued progress and increasing comfort; I had nothing to repent of or regret. I said all I could to soothe him and inspire hope; but my words, I could perceive, fell cold on his ear. When we parted for the night, he took my hand in his, and thanked me for my kind endeavours.

The following evening, I found him in my room, if possible more depressed than he was the one before. Anxious to know something of his former history, I turned the discourse to the ups and downs of life; and, in hope of his being equally communicative, I told him my own story. He for some time seemed to waver the subject, but at length spoke out.

'My father,' said he, 'was a merchant, not wealthy, but far above want, with a thriving business, created by his own care and industry. I was the youngest of three, a brother and sister; our parents were most kind and indulgent, but my father was strict in enforcing all religious observances, for he was an elder in the church. Well do I remember that the Sabbath was a day of privation and suffering to us; and I am now ashamed to think how often, with my brother and sister, I mourned its return. How quick are children to observe and reflect! I was often, when very young, in my father's shop, and at times saw him praising goods to a customer. I had heard him tell my mother were not what they ought to be; and, young as I was, my mind whispered—can my father tell lies? Once, a poor widow, whose husband had lately died, was pleading with him for a little forbearance, until she was enabled to pay a small sum she was indebted to him; he spoke very harshly to her, yet he had read the evening before the twenty-second chapter of Exodus, where, in the twenty-second verse, it says: "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child." I would not mention such things, were it not for the baneful effects they had on

my young mind at the time; and the blight their impression cast on my riper years.

As I grew up, my tasks lessened, but the same restraint continued; my brother and sister died young, and my mother, when I was nineteen years of age. Even after my father had made me a partner in his business, he still looked upon me as a child: from his austerity, he had never gained my love; and I obeyed him only as a soldier does his commander. To the world, I appeared as religious an attendant on the church as he was; but, alas! my heart was not there; I was almost if not wholly, a sceptic, for I was not the least under the influence of religion.

At my father's death I was left my own master, and dreams of coming enjoyment and freedom floated before me. I was now sole owner of a thriving business, with a few hundreds in the bank; and I did not all at once throw off the mask, for the restraint I had been reared under acted as a check for some time, so that it was not without many severe struggles I fell away altogether. But fall I did. Gradually my Sunday relaxations, as my companions and I called them, began to encroach on my week-days; I employed others to do for me what I ought to have done for myself; my business began to decline; and my income was unable to support my extravagance. The money my father had left was all spent; bills came upon me I could not meet; my place of business was shut up by my extravagance and carelessness. My creditors found it was more through my own mismanagement than any necessity that my affairs were so involved; but I was sequestered, and a trustee appointed, who, after winding up my affairs, paid my creditors in full, and handed me a small sum. Upon this, by dint of economy, I have subsisted ever since; but all is now gone, and I am plunged in want and degradation.

When Kennedy and I parted for the night, I began to turn over in my mind how I could be of service to him, for he had introduced me to arithmetic, and I was now doing questions in Practice under his teaching. The next morning, I wrote to my friend Edwards in Kennedy's behalf, giving an outline of his history, and saying all I could in his favour; and on the following evening, when I came home, I received an answer, stating that he would give him a trial, if his appearance pleased him, as the firm at that time required a clerk. His appearance!—there was the rub, for it was shabby-genteel; and I actually hesitated as to whether I should tell him what I had done. For my own credit, after what I had said, he must at least appear respectable, and I saw no other way of his doing so but by my advancing him money to buy clothes.

To break upon my hoard was to me a matter of serious consideration; it was like upsetting my own aims. I thought over all the instances I had ever heard of money lent and never repaid; and an old rhyme ran strong in my mind—

Once I had money and a friend,
By both I set great store;
I lent my money to my friend,
He was my friend no more.

• If I had my money and my friend,
As I had once before;
I'd keep my money to myself,
And lose my friend no more.

I had almost hardened my heart, and was humming the misanthropic words when Kennedy came into my room; but his melancholy, heart-broken look dissolved at once my prudent resolves. I handed him the letter; and as he read it the tears started into his eyes; he took my hand and actually kissed it; but soon the glow of hope gradually faded from his face, and his eyes wandered over his threadbare dress, and his almost tattered hat which he had laid upon my table.

'Do not be cast down, Kennedy,' said I, 'I did not recommend you without being able to carry you through; and as to your appearance, I will lend you as much as will make that respectable: I know you will repay me as soon as you can.' He uttered no word—he made no promise—but I felt a warm tear drop upon my hand, which he still held in his; the pleasure I felt was worth all I had in the bank. How strange are the turns of fortune! Charlie Graham, the poor gatherer, lending money to a rich merchant's son! Next day, I got him equipped, and he set off in the stage-coach to present himself to Edwards, the old poor-house orphan. I had the pleasure to hear, in a day or two, that he was engaged; and in a few months after, I received a letter from Edwards, thanking me for having recommended Kennedy to him, who before this time had repaid me the money I had advanced.

From the period Mr Ross had taken me under his charge, I had been prosperous and happy. I was now in my twenty-fifth year, and by steadily adhering to my rule of economy, I was gradually nearing the aim of my ambition—to have one hundred pounds in the bank, and all my own. While comfortably situated, I never changed my lodgings, and I still wrought in Mr Ross's shop. But the cares of riches were beginning to assail me. How could I quicken the increase of my store—how turn my wealth to the best advantage? I sometimes lost an hour or two of sleep in ruminating on this subject.

One of my fellow-lodgers was from the country, steady, sober, and saving like myself, without being penurious; he was clerk in a warehouse for which I had long wrought, and the partners of which were reported to be very wealthy. One evening I spoke to him on the subject which occupied my thoughts, considering him well qualified to give me advice. When I mentioned the amount of my fortune, he told me: 'It is far too small a sum to commence with on a scale to pay well, and you shall be plunged into all the miseries of a poor master without capital. I myself,' he continued, 'have saved a greater sum than you, and I got better interest, for I receive five per cent.' I inquired where. He told me his employers gave that for money on loan, and that all his was in their hands; and he had no doubt they would give me the same for mine. The temptation was great, and I thought not of the risk, for they were reputed wealthy. (One or two banks had stopped payment about this time, and those who had money in others were very uneasy, and many withdrawing it.) Next forenoon, I went and offered what I had in the bank to the company on loan, at five per cent.; it was accepted, and I endorsed my bank-receipt to them, and got their bill at a short date. I went to my trunk, and placed it in safe deposit, pleased with my morning's work.

Happy and content, on I worked, and added to my store. I felt the desire to increase it come stronger and stronger upon me, and I regretted when I had to purchase any necessary I required, even clothes and shoes: I was becoming miser. I had mastered one hundred pounds, and all my anxiety was to make that two. I was the first and last in the workshop, and the most industrious; for my only pleasure was adding to my store. Guthrie, my friend, was still my fellow-lodger; but he seemed to me to keep the even tenor of his way, careful but void of any extreme desire to increase his wealth. Another of those fluctuations in trade came upon us, and several of the houses in town had become bankrupt. I felt very uneasy, but was not actually afraid, until one evening Guthrie came home very much depressed. I saw there was something wrong with him, and inquired what had happened.

'Graham,' he replied, 'I hope all will end well; I hope it will.'

'What do you mean?' I inquired in great alarm, for the safety of my money flashed upon my mind. I

rose and strode through the room, my eyes fixed upon him: I feared to receive his answer.

'Our house,' said he at length, 'has this day received notice of the failure of two firms in New York, with whom we have had transactions to a very large amount for some years back. I know that in the spring we sent off large consignments, for which we have had no remittances. My employers are very uneasy, and I am sure the balance is heavy against us; but I am in hopes that we can meet our engagements. Since we received the information, we have been busy making out a statement; but I have not learned how the balance stands, or the amount of our liabilities. We have hopes that remittances are on the way. As the intelligence of the failure is only from report, I hope our house will stand the shock. In the present crisis, I cannot think of lifting my money, but you may, without the feeling that hinders me.'

I felt stunned and bewildered: this was a turn in my affairs I had never dreamed of. We parted for the night, he leaving me in the most uneasy frame of mind I had ever been in. When I had nothing to lose, I cared not for to-morrow; to-morrow was now a day of immense importance to me. I slept none that night. On the next forenoon I presented my bill, and requested payment. I was told it was inconvenient at present, but in a few days it would be honoured. With a heavy heart I left the warehouse; I had no alternative. I thought not of work, for I could not have settled to it. In the evening, Guthrie called, but he was far more depressed than the evening before. The first question he asked as he entered my room was, if I had got my money. I replied that I had not.

'Graham,' said he, after a pause, 'I care not so much for my own loss, as I am grieved that I was the cause of you placing your hard-earned savings in the hands of our house. The partners are strictly honest men, but unforeseen circumstances have involved them in ruin. They themselves will lose double the amount of their greatest creditor—aye, ten times. To-morrow, they will be declared bankrupt, and what dividend their estate will pay, I have no means of learning. We are both hurled back to the point at which we began to save money, and must commence again.' His words fell upon my mind like sudden darkness; I knew not what to think, I was so overpowered. The only consolation I had was, that I was not myself in debt; I owed no one a shilling.

There is wisdom in bearing misfortunes patiently, but this is in general awaiting at the time it is most required: such was my case, and I walked about the room until fatigue caused me to sink into a chair. In my folly, I thought it was vain for me to save money, for my doom was poverty and toil. I had a few pounds in my chest, and, instead of returning to my loom, I went to the public-house, where I sat and endeavoured to forget my loss in the stupefaction of intoxication; and day after day I continued this process, till I sunk into the lowest stage of misery and degradation. Repentance and good resolutions would succeed in the morning, only to be thrown aside in a few hours; for as the effects of the debauch died away, the craving became unbearable, and I renewed the intemperance of the day before. I was like a fascinated bird, whom the eye of the snake was upon. I knew my doom; I mourned, and strove; but drink, the serpent, had me completely under its power. I was now far more wretched than when I wandered through the streets with the good Annie. I was then only poor, for I was innocent and pious; now, I was equally poor, but without the innocence and peace I then enjoyed. Such was often my state of mind—for I was now penniless and almost in rags—that, in the delirium of intoxication, I went to the river to throw myself in and end my misery: but before it came to this, my constitution,

naturally strong, gave way, and I lost my senses for a time.

When I awoke to consciousness, I found myself in the public hospital, weak as an infant, and my mind calm and serene as if I had awakened out of a sleep in childhood. My sight was so weak; I could not endure the light, and I closed my eyes, and began to reflect; the whole events of my life passing in rapid succession before me, from the garret with good Annie, to the green by the river-side where consciousness left me. Bitter regret came upon me, but it was void of the remorse I had felt before. I may now say I first prayed, for it was the sincere outpourings of my heart. I made resolves of future amendment, and to return to my loom, never more to taste the cause of my degradation. But how was I to get out of the hospital, and again appear in a decent manner in the streets? The thought of this depressed me much, for my clothes were in rags, and my shoes deserved not the name. With a bitter feeling, I at length put on my almost mendicant garb, and was about to leave the hospital, when, to my surprise, I saw Guthrie enter the ward. I blushed as he approached: he did not cordially take my hand as he was wont, and I saw he eyed me with a cold look of pity. I felt humbled and abased—I could not look him in the face.

'Graham,' said he at length, 'I am sorry for you, but I bring you good news. The affairs of our house have been so far wound up that there is a certainty of its paying above ten shillings in the pound. I have been retained by the trustee at my old salary, to assist in winding up matters; so you may rely upon my information.'

Joy took possession of my mind; I told him of my regret at the mode of life I had lately followed; my firm determination to abandon my evil courses; and the shame I felt in leaving the hospital in my present garb. He at once said he would lend me five pounds on the security of my dividend, and I with pleasure accepted his friendly offer, and slept that night with a mind at ease.

The first use I made of my recovering strength, was to call upon my friend Mr Ross. The good old man was happy to see me, as he was wont to be before my career of dissipation. I laid open to him the sorrow I felt for my past conduct, and my resolve to avoid it for the future; and in a few days, I was seated at my loom, and continued steadily at my occupation without a wish to alter it. At length I received from the trustee on the bankrupt estate payment of my dividend; the amount was fifty-seven pounds, and I placed it in the bank with the few pounds I had saved since my reformation. I once more enjoyed a tranquil mind, and no longer thought of my loss. Mr Ross, who was now an old man, and had become very frail, began to speak of giving up business, and living upon what little money he had saved, as he had no children of his own alive. I inquired what sum he expected for his looms and business. He asked whether I knew any one likely to purchase them. I smiled, and said: 'Perhaps I may be the person myself.' He looked at me with amazement. 'Say you so, Charlie; where did you find the purse?' For neither Mr Ross, nor any one of my old shopmates, knew that I had saved money, or that the loss of it had been the cause of my backsliding. I told him I had some cash in the bank, but I feared not sufficient. 'I am happy to hear you say so,' he replied. 'As I do not require the money to be paid all at once, get whom you please to value the articles, and you shall have them at the price named. If you have not sufficient, I will not distress you for the balance; you can pay it by instalments, at your convenience.'

Thus was I set up at last, the master of a business, and escaped from that undercurrent of life where so many glide, and writhe, and perish. I don't know much yet about what are called the upper ranks; but it occurs to me, that even they will look with some

curiosity, if not interest, on these details of what is going on in the depths below them. The things and persons I have described are all real, and all types of classes more or less populous.

TABLE-FORKS, HISTORICALLY HANDLED.

'I OBSERVED a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy.'

So writes the old English traveller Thomas Coryate, in that book of his, quaintly entitled *Cruities*, and published in the year of grace 1611. In 1608, Thomas has been travelling through France, Italy, Switzerland, and parts of Germany; and in his *Cruities* appear the results of the tour. But what is the unique custom which Thomas has observed in Italy, and to a knowledge of which he introduces his British countrymen in the said year of grace 1611?

It is neither more nor less than the use of forks at table. Thomas Coryate is struck, and amused withal, by the observance in Italy of a custom which he believes—and he is an experienced traveller—not Christendom at large can elsewhere shew an example of. Hear him detail the prandial phenomenon: 'The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meal, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers from which all at the table do cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good-manners, inasmuch that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy; their forks being, for the most part, made of iron or steel, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen.' Honest Thomas Coryate was quite taken with this new-fangled curiosity—for a curiosity it was to him to all intents and purposes—and as a curiosity he put it down in black and white for the amusement of his readers. 'And the reason of this curiosity is,' he goes on to say, 'because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Very right, too, thought Thomas. So, when he got back again to the White Cliffs, and was set down before the roast-beef of Old England, in that self-same year of grace 1608, forthwith he resolved to naturalise that Italian exotic, by planting it on his own table: and he did so. And men saw, and marvelled; some thought it a good idea, and others voted him an affected

Snapper up of unconsidered trifles;

and all, with one consent, all England over, called him *Furcifer* for his pains. *Furcifer*, the fork-bearer; such was the famous 'style' bestowed on Thomas Coryate, the first man who ever used a table-fork in Great Britain.

We can fancy the Latin sobriquet, with its why and wherefore, mightily relished by King James, partaking without fork, whether iron or silver, of his regal repast, and cracking jokes, right regal and pedantic, at the expense of *Furciferous* Thomas, and to the delectation, as in duty bound, of his majesty's faithful and forkless guests. Records of royal fare, during that illustrious reign, are existing in abundance; and we are to suppose the monarch and his friends in every instance without table-forks, disposing with a good-will now of

venison pasty, now of Paris pie; anon, of 'roast kidd, wholl,' or of 'boyled carpe, hot;' in a trice, again, of 'chines of salmon, broyled,' or 'roast mutton with oysters,' or 'sweet breade pie,' or 'marled smelts,' or 'sowssed pegg;' then launching into an ocean of sweets and goodies, in the shape of quince-pie, candied-tart, musk-pear-paste, orange-comfit, almond-leach, &c.—all amid much smacking of lips and clatter of knives, and—no, not forks. We can fancy his majesty leaning back in his chair to have his laugh out, as some courtier, of satirical temper and literary taste, proceeds to quote the finale of Thomas Coryate's chapter on forks as follows:—'Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home, being once quipped for that frequent using of my fork by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr Lawrence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but,' Thomas carefully adds, 'for no other cause.' As Robert Southey's mother was jeered in the streets of Bristol for carrying an umbrella, as a mere effeminate innovation, so was *Furcifer* Thomas, and so were his first disciples, *furciferous* and few, derided as finical coxcombs in books and on the stage. 'Your fork-carving traveller' is finely flouted in Beaumont and Fletcher; and Meercraft, in Ben Jonson, thus complains to Sledge and Gilthead:

Have I deserved this from you two? for all

My pains at court, to get you each a patent.

Gilthead. For what?

Meercraft. Upon my project of the forks.

Sledge. Forks! What be they?

Meercraft.

The laudable use of forks,

Brought into custom here as they are in Italy,

To the sparing of napkins, &c.

Beckmann, to whom we owe our information on this as on so many other matters, in the *History of Inventions*, after remarking that in France, at the close of the sixteenth century, forks even at court were entirely new, and that they had not found their way into Sweden, adds: 'But it must appear strange enough that Thomas Coryate, the traveller, should see forks for the first time in Italy, and in the same year be the first person to use them in England—from which circumstance he was facetiously nicknamed *Furcifer*.' In Italy itself, we are told, the use of forks was first known about the end of the fifteenth century; that is to say, during the latter years of Lorenzo de' Medici and his brilliant associates, while Charles VIII. was king of France, and the first of the Tudors reigned prosperously in England. A certain Italian, Galeotus Martius by name, who resided at the court of Hungary in the reign of Matthias Corvinus (1458–1490 A.D.), informs us, in his memoirs of that turbulent prince, that at that period forks were not used at table—as they then were in many parts of Italy—but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, whence ensued an unpleasant assimilation of the said fingers to the colour of the duck's-foot, on account of the 'much saffron then put into sauces and soup.' The writer praises Matthias Corvinus himself for his kingly knack of 'eating without a fork, yet keeping up the table-talk meanwhile, and never smearing his clothes.'

Attempts have been made to shew that the ancients must have known and used table-forks, or something equivalent; and dictionaries are appealed to, and Greek and Latin nouns-substantive are thence adduced, to prove the point. Does not the Greek word *kraagra* mean a fork?—we are asked. Does not *Athenæus* (author of those amusing *Noctes*)—do not he, and Pollux, and Capella, mention *kraagra* among kitchen-utensils? That may be; as a large flesh-hook, to-wit, for the cook to use in

hauling up a mass of boiled meat from the pot; not at all as a table-fork, for civilised creatures to use in effecting the transit of food from plate to mouth. It was 'from hand to mouth,' very literally, that our ancestors ate and lived. So, again, the Latin words *furca*, *furcilla*, and others, may be translated forks, if you please; but then it is to the class of hay-forks, tridents, &c., not of table-forks, that they and their kind belong. Let it be borne in mind, however, that the food put upon the table of the ancients was considerably more 'tender' than what now-a-days vexes our digestion. Furthermore, that all articles of food were cut into tiny bits before they were served up, which was the more necessary, as the guests did not sit at table, but reclined on couches, in a posture that would not leave both hands at liberty. 'For cutting meat, persons of rank kept in their houses a carver, who had learned to perform his duty according to certain rules.' This carver, Beckmann adds, used a knife—the only one placed on the table, and which in the mansions of the rich had an ivory handle, and was commonly ornamented with silver. Bread was broken, never cut—being baked in thin cakes, like the Jews' passover-bread, or the oat-meal cakes of North Britain. Juvenal, it is remarked, when he wishes to describe stale dried old bread, passed off by a churlish host on his 'poor relations,' while his grander visitors are regaled on the baker's newest, finest, best—does not say that it could not be cut, but that it could not be broken:

Mark with what scorn that other deals your stint
Of bread in mouldy fragments hard as flint;
Fragments, your lab'ring grinders cannot bite;
But your lord's bread, how fair, how fine, how white!

But this is a digression from forks; suffice it to say, that had they been used by the ancients, evidence of such usage must have been hunted out by investigators so lynx-eyed as Biornstahl and Baruffaldi (*de armis convivalibus*); and although a silver two-pronged fork was found among rubbish in the Appian Way, and some articles were discovered by Grignon in the ruins of a Roman town in Champagne, which he pronounces table-forks, yet are the age and the use of these rarities considered doubtful, to say the least, by candid and competent judges.* Beckmann deliberately asserts, that neither the Greeks nor the Romans have any name for table-forks—'now so essential among polished nations, that the very notion of eating a meal without them excites disgust'—and that no phrase or expression which, with the least plausibility, can be referred to the use of them occurs anywhere in the literature of either people. He contends, with reason, that had table-forks been known, this ignoring of them wholesale could not have occurred, since so many entertainments are celebrated by the poets, or detailed by other writers; and that at least they must have been alluded to by Pollux, in the very minute and compendious catalogue which he has given of articles necessary for the table.

There is, on the other hand, a well-known complot in Ovid's *Art of Love*, in which the poet, addressing a lady, lays down a rule as to the polite manner of picking her food with her fingers; which precept, a modern critic remarks, can scarcely be understood in the same ironical sense as one to be found in the writings of a later instructor in convivial gallantry, who advises that, in helping pigeons, the legs and pinions should be given to ladies, in order to afford them an opportunity of displaying their white and taper fingers in picking the small bones. 'The caution with which the Latin poet concludes, makes it plain that the fingers were used in his time not from choice, but from necessity.'

* It is worthy of remark, that Heracleum has not furnished any of these utensils.

Even after Master Thomas Coryate had introduced table-forks amongst us, they must have worked their way very slowly into general use. They were still an object of wagery in 1647, when John Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth* was published, where the Tutor says, for instance:

Your T beard is the fashion,*
And twifold doth express th' enamour'd courtier,
As full as your fork-carving traveller.

Five years later—namely, in 1652, which is allowing more than forty years for Coryate's hobby to amble into notice—Heylin, in his *Cosmography*, alludes to forks as still a comparative rarity. Writing of the Chinese, he says: 'They are much given unto their bellies, and eat thrice a day, but then not immoderately; drink their drink hot, and eat their meat, with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like, not touching their meat with their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy, and thence into England.' Heylin's derivation of that 'great fact,' our silver-fork school, from the chopstick system of the Celestial Empire, may be rejected without much scruple; but his evidence to the tardy advance of table-forks as a national institution, is valid and significant. To our illustrations of the infancy of their career, drawn from our own literature, let us add two others, in prose and verse respectively. Fynes Morison, in his *Itinerary* (1617), when relating the bargain he made with the master of the vessel which was to convey him from Venice to Constantinople, says: 'He gave us good diet, serving each man with his knife, a spoon, and a fork.' Forks must have been, and indeed were, in general acceptance among the civilised people of Italy by and before this period. The poetical fragment referred to will be found in the fourth act of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, where Sir Politick Would-be gives advice to Peregrine of a kind confirmatory of the foregoing remark:

Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass (these are main matters
With your Italian).

The knight has met his friend in a street 'in the height of Venice,' and sees fit, himself an old traveller, to set down 'some few particulars, fit to be known of your crude traveller,' amid which as prominent a place is due to the 'handling of a silver fork at meals,' as the exquisites of Queen Anne's time ascribe to

The nice conduct of a clouded cane.

The use of forks at table seems to have been long considered a 'superfluous luxury.' They were forbidden, in common with other pomps and vanities, auxiliary to the 'pride of life,' in various convents and religious houses.

At the time Beckmann wrote, they were still a rarity in many parts of Spain. 'And even yet,' he observes, 'in taverns, in many countries, particularly in some towns of France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person should have one of his own—a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person would any longer eat without forks, landlords were obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.' What Beckmann here traces to the old Gauls, is a custom until recently cherished by the modern Gael. 'Thirty years ago,' writes Mr Johnson, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, 'the

* It being the characteristic of the gallant in question, that, among other 'humours,' he
'Stabs on the least occasion; strokes his beard,
Which now he puts in the posture of a T.
The Roman T; your T beard is the fashion, &c.
Queen of Corinth, Act IV., Scene I.

Highlander wore his knife as a companion to his dirk or dagger; and when the company sat down to meat, the men who had knives cut the flesh into small pieces for the women, with their fingers conveyed it to their mouths.' The good old Great Bear growls over such knives as he met with, as being 'not often either very bright, or very sharp.' Such accidents as that will happen, to this hour, even in well-regulated and silver-fork families. Meanwhile, furcifer is no longer a term of ridicule; people who ignore or repudiate forks are in a minority; the cause of forks is the cause of progress:

For we doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened;

and, as a corollary to that proposition, the use of forks is spreading

— with the process of the suns.

[The late Lieutenant-General G. R. Ainslie, author of a work on the Anglo-French Coinage, and who lived much in France after the peace of 1815, used to assert that he had seen the introduction of knives and forks, and many other needful utensils, into that country. During his residence at Bourdeaux, some English relations of his introduced the articles used in England for washing; and the general used to cause some merriment with an account of the puzzlement of the native gentry about a soap-dish, which some thought most probably a thing for making tea.—ED.]

FRENCH TALES OF ENGLISH LIFE.

OUR pictures of the French are clumsy enough, most likely: but they cannot be much worse, if so bad, as theirs of us. The Englishman usually hung up in their portrait-galleries, whether on the stage or in a novel, with his ridiculous hair parted in the middle of his head, clean from the nape to the forehead, curled à la Titus, and by no possibility ever disarranged, with his high collars cutting his ears, his straight back, his temperament of starch and bile, and his mania for suicide, is as little like the Englishman of England as that exploded type all beef and beer, and top-boots and corpulence, whom it pleased the last generation to gibbet as the model Briton. According to our 'lively neighbours,' as the phrase goes, we are a nation of melancholy eccentrics, who fly from our own country—all rain, and fog, and smoke as it is—at every opportunity, and who blow out our brains for disappointments not worth a child's tear. A profound disgust of life, a total incapacity for enjoyment, the concentration of all our faculties on the most absurd aims and ambitions—the ennuï of idleness, and the insane squandering of fabulous wealth—this is the modern French notion of an English milord or baronet. *En voici les preuves*, according to M. Charles Newil, in his *Contes Excentriques*.

Ephraim Wheat, Esq., goes to the Club of Coventry in Piccadilly to see his friend and brother-in-law Tom Wild. His grave and sorrowful manner troubles young Tom, who asks him—'What is the matter, and is his sister well?' 'Mrs Wheat is in perfect health,' says lugubrious Ephraim. 'His little Mary?'—also: 'and his fortune?'—almost doubled since the last Epsom races. But a worm is gnawing at the root of all this prosperity. Ephraim Wheat, Esq., is known for the first pistol-shot in England; well, there is a man in America, one Joe Erickson, who can take six balls, and at fifty paces split them all on the blade of a knife. Ephraim Wheat is dishonoured, unless he can surpass this American; therefore has he left Durham so suddenly, intending to go on board the *Emerald* next day, and sail direct for Baltimore. There he will challenge Joe to a match of 2500 shots each; and if he,

Ephraim, does the best, he will get into the first ship returning to England; but if Joe is conqueror, he will hang himself. This is the programme detailed to the wondering ears of Tom Wild. Tom reasons in vain with the eccentric, urging on him his duty as a father, and telling him that he is a bad husband. Ephraim raises his eyes with a mild and resigned glance—(who that has ever seen the stage Englishman can forget that look?) 'Oh, no,' he says; 'Mrs Wheat has the most beautiful diamonds, the most beautiful horses, and the most comfortable château in Durham;' and his conscience is clear. Tom thinks of a means of salvation. He will 'run' against Ephraim with the best horse of Lord Yarmouth, and, dishonouring himself as jockey at the Derby, will save his brother-in-law. A month after, 'Ephraim Wheat, Esq., in a gray jacket, leather breeches, and top-boots, galloped before the stand, inside, and five lengths ahead of Tom Wild, the only adversary. Tom Wild had lost two or three hundred guineas on the day, and had dishonoured himself as jockey with his friends the members of the Coventry.' Tom Wild again sacrifices himself; for Ephraim Wheat again becomes maniacal on the point of Joe Erickson. This time it is a boat-race at Greenwich. Ephraim Wheat appears in red flannel, and is deposited by four vigorous watermen in a long light boat, made of a single plank of mahogany bent by steam. Of course, he wins the race in this light skiff against Tom's outrigger; but this time, against that gentleman's will, 'whose brother-in-law's heart ceased to beat under the waterman's jersey.' A month after, Ephraim has another fit of Joe Erickson, who now cuts nine balls on his knife-blade! Tom Wild cries by St Georges, but he will go with Ephraim to America too. They set off an hour after by the Liverpool express; and finding that the *paquet-bot* goes only at six the next morning, enter a tavern on the quay, and 'make themselves served (out) with grog.' Tom Wild sits astride on a chair, when some one snores in the corner, and they see a 'kind of sailor 'done up' in a bear-skin lying on a bench. This is Joe Erickson. Of course, Ephraim and he challenge each other—fifteen dollars and the head of a nail at fifteen paces. Ephraim fires first, and the ball, grazing the nail, buries itself in the wall. The American loads his pistol; while ramming down the charge, the weapon goes off, and he falls with his face to the ground. 'In his trouble, Ephraim had charged and primed both pistols.' Tom Wild raised the unfortunate Joe, while Ephraim endeavoured to reanimate him; but it was too late—Joe Erickson was dead. 'Devil!' grumbled Ephraim; 'the charge was too tight; he would have missed the nail! I have no luck, mon pauvre Tom!' And so; finis.

Miss Cook is a grand-niece of the celebrated navigator. On the 19th of May 1850, a crowd of sailors, citizens, and *boobys* (sic; meant for idlers), press on the quay to see Miss Cook sail out of port as the commander of the pretty schooner *Hanover's Princess*. There she is, a tall woman enveloped in an India-rubber paletôt, with a round hat of green felt on her head. This is the third time she abandons her château of Ravensburn to discover new worlds, and expose herself to all the dangers of an expedition to the arctic polar circle. Mr Snails is her lieutenant. The expedition is dangerous; Mr Snails speaks of the widows who will be made in England. 'Yes,' she says coldly, 'I have left them half a million in the London Bank to console them, in case things do not go so well as I hope.'

After about a fortnight, the provisions are all gone, and the men have the scurvy. There is a mutiny; but Miss Cook stands on the quarter-deck with her revolver charged, and a large barrel of powder by her side. The powder is, happily, only flour, and the crew laugh when the revolver, which Miss Cook fired

into the barrel, to blow them all up, only scatters white meal on the deck. The mutiny is changed into a fight with the Red Indians, the chief of whom is secured, and directed to be hung at the yard-arm by Miss Cook—taking a piece of Spanish liquorice from her tortoise-shell box as she speaks. The Red Skin turns out to be Slighter, a friend of Snails. He is saved, and carried off to Ravensburn in triumph, to exhibit himself as a chief of the Warens tribe. Miss Cook, always believing him a Red Skin *pur sang*, tires of her prize, and is about to condemn him to a coachman's livery, when he is fortunate enough to save her from drowning in a small piece of ornamental water in the Ravensburn Park. 'Slighter was three-quarters and a half footman, when he disappeared under the green water of the lake. Slighter Cook, Esq., came out of it with his wife'—whom, however, he neglects, when 'Laird of Ravensburn,' for 'the horses, the chase, and the gin.'

The Honourable Mr Belfast lives at Grayesend. He is there in the month of June 1852, and he calls to his valet Jim to remind him to admit only Sir Richard Linn, the Baronet Nithsdale, and Mr Clifton that night. Jim salutes the honourable member of the Chamber of Commons to the ground, and leaves the room. The honourable double-locks the door, and goes to the window, which he opens, to look out on the Thames, which washes the foot of his house. The tide was low, and the wall stood in the midst of a large marsh of yellowish mud. 'No, no—that would be unclean,' murmured Mr Belfast, speaking to himself; 'a gentleman cannot go in this manner.' Mr Belfast turns away, and seats himself before a rosewood table. He lifts up the cloth which conceals the articles laid on it: there are half-a-dozen small phials, labelled 'digitalis, laudanum of Sydenham, chlorhydrate of morphine, curare of Java, hydrocyanic acid,' a pistol, ready primed, and a pair of razors crossed in front of the pistol. For the Honourable Mr Belfast is going to kill himself that night because he is too happy; because he is young, handsome, healthy, rich, and married to a beautiful woman whom he adores, and who adores him. But the Honourable Mr Belfast thinks that this blissful state of things cannot always last; that he shall lose his hair or get a waist; and that it would be better for him to kill himself now in the plenitude of his prosperity than to live until its decline. His friends applaud his design; and, after shaking hands with them all, he goes back to his own chamber, where are his various weapons of destruction but where he also finds a man trying to force his writing-desk. This is Lowel, a noted burglar, with whom the honourable enters into an animated conversation, which ends in his discovering that he is not so happy as he thought. Lowel fires a pistol out of the window, and the report loosens the tongues of the three friends. One says, that Lady Belfast will marry her cousin Henry, whom she has long loved; another, that his banker, Simon Maidel, is on the eve of breaking; and a third, that he, Belfast, was apoplectic, and would soon have died. Belfast, in despair, gives Lowel two thousand pounds, and signs a contract to enter into his band. They go to the Albany Hotel, Regent Street, and then Belfast commences his career. Every night he and Lowel go into a ditch on the Gravesend or Richmond Road, after having stationed along the road a dozen men with sinister countenances to give the alarm. The police always come, the whistle is always heard, and Lowel and Belfast have always a smart run across the fields, till the poor honourable is nearly dead with fatigue. After a week of this work, Lowel takes him to the Queen's Theatre—to the stalls—where he makes him pick up the handkerchief which he, Lowel, has just stolen from the pocket of Lord Kendal, one of his colleagues in the Chamber, and a friend. Belfast is forced to obey; but instantly afterwards he rushes

from the theatre in a state of despair, accusing Lowel of being a wretch, and declaring that he is the most miserable of men.

'Are you unhappy, Mr Belfast?' says Lowel smiling; 'give me your word of honour.'

'Yes,' groans the honourable.

'Ah!' says Lowel, 'and I am happy at it;' for now he was cured. It was all a plot between Lowel (who was the cousin Henry Fergusson, and had been married three years before Lady Belfast) and the three friends, to prove to the honourable that he was a fool to talk of blowing out his brains because he was happy.

Another English nobleman, Sir James Turner—'twenty-five years old, with eyes of ultramarine blue, flaxen hair, and cheeks fresh and velvety' as Orleans peaches, in love with Miss Mary Peebles, sister of Sir Georges Peebles—makes himself light-house-man at Holyhead, at thirty pounds per annum, all because he was in love with Miss Mary; and being dilatory, had put off asking Sir Georges for her hand, until she was engaged to Son Honneur Sir Edouard Hogson, who has superb hunting-grounds in Cumberland. At the end, by virtue of a feint of starving the whole party, who come 'promiscuously' to the light-house, Sir James supplants Sir Edouard, and marries Miss Mary—whom, by the way, he calls 'Miss' in the love-passages M. Charles Newil relates: 'Miss, I love you;' 'Miss, I have loved you for two years,' &c.

Lord Winkles, under the name and costume of the Indian Prince Nennenlin, rows a match against Géléon Headdrig, and beats him, though Géléon has an outrigger, and milord a wherry; he gains thereby three hundred pounds. Count Winkles is ruined, though the world does not know it, and lives now by betting. Barlett is his faithful servant, and Nichol Deik is his farmer. Nichol Deik has a wife, whom her two children, Gibby and Mock, call Mamma Edith, and who, when Lord Winkles goes to the Oracles to see her, is found making a 'pounding-pie' in a marmite. Lord Winkles has killed John, the father of Nichol Deik, by accident; and hence has devoted his fortune and his repentance to the Deik family. Even now, when almost a beggar, he gives Mock and Gibby two or three rouleaux of guineas, which he calls 'curl-papers.' The real Prince Nennenlin dies, and leaves Count Winkles a millionaire, whereupon he gives twenty thousand pounds to Mock and Gibby, and falls fainting on the sofa. 'Twenty thousand pounds to Mock and Gibby!' grumbled Barlett, taking a bottle of vinegar from the chimney-piece; 'ah! if this poor John had died of an indigestion of *pounding*, these two little rogues would be now gathering sea-gulls' eggs to live by.' So ends the story of Count Winkles, Prince of Nennenlin. With which, as being perhaps the most original of all, with the least 'couleur locale,' and with the wildest divergence from common sense, we may as well close our own paper, having nothing that can out-herod this last mass of absurdity.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE results of the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, as was anticipated, prove it to be one of the most satisfactory that has yet been held. Glasgow may congratulate herself. Cheltenham is to be the scene of the gathering next year, with Dr Daubeny as president. A brief glance at the subjects brought forward and discussed will exemplify the progress made, and what may be expected. There were papers on the phenomena of heat, radiation, thermo-electricity, by those masters in science, Brewster, Joule, and Thomson—on correction of the compass in iron ships—on

magnetism and meteorology—obscure points in geology were elucidated, and it was shown that 'observations of terrestrial temperature' might be useful in the 'investigation of absolute dates in geology.' The chemists mustered strongly; one of the most remarkable papers in their section was that by Dr Andrews, describing a 'modification of chlorine and bromine, analogous to the ozone from oxygen.' Messrs Lawes and Gilbert treated of 'some points connected with agricultural chemistry;' Dr Paterson, 'of the cultivation of sand-hills.' Mr Dobson had a paper 'On the Relation between Revolving Storms and the Explosions in Coal-mines,' which is to be printed in the next volume published by the Association. Reports have been asked for, and will probably be drawn up, on certain important questions: 'the employment of electrical lamp apparatus'—'supply of water to towns'—'naval architecture'—'boiler explosions'—and 'the prevention of smoke'—all of especial interest at the present moment. More than 300 subjects were brought forward, comprising matters which we have not space to enumerate. We can only add that the meeting broke up more than ever satisfied of its utility.

The working-season is begun again; our savans are coming back from their vacation rambles to resume their investigations. The School of Mines is alive with lectures: Chemistry, by Hofmann—Metallurgy, Mineralogy, and Mining, by Percy and Smyth—Natural History, by Huxley—Geology, by Ramsay—and Applied Mechanics and Physics, by Professors Willis and Stokes. Good names, all of them; honourable and helpful to the institution. In a report on the 'Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for 1853 and 1854,' published by authority of the Geological Survey, the quantity of coal raised annually is stated 'to be nearly twenty per cent. more than the highest previous estimate.' To insure an accurate return, every coal-field was visited by competent individuals, who made personal inquiries on the spot. We gather further from the Report—which is the first of an annual series—that the number of blast-furnaces at work throughout the kingdom in 1854 was 535, which produced more than three million tons of iron, worth £9,500,000. The total number of persons employed in mining operations was 303,977, of whom 8810 were females; and the value of the mineral produce for 1854 was £28,575,922. There is good reason to believe that the publication of an annual report on 'mineral statistics,' as promised, will be highly useful and beneficial; and the more so that the iron manufacture is undergoing important developments in other countries. Since 1851, large beds of black-band ironstone have been discovered in Westphalia, and forty new furnaces are being built. In some places, as we hear, experiments have been made which prove that iron puddled with gas is superior in quality to that puddled in the usual way.

We hoped to have the pleasure of announcing, in our present sheet, the accomplishment of the telegraphic connection between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; but the hope cannot be realised till next summer. Owing to stress of weather, the attempt made last month to lay the seventy miles of cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence entirely failed, after forty miles had been paid out. The failure appears to have arisen from the wire having been laden not on a steamer, but on a sloop towed by a steamer. The vessel became unmanageable, and was saved from destruction only by cutting the cable. As the distance from Cape Breton to the nearest point of

Newfoundland is but about forty miles, the success of a future attempt is hardly to be doubted.

In India, on the other hand, there has been a rapid extension of the telegraph, that seems almost wonderful—we refer to the 120 miles of wire extended from Calcutta to Berhampoor in ten days, in order that the speediest intelligence might be received at headquarters of the progress of the insurrection among the Santals. It is a remarkable instance of what can be done by well-directed activity. And, coming nearer home, we find the telegraph complete from Constantinople to Shumla, through Adrianople—total distance, 424 kilometres. All the posts were brought from Heraclea, on the further shore of the Black Sea; and the wire is stretched over the Balkans, and through trackless forests, where the timber, it is said, is of such a nature as to be quite unavailable. There are fifty-one guard-houses along the line, and patrols of horse and foot watch over the safety of the wire night and day. The instruments used are on Morse's principle, and of French workmanship. And here we may add, that the French government is about to introduce Morse's principle on all the lines in France—in other words, to supersede the needles and dial by the printing apparatus; the object being, that the Minister of the Interior may have a copy of every message sent, no matter on what subject. Despotism plays strange freaks at times; and this, if carried out, would seem to be one of them. What would railway-clerks in England, who are accustomed to joke and laugh with one another by telegraph, say to such an innovation?

It is important to know that the 'translator' invented by Mr Varley operates so happily, that a message sent by a Morse's instrument may be printed by an English instrument at the opposite end, or *vice versa*. Thus, the two systems may at any time become but one in practice; and a message despatched from London will be printed at Amsterdam or Berlin. The French, who have been making experiments on 1000 miles of wire, are going to try to print from Paris to Kamiesch, and are contemplating the discharge of projectiles by telegraph. Signor Zantedeschi, writing from Venice to the Académie and the Royal Society, says he announced the possibility of the 'simultaneous passage of opposite currents in metallic circuits' in 1823, and that he can now demonstrate it between two stations with only one wire. We hear that Mr Wheatstone has some ingenious contrivances ready for experiment, among which is the sending of thirty messages at one and the same time.

M. Grosley has submitted for consideration a description of a plough to be moved by wind, offering to verify his statements by a model which was exhibited for some weeks at Passy. Another inventor describes a submarine explorer, which illuminates the bottom of the sea, and enables a diver to work with facility at any depth; and he talks about a wagon to travel under water. M. Chenot, whose metal-sponges we have noticed as remedial in cases of suppuration, bleeding, or ecchymosis, has found a remarkable effect produced by the compression of spongy metals. He tells us: 'Three grammes of silicium in the spongy state, having been submitted to a pressure equal to 300 atmospheres, exploded with a fearful noise; the fragments of steel from the broken matrix penetrated several millimetres into a plate of cast iron; and the body of the hydraulic-press, which was twenty centimetres in thickness, was broken, although the safety-valve was open—thus shewing the violence of the shock. The action was entirely from above downwards, since no portion of the upper part of the compressed metal suffered in the case described.' Here is something for the consideration of those who are experimenting on the power of explosions. M. Biot shews that one of the uses of the Great Pyramid of Egypt was to mark the equinox and solstice; the rays of the

sun at its rising or setting fell on the northern or southern face of the edifice, as the periodic changes occurred. Having come to this conclusion by theory, he requested M. Mariette, the explorer at Memphis, to make an observation at the Pyramid, and, notwithstanding the dilapidations, the phenomena are still noticeable. From this fact, M. Biot argues that the Egyptian priests must have known how to trace a meridian and its perpendicular, in order to be able to place the Pyramid.

MM. Frémy and Cloez have extracted and isolated the blue colouring-matter of flowers—a highly delicate operation. It is not indigo, as was supposed; they call it cyanine. It is turned red by acid vegetable juices; and they find it in certain roses, peonies, and dahlias. Viale and Latini of the University at Rome have, as they believe, confirmed the supposition, that the odour of plants and flowers was due to ammonia—the odour being good or bad according to the proportions in which the ammonia is combined. From this it is shewn that plants are doubly beneficial; by absorbing ammonia, as well as exhaling oxygen. We must, however, remark, that some chemists dispute the accuracy of these conclusions.

In a paper on the water of the Seine, M. Peligot throws out the notion, that water as well as the vegetable kingdom has much to do in the absorbing of carbonic acid. The balance between animals and vegetables is commonly held to be complete and harmonious; but when it is remembered that volcanoes eject as much carbonic acid in one year as would be respired by more than 500,000,000 of men, we may believe, so thinks M. Peligot, that water exercises an important, and hitherto unrecognised, function in its absorption. In all his analyses, he finds from two to three per cent. in the water of the Seine; and if it be found in anything like the same proportions in other rivers, and in lakes, the theory may fairly be taken on trial.

Both makers and consumers of gas may be interested to know that the emperor has had a small gas-factory erected in the grounds of the palace at St Cloud, for the purpose of determining the best and cheapest methods of producing gas. The result is an imperial decree, ordering the amalgamation of the six companies which now supply Paris with gas, the removal of all their works to a distance beyond the walls, the laying of their pipes in the drains wherever practicable. The price to the city and the military establishments is to be fifteen centimes the cubic metre; to private houses, thirty centimes. The company will have to pay a tax or *octroi* of two centimes the metre on all that enters the city, which, as Paris consumes more than 30,000,000 cubic metres annually, will amount to a considerable sum. This decree is to come into operation on the 1st of January next.

The Statistical Congress, which has just held its sittings in the hall of the Corps Législatif at Paris, under the presidency of M. Rouher, was attended by 250 of the most eminent statisticians of Europe; among them Dupin, Chevalier, Chadwick, and Farr. They met 'to discuss and agree upon common subject-matters of fact of statistical inquiry, and common modes of obtaining them.' There is good work to be done in this way, and the Congress may prove of real service, for there are many social questions which can only be decided by enlightened discussion. Some of them have been taken up by M. Le Play, chief engineer of mines, in his work entitled *Studies on the Labours, the Domestic Life, and Moral Condition of the Working Populations of Europe*, &c. He has seen many varieties of labourers and artisans, from Spain to Siberia, and is in possession of 300 monographs of the condition of families within these limits, which he uses as the basis of his book, seeking to establish 'what are the intellectual elements of satisfaction or moral happiness which families are called to enjoy.'

The Physical Society of Berlin offer a prize of 250 thalers for an 'Experimental Determination of the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat.' The question is one of first-rate importance, seeing that it involves a theory of heat more in accordance with the facts than the one which has long prevailed. The view now held is, that heat transforms itself into mechanical force, and, reciprocally, mechanical force into heat. Thomson and Joule, in this country, and Regnault, in France, have discussed and developed it to results which are no less astonishing than useful; and too much encouragement cannot be given to attempts at further developments and determinations. The papers are to be sent in before the middle of January 1857.

Agassiz is about to publish his *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*, in ten volumes, quarto, each of 300 pages, and with twenty plates, at the rate of a volume a year till complete. From such an author one may predict for the work the fullest success. And Nott and Gliddon, two eminent American savans, have brought out a book, *Types of Mankind*, highly interesting to ethnologists. They discuss the question, with all the lights that modern science and discovery have thrown upon it, as to the single or multiple origin of the human race, and, influenced perhaps by the public opinion of their country, they conclude the black race to be in all respects inferior to the white. In a report on the book drawn up for a learned society in Paris, there is a reply to this point: the reporters admit the inferiority in a scientific and political point of view, but without drawing from it the same consequences. 'We believe,' they say, 'that this inferiority is compensated by the remarkable development in the negro of all the sympathetic faculties. And, far from admitting this race to be eternally devoted to slavery, we think that in the new era towards which nations at the present day seem to be progressing—an era of labour, of peace, and of sympathy—the black race is called to fill a part not less important than the white race.' The same opinion, they add in conclusion, is put forward and defended with as much reason as eloquence in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

CAPTURE OF WHALES IN WESTMANNSHAVN BAY, FARÖE ISLANDS.

It was a most curious sight, and the scenery was well calculated to set it off to advantage. The bay is about three miles long, by three-quarters of a mile broad, and surrounded by steep rugged mountains, which looked particularly gloomy in the sombre twilight. Between the whales and the outlet to the sea, fully sixty boats were collected together, with crews of six or eight men each, who were lying lazily on their oars; while about a hundred natives on either side were employed in dragging a net of ropes, some 500 yards long, across the entrance. This net is only used in Westmannshavn, where there are no sloping shallows upon which to drive the whales; it is, of course, not intended to catch them in, for no net could be made sufficiently strong; but it is supposed to retard their escape when they attempt to get out to sea. The boats were the ordinary ones in common use; the only difference observable in them being, that they had now lances stuck upright, like masts, at the stem and stern, and attached to the benches by several fathoms of rope.

More boats came dropping in for some time after our arrival, until at eleven o'clock we counted the number up to ninety; so that, including the men on shore, not fewer than 800 must have been present. All of them dressed in the rusty-brown jackets and black knee-breeches of the country, with as much uniformity as a regiment of soldiers. The net was drawn further and further up the bay, great care being taken to avoid frightening the whales, which swam quietly before it, or rolled about at their ease, evidently quite unconscious of danger.

When matters seemed approaching to a crisis, our party separated. Each of us got into a boat, and stood in the bows with a lance in our hands ready for action, and the fray commenced. Half of the boats remained outside the net to support the buoys; and the remainder, about fifty in number, including ours, closed round their prey, and drove them, by shouting and throwing, towards the shore, the animals tamely submitting until they got close to it. They then turned, evidently in great alarm, and bore down upon us, locking most formidable, and surrounded by a great wave, which their impetus carried with them. Not knowing how the boats would behave, we tyros awaited the charge with no small misgivings, under an assumed air of great calmness. The natives, on the other hand, became frantic with excitement, yelling like maniacs, splashing the water with their spears, and seeming about to throw themselves into it in their intense desire to head them back. All their efforts, however, were to no purpose. The whole herd broke through our ranks, though they were severely speared in passing. Many of the boats were lifted half out of the water in the collisions; while the cries of the boatmen, mingling with the loud blowing of the whales, made a wild and not inappropriate chorus, which rang through the surrounding hills. When clear of us, the animals continued their career at the same rapid pace, and came in contact with the net, which they carried back, as well as all the line of boats supporting it, several yards; and in a few seconds escaped, either under or through it, leaving a few of their number entangled in its folds, lashing the water up twenty and thirty feet high, in their desperate struggles to disengage themselves. In the end, they all got away, and swam half a mile out towards the sea, when they dived under the water, and remained nearly a minute out of sight. We then, pulled after them as fast as we could. The scene resembled an enormous regatta, with a herd of whales as the turning-buoy; and by dint of stones and shouts, they were headed back, again speared, and again broke through all the barriers opposed to them.

This operation was repeated three times. At last, much wounded and harassed, they were forced into a narrower part of the bay. All their enemies pressed round them at once; and the animals, either wild with fear or completely bewildered as to the direction of the sea, dashed towards the shore, carrying many of the boats with them in the rush. On a flatter beach, they would all at once have been stranded; but this was so steep and rocky, that after two or three minutes' mêlée, during which the boats and whales were all mixed up together in one fighting, struggling wave, only one-third of them were killed, and the remainder reached deep water again. The real sport was, however, over, and what followed was merely a sickening, though useful, piece of butchery, in which we took no part. Those which were not taken, having lost their leader, never reunited, but rolled, groaning in the bay, quite blinded in their own blood, and thus fell victims in detail to their pursuers. When a whale is sufficiently wounded and exhausted to be manageable, a boat is run alongside, and one of the men strikes a hook into the blubber, attached to a strong rope, by means of which the rest of the crew hold their boat fast to it, while a knife, stuck deep in behind the head, soon terminates its sufferings. Others, on shore, hook and despatch the whales which get aground in the same manner. After the herd was completely broken up and separated, we landed, and, from a commanding cliff, viewed with advantage the strange spectacle below. The bay was, without exaggeration, red with blood: some boats were towing dead whales on shore, others were spearing the few remaining lively ones; while all round the beach, men, up to their necks in the water, were actively engaged in the great work of slaughter. Occasionally the boatmen would hook one more lively than they supposed it to be, which would tow their boat rapidly about, or break away from them, or lie lashing up clouds of water in its agony. Not a single fish escaped. The few that had an opportunity of doing so, returned in search of their leader, and shared the fate of their companions; and in two hours from the commencement, the whole 212 were destroyed.

Crimes of the Yacht Maria, 1854.

SONNET.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

Il fato,
Credi, è tremendo, perché l'uomo è vile;
Ed un codardo fu colui che primo
Un Dio ne fece.—V. MONTI.

With high-souled Monti, cowardly I deem
Him who first made a god of destiny;
For our 'life-statue,' I believe, may be
Shaped from the shadows of Youth's earnest dream,
So rainbow-wreathed with many a fairy gleam—
Until it rise bright as that fantasy,
A thing of light, all beautiful and free,
In front of earth and heaven. Thus it should seem
That he who steadfast stands through good and ill,
Who yokes blind Fortune's coursers to his ear,
Who through strange failures works untiring still,
Until all adverse powers are driven far,
Shall conquer Fate through the resistless will,
And rise crowned victor o'er his evil star.

CHINESE CURE FOR CHOLERA.

One morning, after having said mass, I felt symptoms of cholera. I had a difficulty of breathing amounting almost to suffocation. A cold so intense took possession of my arms and legs, that I could not feel a hot iron applied to them. Just then, a Chinese Christian came in to see me, and as soon as he looked at me he said: 'Father, you have the cholera.' To be certain, however, he looked under my tongue, and, observing the peculiar blackness of the veins there, he remarked that, unless I applied a remedy speedily, I would not live until night. I told him to do what he could for me. He took an ordinary pin, and began pricking me under the tongue until he drew out from ten to twenty drops of jet-black blood. Then, after rubbing my arms gently, he tied a string very tightly about each one of my fingers, and pricked each one on the outside at the root of the nails until he brought a drop or two of the same kind of blood from each. Then, to see whether the operation had been successful or not, he pricked me with the same in the arm, very near the vein that is usually opened in blood-letting, and, seeing no blood issue, he pronounced it satisfactory. I still felt, however, a fearful oppression of the lungs. To relieve this, he ran the pin obliquely into the pit of my stomach about two-thirds of its length. (This operation the Chinese call opening the mouth of the heart.) Not a drop of blood came out here, but in a moment I felt myself entirely relieved, my blood began its circulation, my natural warmth returned, and, after an hour of slight fever, I went about my avocations. This is the ordinary Chinese remedy. I have known it to be applied to five of our fathers in cholera, and it failed only once.—*Chinese Missionary in Civiltà Cattolica.*

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APARTMENTS TO LET FURNISHED.

THE constant readers of the *Times* newspaper some two years since might have noticed an advertisement announcing that a gentleman was desirous of obtaining a sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room, in a well-appointed house within three miles west or north-west of Charing Cross. Any person possessing these conveniences was invited to communicate the particulars, with a distinct statement of terms, to A. B., care of Andrews & Son, 1 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. I was A. B., and Andrews & Son were my tailors. During the next three days, my correspondence varied in extent, I should think, with that of the premier himself. The letters were forwarded to me in sheaves, of all sorts and sizes; from that of the ladylike respondent, who presented her compliments to me upon a sheet of Messrs De la Rue's best *torsade* note-paper, redolent of *maréchale*, and sealed with illegible crossed letters, to the missive by which X. Y. informed A. B., in not the most correct orthography, and on a torn half-sheet of foolscap, that she had the accommodation required. Whether slovenly or elegant, however, lettered or illiterate, the important characteristics were alike in all. All professed to combine the advantages I required; one and all evaded any detail of terms; and each and every writer was satisfied that a personal interview was the only thing needful to insure an immediate arrangement. If my correspondents had been confined to those only who were really able to meet my requirements, my difficulties would have been much diminished; but this was far from being the case. Although my advertisement specified distinctly enough the extent and locality of the accommodation desired, one lady gave herself the trouble of writing to tender me 'an airy bedroom' at Dalston; while another—as though I had been George Colman's first-floor lodger himself,

Like two single gentlemen rolled into one—

made proffer of a similar conveniency at Camberwell, 'adapted to two friends occupying one apartment.' The efforts made to cajole me into a communication of some sort were highly ingenious. Three householders attempted to corrupt the fidelity of Andrews & Son, and obtain my name and address; a lady at Clapham would infer, if she did not hear from me, that I would call on the following day, and would remain at home for me; while another, even more adroit, thought to insure a reply by enclosing a lithographic view of her residence, and particularly appealing to my chivalry to return it. Andrews & Son, however, proved faithful; and my correspondent at Clapham remained at

home for me in vain. The view of Birchmore House, Peckham Rye, adorns my portfolio to the present day. I did not return it, knowing as well as its fair owner herself that she had then struck off by fifties, and could very well spare me one.

The distances I traversed during the following week in my search for a home are scarcely credible. How many houses I inspected in my tour, I am afraid to say: their name was legion! How many respectable ladies I deluded by specious promises of calling again; how many heads of families I kept in suspense, pending the decision of the imaginary friend in the country for whom I professed to be acting, I am ashamed to remember. Nothing could I find that seemed to suit me. At one place, I discovered, at the last moment, by means of a stray humming-top in the passage, that there was a litter of nine children in the house; and at another, an east wind betrayed a smoky chimney. Some of my would-be landladies objected to tobacco, and others smelt of spirits; in some cases, our terms did not agree; in others, our tempers. After a week's labour, I had succeeded in finding two only that seemed at all likely. To one eligible in every other respect, the brass-plate of an eminent chiropedist, who exercised his profession on the first floor, presented an insuperable objection. The sight of one's private address staring one in the face every morning in the *Times*, in connection with the corns of the aristocracy, was not to be endured for an instant. The other, of which I had a narrow escape just as I was sending in my effects, proved to be next door to an omnibus stable. In utter despair, at length I gave the rein to fortune, and resigning all attempt at discrimination, found myself, by means of a card in the window, the proprietor of the requisite accommodation on the ground-floor of a mansion in a street which it is unnecessary to particularise, in the immediate vicinity of the river.

There always seems to me about lodging-house rooms a cold, worn, semi-furnished aspect, coupled with a pretentious, obtrusive cleanliness, as though a perpetual attempt were going forward to vivify, by continued ablution, the irreparable dinginess of age. To divest my new home of these objectionable characteristics, was the object of my first solicitude. A piccolo pianoforte, a case of meerschaums, and one of Seddon's easiest easy-chairs, went some way towards accomplishing this desirable aim. By a little diplomacy, I was enabled, without offence to my hostess, to substitute a pair of Flamingo's Cupids and a French clock for the two china-poodles which formed the principal adornments of my chimney-piece; but the banishment of a cruet-stand, and an extensive assortment of glasses, which appeared to me to impart to my chamber

unnecessary associations of a tavern, was a work of more difficulty. Like the banker who, in the commercial panic of 1825, framed over his counter a bank-bill for £100,000, in evidence of his commercial solvency, my landlady appeared to view this exhibition with an honest pride, as indicative of the extent of her domestic resources, and to regard any attack upon it with proportionate jealousy. My perseverance here, too, was, however, ultimately successful; and the objectionable effects finally gave way to an old, chased silver race-cup won at the memorable Newmarket spring-meeting of 1766, by the well-known bay four-year old, 'Sir Robert,' the property of my great uncle Sir Bellingham Danet.

For the first few weeks of my new life, all went smoothly enough. My landlady was as attentive as the most exacting of lodgers could desire; nay, occasionally, her assiduities became almost oppressive. Sometimes she paid me a visit to inquire how I had rested, or whether I preferred the mattress or the feather-bed uppermost; what I would like for dinner on Sunday; or whether I happened to have anything to send to the Commercial Road, she having occasion to despatch one of her handmaidens on a mission to that locality. My marketing operations she transacted herself; made out her washing-book with her own fair fingers; and her culinary experiences were largely devoted to my service. The honours showered upon Abon Hassan by the Commander of the Faithful—the hospitalities lavished on the prodigal Azael on his return to the home of his fathers—sank into insignificance before the attentions crowded upon me during the first fortnight of my new mode of life. Alas! I little knew that I was myself 'the Sleeper,' yet to be 'awakened;' and that my resemblance was far nearer to 'the fatted calf' than to the 'Prodigal Son.' I had yet to learn that the civilities of my landlady were but as the jesuitical endearments of Mrs Bond to her ducks; the decoration of the victim for sacrifice; the 'what you please for dinner,' to the delinquent left for execution on Monday. By degrees, I began to discover symptoms—but so gradual, that I am unable to define the occasion on which I first perceived them—that my glory was departing from me, that my star was on the wane. I could not help feeling that I was gradually being let down, like the new boy at a boarding-school, from supper and the run of the drawing-room, to sky-blue and hard forms. My landlady's visits now became less frequent, her attentions less obvious. If she still continued to market for me, her exertions on my behalf were certainly less successful; and I began to detect unmistakable evidences of the interference of foreign fingers in the manufacture of my pastry; dust of respectable antiquity commenced accumulating on my chimney-piece; and the impression made by my bill began sensibly to weaken.

Among the qualities of my nature, upon which I have been usually in the habit of congratulating myself as rather 'leaning to virtue's side,' is to be instanced a certain easiness of disposition, which I have heard differently characterised by different speakers. My friends are wont to describe it as an 'enviable philosophy;' mine enemies, as 'invincible indolence;' my own family speak of it with pride as 'amiability of disposition;' and in my own mind it is indissolubly associated with 'a sluggish liver.' Be its causes, however, what they may, its consequences have ever been

an extreme distaste for all fending and proving, and a decided preference for the quiet toleration of the minor miseries of life, to the adoption of any very energetic measures for their removal. To this circumstance, rather than to any active failings on my part, I am disposed mainly to attribute my gradual decadence; and equally terrible and transient were the resolutions which each fresh wrong awakened in me to burst my chains on the next occasion, and secure a prompt and ample redress.

Among the inmates who shared with me the hospitalities of Mrs Slatcher—I do not think I have before introduced my landlady by name—was a gentleman who was usually spoken of in the establishment as the Back-parlour, by reason of his occupying an airy and commodious apartment on the leads at the back of the house, which the enterprise of the lessee had erected in some by-gone year, to meet the requirements of an unusually successful season. This gentleman—whom, for various reasons, I ever ignored—was a decided favourite with the lady of the house, whom he was in the practice of escorting to minor theatres, by favour of orders from that well-known sporting print *The Tallyho*, whereof he was supposed to be an honoured correspondent; and it was no small aggravation of the domestic cares which were now crowding thickly upon me, to observe the perfectly good understanding which appeared to subsist between these allies. To have felt that I was suffering in company, would have been some comfort; but the patience of a saint must have given way at hearing, as it was now my daily lot to do, that villain departing to his labours, or pleasures, comfortably brushed, booted, and breakfasted, at a time in the morning when I had been vainly thundering for the previous hour for my first instalment of hot water.

But why should I linger over my misfortunes, and thus renew ancient griefs? I had been called out of town on some family business, which I had succeeded in arranging more speedily than I had anticipated, and was wending my way homewards with something of those feelings of enjoyment which returning to one's home, be it what it may, is generally more or less associated. It was a damp foggy February night as I drove to my lodgings from the North-western Railway. At such a time, the prospect of half-an-hour's waiting, with an open window, while my fire was burning up, and the smoke dissipating, was not an agreeable one, and proportionate, therefore, was my delight at detecting on the blinds of my sitting-room the reflection of a blazing fire. My landlady was not so utterly destitute of forethought for me as I imagined, and was airing my room. Pleasant visions of a cutlet and a glass of toddy, with the reversion of my arm-chair and a pipe of canaster, flitted across my mind as I paid my cabman and took out my Chubb. In another minute, I was in my room: my room, do I say! It was some seconds before I could satisfy myself that it was my room, and that I had not made a felonious entry into the house of my next-door neighbour. My chairs had given place to rout-seats, and my carpet and table had disappeared altogether. In their place stood a dozen or two of strange people, bowing to each other, corners and all, preparatory to commencing 'the Irish Quadrilles,' the opening bars of which a member of the society, likewise to me unknown, was busily pounding out of my piccolo. In my arm-chair—which has been on the invalid-list ever since—sat my hostess, arrayed

gorgeously in black satin and a new cap—which, I protest, I believe would have been mine too, if my wardrobe had boasted such an article of costume—sipping negus by the light of my five-wick Palmer's candle; and, 'unkindest cut of all,' attired in sumptuous raiment, at the chiffonnier, stood my fellow-lodger of the leads, concocting, with the aid of the prettiest black-eyed damsel imaginable, some fragrant beverage in my Danet race-cup.

I stood astounded; and my guests, in their turn, stared at me in various degrees of undisguised wonder. I was the less surprised at this, for my appearance harmonised little with the festivity around me. A rough Witney coat—every hair on end with the damp of a London fog, I was literally a wet blanket upon them—a cigar in my mouth, and a wide-awake on my head, presented, I am bound to admit, an *ensemble* scarcely calculated to make a favourable first impression. At sight of me, the lady at my piano broke off a spring and *Donnybrook Fair* at the same moment; and my landlady, whose face on my entry had fallen like a barometer before a hurricane, suspended her agreeable occupation in my honour. There were only two persons upon whom my inauspicious advent produced no visible effect—the Back-parlour and his pretty companion: they were evidently far too well engaged to be disturbed by any such sublunary catastrophe. I was debating what course it would be incumbent upon me to pursue in the circumstances—whether I should turn out the whole set, neck and crop, kicking the Back-parlour down the kitchen-stairs as a preliminary measure; or whether, with more subtle vengeance, I should humanise my costume, join the party, and cut him out in the good graces of his fair friend—when my hostess advanced to deprecate my wrath. Throwing as much deferential concern into her manner as she could contrive to simulate on such short notice—and, to do her justice, she shewed herself equal to the emergency—she begged permission to explain. Not expecting me till the following week, and a family anniversary having chanced to intervene, she had, she confessed, taken a liberty. I glanced at my piccolo in the corner, and my Palmer's lamp on the chimney-piece, and bowed acquiescence. At most times, I do believe I should have regarded the offence as one not very difficult of pardon; but my cup of endurance was full to the brim, and had no room for more; so, cutting short the lady's apology with, I fear, rather curt politeness, I quitted the room with an air as dignified as the unfavourable character of the circumstances enabled me to assume. I turned into my bedroom, indulging the benevolent aspiration that the ladies might not any of them be susceptible in regard to the odour of Latakia; but alas! for this night, the game was against me. Chairs, tables, candlesticks, tea-things, and every description of miscellaneous effects, covered the chairs and floor; my bed was occupied by nine bonnets—nine, as I am an honest man; and at my looking-glass, stood a lately arrived guest, putting the last finish to her toilet, preparatory to making her appearance on the scene of festivity. I fear my excuses to this lady must have sounded in her ears more like a denunciation than an apology; but it must be borne in mind that my wrongs were great, and that I was not altogether at the moment responsible for my actions. How I sallied out in despair, and attempted to console myself with a lobster at Day's; how I went to the theatre, and attempted, Charles Lamb-like, to laugh at my own misfortunes, as presented to me on the stage in *Box and Cox*, I need not detail. Suffice it to say, that I returned to my lodgings for the last time at some two o'clock in the morning, and in my precipitate entry nearly upset the Back-parlour, who was busily engaged, behind the door, in shawling her of the black eyes in, as it appeared to me, a very unnecessary proximity. By twelve o'clock the next day, my luggage was

packed, my bill paid, with an additional week's rent, in lieu of notice; and I had subsided from a man into a numeral, from the Front-parlour lodger to No. 52 at the Tavistock.

COMPOSITION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

STARTING from the recognised fact that the English is not a simple but a composite language, made up of several elements, it is a study of great interest to trace the words of different origin to their respective sources, and to note how and for what purposes they have come to form parts of the general amalgamation. As everybody knows, the basis of the language is Anglo-Saxon; which, moreover, is not only one of its separate elements, like the Latin or French, from which we derive considerable contributions, but rather the foundation or fundamental portion of the structure. Or it might be called not improperly the backbone of the national speech, into which all the other parts are jointed, and on which they are dependent for their symmetry and adaptation to the ends they are called to serve. A perfect composition might be formed from Anglo-Saxon words alone, but no grammatical sentence could be constructed out of words that have been adopted from other languages. All the words we have derived from the French or Latin are but additional materials of expression; they have not altered the original character of the native tongue, but have had to conform themselves to its particular laws and constitution. Selden, in his *Table-talk*, remarks: 'If you look upon the language spoken in the Saxon time, and the language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a cloak which he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since, here has put in a piece of red and there a piece of blue, and here a piece of green and there a piece of orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latin, as every pedantic man pleases.' We must not, however, conclude that it is mere pedantry to adopt a foreign word, since perhaps few, if any, words have been incorporated into our language that were not necessary, or at least serviceable, accessions. Still, it would appear that our entire acquisitions from foreign sources are merely an increase of words. And this is held to be the rule or law which obtains in all composite languages. To quote from a recent work, to which we wish to draw attention: 'There may be a medley of these, some coming from one quarter, some from another; but there is never a mixture of grammatical forms and inflections. One or other language entirely predominates here, and everything has to conform and subordinate itself to the laws of this ruling and ascendant language. The Anglo-Saxon is the ruling language in our present English; while that has thought good to drop its genders, even so the French substantives which come among us must also leave theirs behind them; as in like manner the French verbs must renounce their own conjugations, and adapt themselves to ours.'

Some writers affect to admire and recommend what has been called a pure Saxon style, and somewhat unduly depreciate the Latin and other foreign portions of the language, as though nothing significant were gained by them. Mr Trench tells us that he remembers Lord Brougham urging upon the students at Glasgow, as a help to writing good English, that they should seek, as far as possible, to rid their diction of long-tailed words in 'osity' and 'ation'. Not bad advice, perhaps, to the class of persons then addressed, as it is a known fault of young unpractised writers to distend their composition, and to aim at an over-stately

* *English Past and Present. Five Lectures.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D. Parkers: London.

turn of sentences; but if his lordship meant to convey the notion that words of a Latin origin were in all cases rather an incumbrance than use or ornament, we cannot think very highly of his precept. No doubt, one part of the language ought not to be cultivated at the expense of the other; certainly not the Latin at the expense of the Saxon; but as certainly not the latter to the neglect of what we have acquired from the former; for, doubtless, every word derived from a foreign source which has become permanently incorporated with the language, was originally adopted, and has been retained in use, either because it answered some new need of expression, or afforded a convenient variety of phraseology obviating inelegant repetitions.

We will now, following Mr Trench, endeavour to shew that our appropriations from the Latin, French, and other languages, have been for the most part gains, and not incumbrances. The earliest augmentation of the national vocabulary by foreign words was evidently a consequence of the Norman Conquest. There was no immediate interpenetration of the Anglo-Saxon with any large amount of French words; for, in fact, the two streams of language flowed a long while apart, even as the two nations remained aloof, and were not amalgamated till after many years. Time, however, softens the mutual antipathy both of men and languages. The Norman, shut out from France, began more and more to feel that England was his home and sphere. The Saxon, recovering little by little from the extreme depression which had ensued on his defeat, became every day a more important element of the new English nation which was gradually forming from the coalition of the two races. His language partook of his elevation: it was no longer the badge of inferiority. French was no longer the only language in which a gentleman could speak, or in which a poet could sing. At the same time, the Saxon, now passing into the English language, required a vast addition to its vocabulary, if it were to serve all the needs of those who were willing to employ it now. How much was there of high culture, how many of the arts of life, of its refined pleasures, which had been strange to Saxon men, and had therefore found no utterance in Saxon words. All this it was sought to supply from the French.

The period when French words were most largely incorporated with the Saxon appears to have been when the Norman nobility were in the process of exchanging their own language for the English; and hence, as Tyrwhitt said, and Mr Trench repeats, there must be much exaggeration in attributing the merit of the amalgamation to the single influence of one man—the poet Chaucer. ‘Doubtless he did much; he fell in with, and furthered a tendency already existing. But to suppose that the greater number of French vocabularies which he employed in his poems had never been employed before, had been hitherto unfamiliar to English ears, is to suppose that his poems must have presented to his contemporaries an absurd patchwork of two languages, and leaves it impossible to explain how he should at once have become the popular poet of our nation.’ His special merit lay in his developing the language in a new direction—in working up in one harmonious texture the different elements of speech—French and Saxon—that had been hitherto kept separate, but which were all or mostly sufficiently familiar to the educated persons of his time. ‘Some words he employed were subsequently discarded, as not agreeing with the genius of the native tongue; for, indeed, the change he attempted was something of an experiment, and had to appeal to time and popular feeling for its sanction.’

The next great importation of foreign words was made from another quarter: it occurred shortly after the revival of learning in Italy; and from the time of the Reformation, and afterwards, it was largely followed up. There was a need of new words to express

theological and metaphysical ideas—things pretty well unknown both to the Normans and Anglo-Saxons—and for this purpose a supply of Latin words was found to be essential. ‘During this period,’ says Mr Trench, ‘Latin words came into the language not by single adoption, as with later writers, but in floods. Thus Puttenham, a writer of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, who in 1589 published an *Art of English Poetry*, gives a long list of words which he states to have been of quite recent introduction into the language. Some of them are Greek, a few French and Italian, but very far the most are Latin. . . . It is difficult to understand, in regard to some of these, how the language should have managed to do without them so long: method, methodical, function, numerous, penetrate, penetrable, indignity, savage, scientific, delineation, dimension—all which he notes to have recently come up; so, too, idiom, significative, compendious, prolix, figurative, inveigle, metrical. All these he adduces with praise; others, upon which he bestows equal commendation, have not held their ground, as placation, numerosity, harmonical. Of those novelties which he disallowed, in some cases, as in the words facundity, implete, attemptat (attentat), he only anticipated the decision of a later day; while others which he disallowed no less, as audacious, compatible, egregious, have maintained their ground. These too have done the same: despicable, destruction, homicide, obsequious, ponderous, portentous, prodigious—all which another writer, a little earlier, condemns as “ink-horn terms, smelling too much of the Latin.”’

The period during which this naturalisation of Latin words in the English language was going forward, may be said to have continued for upwards of a century. ‘It first received a check from the coming up of French tastes, fashions, and habits of thought, with the Restoration of Charles II. The writers already formed before that period—such as Cudworth and Barrow—still continued to write their stately sentences, Latin in structure and Latin in diction, but not so those of a younger generation. We may say of this influx of Latin, that it left the language immensely increased in copiousness, with greatly enlarged capabilities, but perhaps somewhat burdened, and not always able to move gracefully under the weight of its new acquisitions; for, as Dryden has somewhere truly said, it is easy enough to acquire foreign words, but to know what to do with them after you have acquired them, is the difficulty. It might have received, indeed, most serious injury if all the words which the great writers of this Latin period of our language employed, and so proposed as candidates for admission into it, had received the stamp of popular allowance.’

As it happened, it was not so. ‘It was here, as it had been before with the French importations; the reactive powers of the language, enabling it to throw off that which was foreign to it, did not fail to display themselves now, as they had done then. The number of unsuccessful candidates for admission into, and permanent naturalisation in, the language during this period, is enormous; and one must say that in almost all instances where the alien act has been enforced, the sentence of exclusion was a just one; it was such as the circumstances of the case abundantly bore out. Either the words were not idiomatic, or were not intelligible, or were not needed, or looked ill, or sounded ill, or some other valid reason existed against them. A lover of his native tongue will tremble to think what that tongue would have become, if all the vocabularies from the Latin and the Greek, which were then introduced or endorsed by illustrious names, had been admitted on the strength of their recommendation; if torve and tetric (Fuller), cecity (Hooker), lepid and suffuminate (Barrow), stultiloquy, immorigerous, clancular, ferity, hyperaspist (all in Jeremy

Taylor); if dyscolous (Fox), moliminously (Cudworth), immarcescible (Bishop Hall), arride (ridiculed by Ben Jonson); with the hundreds of others like these, and even more monstrous than some of these, not to speak of such Italian as leggiadrous (Beaumont, *Psyche*), had not been rejected and disallowed by the true instinct of the national mind.' Among these words, we notice one, cecity, which Carlyle has recently attempted to revive, though we cannot think it will ever be received into general use—blindness, which it signifies, is so much simpler, and every way equivalent, as to be incomparably better.

Many words, however, formerly deemed objectionable, have been adopted in a shape somewhat different from the one in which they were originally introduced. 'They were made to drop their foreign termination, or otherwise their foreign appearance, to conform themselves to English ways, and only so were finally incorporated into the great family of English words. Thus, pantomimi (Lord Bacon) soon became pantomimes; atomi (Lord Brooke), atoms; epocha (Dryden, and used as late as South) became epoch; caricatura (Sir T. Browne), caricature; effigies and statua (both in Shakspeare), effigy and statue; not otherwise pyramis and pyramides, which also are forms employed by him, became pyramid and pyramids; colone (Burton), clown; apostata (Massinger) became apostate; despota (Fox), despot; mummia (Webster), mummy; synonyma (Milton, prose), synonyms; galaxias (Fox), galaxy; and heros (H. More), hero. Nor can that slight but widely extended change of innocence, indolency, temperancy, and the large family of words with similar termination, into innocence, indolence, temperance, and the like, be regarded otherwise than as part of the same process. The same has gone on with words from other languages, as from the Italian and the Spanish: thus bandito (Shakspeare) becomes bandit; princessa (Hacket), princess; scarapucha (Dryden), scaramouch; caprichio becomes first caprich (Butler), then caprice; ambuscado, barricado, renegade, hurricano (all in Shakspeare), brocado (Hakluyt), drop their foreign terminations, and severally become ambuscade, barricade, renegade, hurricane, brocade. Other slight modifications of spelling, not in the termination, but in the body of a word, will indicate, in like manner, its more entire incorporation into the English language. Thus, restoration was at first spelt restauraition; and so long as vicinage was spelt voisinage, as by Bishop Sanderson, or mirror, miroir, as by Fuller, they could scarcely be said to be those purely English words which now they are.'

These adaptations from the French and Latin are the two great enlargements which our vocabulary has received. All other are minor and subordinate. Thus the introduction of French tastes by Charles II. and his courtiers, returned from exile, rather modified the structure of our sentences than much increased our vocables. To this period we are nevertheless indebted for a certain number of new words. In Dryden's play of *Marriage à la Mode*, a lady full of affectation is introduced, who is always employing French idioms in preference to English—the design, of course, being to ridicule such affectation. On this Mr. Trench remarks: 'It is not a little curious that of these which are thus put into her mouth to render her ridiculous, not a few are now excellent English, and have nothing far sought or affected about them; so often does it prove, that what was laughed at in the beginning, is by all admitted and allowed at the last. For example, to speak of a person being in the "good graces" of another has nothing in it ridiculous now; nor yet have the words repartee, embarrass, chagrin, grimace; which all must plainly have been both novel and affected at the time when Dryden wrote.'

It cannot be said that the naturalisation of foreign words ever ceases in a language which is still properly

living. There are periods when this goes forward much more largely than at others; but there is never a time when one by one these foreigners are not stepping into it. We very rarely, to be sure, observe the fact while it is going on. 'Time manages his innovations so dexterously, spreads them over such vast periods, and therefore brings them about so gradually, that often, while effecting the mightiest changes, he seems to us to be effecting none at all.' It is indeed impossible to conceive anything more gradual than the process by which a foreign word becomes an English one. 'It appears to me,' says Mr. Trench, 'that we may best understand this by fixing our attention upon some single word which at this very moment is in the course of becoming English. I know no better example than the French word *prestige* will afford. Prestige manifestly supplies a want in our tongue; it expresses something which no single word in English could express; which could only be expressed by a long circumlocution; being that moral influence which past successes, as the pledge and promise of future ones, breed. The word has thus naturally come to be of very frequent use by good English writers; for they do not feel that, in employing it, they are deserting as good or a better word of their own. At first all used it avowedly as French, writing it in italics to indicate this. At the present moment, some writers do so still, some do not—that is, some regard it still as French, others consider that it has now become English, and obtained an English settlement. Gradually the number of those who write it in italics will become fewer and fewer, till they cease altogether. It will then only need that the accent should be shifted, in obedience to the tendencies of the English language, from the second sentence to the first, and that instead of prestige, it should be pronounced préstige, and its naturalisation will be complete.'

Besides this adoption of foreign words, as occasion seems to need them, there are yet other ways in which new words are derived. Our language admits of two or more words being formed into a new combination, thus affording convenient terms of a compound meaning. It will not do, however, to merely link the words together by a hyphen; they must really coalesce and grow together to justify their union. Another way in which languages increase their stock of vocables is by the forming of new words according to the analogy of formations, which time, acting on the genius of the language, has previously sanctioned. Thus, upon certain substantives, such as nation, congregation, convention, have been formed their adjectives, national, congregational, conventional. Several words of this description are of quite recent origin, such as educational, inflexional, denominational, emotional. Singular as it may seem to some, starvation is a word but very lately introduced to us. We have it on the authority of a writer in *Notes and Queries*, that it had not appeared in any English dictionary published up to 1836. It sprang up in America, and was first imported into this country by Webster, where, for obvious reasons, it has since maintained itself as a very expressive and serviceable word. Though formed on the model of preceding formations of a kindred character—its framers did not apparently observe that they were putting a Latin termination to a Saxon word—an oversight, however, of very little consequence, as the compounded elements admirably coalesce, and in no word perhaps were ever united better.

One of the most curious instances of the development of words is that by which a number of nouns, verbs, and adjectives, have grown out of proper names. On this point, our author has a curious and interesting passage: 'To begin with mythical antiquity—the Chimera has given us chimerical; Hermes, hermetic; Tantalus, to tantalise; Hercules, herculean; and Dædalus, dedal, if this word may on Spenser's and

Shelley's authority be allowed. Gordius, a Phrygian king, who tied that famous Gordian-knot which Alexander cut, will supply a natural transition from mythical to historical. Here Mausolus, a king of Caria, has left us mausoleum; Academus, academy; Epicurus, epicure; Philip of Macedon, a philippic, being such a discourse as Demosthenes once hurled against him, the enemy of Greece; and Cicero, cicerone; Mithridates, who had made himself poison-proof, gave us the now forgotten word mithridate for antidote; as from Hippocrates we derived hippocrass, a word often occurring in our early poets, being a wine supposed to be mingled according to his receipt. . . . Lazarus, perhaps an actual person, has given us lazar and lazaretto; and Simon Magus, simony; . . . dunce is from Funs Scotus. To come to more modern times, and not pausing at Ben Jonson's Chaucerisms; Bishop Hall's Scoganisms, from Scogan, Edward IV.'s jester; or his Aretinisms, from an infamous Italian named Aretino—these being probably not intended even by their authors to endure—a Roman cobbler, named Pasquin, has given us the pasquil or pasquinade; Colonel Negus, in Queen Anne's time, first mixed the beverage which goes by his name; Lord Orrery was the first for whom an orrery was made; and Lord Spencer first wore, or at least first brought into fashion, a spencer. Dahl, a Swede, introduced the cultivation of the dahlia. The toneine was conceived by an Italian, Tonti; and another Italian, Galvani, first noted the phenomena of galvanism. Martinet, mackintosh, doily, to macadamise, to burke, are all names of persons, or formed from persons, and then transferred to things, on the score of some connection existing between the one and the other.'

We may not unfitly close our extracts by a few sentences containing what seems a probably correct conjecture respecting the origin of the word nugget—a word very familiar to us since the date of the Californian and Australian gold discoveries, but which, in this generation at least, was previously unknown. Everybody is now aware that it signifies a lump of the pure metal; and there has been some discussion whether the word has been coined for the present necessity, or whether it be a malformation of ingot. Mr Trench thinks, neither. 'I would not, indeed affirm,' says he, 'that it may not be a popular recasting of ingot, but only that it is not a recent one; for nugget, very nearly in its present form, occurs in our elder writers, being spelt niggot by them.' He quotes in a note two passages from North's *Plutarch*: 'After the fire was quenched, they found in *niggots* of gold and silver mingled together about a thousand ducats.' And again: 'There was brought a marvellous great mass of treasure in *niggots* of gold.' 'There can be little doubt,' he adds, 'that this is the same word; all the consonants, which are generally the *stamina* of a word, being the same; while this early form, niggot, makes more plausible the suggestion that nugget is only ingot disguised, seeing that there wants nothing but the very common metal letters of the two first letters to bring that out of this.'

In parting from Mr Trench's valuable little book, we should mention that we have given but a very partial glimpse of its contents. Besides presenting an excellent account of the original composition of the language, and of the alterations it has undergone through the acquisition of new words, it affords us a great deal of information touching the 'losses' of the language from the gradual dropping of obsolete and useless words, along with a mass of judicious explanation and remark on the changes in the meaning of words still employed, and the variations of spelling which many of them have gone through in the course of generations. There are perhaps few educated persons who have not given express attention to philological matters, that might not derive benefit from the perusal

of this book. Of course, in so small a compass, it does not exhaust the subject; but it takes hold of it on all sides, and gives us the results of an immense deal of reading and observation. It would be an admirable book for schoolmasters, and for all who are any way engaged in teaching; and if such a book could under any circumstances become popular, it is eminently well deserving of such fortune.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ.

THOSE who have learned how unhandsomely I was treated by Monsieur le Maire, may perhaps be curious to hear how I fared in the hands of Monsieur le Curé.* After a severe contest, I had succeeded in compelling the consent of the civil authority to my union with the object of my choice; and the certificate of the marriage authenticated by the cramped signature of the most self-willed of functionaries, is a complete answer to whomsoever may have the impertinence to call in question my title to that lady. The world, however, still considered me to be only half-married; I had still to submit myself to the church, and I had not unreasonably feared that, being a Protestant, I should have as much trouble with regard to this second marriage, as I had with respect to the first. But I was agreeably disappointed: I soon found that there would be no serious obstacles on the score of a difference of religion. The Gallican church makes only *pro forma* difficulties on this point; her tolerance being doubtless much stimulated by the reflection that her co-operation is not in the nature of a necessity, but in that of a superfluity. As soon as the notices or bands were affixed to the door of the *Maison Commune*, as the law directs, it was time for me to take steps for the marriage at the church.

The Grecian temple, with its sharp, card-board façade, and its little pepper-box towers, which now looks down on you from the top of a flight of steps at the end of the Rue Hauteville, was not then completed. Instead of worshipping in a classic edifice, gilded and painted as gaily as the most brilliant cafés and restaurants of the Palais-Royal and the Boulevards, the parishioners of St Vincent de Paul were in those days obliged to perform their orisons, to be christened, married, and buried, in a shabby building, situated in a mean and dingy back-street. The new church was progressing at a rapid pace, and it was currently reported amongst the old female gossips of the parish, that several ladies had vowed a vow that they would not be married until the ceremony could take place therein. I never could find out whether any of these oaths were kept; and I shrewdly suspect that none such were ever made by any lady whose chance in the matrimonial market was likely to turn up trumps before the architect would be enabled to report his work so far advanced as to be ready for consecration by the bishop. At any rate, my betrothed was as little disposed as I was to wait until we could be married in a new church instead of an old one; it was a matter of the most perfect indifference to both of us, whether we were to be married in a building bedaubed with whitewash, or in one glittering with colour and gold. As poor St Vincent de Paul was domiciled for the nonce in so shabby an establishment, we were quite content to take him as we found him; to be married at once, and leave him to get into more splendid and becoming quarters at his leisure.

* See *Monsieur le Maire*, in No. 50.

The curé of a French parish, as some may require to be informed, is what in England we should call the rector. From the similarity of the word *curé* with our English word 'curate,' the two are sometimes taken to indicate the same rank; but the French curé is at the head, and not at the tail of the clergy of his parish. To one of the inferior clergy, therefore, I was referred by the old sacristan of the church, when I wished to make the necessary arrangements as to the time and mode of performing the marriage-ceremony—such preliminaries being, of course, beneath the attention of the curé himself. The vicar to whom I was instructed to apply was not then in the church; he had read his daily office, and was just gone home to his déjeuner. He lived close at hand, and the sacristan having furnished me with his address, I started off immediately, hoping to catch him before he should have commenced his morning-meal.

'*Au cinquième, à gauche, Monsieur*—Fifth floor, on the left,' said the concierge; and having achieved the ninety and odd steps which intervened between the porter's lodge and the fifth landing, I paused for a moment to fetch breath and to call up my French, and then gave a vigorous pull at the green worsted bell-rope, which dangled invitingly close to the top of the stairs. Now, I don't know what may be the practice of other indifferent linguists in such cases; but my custom was, when about to have an interview with a stranger, to arrange beforehand my first two or three sentences, in order that I might get, as it were, a fair start, and so secure a better chance of being perfectly understood. In the present case, I had constructed a neat little sentence, to the effect that I was come to make arrangements for a marriage. I had turned and twisted it in every possible way, and having got it thoroughly by heart, was prepared to deliver myself of that particular sequence of words, and of that particular sequence only, when the door, as I fully expected it would be, should be opened by the vicar. Imagine, therefore, my discomfort when, instead of an ecclesiastic in a long black robe and skull-cap, there appeared in answer to my summons a very good-looking and smartly-dressed lady, with a charming pink bonnet on her head, a pink parasol in one hand and an embroidered pocket-handkerchief in the other. So unexpected an apparition not only put to flight my neatly arranged sentence, but my power to compose another. I could do nothing but mumble something about marriage, at which word the owner of the pink bonnet burst into a hearty laugh, and pointing with the parasol to a door on the other side of the landing, informed me that I had mistaken her apartment for that of the vicar. I then remembered, for the first time, that the concierge had said 'Fifth floor, on the left'—a circumstance which, owing to my having been occupied with French composition as I mounted, I had completely forgotten; and so inadvertently had pulled at the first rope which presented itself—that on the right. Widely diverse are the occupations of the different people who inhabit the same house in Paris. A mistake between the right hand and the left was the cause of my having called on a pretty actress of one of the minor theatres, instead of the vicar of the parish. The error was soon rectified; I raised my hat, begged pardon of the pink bonnet, and having put my scattered phrase once more into order, rang at the opposite door.

This time the event came off, as sportsmen say, according to the programme. The vicar answered the bell himself, and I delivered myself of my introductory sentence entirely to my satisfaction. The good priest was all politeness; he raised his square cap from his head, bowed most obsequiously, and invited me to enter. Of course I accepted his invitation, and alternately bowed and bowed at—the French sometimes

are really fatiguingly polite—I crossed the little ante-chamber, and entered the room beyond. A whiff of stale tobacco had assailed my olfactory nerves so soon as the vicar had opened the outer door, and, as I advanced, a smell of onion or garlic and Gruyère cheese, plainly indicated that, in spite of the haste I had made, my hope of not disturbing the good father at his repast was disappointed. In fact, I had caught him in the midst of it. He had discussed part of some kind of pasty, from which doubtless emanated the odour of garlic, and was in the very act of helping himself to a piece of the cheese and a thick slice from a loaf a yard long when I rang at the door. A bottle of red wine flanked the pasty to the right hand; on the other side of it was a stopt decanter of water—a liquid to which, judging from appearances, the ecclesiastic was not particularly partial. But both the room and its occupant merit a few words, before proceeding to relate how I sped in the business on which I had come.

A worse match than that between the vicar and his lodging it would not be easy to find; for, except in so far as regarded his dress, which was the usual one of a Romish ecclesiastic in France, the vicar had nothing of the priest about him. On the other hand, the little room, about fourteen feet square and seven high, in which he received me, had evidently been arranged for effect. Its walls on three sides were completely hidden by rows of books in dark old-fashioned bindings, principally duodecimos, and in awkward semblance marvelously like the baskets of odd volumes displayed at second-hand book-stalls and marked 'six sous apiece.' The catalogue might have included the most ponderous fathers, ancient and modern; it might have included all the eloquence of the French pulpit, from Bossuet and Bourdaloue down to Lacordaire and Father Ravignan. I don't say that it did not: I only doubt the fact. Over the low fireplace was a large crucifix, and several prints of saints or martyrs in sombre frames; and the little light which would have found its way into the chamber from the narrow court into which the single window looked, was still further diminished by red-curtains and dirty muslin-blinds. The place, when it did not smell of tobacco, garlic, and Gruyère cheese, might have been taken for the abode of an austere student, and doubtless appeared so in the eyes of weak-minded parishioners. To an observant eye, however, the vicar himself spoiled all; instead of the pale cadaverous priest, macerated by continual fastings, study, and much prayer, who would have been the fitting occupant of such a cell, the first vicar was a jolly, plump, dapper little man, with a wide-awake, good-tempered twinkle in his moist eye, an unctuous smile on his thick lips, and with a chin, which, by its doubleness, would have convicted its owner of the capital sin of *gourmandise*, even if the protruding row of little buttons down the centre of his rusty cassock had not furnished unmistakable evidence of the well-fed and well-cared-for condition of the wearer. I much doubted whether the little man was very particular in his observance of some of the rules of his church; but however that may be, he must settle the matter with his own conscience and the bishop. To me he was very civil and polite, and if he did eat meat on a Friday, I could heartily forgive him.

The day and hour for the marriage having been fixed on, the thing next in importance was to settle—as Mr Shillibeer, the proprietor of the Economic Funeral Establishment would say—with what 'degree of pomp or humility' the ceremony should be carried out. On this point I had received no instructions; although if we had found time, amidst the press of matters of graver interest, to give the subject a thought, we should have remembered that the ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church affords ample scope on such occasions for the display of finery, for which you must pay in proportion. Brocade, embroidery, rich lace, wax-candles, flowers, natural or artificial, gilt-chairs,

and Genoa velvet, cost money. They are luxuries for which it is but just and reasonable that those who make use of them should pay a fair price; and accordingly, on this commercial principle, every parish draws up a sort of tariff or price-list, in which the maximum is regulated pretty much by the splendour of the 'properties' which can be brought into play to grace the nuptial rites. In the wealthy quarters of the capital, where marriages between rich people, proprietors, *rentiers*, bankers, stock-brokers, and large trades-folk, are common, this maximum amounts to a good round sum of money; and in every parish there is a very considerable difference between the best and the worst sort of marriage.

Now, every man is disposed at such times to be liberal; at least, he must indeed be a curmudgeon who is not so. Few men like to bargain for a wife at the lowest possible figure; and this laudable feeling, combined with the important consideration that there is no fear of establishing an expensive precedent, has a great effect in inducing people to select the more expensive article from the list. The fear of establishing a precedent often operates as a powerful check on a man's liberality. In an exceptional case he would pay handsomely; but he hesitates when, by paying largely to-day, he will be obliged to pay largely to-morrow. But marriage is an exceptional case; the like may never occur to him again; and even if it should, it will be in another place, and with other parties; so that he will not be compelled to pay liberally because he did so the first time. If we add to these inducements to open-handedness, that of vanity and love of show, we shall easily understand how it is that almost everybody in France chooses to have the best class of wedding-ceremony they can possibly pay for—many, indeed, spending as much on that one day as amounts to a whole year's revenue.

In the tariff as drawn up by the officials of the parish of St Vincent de Paul, marriages were divided into three classes—*Première, Seconde, and Troisième Classe*—accordingly as the marriage was celebrated at the high-altar, in the Chapel of Our Lady, or in one of the dingy little side-chapels dedicated to some one or other of the ten thousand saints of the Romish calendar. But as this bare classification of marriages into first, second, and third class, conveys no information to the uninitiated as to the degree of pomp or humdrum (I shalliber again) displayed, I will describe the different classes somewhat in detail.

Number One, then—a marriage *Première Classe*—included the services of M. le Curé in *propria persona*; it included wax-tapers in abundance on the grand altar, and vestment stiff with silver lace and embroidery on the officiating priests; it included a *suisse*, or beadle, in full dress—cocked-hat with feather trimming, bullion epaulets, laced baldric of scarlet cloth, full-dress sword, silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles. Moreover, it included floral decorations and the music of the grand organ over the west doorway. A marriage Number Two, was far less brilliant and imposing. Instead of M. le Curé at the high-altar, the couple must put up with the benediction of perhaps Monsieur the First Vicar, in the Chapel of Our Lady. They must do with fewer wax-tapers, with plainer vestments, and a less gorgeous beadle—with a cocked-hat without trimming, a coat without bullion epaulets, a baldric of plain leather, an undress sword, no shoe-buckles, and cotton stockings—no flowers, and no organ. As for a marriage, Class Number Three, it would be a very shabby affair indeed. It would be celebrated in a gloomy side-chapel, by a meanly attired priest, and by the light of two beggarly tapers; there would be neither light, nor lace, nor music; and the beadle would hardly condescend to shew the pair the way out of the church.

Now, then, could I hesitate which to choose? Could I return to my lady-love, and tell her that prudence

required us to put up with a vicar instead of a curé—with a beadle in a featherless cocked-hat and cotton stockings?—that we must be satisfied if lighted on the way to happiness by a wretched glimmer from some half-dozen candles?—above all, that the nuptial blessing should be pronounced over us by a man in his second-best clothes? Cupid forbid! Indecision was out of the question, and the vicar's moist little eyes twinkled again when I pronounced for Number One; that is, for the curé, the tapers, the silk stockings, and the organ—no, not for the organ; the organ became the subject of an express stipulation.

Now, my objection to the organ did not arise from the fact that I have no music in my soul, but rather from the fact that I have too much of it. It was not that I should be annoyed, but that I should be affected by it. I am a nervous man, and the bare idea of a big organ, now thundering out a huge volume of sound as the connubial procession passed up the church; now shaking the old roof with the low mutterings of its reed-stop; now running up nobody knows where, into aggravating *roulades* of high-pitched little notes—frightened me half out of my wits. On the organ, therefore, I pronounced an absolute negative, without caring to take counsel on the point with the other person concerned. It might be that that would be the last occasion on which the *liberum veto* would be conceded to me, and I determined to avail myself of it without reserve. To a nervous man, the ordeal of his own wedding is at best a severe trial. It is true that the bride is the observed of all observers; but still the poor bridegroom comes in for a large share of public attention. If he be good-looking, people cry: 'What a handsome couple!' If he be plain, folk whisper: 'What a pity!' Anyhow, he is the mark for all the wits of the party—the butt for all the jokers. He has need of all his self-possession to enable him to bear himself bravely through the trying incidents of the day; and, knowing my weakness, I was quite determined, at all costs, to dispense with the item 'grand organ' in a first-class marriage. At first the vicar seemed disposed to demur; it was usual that the organ should be played, and he could not take on himself to break through the rule without consulting M. le Curé; besides, the organist would expect to earn his fee. 'Oh! as to that,' said I, 'he need be under no apprehension about his fee; whatever is customary, I shall pay with the greatest possible pleasure. My object is not economy; my objection is to the performance, not to the cost of it. I will not pay him to play, but shall be most happy to pay him to remain at home.' The vicar's face brightened in a moment, and he pronounced the arrangement an excellent one; he had no doubt that the organist would consent to oblige me by taking his fee and remaining at home, although he would naturally feel much disappointed at not being called on to exhibit his talents at the marriage of so distinguished a person. Having brought this point to a satisfactory conclusion, I was about leaving the vicar to resume in peace the agreeable occupation I had interrupted, when I fortunately remembered that I had yet another stipulation to make—another condition on which I had been required to insist most energetically.

It is by no means an uncommon thing in Paris to see a marriage and a funeral going on in the same church at one and the same time. On one side may be seen a gay wedding-party kneeling before the hymeneal-altar, and on the other a funeral-train surrounding a bier. On the right, is the priest blessing the union of a pair in the spring-time of joy and hope; on the left, he leads a gloomy band of choristers, who are lugubriously chanting the *De Profundis* over a corpse. It is true that this rarely happens when the marriage or the funeral is of a superior class, because care is then taken to keep the incongruous ceremonies separate; but still, as the hour for the interment is

only fixed the day before by parties who are independent of the church authorities, even with first-class marriages the funeral decorations, unless great diligence is used, are not always entirely removed out of sight. The feelings of the poor man, as a matter of course, are very little consulted; if poverty compel him to be content with a Number Three, the chances are that at the moment he receives his bride, a deep voice from a neighbouring chapel will be groaning out a mournful *requiescat in pace*. It is customary, too, to hang the principal entrance to the church with black cloth, if the corpse be one of 'respectability'; and I was determined, if possible, that the outside as well as the inside of the church should be free from every vestige of so melancholy a style of ornamentation on the day of my wedding. Without being accused of weakness and superstition, I may be permitted to say, that I fully shared in the lady's decided objection to be married in a building decked out for a funeral. The vicar, who declared that he thought my objections very natural and reasonable, desired me to make myself perfectly easy, and faithfully promised that nothing of the kind should happen. If by chance an interment should be fixed too near the hour agreed on for the marriage, he would give me timely notice; so that we might delay our proceedings until all the death-trappings should be cleared away.

Great was my indignation, therefore, when, jumping out of the carriage on the morning of the wedding, I found the whole front of the edifice dressed in mourning. The vicar had broken faith with me. One of St Vincent's wealthiest and most *distingué* parishioners had suddenly departed this life some six-and-thirty hours before; and, in obedience to police-regulation, had that morning rested in the church on his way to his last home in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Either from forgetfulness, or from an ill-founded belief that the trappings of the undertaker could have been removed in time, I had not received the promised notice, and all our precautions were thus rendered ineffectual. The service for the dead was long since over, but the accessories still remained; heavy curtains of sable fringed, pall-like, with white, were looped back to permit the passage of the defunct by the principal entrance, and between their dismal folds yawned the dark cavern of the nave.

To pass beneath this grim paraphernalia on our way to the altar was out of the question; bride, bridegroom, papa, mamma, friends, acquaintances, were unanimous in the opinion that it was impossible; even the very Jehus on the coach-boxes, and the Jeameses on the foot-boards behind them, would have protested against so ill-omened a step. Workmen were removing the hangings, but some time must necessarily elapse ere their work could be completed; and so, rather than wait outside to the intense gratification of the idle crowd which had quickly assembled in order to see the bride, it was proposed that we should wave all considerations of dignity, and enter the church by a small doorway at the end of a side-passage—the entrance, in fact, to the sacristy. The day had been heavy and lowering; rain had threatened all the morning, and but little light had penetrated between the lofty houses down into the narrow street. At this moment, however, the clouds broke away for a space, and a gleam of bright August sunshine fell directly on the humble path we were about to follow; while the sombre drapery on the grand portico being left in shadow, loomed on us by contrast more fearfully than before. 'Let us accept the omen,' exclaimed the mentor of the party; 'the path of ambition is not that which leads to happiness.' The bit of sentiment settled the question; we hesitated no longer; and to the intense disgust and astonishment of the *suisse*—who, in all the glory of his grandest uniform, had by this time come out from between the black curtains to

receive us—we picked our way down the dirty passage, and gained the church by the side-entrance.

Here, again, we were met by our magnificent friend in the feathered cocked-hat and silk stockings. The organ—heaven be praised!—was silent; and to the simple music of the beadle's drum-major little cane, vigorously thumped on the stone pavement as he strode along at the head of the procession, we entered the sacristy, where a fresh surprise awaited us. It now appeared, for the first time, that although 'Monsieur la Grandeur, by the grace of God, and the favour of the Holy Apostolic See,' the Archbishop of Paris, had graciously accorded permission that one of his flock should espouse a heretic, yet that he could not carry his tolerance so far as to permit that the act of marriage should be performed before the altar, as in cases between parties of the orthodox faith. It was ordered that the marriage-service should be read in the sacristy, but no objection was made to an ordinary service at the altar afterwards. The distinction did not strike any of us as one of importance, and we therefore at once expressed ourselves content with the arrangement.

The ceremony went on; and, so far as I remember, did not differ very materially from that used in our own church. M. le Curé made short work of it; and was evidently approaching the end, when a terrible idea flashed on my mind: he was going to forget the ring! Every moment I had expected it to be asked for; and now he had commenced the last page, and it was still safe in my pocket. In an agony of alarm, lest I should be too late, I thrust my hand into my waistcoat; for a second or two, with nervous eagerness, I fumbled and fumbled in vain; at last, chasing it into a corner, I seized it just as I was beginning to fear that I had forgotten to bring it with me. The case was desperate; the occasion was one calling for prompt action. I did not stay to take the ring out of the tissue-paper in which it was wrapped, but starting forward, I leaned over the reading-desk, thrust paper and all under the curé's nose—he was near-sighted, and his nose all but touched the book from which he was reading—and exclaimed: 'Monsieur! the ring, the ring!—you have forgotten the ring!' A general titter from the bystanders followed the discovery; the absurdity of the thing, my look of dismay, and the serio-comic air on the face of the poor priest, were too much for them. The place and the occasion were alike forgotten; even the well-drilled beadle forgot his dignity, and indulged in a grin from ear to ear; and my wife, laughing through her blushes, tugged nervously at her glove. For a few moments it was impossible to proceed; at last, however, the titter subsided into a smile and looks of interest as to what was to come next. The curé, too, recovered his gravity; and, taking the ring, made a kind of apology for the omission of which he had been guilty; he said, that he had all along felt confused and uncertain whether he was right or wrong, because of his having to cut out so much of the usual marriage-service—it being the first occasion (and here he spoke with considerable emphasis) on which he had been called on to unite persons of an opposite faith. With this hit at my heresy—in revenge, I presume, for the conspicuous part he had been made to play in a somewhat ludicrous situation—he gave me back the ring, and bade me place it on my wife's finger; that done, the mutilated service proceeded from the point reached when I had interrupted him, and when it was concluded, we adjourned to the body of the church. There, everything had been prepared as ordered; and the altar, gay with wax-tapers and flowers, presented a striking contrast to the portico, grim with 'suits of wo,' which had so startled us on our arrival at the sacred edifice.

I have nothing more to tell. I was at last really married—twice married—married in the eyes of the law, and in the eye of the world. Neither mayor nor curé

could trouble me more; and, unromantic though it be, I hesitate not to confess, that the thought that I was really married gave me an excellent appetite for the feast which awaited our return.

TRACINGS OF ICELAND AND THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

RETURN TO REIKIAVIK—VOYAGE HOMEWARD.

The next morning proved wet and ungenial, and there was a general indisposition to face it; so not till about mid-day were we prepared to set out for Reikiavik. The only cheering consideration under the circumstances was, that our object had been accomplished, and another day of hardship at most was required to bring us back to the bounds of civilisation. The kind-hearted pastor saved us a wetting in the river by rowing us across, in two divisions, in his boat. The drove of ponies following in disorder, each had to catch his steed as he best might, mount, and set off. I am afraid that my efforts to get on without assistance were as ludicrous to others as they were troublesome to myself. A guide at length charitably interfered between me and my recalcitrant courser, and I was enabled to start with the rest. Somewhat familiarised by this time with Icelandic travelling, we encountered the perils of the Allmannagjá with comparative firmness. As my horse climbed—for it was literally climbing—the steep rocky ascent along the cliff, I felt inclined to wonder that we should have thought the descent of three days before anything of an adventure.

With close-buttoned coats and hats tied down, we pelted along for several miles, in what soon amounted to a wintry storm, across that frightful rocky wilderness which had formed our first day's journey. Sometimes we were dispersed in a long row, sometimes close together; but in the general sense of suffering, there was little conversation amongst us. Again the guides and baggage-horses were left far behind, and it seemed likely that when we should pause, as was necessary, to rest our horses, we should have to wait for hours on a bleak moor, exposed to wind and rain, without a morsel to eat. I had no recollection of ever being, not even in the Highlands of Scotland, in circumstances so utterly miserable. After all, when the time for stopping approached, the weather somewhat improved. The provision-horses, too, came up sooner than we expected. While proceeding a few miles further in company, I bethought me of trying my excellent pedestrian powers as a relief to the racking torment of such rough riding; but scarcely had I proceeded a hundred yards, when I became convinced that a walk is utterly impossible in Iceland. That rock-encumbered path, varied here and there by the flooded ravines which it crosses, is practicable for a horse, but not for a man. Progression there for such a being must consist either in jumping from one slippery block of rock to another, or striding from puddle to puddle across such blocks. Either process would beat Captain Barclay himself to pieces in half an hour. I was glad once more to mount the nimble little creature which had hitherto borne me so well. From this attempt I became convinced that, without the horse, Iceland must be uninhabitable.

After a ride altogether frightful, through storm, and rocks, and puddle indescribable, we paused for refreshment on the banks of the stream where we had rested on the first day. The cheerfulness raised by the improving weather, was increased when two of the governor's sons came up on their ponies to meet and accompany us back to Reikiavik. 'Now,' said one of the Danish gentlemen, as we re-mounted, 'we shall ride the horses into Reikiavik as if we had stolen them.' And so we did. Such a scamper, I had never seen upon a road, much less along a rocky wilderness. The horses could never have executed it, except under

an instinctive sense that stables, provender, and rest were at hand. It was about ten o'clock, and still broad daylight, when we dashed into the streets of the town, and drew up and dismounted on the beach, a most extraordinary assemblage of figures as probably ever met the gaze of the people of that portion of the earth. Like the one in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, the lower half of each man was pure clay. I am afraid to think on the effect of certain supplementary wrappings to which the exigencies of Icelandic travelling had compelled me. We had all, however, the scarcely heaped-for satisfaction of acknowledging that we had passed through our five days of exposure and exertion without any damage to health, nor any harm whatever, except what had happened to the gentleman who fell from his horse. How I should have escaped many tumblings and dislocations thoroughly puzzled me at the time, nor can I yet clearly account for it.

Owing to the *Thor* being under orders to return from Iceland on a certain day, we were unable to make any other excursions in the country. We had indulged in visions of a sail to the celebrated ancient volcano, the Sneefell Jökul, and of a ride to the Sulphur Springs of Krusivik; but none of these could be realised. There was, however, another day to be spent in harbour; and during this, we had some pleasant hours on shore. Through the kindness of Mr Sivartsen, I obtained an example of the old female dress of Iceland, with its various ornaments, including a rich silver girdle, and an elegant laced collar. It had belonged to the sister-in-law of one of the *amtsmen*, or judges, of the island. Others of the party purchased bracelets and girdles, without any of the dress. It is surprising how beautiful some of these articles are, wrought by unprofessional artists in filigree out of the Danish dollars which circulate in the island. As formerly mentioned, all traces of old peculiar fashions in dress and ornament are rapidly disappearing.

In the course of the forenoon, Mr Sivartsen conducted me to the hall of the Althing, which had commenced one of its biennial sessions since our departure for the Geysers. I found, in an upper room in the college, this miniature of a parliament, and could not but admire its simplicity. Two elevated seats, one for the governor as royal commissioner, the other for the chairman or president, with a portrait of the last king hanging between them, form a sort of centre for a double semicircle of pew-seats, in which sit the members, about twenty-five in number; the only other seats being two or three designed for secretaries or clerks. Some of these senators were clad in plain duffel jackets and trousers, as they might be at home; all had a homely look; but there was no lack of good heads and intelligent countenances among them. I was sorry to learn that there is a want of good agreement between this popular body and the Danish government, as there is indeed between the whole Icelandic population and their rulers. As far as I could understand the matter—but this was in so moderate a degree, that I cannot speak with confidence on the subject—there is the same kind of discontent in Iceland with the home government, as that which so long prevailed in Ireland with respect to the central power. While Denmark expends about L.12,000 a year on public matters in Iceland, and only draws a revenue from it of L.5000, the Icelanders are dissatisfied because more is not given. They would have Denmark, as it were, to speculate on possible improvements of Iceland, as a means of obtaining further revenue. The government, on the other hand, think the extra expenditure of L.7000 a year sufficient, and would desire to see the Icelanders lay a few taxes on themselves for the improvement of the island. I am afraid that, here, as in our own sister-island, a long-continued system of fosterage has somewhat taken away from the native population the disposition to help themselves.

It is surely most discreditable to them that their country, after a thousand years of historical existence, is still without a mile of regular road. In 1848, when all the uneasy populations of Europe turned on their sides, that of Iceland turned too, and demanded a constitution. The king sent one to be submitted by Count Trampe to the Althing, which accordingly met to deliberate on the subject. Without even reading the plan laid before them by the governor, they proceeded to frame one for themselves. The count told them that this could not be permitted. The royal proposition must be taken as a basis, let them suggest what alterations they pleased. On finding them obdurate, he threatened to dissolve the assembly. They dared him to do so, and he did it—which most persons seem to think was an unwarrantable and unfortunate step on his part. The scene of hubbub which followed might have appalled a man of less resolution. A kind of rebellion followed; and it became necessary to send an army to restore tranquillity. This army consisted of a lieutenant and thirty-six men; and after its appearance, the disturbance ceased. On their return home, they brought away four small guns, which one Jorgensen had introduced for rebellious purposes many years before, and thus disarmed the island.

This Jorgensen was a common sailor, and his career forms a curious illustration of the simplicity of public matters in Iceland. In 1810, when the British government was obliged from humanity to extend a sort of protection to Iceland, then deprived by the war of all the benefits usually arising from the Danish connection, this man landed from an English vessel, and set himself up as Protector of Iceland. For a little while, his rule was submitted to. One of his decrees was for the disarming of the people, which he enforced by a threat of certain death to every one who should thenceforth be found in possession of a single weapon of any kind. A young merchant in Reikiavik had inadvertently retained possession of a dress-sword, and for this he was seized and condemned to suffer next morning. It chanced that Jorgensen was that night at a loss for a fourth person to make up a party at whist. One of his attendants dropped a hint that Mr — (naming the young culprit) was a good player. He immediately gave orders that the young man should be taken out of prison and brought to play with him. He found him a good player and a pleasant companion; got drunk with him; and told him at parting that his life would not be taken. Jorgensen was soon after dethroned, and taken as a malefactor to Copenhagen, where, however, he received a pardon. A Danish gentleman is said to have met him somewhere in Australia within the last few years.

Perhaps one cause of the slow improvement of Iceland is the intense love which the people entertain for their country as it is. It is not alone the poor peasant, living all his life at one spot, who thinks Iceland the most delightful spot on earth; even the educated classes, who may have spent years of their youth in Denmark, while pursuing their studies, will be found entertaining this preference. A medical man, who lives in the northern part of the island, taking charge of an enormous district for a small government salary, and probably riding a hundred and fifty miles of wilderness per week, told one of our officers that he had been extremely fortunate in life. Immediately after completing his professional education at Copenhagen, he had received this appointment, and for twenty years he had been perfectly happy. To such people, the worst inconveniences and the grossest social faults, so that they are local and characteristic, assume an aspect of interest, and come to be regarded with affection. There is scarcely a more perplexing anomaly in our nature. The individual feels that he is indulging in a sentiment little less sacred than the reverence he owes his Maker, while to others he appears as only

encouraging a prejudice by which the best interests of himself and his neighbors are damaged. It is no new observation, that the most difficult errors to deal with are those which have a dash of the amiable in them.

At present, matters between the island and its home-government are at a species of dead-lock. Whatever is proposed by the latter for the benefit of Iceland meets with opposition. When left to themselves, they will do nothing, and then they complain that they are neglected. Precisely the same circumstances are exhibited in the Farøe Islands. I suspect that such is owing to the difficulty of reconciling a distant dependency to its unimportance. It wishes to be something—it wants its petty nationality to be placed on a level with that of the main country. It will neither submit to be fairly absorbed into and lost in the main state, and so placed on a true equality, nor will it acknowledge its inferiority under a distinct form. Central rulers would need to be constantly flattering the outlying provinces of the state committed to them, in order to keep them sweet. In the countries in immediate question, the evil is increased by commercial arrangements which prevent intercourse with other nations. Here alone is there any hope. After the present year, there will be absolutely no difference in favour of Danish vessels and merchants in either country. It may be expected that British vessels will thereafter find their way to both the Farøes and Iceland, introducing new ideas, and enabling the people to visit other countries and pick up new ideas for themselves. When they have seen railways elsewhere, they may possibly come to see a use for common roads at home. When they have observed how all countries have, more or less, fault to find with their political condition, they will perhaps become aware that they might be under worse rule than that of the king of Denmark.

On the third day after our return from the Geysers, our vessel set sail from Reikiavik. A three-days' voyage, distinguished by no particular incident, brought us back to the Farøes, where the captain hoped to find a supply of coal, which had been sent for from Lerwick. Much to our concern, this hope was disappointed; and there remained only about as much as would keep the vessel in motion for a few hours. We landed, as before, at Thorshavn, and rambled about the town and its neighbourhood. One or two of the party being desirous of purchasing some trifling articles, we sought out the establishment of the royal merchant, Mr Kauffeld. Here, instead of being introduced to a common warehouse, we were shown into a clean uncarpeted room, looking out upon the sea, and were presently addressed by an elderly lady speaking correct English. She proved to be Mrs Kauffeld's mother, a Londoner, who had not been in England for forty years, seven of which she had passed in France, and thirty-three in Denmark and the Farøes; yet there was she, as completely the London woman of the middle class, in manner, speech, and appearance, as if she still lived in Lamb's Conduit Street. Mrs Kauffeld presently came in, and began conversing in English. Followed the worthy merchant himself, a Dane, and only able to speak his own language. They have five little children, all of whom, even to the infant of eighteen months old, can speak a little of their grandmother's tongue.

Mr Kauffeld took us through his establishment, a large store of miscellaneous goods, hard and soft—indeed almost all the articles required in domestic life, except bread, beer, fruit, and a few others. He does business to the amount of 200,000 rix-dollars a year, or £22,500 sterling, receiving fish, oil, and the native woollen products, in exchange for the goods he sells. Next year, this great warehouse, which was quite a curiosity to us, will be closed, and Mr Kauffeld will return to Denmark.

The only other novelty which met our observation

in Thorshavn, was the prevalence of strips of dark-red flesh hanging about the houses; along with a portentous addition to the statutory odours of the place. There had been a flock of *grund*, or dolphins, in the bay within the last few days, and a vast number of the animals had been killed. The rocks were black with their blood. Men and women were seen paring off the flesh from their heads and other bones. Every cottage reeked with potsful of whale-broth. What gave us only disgust, seemed to have produced a universal holiday feeling among these simple villagers.

The remainder of our voyage was tedious from the want of coal and wind, and the prevalence of fogs; but it at length came to an end at Leith, without a single accident of any kind, or any occasion for complaint on the part of the passengers, after we had been just one month absent from home. There was but one feeling of gratitude to Captain Raffenberg and his friendly corps of officers, for the kindness which they had shewn us throughout the voyage, and the time we had spent together in Iceland. We endeavoured in various ways to give tangible expression to this sentiment; and when we finally parted two days after, I am sure there was not one of us who did not feel himself improved by the intercourse he had had with these most respectable specimens of the good folk of Denmark.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

ABOUT three miles north of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, is a small village called Caistor. It is situated near the sea, and contains a few houses and a great deal of sand. There are few trees near it; and those few seem sickly, as if their growth were stunted by the keen winds which sweep along the coast. The only object which attracts attention is a lofty tower, surmounted by a slender flag-pole, which points towards the sky. On nearer inspection, it is found to be only a ruin. The winding stairs which once led to the summit of the tower have been removed, and in places the wall has crumbled away, leaving apertures through which the wind moans mournfully. Four walls enclose a large space of ground, but everything is decayed and in ruins, though enough is left to give the spectator an idea of its former grandeur. Here is what was a moat, but now a dry ditch, choked up with mud and weeds; and there is a massive gate and the remains of a draw-bridge. Part of a chapel is visible, where, in times past, priests with rich vestments sung the solemn mass, and instructed the devout Christians who were assembled, in the way to everlasting life. But priests and auditors, nay, the chapel itself, are gone, and nought remains but the crumbling stones, which mutely tell their tale.

The castle was built by no less a personage than Sir John Falstaff—honest Jack Falstaff! Yet the brave knight bore a character far different from that portrayed by the immortal dramatist. Sir John was no bully, no boaster, no ignorant boor. England is indebted to him for counsel and assistance in times of danger, and ought not entirely to forget the exploits of so brave and loyal a subject.

Old Fuller tells us that Shakespeare at first introduced Sir John Oldcastle upon the stage; but that being resented on account of the high religious character of the knight, he gave his ideal creation a new name, being that of another personage of the period, whose real character was scarcely less different.

John Falstaff, or, more correctly, Fastolfe, was the son of John Fastolfe, a mariner, and came into the world about 1379. He was soon left fatherless; and, according to the custom of the feudal times, was placed under the guardianship of John Duke of Bedford, the regent of France. He afterwards accompanied to France, Thomas Duke of Clarence, on his appointment to the governorship of that country. Whilst there, we

presume, he fell in love; for on St Hilary's day 1409, he married Millicent, daughter of Sir Robert Tiptoft, and widow of Sir Stephen Scroope, whom, on his wedding-day, he contracted to allow £100 per annum for pin-money; this sum was regularly paid until her death, which took place during her husband's lifetime.

The vice-regent's court appears not to have suited the taste of Falstaff, who was more addicted to fighting than lounging about in idleness. He soon, therefore, assumed another character, and, having buckled on his armour, proceeded to France, where abundance of glory was to be obtained. There, his bravery soon made him known. In the accounts of most of the engagements of that period, Falstaff's name occurs in the list of combatants. In Normandy, Gascony, Guienne, Anjou, and Maine, his arm helped to sustain the British power. When Harfleur was taken in 1415, he was made lieutenant of the place, and shortly afterwards received the honour of knighthood. At Agincourt, he took a noble prisoner—no less a person than the Duke of Alençon. He was in the midst of the strife at the taking of Rouen, Caen, Falaise, and Sees, and stormed numbers of strong fortresses and castles; amongst others, the castle of Sillé le Guillaume, for the capture of which he was rewarded by the title of baron in France.

Among other honours poured upon him, he was elected a Knight of the Garter. At his election, there were an equal number of votes for our knight and Sir John Radcliffe; whereupon the Duke of Bedford gave the casting-vote in favour of Falstaff, and sent him a letter abounding with expressions of praise. Now, Monstrelet, in his Chronicle, states that Falstaff was degraded from the order on account of his dastardly conduct at the battle of Patay, where he and his followers, being struck with terror at the appearance of the mysterious Joan of Arc, took to their heels, and left the French army in possession of the field. This tale, unsupported by another testimony, is utterly false; for, although it is a fact that Sir John was put to flight at Patay, the tale of his being degraded from the Order of the Garter, is proved untrue by the circumstance of his regular attendance at the chapters of the order long after the period at which his degradation is stated to have taken place. Shakespeare, however, did not forget this story; witness the first part of *Henry IV.*, where Lord Talbot says:

Shame on the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven leg (*plucking it off*),

Which I have done, because unworthily

Thou wast installed in that high degree.

The crowning exploit of Sir John was his brave conduct at the battle of the Herrings; and how could a Yarmouth man fail to conquer in such a battle? With a small band of Englishmen, he routed a numerous French army, commanded by 'le jeune et beau Dunois' himself. The battle got its name from the circumstance of our knight making a kind of fortification with his wagons, which were for the most part full of herrings; for, besides the army being led by a Yarmouth man, the season was Lent, and these two circumstances combined, shew the reason of his carrying so large a quantity of that small but excellent fish.

The year following the affair at Patay found Sir John lieutenant of Caen; and he was sent in 1432 as ambassador to the council of Basel, where he seems to have fulfilled his duty satisfactorily, for he was afterwards sent to conclude a peace with France. A few years after this event, the good old knight retired from service, with glory and renown; he turned his steps towards his native place, and, building a castle at Caistor, there spent the remainder of his life. He died in 1459, and was buried at the priory of Broomholm. His resting-place while dead, and his habitation while

living, have bowed before the stroke of time, and nothing now remains but a few mouldering, crumbling walls. A few years more, and all will be gone.

In his retirement, Sir John was not oblivious of the advantages of learning. In that age, little encouragement was given to literature; but to that little, he contributed a part. The translation of Tully de Senectute was made by his order, and printed in 1481 by the father of English printing. To Oxford; he was a bountiful benefactor; nor was he forgetful of the sister university of Cambridge.

He was intent in his old age upon founding a college for seven priests, and the same number of poor men; but unexpected difficulties arrested its progress, and death proved an irresistible obstacle to its completion.

Such was the Falstaff of fact, a soldier of courage and conduct, and altogether, for his age, a worthy and respectable character. It will always, probably, remain a mystery how Shakspeare should have thought of adopting for his extraordinary personation of sensuality, cowardice, and drollery, the name, first of a virtuous martyr, and, secondly, of a thoroughly noble soldier. So it was, however; and never, while the English language endures, shall we cease to recognise in the word Falstaff, instead of a name of honour and dignity, a signal for raising mirth.

THROUGH THE POWDER-MILLS.

'CHILDREN, suppose we go to-day to see the powder-mills?'

This maternal invitation was not very warmly responded to. Some of us, here safely buried out of the busy world, and greatly enjoying our entombment, thought nothing so interesting as our own old ruin where we had nestled for the summer, in company with the owls and crows—nothing so charming as our woody braces, our sunny castle-garden, our ever-musical linn. The mere mention of any mills—and powder-mills—pah! was intolerable. Another fair division—of a learned tendency—suggested that powder-mills had an unpleasant habit of blowing themselves up, especially in the presence of visitors; and life being still valuable, for scientific and other purposes, this division resolutely declined. A third section of our household—fortunately indifferent as to external entertainments, and willing to do anything, or go anywhere, under certain conditions—merely hinted that the expedition would be 'stupid.'

'Children, papa particularly wishes you to go.'

Of course, we went.

It was a lovely day in October—a Scottish October—resembling that 'Indian summer' of which Americans boast, and which must be the heavenliest season of the year. We set off—young men and maidens, mother and bairns—there is nothing more pleasant than a country walk with children. Forgetting the powder-mills, our destination, together with all agreeable prognostications about our doubtful return, except in a few blackened fragments, we gave ourselves up entirely to the delight of the ramble.

Never mind, children, though we slip at every step down the steep, curved road, muddy with last night's rain, and thickly sown with fallen leaves. One look backwards at our old ruin, the broken turret of which stands out against a sky of that soft, pale, milky blue, peculiar to autumn—clear, though you feel at any minute it might hide itself under those white fleecy clouds, and darken into settled rain. Still, never mind—a brighter day has not blessed us through the whole year, even if it be the last.

I love autumn: I love every hour of a day like this; snatched as it were in the very face of winter, and revelled in—no, not revelled, it is too young and foolish a word—but enjoyed, solemnly and thankfully enjoyed, like a late-in-life happiness—perhaps the truest and

sacreddest of all. I love every step of a walk like this—every soft downward flitter of the contented leaves, that have done their summer work, and seem not afraid of dying. I like to stop every yard or two to pull a last-remaining flower, a stray bit of woodbine, or a red crane's-bill; to notice the shimmering spider-webs, covering every fern and fall grass-seed—easily distinguished, for on them the dew lies all day now. Plunging through this wood would be almost like fording the river—or, own river, which we can hear running at the foot of this brace. And there, skirting along, we catch a glimpse of the little nooky valley where lies our familiar bleachfield, with the white webs spread out in the sunshine.

Emerging into a high road, we still hear, unseen, the sound of falling waters coming up from the bottom of the woody slope.

'We are safe to follow the stream up to the powder-mills,' said mamma.

Truly, this is the very last place where one would think of looking for any sort of manufacture, least of all that which makes of 'villainous saltpetre' and other material—

Dugged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth.

the fearful combination, horror of all mothers, from the time when little Jack burns his wicked wee fingers with a surreptitious squib on Gunpowder-plot Day, till—God help her!—she finds 'my poor son John' in the fatal lists that in their terrible brevity come home to us from Sebastopol.

Sebastopol!—we can hardly believe there is such a place, when strolling along here. What a lovely spot! A deep winding gorge, cut cleanly down out of the hilly country, at the bottom of which the river runs; no, not runs, but skips and dances, swiftly and brightly, over a bed of stones, sometimes so shallow we can almost cross it; sometimes settling into deep pools. It has very high banks, thick with trees, or fringed with large ferns; now and then a rough, bare, reddish rock crops out, and makes little 'bits' so exquisite, that one would not wonder to find an artist and an easel planted at every hundred yards. But no; this glen is out of the beaten tracks of painters and tourists; nobody minds it; it is only 'the road to the powder-mills.'

So we stroll along, marvelling at its beauty, its delicious sights and sounds, though of the latter there is nothing louder than the lap-lap of the waters, or the chirr of a wood-pigeon's wing. We do not meet a soul, nor seem to expect it; everywhere is spread a safe solitude, a golden Arcadian calm.

'The road to the powder-mills.' We have almost forgotten their existence. However, here, on an old stone-gateway, which might answer as portal to anything in the feudal line, we espy a notification of 'No admission except on business.' Of course our entrance is 'on business,' as this must be our destination. But we see nothing more portentous than a decent cottage, with a border of flowers, and a kail-yard behind, sloping riverwards. At the door stands a comely woman, with a couple of fat flaxen-haired little ones; bless their little hearts! they do not look as if they belonged to a powder-mill. However, to make sure, we ask the question.

'Oo ay,' briefly replies the woman, and points our way on.

No symptoms whatever of anything beyond a lovely country-road skirting the river, which runs at our left-hand, while on the right is a high bank, all brambles and fern. As for any sign of human habitation—yes—here is certainly a sort of cottage, partly cut out of the rock, partly built of stone, the door and windows carefully fastened up; but otherwise, nothing remarkable. And beside it, greatly to the children's delight, springs from a rock one of those slender runnels

that in summer dwindle to a mere thread. Led by a rude wooden-spout, it comes leaping down, no thicker than a girl's wrist. We rush to it, and try hard to quench our thirst out of Adam's goblet—namely, six drops caught in the palm of the hand—until one brilliant genius boldly stands under, and puts his lips to the tiny douche, getting at once his fill, not only in mouth, but in eyes, nose, and shirt-collar. Then the children are seized with a few fit of drouth, and insist on trying the same experiment, which results in a universal laugh, and a pretty general soaking.

All this time, save the woman and the bairns, we had not seen a living soul.

'Where shall we find the powder-mills?' became a serious question; and some of us suggested that they might have blown up overnight, and be found nowhere at all. At last, to solve the difficulty, we beheld, issuing from a second low round building, two—ay, actually two men. Our youngest shrank back behind her mamma's shawl.

For, very grimly to look upon were these individuals—black-faced, sooty-handed, with an odd uncertain frightened air. They eyed us with a sort of uneasy curiosity, as if wondering how on earth we had got in there, but said nothing.

Past—though at a distance of some fifty yards—past another small round house, through the half-opened door of which we discerned a heap of what looked like butter-kegs, soot-blackened. Hard by stood, with equally sombre looks, another of these Acherontic workmen. And then we met a wagon, blackened all over; it rolled slowly along, the green boughs that overhung the road brushing its top, which was covered in as carefully as if there had been somebody dead inside. The wagoner—he might have been Pluto's own—looked at our gay laughing party with the same air of glum astonishment, and passed us by.

'I'm sure that cart is full of gunpowder.'

'Do you think those shut-up houses can be powder-magazines?'

'I vow I smell sulphur!'

And surely, in the midst of this lovely glen, through the murmur of the water, and the fresh scent of the dewy ferns, we became sensible of a most Tartarean odour. We had reached the gunpowder region at last.

The green lane broke into an open space, blackened with debris of unknown kind; the running stream was caught and diverted into various mysterious channels, or led under water-wheels in dark buildings, of which the doors seemed sedulously kept half-closed. Another peculiarity of these buildings was, that each was planted separate, within a considerable distance of the other. Between them, a few workmen were moving about with that grim cautiousness which seemed the characteristic of the place. There was none of the careless jollity one usually sees in a manufacturing community; everybody seemed to go about as if he had something on his mind.

'Ladies, I think you must have mistaken your way. We never allow strangers through our premises: it would be highly dangerous.'

'Dangerous!—and our old horrors revived.'

'Yes, madam,' continued the owner, after he had been informed who we were, and our passport to his domains. 'You see, the most trivial carelessness, a spark from a cigar, the friction of a shoe-nail against the floor, might blow up any one of our magazines or workshops—one, or even more; though, as you may have noticed, we place them as far asunder as we can, for fear of accident.'

'Do accidents often occur?' we asked in some trepidation.

'Fewer, in late years; but when they do, they are rather serious. My house there—and the old gentleman who, from his comfortable and benign countenance and manner, might have spent his days in

growing innocent wheat instead of fabricating gunpowder—pointed to a handsome abode on the top of the hill—'my house there had once the roof torn off, and the drawing-room windows blown in, with an explosion; so it behoves us to take precautions.'

'Perhaps it were better not to go,' hesitated some of us, and wished ourselves well out of this den of danger.

'No fear,' smiled the mill-owner. 'If you will follow my son, and go only where he tells you, you will come to no harm.'

We obeyed; not without qualms, which, however, gradually vanished under the gentlemanly kindness and intelligence of our guide.

Now, this does not pretend to be a scientific 'article.' Any one who wishes to know how gunpowder is made, must just look out letter G in the nearest cyclopædia; for in spite of 'my son's' courteous and lucid explanations as we went through the mills, I have at this minute the very vaguest ideas on the subject. I know we went up and down for about half a mile along the river-side, poked our heads tremblingly into various dark buildings, in one of which was a gigantic water-wheel, grinding incessantly at what was said to be gunpowder, and in which the intrusion of a few grains of some foreign body would blow up the whole concern, and scatter destruction in all directions. I know we crossed the stream on a footbridge, and for a few moments paused there to look up at a perpendicular rock, chiefly composed of red sandstone. It was about 100 feet high, crowned by a natural turret, round which clustered bushes of green broom, pendent bramble-wreaths, and boughs of yellow birch—a view picturesque enough to be made use of, and exhibited, like our neighbouring show-place, at sixpence per head, but which here abides unnoticed and tourist-free, being only 'the powder-mills.'

I know, likewise, that we might have gained an infinite deal of useful information, had not our minds been sorely distracted by the natural propensity of the younger generation to stand on the edge of deep water-tanks; or persist in penetrating into murky houses, whence issued sulphurous stenches; or shew a fatal inclination to take and handle hot saltpetre crystals; in fact, to do anything they ought not to do, and nothing that they ought. A small peculiarity, not on the whole objectionable. A child is good for little without a certain degree of intelligent inquisitiveness.

Well, we ran the gauntlet of the whole machinery, and no harm came to anybody. We saw the grinding and the drying, and the mixing of those ingredients, harmless enough apart, which make up the great destructive agent—the most cursed invention of the human race. We saw it packed in those innocent-looking kegs, and lying safe and innocuous in those little stone-houses, over which beech-trees shook their leaves, and fern and brambles grew: lying there, in that quiet glen, until it should be transferred thence to work abroad its errand of death.

'We have sent a great deal to the Turkish government, for the Crimea,' was the answer to a very natural question on our parts. 'Indeed, we send it from these mills to every quarter of the world.'

God help the world! There was something sickening in the idea how, in these terrible war-times, a human life might hang, as it were, upon every ounce of the fatal substance that lay so snug in this Arcadian valley—that we had close at our hand what may ere long be destined to level a city, destroy a fleet, or slaughter an army. And yet the river went singing on, and the boughs waved, and the bees buzzed about in the sun-shine, and all the Omnipotent's beautiful world of nature lived its innocent unconscious life, each in its own way. It was an awful thought—a thought which nothing could allay, save a belief in the same Omnipotence, and in that manifestation of it which makes it to us likewise All-wisdom and All-love.

We ended our inspection of the powder-mills, if not more practically informed concerning them, at all events considerably the better for many new and serious thoughts. Quitting our kind guide, who had brought us to the entrance, we again retraced our way to the further end of the glen. The works altogether extended, we were told, for more than a mile along the river-side. Repassing the various places, but keeping at a safe distance, and standing most respectfully aside whenever we met one of the funereal-looking powder-wagons with its grim wagoner—I declare solemnly, we did not meet a single workman who wore a smile upon his face!—we came at last to the utmost boundary of the mills.

I think more than one of us breathed freer, and took a brighter and cheerier view of the outside world, when we had got fairly out of sight and smell of Friar Bacon's atrocious condiments—admirable cookery for the feast of death; and, walking along past a cottage and a byre, where stood a sturdy farmer-lad with his team, and a lassie with a bucket—both good specimens of that bright, honest, intelligent cast of face which one continually meets with in the pastoral districts of Scotland—we came, by a sudden twist in the road, upon a 'bonnie sight.'

On a bare knoll, round which the stream curved, clustered about in all directions, down even to the shiny shallows of the water, lay a flock of sheep—the whitest, the fattest, the meekest, and happiest-looking sheep; not in scores merely, but in hundreds, basking in the sun, chewing the cud *en masse*; and at the sound of footsteps, just turning round their innocent mild faces, but scarcely a single one stirred. They were not afraid—why need they? They looked as if not a thought of harm or evil had ever troubled their lives. A little way off were the two shepherds—one lolling on the ground, the other standing smoking his pipe; and at their feet the colliers dozed in peace.

We began talking to one of the shepherds—a brown-faced old fellow, with a keen honest eye and shaggy brows. Nothing loath, he came and leaned against the little wooden bridge where we were sitting, and listened with a gratified smile to our warm admiration of his charge.

'They're no bad sheep,' was all he answered.

We asked where they came from.

'Frae Skye, and going to Galashiels.'

'You are a Highlandman?'

'Ay, but no o' Skye; I come frae Loch'—(I missed the word) 'by Inverness'—as, indeed, one might almost have guessed by his very pure accent.

'It is a fine country about Inverness.'

'Tis that indeed; and mony guid sheep thereabouts too. But these come frae Skye,' he repeated, looking downwards at his fleecy friends.

'Did you bring them all the way? and how long have you been on the road?'

'Just'—he paused to ponder—'just thirty-four days.'

'And how many are there in the flock?'

'Five hundred and forty.'

To bring 540 sheep a month's journey across the country! It seemed no easy undertaking. 'And how many miles a day do you get over?'

'About ten, or maybe twal—nae mair: they're tender beasts, ye ken.'

'And what do you do at night?'

'Watch.'

'Isn't it very cold lying out of nights now?'

The old shepherd shrugged his shoulders, but said sturdily: 'Ou, no!'

'Where did you lie last night?'

'Out on the back o' the Pentlands.'

They looked bright and sunshiny enough now, these bonniest of all the Lowland hills; but last night, I remembered we could not see them for mist and rain.

'Come, Willie, we maun awa,' said our friend, to his companion, after standing a few minutes more silently leaning over the bridge, with his bonnet pulled over his eyes.

The lad sprang up, likewise the colliers. Soon the sheep were roused into a general commotion, and, divided into two flocks, slowly began to move away. Our shepherd waited for the first detachment to clear off; then, calling his flock and his collier in some incomprehensible Highland tongue, drew his plaid over his shoulder and prepared to follow.

'Is that plaid all you have to lie out in of nights?' I asked, as we bade him good-by.

'Ou ay! It's wearin' auld, like mysel'; but it's no that bad; and it'll last out my time. Guid-day, leddie!—guid-day.'

And so, wrapping it round him, the old shepherd went after his flock.

'Surely they are not going through the powder-mills.'

No, no. We saw them a few minutes after, winding leisurely up the brae that led into the flat country—the country of cornfields and pasture-lands. We caught the last glimmer of the white moving mass as it disappeared under the trees—heard fainter, and fainter, the sharp barking of the dogs; and then we were sitting alone on the small bridge, listening to the running of the river, and looking out lazily upon the sunny curves of the Pentlands far away.

'I wonder,' whispered one of us, 'whether there will ever come a time when there shall be no such thing in the world as Gunpowder Mills!'

A NEW FACE FOR AN OLD HOUSE.

An impression prevails that one consequence of Her Majesty's visit to Paris will be the gradual adoption of a system for promoting the beauty and salubrity of the Great Metropolis. The New Metropolitan Buildings Act will effect something, and might very properly be made the basis of a general scheme of improvement. London will perhaps never look so bright and cheerful as Paris; but with a purified river and a smokeless atmosphere, its appearance would be surprisingly different from what it is at present. What we want in sunlight might be made up in colour—that is, colour on the walls. There is no reason why dead and dingy surfaces of brick should remain dead and dingy; for there is an available means by which they may be covered with a weather-proof glaze of almost any colour, on which impurities would hardly lodge, or would be washed off with every shower of rain. We mentioned the subject some months ago in the *Journal*, and think it worth repeating at the present juncture.

A paper on 'Hydraulic Lime, Artificial Stone, and Different Novel Applications of Soluble Silicates,' addressed by M. F. Kuhlmann to the Académie des Sciences at Paris, takes up the subject in theory and practice. The author tells us that when once the marked affinity of lime for silicic acid was discovered, the silicifying of stone became an easy mechanical process; and further, that the action of lime on metallic oxides has led, and will lead, to important results in art. He lays down the law, that 'whenever a salt reputed insoluble in water is brought into contact with the solution of a salt the acid of which forms, with the base of the insoluble salt, a salt still more insoluble, there is an exchange; but in most cases the exchange is but partial, admitting the formation of double salts.' By direct application of this law, he has succeeded in giving a certain degree of silicification to chromate of lead and of lime, to numerous metallic carbonates, and to some oxides, particularly oxide of lead.

Another step was the application of alkaline silicates to painting, and instead of oils and the ordinary

vehicles, M. Kuhlmann uses a concentrated solution of silicate of potash, finding it work well with vermilion, green, ultramarine-blue, the ochres, oxide of chrome, and some others. These colours applied to a wall become, so to speak, part of its substance, and are almost imperishable. Prepare your wall; paint it either plain, or any design according to taste; then sprinkle the whole surface with the solution of potash above mentioned, or of soda, and you cover it with a permanent glaze. Advantage has been taken of this discovery in the decoration of public buildings at Munich, and other places in Germany, and with the happiest effects. And in another way: when the Munich theatre was rebuilt, the inflammable materials were saturated in the solution, to render them fire-proof. It is known that fire takes but little hold on even stuffs and cottons that have been treated with the solution.

Should the cost of the silicated colours be objected to, the wall may be painted with ordinary water-colours, and then coated with the solution. This is applied by means of a small hand-pump, or a syringe fitted with a rose, so that the stream shall fall as a light shower. The liquid soon dries, and forms a glaze wind and weather proof. What scope is thus afforded for ornamental frescoes, or many species of decoration, which might beautify our streets for years, unsullied by dust or smoke!

Wood, affected as it is by moisture, is not so well adapted for the silicated colours as brick or stone. The most suitable kinds, according to M. Kuhlmann, are ash and hornbeam. But glass, porcelain, and metal, if quite dry, take the colours readily. In glass particularly, a semi-transparency is obtained, which renders it applicable, at low cost, to the windows of private houses or of churches; and we all know what admirable effects can be produced by coloured panes artistically introduced. At this point, the author makes the following practical remarks:—'Artificial sulphate of baryta, applied by means of the silicate of potash to glass, gives to the latter a milkwhite colour of great beauty.' The sulphate becomes intimately incorporated with the silice; and after a few days, cannot be washed off even with hot water. On subjecting the glass thus painted to the action of an elevated temperature, a beautiful white enamel is produced on the surface, which would economically replace the enamels that have oxide of tin for their base. Ultramarine-blue, oxide of chrome, and coloured or porphyrised enamels, are a great resource in this new method of painting; for if there be no chemical combination in all these applications of colour, there is at least a very powerful adherence determined by the silicious cement, of which the hardening is doubtless facilitated by the excessive division wherewith it is presented to the action of the air.'

M. Kuhlmann has further succeeded in using his silicated colours for designs on paper-hangings, on cotton and woollen cloth, and in letter-press printing. 'The processes,' he says, 'differ very little from those in use in the various modes of printing. One important condition is to maintain the silicious colours in a uniform state of humidity during their application; whether the application take place with blocks of wood or metal, or by having recourse to type. All the colours that I have applied,' he adds, 'on stone, wood, metal, or glass, serve for printing on paper or woven cloths. Typography, colour-printing, the application of gold or silver in powder or in leaf, can all be executed with the same facility, taking care, with certain colour, to keep out sulphur in the preparation of the silicates. Ultramarine is fixed in cloths with more solidity and economy by the silicate of potash, than by the methods now in use.'

Here we have a wide range of applications arising out of M. Kuhlmann's discovery; and that the range

will be extended, is not doubtful. We may add, that by grinding the charcoal used in the preparation of Indian-ink with silicate of potash in solution, a writing-ink is obtained almost indestructible by chemical agents; and the same solution, mixed with a decoction of cochineal, gives a red ink, the colour of which resists for a long time the action of chlorine and the acids.

Specimens of M. Kuhlmann's art are to be seen in the French Exposition. Perhaps some practical member of the Society of Arts, during his visit to Paris, will inform himself of the means by which the discovery may be made available in this country. Mr Barlow's lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution has already done something towards making it known.

AT THE LINN-SIDE.

O living, living water,
So busy and so bright,
Up-flashing in the morning beam,
And sounding through the night—
O golden-shining water,
Would God that I might be
A vocal message from His mouth
Into the world, like thee!

O happy, happy water,
Which nothing e'er affrays,
And, as it pours from crag to crag,
Nothing e'er stops or stays.
But past cool heathery hollows,
Or gloomy deeps it flows,
By rocks that fain would close it in,
Leaps through—and on it goes.

O freshening, sparkling water,
O voice that's never still,
Though Winter her fair dead-white hand
Lays over brae and hill.
Though no leaf's left to flitter
In woods all mute and hoar,
Yet thou, O river, night and day
Thou runnest evermore.

No foul thing can defile thee;
Thou castest all aside,
Like a good heart that midst the ill
Of this world doth abide.
O living, living water,
Still fresh and bright and free,
God lead us through this changing world,
For ever pure, like thee!

THE DEAD—CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who existed since the beginning of time amounts to 36,627,843,275,075,846. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000—the number of square leagues of land on the globe—leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land, which, being divided as before, give 1,134,622,976 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,853,174,600,000, which, being divided as before, will give 1283 inhabitants to each square rod; which, being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetery—1283 human beings lie buried on each square rod—scarcely sufficient for ten graves. Each grave must contain 128 persons. Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of our globe has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

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CHESS AND WAR.

TRULY, Napoleon III. finds employment for his subjects in France as well as in the Crimea, thought I, when lately threading my way amongst piles of building materials, and the wreck of dismantled houses, in search of a favourite haunt of bygone days in the fair city of Paris. My search was in vain. The Café de la Régence, that for more than a century had been the head-quarters of Parisian literature and chess-playing, had fallen before the modern march of improvement, and I could not discover even the spot upon which this world-renowned resort had so long stood. The Régence was established about 1718, during the regency of the Duke d'Orléans, from which circumstance it derived its name. It immediately became, and till nearly the close of the eighteenth century continued to be, the principal rendezvous of the leading French literature of the period. The profligate Duc de Richelieu, Marshal Saxe, the two Rousseaus—Jean-Baptiste and Jean-Jacques—Voltaire, D'Alembert, Holbach, Diderot, Marmontel, Grimm, are but a few of the celebrated names that frequented its large, low-roofed, dingy, sand-bestrewn *salon*. Grimm tells us that a guard used to mount daily at the Régence, to prevent the mob from breaking the windows, so eager were they to see Jean-Jacques Rousseau attired in his fur-cap and flowing Armenian robe. Benjamin Franklin, too, when in Paris, was a constant visitor to the Régence, and there, in all probability, acquired the first idea of his entertaining *Morals of Chess*; for towards the end of the last century, the Régence gradually became more of a chess than a purely literary resort.

To the *littérateurs* of the *petit-maitre* school succeeded the stern men of the Revolution. Robespierre, who, in spite of the change of fashion, still wore hair-powder and ruffles, played chess in the Régence with the close-cropt, shabby-looking Fouché. Another player of that period was the young sous-lieutenant of artillery, who subsequently astonished the world as the Emperor Napoleon. About this time, too, arose—the Régence being their fostering *alma mater*—the great school of chess-players, which has made France so celebrated for the game. Legalle, Philidor, Boncourt, Deschapelles, Mouret, La Bourdonnais, St Amant, with a host of other less renowned celebrities, bring the series down to almost the present day—all now, save St Amant, numbered with the dead—the very hall, that has so often resounded with their victories, levelled to the ground.

As may well be supposed, the Régence, when it had a local habitation and a name, was rich in traditionary

lore. The tables where Voltaire and Rousseau used to sit, were, to a late period, known by their names. I have drunk coffee at Jean-Jacques, and played chess on Voltaire. The most cherished legend, however, was, that Robespierre, who was passionately fond of chess, granted the life of a young royalist to a lady, the lover of the proscribed, who, dressed in male attire, came to the Régence and defeated the sanguinary dictator at his favourite game. We would gladly believe this redeeming trait in the character of one who has so much to answer for, but the story sounds too like a myth. You might mollify the heart of the most tigerly disposed of the human race with a good dinner and a bottle or two of *Clos de Vougeot*, but you cannot disturb the equanimity of the mildest-mannered man, or annoy his *amour propre* in a greater degree, than by giving him check-mate. Still, as the relater of the legend said, 'let us hope it is true.'

The French novelists have laid many of their scenes in the Régence, and the compilers or manufacturers of *facétie* have found it a fertile soil. Of the latter, there is one that even our own learned Josephus Millerius, of witty memory, would not have been sorry to record. It relates how a certain man frequented the Régence, six or seven hours daily, for more than ten years. He never spoke to any one; and when asked to play, invariably refused, but manifested great interest in the games played by others. One day, at length, a very intricate and disputed question arose between two players. The bystanders were appealed to; but the opinions on each side were equal. The taciturn man was then called in as umpire. He hesitated, stammered, and, when pressed, acknowledged, to the extreme astonishment of all, that he knew nothing whatever of the game, not even the initiatory moves. 'Why, then,' exclaimed one, 'do you waste so many precious years watching a game you can take no possible interest in?' 'I am a married man,' was the quiet reply, 'and I find myself more comfortable here than at home with my wife.'

Deschapelles was probably the best, and certainly the most remarkable, chess-player that ever entered the *salon* of the Café de la Régence. He was naturally endowed with an exclusively peculiar talent for rapidly acquiring a complete mastership over the most intricate games of skill. At trick-track, a very difficult and complicated game, somewhat resembling backgammon, he was unrivalled. Polish draughts, a highly scientific game, little inferior to chess, he mastered in three months, beating the very best players of the day, though seven or eight years is generally considered a fair period for a person of ordinary abilities to become a second or third rate player. More extraordinary

still: he always asserted that he acquired all he ever knew of chess in four days! 'I learned the moves,' he used to say, 'played with Bernard [a celebrated player]; lost the first, second, and third day, but beat him on the fourth; since which time I have neither advanced nor receded. Chess to me has been, and is, a single idea. I look neither to the right nor to the left; but I simply examine the position before me, as I would that of two hostile armies, and I do that which I think best to be done.' Still more extraordinary is the spanner in which this preternatural faculty was developed. In his first youth, Deschappelles was considered to be a person of rather inferior abilities. Joining, however, the army of the republic, he was one of a small body of French infantry which was charged by a brigade of Prussian cavalry: in the mêlée, his right hand was shorn off; a sabre-cut clove his skull, and another gashed his face diagonally from brow to chin. This was not all. The whole Prussian brigade galloped twice over his mangled body; once in the onslaught, and again in their retreat. Deschappelles was subsequently picked up, and carried off the field, his head presenting a ghastly mass of fractures. To the surprise of everybody, he ultimately recovered; and to his death, which occurred but a few years since, he ever attributed his unparalleled endowments, as regards games of skill, to the *bouleversement* his brain received on that awful occasion!

Great men, in their varied walks of life, are generally modest; Deschappelles, however, was an exception to the rule. Yet his assumption, if not warranted, was at least supported by his merits; it was a sort of military frankness, rather than gasconade. He was as proud, and talked as much of his success in growing prize-melons in the Faubourg du Temple, as he was of his chess-victories in the Palais Royal. In short, it seems that in everything he turned his mind to he was successful; and so much were the Parisians impressed with the idea of his universal abilities, that the Gauls—one of the secret societies of 1832—had seriously proposed, in the event of a forcible change of government, to create M. Deschappelles dictator of France.

Mouret, chess-teacher to the family of Louis-Philippe, was one of the most amusing of the later frequenters of the Régence. It was he who, shut up in a drawer barely sufficient to contain a good-sized cat, for many years conducted the moves of the celebrated, but improperly termed, automaton chess-player, in almost all the principal towns of Europe. Many were the amusing anecdotes he used to relate, when subsequently revealing the secrets of his prison-house. Though the slightest noise, the least audible intimation of a living creature being concealed in the chest—apparently filled with wheels and other mechanism, upon which the automaton played—would have been fatal to the deception, Mouret never lost his presence of mind, save upon one occasion. It happened thus: The automaton was exhibiting in the capital of one of the minor German principalities, and, as usual, drawing crowded audiences. A professor of legerdemain—everybody is a professor now-a-days—who was performing in the same place, finding his occupation gone through the superior attractions of the wooden chess-player, determined to discover and expose the secret. Aided by his long professional experience of the deceptive art, he soon saw through the trick, which more learned

persons had only distantly guessed at; and, assisted by an accomplice, raised a sudden outcry of fire just as the automaton was in the midst of an interesting game. The noise of the alarmed spectators rushing from the room, struck a momentary panic to the heart of Mouret, who, believing himself about to be burned alive, struggled so violently to release himself from his concealed bondage, that he rolled the automaton, turban, cushion, and all, over on the floor. Maelzel, the visible exhibiter, instantly flying to the rescue, dropped the curtain; but next day the automaton left the town, and the astute conjuror remained master of the field.

In justice to chess, it must be added of poor Mouret, the most amusing of story-tellers, that he was the only first-class chess-player I have ever met with who extinguished fine abilities, sacrificed character, and destroyed life, by over-indulgence in strong waters.

But I have wandered too long among the traditions of the Régence. Fatigued and disappointed by my fruitless search after the building itself, I made my way round to the Place du Palais Royal, and seating myself in a peculiarly comfortable arm-chair, commenced an agreeable flirtation with a glass of lemonade. There, while musing on the chess-paladins of the past, I was startled by an appearance which, at first glance, I took to be a spectre, but immediately after recognised as one of the last living relics of the olden time. It was the tall, thin, black-stocked, frock-coated, buttoned-up, linenless-looking, grisly old Pole, with the unpronounceable name, who for many years has been so well known to the *habitués* of the Régence. I never met with any one who could spell and pronounce his most cacophonous of names; but that did not matter, as he had long held the titular rank of colonel; while the youngsters of the Régence—behind his back, though, be it said—gave him the sobriquet of Leipsic, from his interminable, and not always very well-relished, accounts of that famous battle.

He was doing the *flaneur* business in grand style, when, like the Ancient Mariner, I held him with my eye, and, to keep up the nautical allusion, soon brought him to anchor in the chair beside me. Our first greetings being over, we lamented the decadence of chess and the fall of the Régence; then spoke of other matters of general and peculiar interest. As I suspected that the great question of the day, to him at least, related to dinner, I at once, by a quiet invitation, set his mind at rest on that important subject, and then inquired where the Parisian chess-players now mustered.

'Some of them,' he replied, 'are *aristos* shut up in clubs—a vile system, excuse me, though borrowed from your own country. A few still worship Caïssa, the divine goddess of chess, in a café; come,' he continued, 'let me introduce you to her modern temple.'

I found the temple of Caïssa, as my companion rather magniloquently denominated it, to be, in spite of plate-glass, gilding, and marble-topped tables, little better than a third-rate café; and saw, as soon as I entered, that the fane of the goddess was desecrated by draughts and dominoes—the games of bores and children. The Pole invited me to play, but I declined; for not relishing either the air of the place or the tone of its company, I had at once made up my mind to remain but a few minutes. We had discussed a *demi tasse* each, and were about to depart, when a young soldier

entered the salon—a Zouave, who had been wounded at the Alma. I am an Englishman, and, of course having a thorough contempt for enthusiasm, detest scenes and all such sort of things; still, I could not refrain from fraternising with the brave fellow, from shaking the remaining hand of one who had lost the other fighting beside my own countrymen. Then the filling and emptying of glasses, the universal rite and symbol of fraternity, had to be duly celebrated. Did we not *trinquer* together! Did I not, in honour of the occasion, drink a whole *petit verre* of that, to me at least, horribly offensive compound—offensive to the olfactory as well as the gustatory nerves—*crème d'absinthe*!

The entrance of the soldier, like the breaking of a potent spell, unloosed a score of tongues. Draught, domino, and chess-players, threw up their games, to converse on the all-absorbing topic of the war. With no little amount of vociferation and gesticulation, the movements of the Allied armies were freely criticised, and approval or censure loudly proclaimed, by the wordy disputants. I need scarcely observe, that there are matters connected with the war humiliating and painful to English ears—with true French politeness, these subjects were not brought forward in my presence. But as the hot debate was rapidly leading towards that unpleasant direction, the wily old Pole created a diversion by exclaiming: 'After all, gentlemen, war is but chess, and chess is war.'

'What!' shouted the Zouave, with that indescribable emphasis which a Parisian *gamin* gives to the simple pronoun *quoi*.

'I repeat,' replied the colonel, 'that the principles of chess and war are the same, and in chess will be found a complete epitome of the art of war. For instance, no one can play at chess without first acquiring a perfect knowledge of the various moves which distinguish the different pieces, neither can a general command an army who is ignorant of the simple evolutions of a *peloton*. How can a man handle a number of regiments, who cannot manœuvre a single battalion?'

'True, true,' chorussed a number of voices. It evidently appeared that the Pole had mounted his hobby; and the audience, forgetting their previous debate, had unanimously determined that he should ride it for their amusement.

'When opening the game,' continued the colonel, 'we direct our moves so that no one of our pieces or pawns can neutralise the effect of another; while, at the same time, we place them where they cannot be attacked with impunity, and in the most advantageous positions for assaulting the enemy. A skilful general will act on a similar principle. He will select the ground most favourable for the action of his infantry and cavalry, taking care that they do not restrain the fire of his artillery; and, by the same rule, he will use all the means in his power to prevent the enemy from deploying his forces in so advantageous a manner. At chess, this can be done only by having the first move. There are first moves also in war. The general who first takes the field acts on the offensive, his opponent being compelled to act according to the manner in which he is attacked. And, as in chess, it is no very great disadvantage to be forced to act on the defensive; for, in the course of a campaign, the attacking army will be almost sure to make some mistake, which, if promptly taken advantage of by its opponents, will change the defence to an attack. In war, as in chess, it is much more difficult to attack than to defend. The great secret of success in chess is foresight, not only to direct your own moves towards a definite object, but also to penetrate the intentions of your adversary. It is the same in war. Your enemy makes a certain movement; it is for you to divine his motives for doing so. This is absolutely indispensable, if you wish to be in a position to parry successfully his attacks. A small disadvantage in chess, a crowded situation, an

unsupported piece, a neglected opportunity of castling, and other apparent trifles, frequently leads to the loss of the game. So it is in war: the fate of arms depends upon a number of minute particulars and combinations. We should be astonished if we knew the very small links in the chain of circumstances which have lost great battles, and neutralised the effects of glorious campaigns. But I am tiring you, my children, with the garrulous gossip of an old soldier and chess-player.'

'No, no!' was vociferated from all parts of the room. 'Proceed, if you please; we are all attention.'

'Well, I will say a few words more. I need not tell you that, when a projected attack at chess is foiled by the superior defences of your adversary, it should be immediately abandoned, and your men placed in another position of attack, or on the defensive. In war, an obstinate persistence in attack has been fatal to the fame of many great generals: they lost their men, and with them the means of forming another attack, on a less formidable position, and even the power of making a vigorous defence. A great general is never obstinate. Napoleon I., particularly in his Italian campaigns, was the beau-ideal of a chess-player. The art of war, as exemplified by that great general, wholly consisted in the proper application of three combinations: first, the disposition of his lines of operation in the most advantageous manner, either for attack or defence; secondly, the skilful concentration of his forces, with the greatest possible activity, on the weakest or most important point of the enemy's lines; thirdly, the simultaneous employment of this accumulated force upon the position against which it was directed. This is exactly the correct system of attack at chess. The principles of defensive operations in war and chess are precisely similar. It is an acknowledged principle, that the basis of a plan of attack should form the best possible line of defence. This fundamental rule can never be violated with impunity; for nothing is more embarrassing than a sudden transition from offensive to defensive operations—when false moves, or an unfortunate oversight, has deranged the plan of an assault. There likewise is considerable analogy between the abilities required to form a great general and a skilful chess-player. The commander of an army should possess a complete knowledge of the general principles of war, which may be required during a tedious campaign, or demanded by the exigencies of actual conflict. He must plan, arrange, and conduct preliminary operations; act with promptness and decision in cases of emergency; judge of the importance of a position, or the strength of an intrenchment; discover, from the slightest indications, the designs of the enemy, while he shrouds his own in impenetrable obscurity; and, at the same time, preside with unshaken self-possession over the shifting fortunes of the tumultuous battle-field. A skilful chess-player requires qualities of a similar description. To a perfect master, of the difficult art of selecting and occupying, with the utmost rapidity, a commanding position, he must add a thorough knowledge of all the many and complicated varieties of stratagems and snares, which he is alternately called upon to invent and put into practice—to see through and defeat.

'All great generals have been chess-players; and it is a curious fact, that the traditions of both the East and the West relate that chess was invented during a siege. The Hindoo legend states, that it was invented by the wife of Ravan, king of Ceylon, in order to amuse him with an image of war, while his metropolis was besieged by Ramah, in the second age of the world. The Western tradition, however, is more feasible. According to it, the game was invented by Palamedes, to amuse the Grecian warriors during the ten tedious years of the siege of Troy. Sinon, it is said, was one of the most celebrated of the Greek players, and derived

the idea of the wooden horse, with which he finally check-mated the Trojans, from the knight of the chess-board.*

This awful climax recalled me to myself. I had begun to fancy myself in the Régence, when, startled by the appearance of that wooden horse, I looked round and saw that I was in a vulgar café without traditions and without celebrities.

Catching the old soldier's eye, I made a significant gesture, implying that I was going to dinner, and walked out. I had gone but a few paces ere he rejoined me; and I was soon happy to find that neither his appetite, nor his immense fund of anecdote, was at all affected by his lecture on Chess and War.

THE 'SWALLOW' OF THE MOLE.

A 'BRAGGING SPANIARD,' to use the words of the ancient Pistol, when boasting of the wealth and wonders of his country, said that it contained a bridge, several miles in length, on which numerous flocks and herds might freely pasture. However correct the boaster supposed himself to have been, modern geographers, flatly contradicting him, assert that the river Guadiana, to which he alluded, does not flow underground at all, and, consequently, his alleged natural bridge was merely a popular myth in Spanish topography. Yet, it may be observed, that the singularly romantic aspects of nature in the region where the Guadiana takes its rise, had, so early as the period of the Roman conquests in Spain, been connected in the imaginations of the people with many wild and wonderful superstitions. The more modern legend is, that the renowned paladin Montesinos, having been insulted at the court of France, retired into Spain, and took up his habitation in the deep cavern which still bears his name. In the recesses of this cave there is a considerable quantity of water, which probably gave rise to the idea of its being the origin or a part of the Guadiana, thus named after the faithful and valiant squire of Montesinos. But, in reality, the outlet of the lakes of Ruydera—a chain of small lakes, so named after the waiting-maid of the fair and unfortunate Belerma—is the true source of the Guadiana. The flatness of the country where that river first flows, feeble and narrow; the sandy absorbent nature of the soil; and the luxuriant growth of the surrounding marsh-plants, no doubt established the popular but erroneous belief that the Guadiana was, in some places at least, a subterranean stream. The inimitable Cervantes, by moulding and blending to his own purpose the romantic in nature with the marvels of superstition, has thus produced the delightful episode of Don Quixote's descent into the cavern of Montesinos, justly esteemed by all critics to be the most exquisite of his inventions.

In England, however, we have a river more closely approaching to the nature of an underground stream; indeed, at a certain part of its course, and in certain seasons of the year, it really merits the appellation. Quaint old Izaak Walton speaks of 'a river in Surrey—it is called the Mole—that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way underground, and breaks out again far off.' Though unknown to romance or satire, the singular character of this river has caused it to be commemorated in immortal verse by Spenser, Drayton, Milton, Pope, Thomson, and a host of minor celebrities. Spenser, in the *Fairy Queen*, thus describes it, when

enumerating the guests at the bridal-feast of the Thames and Medway—

And Mole, that like a noursling mole doth make
His way still underground, till Thames he overtake.

Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, with most amusing quaintness and elaborate far-fetched fancy, represents a mutual passion as existing between the Mole and the Thames. But the course of true love, as well as of rivers, never runs smooth. Old Holmesdale, the mother of the Mole, as fabled by the poet, is decidedly against the match; so, to prevent 'the meeting of the waters,' she, in the first place, gives her daughter a good scolding—

But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams,
Compared with that high joy to be beloved by Thames,
And headlong holds her course, his company to win;
But Holmesdale raised hills to keep the straggler in;
That, of her daughter's stay, she need no more to doubt,
Yet never was there help, but love could find it out.
Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night,
According to her name, to shew her nature right:
And underneath the earth, for three miles' space doth

creep,

Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's keep,
Her foreintended course, the wanton nymph doth run,
As longing to embrace old Tame and Isis' son.

Milton characterises it as—

The sullen Mole that runneth underground.

Pope, in his *Windsor Forest*, uses the very same epithet:

The sullen Mole that hides his diving flood.

In Thomson's *Seasons*, Drayton's 'soft and gentle Mole' is mellifluously amplified into

The soft windings of the silent Mole.

The peculiar phenomena which distinguish this river, varying with the seasons, have caused the most vague, inaccurate, and contradictory descriptions to be given of it. Camden, in his *Britannia*, says: 'The Mole, coming to Box-hill, hides itself, or is rather swallowed up, at the foot of the hill there; and for that reason the place is called a Swallow; but almost two miles below, it bubbles up and rises again.' From this it might be conceived that the river had no open channel between Box-hill and the place of its reappearance, which is not the fact. The Mole has a distinct channel in every part of its course, though its bed for a considerable distance is left dry during the summer months by the operations of not one alone, but numerous swallows. Yet Defoe, the most circumstantial of writers, and one whom we would suppose to have been the most accurate of observers, erroneously states that the river never disappears, even in the driest summers. In short, such is the varying aspect of this river, especially during the summer months, that no two persons who may have visited it without being acquainted with its peculiar nature, can be found to give the same account of it. Let it be our task, then, to explain these conflicting testimonies, and ascribe the true character of this remarkable stream.

The general features of the scenery on the banks of the Mole may be well described in the lines of Wordsworth:

Among steep hills and woods imbosomed flowed
A copious stream with boldly winding course;
Here traceable, there hidden; there again
To sight restored and glittering in the sun.
On the stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared
Fair dwellings, single or in social knots,
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
On the hillsides.

* Oh, ill-fated Montesinos! Oh, unhappy Belerma! Oh, deplorable Guadiana! and you the distressed daughters of Ruydera, whose flowing waters shew what streams of tears once trickled from your lovely eyes.—Don Quixote.

Rising in the forest of St Leonard, in the northern part of Sussex, the Mole flows into Surrey, and, about Betchworth Park, becoming of a good size, first assumes the exceedingly picturesque character which distinguishes a part of its course. Nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery on its banks, as, amidst embowering shades, it glides past the ivy-covered ruins of Betchworth Castle. There—as described by a local poetess—

The lingering waters of the brimming stream
Sweep slowly round the wooded bank : so soft
The gentle current, that it scarcely rocks
The floating water-lily.

It continues its course among bold hilly scenery, high woodland banks, and rich quiet meadows, till it passes Stoke d'Abernon. From thence it flows, at a sluggish pace, through a dull, uninteresting, flat country, till it falls into the Thames at Hampton Court, directly opposite the well-known palace of the proud cardinal.

Happily, it is in the most picturesque part of this river's course that these remarkable phenomena, the swallows, occur. Within an easy railway distance from London is the celebrated Box-hill, well known for its rare plants and delightful views, and as a favourite resort for metropolitan botanising, picnic, and pleasure parties. Thousands of persons visit this hill every summer, yet scarcely one of them dreams of the great natural curiosity lying almost at their feet; for it is where the river winds its tortuous course round the base of Box-hill, between Castle Mill and a place called the Shingles, that the first of the swallows may be met with; but these being the highest up the river, are seldom seen in action, as they are generally overflowed by a deep and swift current. Still, their existence may easily be recognised by a watchful eye, from the eccentric motions of any light substances that may be floating on the surface. A short distance lower down the stream, however, there is a channel in the thickly-wooded bank about fifty feet in length, leading from the river to an oval pool or swallow, down which the water pours with great rapidity. Owing to the overhanging woods, this spot is not readily found by a stranger; but if he bear in mind that there is a remarkably fine walnut-tree growing close to the place, and that the opening of the channel is flanked by an alder on one side, and an oak on the other, he will experience little difficulty in discovering it. Not far from this there is another swallow about the size of a large barrel, where may be distinctly heard the hollow, rumbling, yet not unmusical sound of the water, in its transit far down in the interior of the earth.

Passing Cowslip Farm—well named, for in spring the meadows are covered with a rich carpet of yellow cowlips, here called *paigles*—we may see, in our downward course along the banks of the river, many other smaller swallows. But the most remarkable place of all, is within a hundred yards of the wooden bridge and public pathway in Fildley Meadows. There, in a cleft of the high eastern bank, forming a most picturesque little glen, overarched with elm, ash, and other foliage, are two large pools containing several swallows, which may always be seen in action by descending to the brink of the stream. A channel, about 20 feet in length, conveys the water from the river to the outer pool, which is about 40 feet long and 20 broad; and from thence, a second channel, about 25 feet long, leads the water to the inner pool, which is about 36 feet long and 18 broad. Within and around the area of these pools are numerous crevices, of various sizes, down which the water rushes as through the holes of a colander. It is only, however, when the river is above a certain height, that the swallows of the inner pool can be seen in action. At such periods, the supply of water being greater than the swallows of the outer pool can at once carry off, the water in it rises and

flows, by the second channel, into the inner pool, from whence it immediately sinks below the ground. On a recent occasion, when the swallows of both pools were in full action, an attempt was made to form an approximate estimate of the quantity of water they carried off per hour. For this purpose, the depths and breadths of the channels were measured, and the velocities of their currents ascertained by a floating cork and a stop-watch. The result of the calculation was, that the outer pool disposed of 259,200 gallons of water in one hour; and the inner pool, of 82,800 gallons in the same period of time.

The Mole, which at Castle Mill, above the first swallow, was really a respectable river, is now considerably diminished, but still flows onwards. Proceeding downwards, along its banks, numerous small swallows may be observed under the overhanging foliage of Norbury Park, where, in several places, the banks have been undermined and trees uprooted by their ingurgitating process. In this park there is a remarkable group of yews, containing the largest and most ancient specimens of those trees that can be found in England—probably in the world. They are mentioned in *Domesday-book*, may have been in existence when the tread of Roman legions was heard in the land, and are now known by the appellation of the Druid's Grove. Every October, this grove is the scene of rites, conducted at night by the lantern dimly burning, which are regarded with no small surprise and alarm by the neighbouring rustics. The visitors to Norbury Park, however, on such occasions, are not Druids, but enthusiastic entomologists. One of the rarest of English insects, and, from its frequenting the tops of trees, the most difficult to capture, is the dotted chestnut moth (*Glea rubiginosa*). The possession of a specimen of this insect constitutes the veritable blue ribbon of British entomology. Its locality is unknown: but in October, when the berries on the yew-trees of the Druid's Grove are ripe, the night-wandering insect comes to feed upon them, and frequently, intoxicated by their powerful juice, falls to the ground, becoming an easy spoil to the watchful entomologist.

From the Park, the diminished Mole takes an easterly course towards Mickleham, forming a sluggish reach of water, about half a mile in length. Here there is a large swallow, but its operation is slow, as, from the lessened speed and volume of the stream, it is generally choked with brushwood and other loose drift. It occasions, however, the curious effect of the river appearing to flow back towards its source—the stream gently returning upon itself by the suction of the swallow. In early summer, when the waters are rapidly falling, poachers frequently clear the brushwood from the mouth of this swallow to let the water run off at once, in order that they may catch the fish left in the shallows above. Below this place, the river, now scarcely deserving the appellation of a burn, contracts into a narrower and deeper channel, which, before it reaches Mickleham, falls into the insatiable maw of another swallow, and the last drop disappears in the bowels of the earth.

It should be observed that the water is not absorbed by the swallows as by a filter or a spongy soil—it actually pours down into them. Sometimes, however, when the mouth of the swallow is choked by brushwood, leaves, sand, and other drift, brought within its vortex by the force of the descending current, a seeming absorption takes place; but when the obstructing matter is removed, the water rushes down in a continuous stream. Fish are not unfrequently entangled among the other obstructing matters which choke the entrance of a swallow—a large pike was thus caught a few years ago close by the meadow at Cowslip Cottage.

We have here described the state of the Mole exactly as we witnessed it on our last visit to its pleasant banks. When we visited it on a previous

occasion, during a very dry season, and the stream of the river was much less copious, we found that the last drop of water was engulfed at the base of Box-hill, a mile and a half higher up. The reader, then, will readily understand how it is that in winter, when the water is high, the open channel of the Mole becomes a continuous stream—the ingurgitating action of the swallows ceasing, because the subterranean passages are overcharged. But in summer, when the river is low, the water is gradually drained off, until it disappears altogether; and the point of disappearance happens at different places, higher or lower, according as the stream is less or more copious. In continued dry weather, during summer, when the stream is less than the amount of water drawn off by the swallows, every day almost makes a change as regards the extreme point of total disappearance. These facts account for the conflicting descriptions given of this river, as scarcely any two persons who have visited it at different periods have seen it in the same state. And even those who agree with respect to its actual underground course, set different limits to its subterranean career, according as they observed the point of disappearance. The dry upper channel has consequently been stated to extend different distances—from one to three miles. When, as we have already said, we saw the river disappear at the base of Box-hill, the dry channel, measured by its devious windings, extended for three miles, which may, in all cases, be considered the maximum distance.

After the point of disappearance is passed, we, of course, find the bed of the river dry, with pools here and there; but as we proceed further down, and pass Mickleham, we find the channel completely void of water, and overgrown with a rank luxuriant herbage. Proceeding still further downwards, at a place called Bocket Farm, we meet with a strong spring of water, the first re-appearance of the river. As the swallows are numerous, stretching for a considerable distance, so are the springs. Extending for about three-quarters of a mile, this multitudinous chain of springs quickly form a considerable stream; and augmented by more still lower down, the Mole careers along in its destined course, beneath the broad blue skies, a larger river than when it first met with the greedy swallows. Though there is no certain data by which we can determine whether the submerged waters of the swallows be those which form the numerous springs, yet we may fairly conjecture that they are identically the same. This reasonable conclusion is aided by the fact, that when Mr Stephenson was conducting his survey for the Brighton line of railway, he ascertained that the level of the first spring was eight feet below that of the point of disappearance at the last active swallow.

These remarkable phenomena of the Mole are clearly referrible to the cavernous nature of the subsoil over which the river flows. The vale of Box-hill, like other transverse outlets of the chalk of the North Downs, has evidently resulted from an extensive fissure produced in the strata when they were in the act of elevation from beneath the waters of the ocean by, which they were once covered. A chasm of this description must have been partially filled with loose blocks of chalk, the interstices being more or less filled by clay, marl, sand, and other drift brought down by the floods which traversed this gorge on their way to the valley of the Thames. The scattered blocks of chalk rest on a stratum of impervious clay, and the constant percolation of water from the surface-soil above washing away the interstitial sand, produces subterranean water-courses. The swallows are the gullies which lead to the fissures and channels of the chalk beneath. When the water in the river is plentiful, these hollows are filled up faster than the water can be discharged, and the swallows disappear;

but when the river is low, the subterranean channels drain off the water, and for a certain distance the bed of the stream is left completely dry.

In connection with this subject, and arising from similar causes, we may briefly allude to the remarkable outbursts of water, termed winter-bourns, which frequently occur in the chalk-districts. Rain at all times freely finds its way through the caverns of the chalk, and gives origin to springs which issue forth at the top of the gale or impermeable clay that underlies the chalk; but sometimes, when long-continued rains have filled the fissures and caverns, the spring or vent below is insufficient for the over-supply, and the reservoir, as it were, overflows, the water exuding from the gullies of the upper surface. These occasional sources continue to flow till the perennial springs suffice to carry off the water supplied from the skies. In several places, such springs break out after the autumnal and winter rains, and run themselves dry in the course of a few months. Sometimes many years elapse between the occurrence of these outbursts, till a particularly wet season fills the chalky reservoirs, and causes the stream to flow. This event is traditionally connected with a superstitious dread of coming evils; from the earliest period, it has been supposed to foretell famine and pestilence. Few popular superstitions are so well founded, for the very cause of the flowing of the bourn—an excess of rain—is injurious to the health of man as well as his hopes of the harvest. The outburst of the bourn at Croydon in 1852, after being dry for fifteen years, was accompanied by a pestilential fever so fatal as to attract the attention of the government.

LA RABBIATA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE sun had not yet risen, and a heavy mist hung over Mount Vesuvius, spreading on towards Naples, and enveloping the small towns on the coast. The sea was calm. On the beach of a small gulf under the Sorrentine rocks several fishermen were engaged in hauling up the boats and nets which had been used during the night, whilst others were preparing their tackle and trimming their sails for a fresh start. No one was idle; for even the old women had brought out their spindles, and the wives and children were engaged in work or play.

'Look there, Rachel! there is our padre,' said an old woman to a little thing of ten years old, who played round her spindle. 'He is just stepping into the boat. Antonino is to take him over to Capri. Holy Maria! how sleepy the venerable pastor looks.' Thus saying, she greeted a little benevolent-looking priest, who was just seating himself in a boat, after having carefully lifted his long black robe and spread it on the bench. The men on the shore paused in their work to see the departure of their pastor, who nodded and greeted right and left.

'Why does he go to Capri, grandmamma?' asked the child. 'Have the people there no priest, that they must borrow ours?'

'Silly child!' said the old woman; 'they have plenty of priests over there, and the most beautiful churches, and even a hermit, which we have not. But there is a noble lady who lived here for some time, and was so ill, that more than once it was thought she could not recover, and the priest had to go to her with the Host. However, the Holy Virgin came to her; she is now strong and well again, and she goes to the sea every day. When she went from here to Capri, she gave

a great heap of ducats to the church and to the poor, and would not go till the padre had promised to continue his visits to her there, that she might confess to him. She has wonderful confidence in him, and we may consider ourselves fortunate in keeping him as a pastor; for he has the talents of an archbishop, and many of the highest in the land inquire after him. The Madonna be with him! Whereupon she again nodded towards the little boat, which was just pushing off from the shore.

'Shall we have fine weather, my son?' inquired the little priest, looking doubtfully towards Naples.

'The sun has not yet risen,' replied the young owner of the boat; 'it will soon clear away the mist.'

'Then hasten on, that we may arrive before the heat of the day.'

Antonino seized the long oar to push the boat into deep water, but suddenly stopped and looked up the steep path which led from the beach to the little town of Sorrento. The slight form of a girl was visible hastening down the steps, and waving a handkerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her dress was plain in the extreme; but the head thrown haughtily back, and the noble cut of the features, contrasted strangely with her apparent poverty. The black braids of her hair were crossed above her forehead, like the diadem to which she seemed born.

'Why are we waiting?' asked the priest.

'There is a woman coming towards the boat who wants to go to Capri, if you do not object, padre. We shall not go any the slower, for she is a light little thing, scarcely eighteen years of age.' At this moment the girl stepped from behind the wall which enclosed the winding path.

'Laurella!' said the priest; 'what has she to do in Capri?' Antonino shrugged his shoulders. The girl advanced hastily with her eyes on the ground.

'How do you do, La Rabbiate!' cried several of the young sailors. They would have said more, had not the presence of the priest restrained them; for the silent scornful way in which the girl received their greeting seemed to irritate the rude fellows.

'How do you do, Laurella?' said the priest; 'how are you to-day? Do you wish to go to Capri?'

'With your permission, padre.'

'Ask Antonino—he is the owner of the boat. Every one is master of his own property, and God is Lord over us all!'

'Here is a half-carline,' said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman; 'can I go for that?'

'You want it more than I do,' murmured the young man, as he pushed aside some baskets of oranges to make room.

'I shall not go for nothing,' replied the girl, knitting her black eyebrows.

'Come, child,' said the priest; 'he is a good youth, and will not make himself rich at the expense of your little store. There, get in and sit down here by me. See, he has spread his jacket, that you may sit more comfortably: he did not do as much for me; but that is the way with young people—more care is taken of one little girl like you than of ten reverend gentlemen. Well, well, you need not excuse yourself, Tonino; this is always the way of the world!'

Laurella had meanwhile stepped into the boat and seated herself, but she pushed the jacket on one side without a word of thanks. The young sailor did not remove it, but murmured something between his teeth. He then pushed vigorously from the shore, and the little skiff flew out into the gulf.

'What have you got in that bundle?' asked the priest, while they sailed across the water, which was just now glistening in the first rays of the sun.

'Silk, thread, and a bit of a loaf, padre. I am to sell the silk to a woman in Anacapri who makes ribbon, and the thread to some one else.'

'Did you spin it yourself?'

'Yes, padre.'

'If I remember right, you have also learnt to make ribbons?'

'Yes, padre; but my mother is so much worse that I cannot leave the house, and we are not able to buy a loom for ourselves.'

'Oh! is she worse? When I was with you at Easter, she was sitting up.'

'The spring is always the worst time with her. Ever since the great storm and the earthquake, she has suffered so much, as to be obliged to keep her bed.'

'Indeed! then you must be earnest in prayer to the Virgin for her, and be good and industrious, that your prayers may be heard.' After a pause, he continued: 'As you were coming down to the shore they shouted, "How do you do, La Rabbiate!" Why do they call you so? It is not a pretty name for a Christian girl, who should be soft, mild, and gentle.' Her dark face crimsoned with blushes, and her eyes flashed.

'They mock me because I will not dance, and sing, and talk nonsense, like other girls. Why cannot they leave me alone? I do them no harm.'

'But you should be courteous to every one. Perhaps you may not like to dance and sing like others whose lives are happier; but even hearts oppressed with sadness may give a kind word.' She looked down, and contracted her brows, as if to hide the dark eyes beneath. For some time they continued their way in silence. The sun now shone brilliantly over the mountains; the summit of Vesuvius rose above the mist; and the houses in the orange-gardens around Sorrento looked dazzling white in the morning rays.

'Have you heard nothing more of that painter, Laurella—that Neapolitan who wished to marry you?' asked the priest.

She shook her head.

'He came once to take your picture; why did you refuse to allow him?'

'What did he want it for? There are many girls more beautiful than I am. And, then, who knows what he would have done with it? My mother said he might bewitch me, and injure my life, perhaps even hurt my soul.'

'Do not believe such sinful things,' said the priest earnestly. 'Are you not always in the hands of God, without whose will not a hair of your head falls; and can a man like that, with a mere picture in his hand, be more powerful than our Heavenly Father? Besides that, you might have known he wished you well, or would he have asked you in marriage?'

The girl was silent.

'And why did you refuse to marry?' continued the priest, after a pause. 'He was a good and handsome man, and would have supported your mother much better than you can do with the trifle you earn by spinning and silk-winding.'

'We are poor people,' replied Laurella vehemently; 'and my mother has been so long ill, we should only have been a burden to him. Besides, I am not fit to be a signora. When his friends came to visit him, he would have been ashamed of me.'

'How you talk! I tell you that he was an excellent man; and, besides, he would have come to live in Sorrento. You will not easily find such another: he seemed as if sent from heaven to succour you.'

'I do not want a husband; I shall never marry!' she said disdainfully, and as if speaking to herself.

'Have you made a vow, or are you going into a convent?'

She shook her head.

'People are right in calling you headstrong. Do you consider that you are not alone in the world, and that

you make the illness and poverty of your mother only more bitter by your obstinacy? What good reason could you have for refusing the honest man who wished to support you? Answer me, Laurella.

'I have a reason,' said she in a low and hesitating voice, 'but I cannot tell it.'

'Not tell it?—not to me?—to your father-confessor? You know I always seek your good—do you not, Laurella?'

She nodded.

'Then unburden your heart, my child. If you are right, I will be the first to commend you; but you are young, and know little of the world, and may afterwards regret having thrown away your happiness for some childish fancy.' She cast a hasty glance towards the young man, who, busy with his oar, sat in the bow of the boat, his woollen cap drawn down over his eyes. He was gazing on the sea, and seemed occupied with his own thoughts.

The priest saw her look, and bent down his ear.

'You did not know my father,' she whispered, and her eyes were full of gloom.

'Your father! why, he died when you were scarcely ten years old, I think! What has your father, whose soul, I trust, is in Paradise, to do with your obstinacy?'

'You did not know him, padre! You do not know that to him alone is my mother's illness owing!'

'How so?' inquired the priest with surprise.

'Because he beat and ill-treated her. I remember well the nights when he would come home in a perfect fury. She never spoke a word, and did all he wished; but he would beat her till my heart nearly broke. I used to draw the covering over my head, and pretend to be asleep; but, in truth, I cried all night. And when he saw her lying on the floor, his manner would suddenly change; he would raise her, and clasp her in his arms, close to his heart, till she cried out half suffocated. My mother forbade me to say a word about it then; but it had such an effect upon her, that, ever since his death, many years ago, she has never regained her health; and if she dies—which Heaven forbid!—I know who will have killed her.'

'The little priest shook his head, and seemed uncertain how far he should acknowledge the justice of the girl's reasoning. At last, he said: 'Forgive him, my child, as your mother has forgiven him. Do not let your thoughts dwell on such sad scenes, Laurella; better times are in store for you, and all this will be forgotten.'

'Never! I shall never forget it!' she said shuddering. 'And it is this which has determined me to remain unmarried, padre. I will not be subject to one who will ill-treat me one moment and caress me the next. If any were now to attempt to do either the one or the other, I should know how to defend myself; but my mother would not do so, because she loved him. I will love no one well enough to endure such things from him.'

'What a child you are to talk such nonsense!' replied the priest. 'Are all men like your father, who gave way to every whim and passion, and did, in truth, ill-treat your mother? Have you not seen numbers of excellent men in the neighbourhood, and women who live in perfect unity and peace with their husbands?'

'Ah! they appear to do so; but no one knew my father's conduct to my mother: she would rather have died a thousand deaths than have uttered a word of complaint, and all because she loved him. If it be love, which closes one's lips, so that one dare not cry out for help, and which makes one defenceless against greater injuries than would be endured from an enemy, then, as I have said before, I will never give up my heart and liberty to any man.'

'I tell you, you are an ignorant child, and do not understand what you are talking of. Your heart will

not ask you whether you will love or not: when the time comes, all these notions will then give way.' After a pause, he again continued: 'And did you tell that painter—did you tell him that you feared his harshness?'

'His eyes looked just like my father's when asking forgiveness of my mother, and trying to make it up with her. I know those eyes: they can be feigned even by a man who beats the wife who has never done him any harm; and I shuddered when I saw them again.' After this, she remained silent, and the priest followed her example. He was thinking of much good advice that he could give to the girl; but the presence of the young sailor, who, towards the end of the conversation, had become apparently restless, closed his mouth.

In about the space of two hours, they arrived in the little harbour of Capri. Antonino carried the padre through the surf to the shore; but Laurella would not wait till he had waded back to fetch her: she lifted her little skirt, took her wooden shoes in her right hand, the bundle in her left, and splashed sturdily through the water.

'I shall remain some time at Capri to-day,' said the priest, 'and you need not wait for me, my son. Indeed, I may possibly not return till to-morrow. Laurella, salute your mother for me when you get home; I shall visit her before the week is out. I suppose you return before night?'

'If there be any opportunity,' said the girl, as she arranged something about her dress.

'You know that I must get back,' said Antonino, in what was intended for a very indifferent tone. 'I shall wait for you till vespers; and if you are not here by that time, it does not matter to me.'

'You must go back, Laurella,' put in the little priest; 'you must not leave your mother alone all night. Have you far to go now?'

'To Anacapri, to a vineyard.'

'Ah! then our roads do not lie together. I am bound for Capri. The Madonna bless you, my child; and you, too, my son.' Laurella kissed his hand, and uttered a farewell, in which the priest and Antonino might claim an equal share; but the young boatman did not seem to perceive it. He took off his cap to the priest, but did not even look at Laurella. However, when they had both left him, his eyes, but for a moment, followed the priest as he toiled wearily over the shingles, and then they were turned with an eager look to the hilly road on the right, up which toiled the girl, her hands over her eyes, to protect them from the scorching rays of the sun.

Before the path was lost between the rocks, she stood still for a moment, as though to take breath, and looked around her. The shore lay at her feet; she was surrounded by the wild island scenery, and the blue ocean gleamed in more than ordinary splendour; indeed, it was a view worthy of some attention. As luck would have it, her eyes, passing over Antonino's boat, met the gaze of its owner fixed upon herself. They both made a movement, as though they would excuse themselves for the accident, and then the girl continued her walk with firmly closed lips.

It was an hour after noon, and Antonino had already sat for two hours on the bench before the little public-house frequented by the fishermen. Something exciting must have been passing in his thoughts; for every five minutes he jumped up, stepped into the sunlight, and looked carefully along the roads which led to the right and left towards the two towns of the island.

'The weather seems doubtful,' said he to the hostess, by way of excuse; 'it is clear for the moment, but I know how to trust the colour of the sky. It looked just so before the last great storm, when I had so much difficulty in getting the English family safe to land. Do you remember it?'

'No,' said the woman.

'Well, then, just think of my words, if the weather changes to-night.' A pause ensued, interrupted by the hostess, who inquired:

'Are there many families over at your place yet?'

'They are just beginning to arrive,' was the reply: 'we have had hard times hitherto.'

'It is a late spring. I wonder if you have earned as much as we folks of Capri?'

'I should not have contrived to dine even twice a week on macaroni, if I had to depend solely on my boat,' replied Antonino. 'A letter or two to be taken to Naples, or to row out a gentleman occasionally to fish, was all I could find to do. But you know my uncle owns the large orange-garden, and he is a rich man. "Tonino," he said to me, "you shall never know want as long as I live; and after my death, I have cared for you." And thus, with God's help, I have got through the winter.'

'Has your uncle any children?'

'No; he never married, and was long absent in foreign lands, where he got together many a solid pistaster. He proposes now to commence a large fishery, and put me at the head of it, to look after his rights.'

'Then you are a lucky and a happy man, Antonino,' remarked the hostess. The young seaman shrugged his shoulders.

'Each one has his own burden to bear,' said he, as he again arose and looked anxiously on all sides, though he must have known a squall could come but from one quarter.

'I shall bring you another bottle: your uncle can pay for it,' said the hostess smiling.

'Only a glass, thank you, for your wine is somewhat fiery; my head is already quite hot from it.'

'Pooh! it will not affect your blood; you can drink as much as you like. Ah, here comes my husband! You must sit awhile longer, and chat with him.'

And there, true enough, came the sturdy owner of the little inn, his net hanging over his shoulder, and a red cap above his curly hair. He had been taking some fish to the before-mentioned lady of rank, to set before the little priest of Sorrento. As soon as he caught sight of his guest, he waved him a hearty welcome, and, seating himself beside him on the bench, began talking and asking questions. His wife had just brought out a second bottle of genuine Capri, when footsteps were heard on the sand, and Laurella appeared coming from Anacapri. She nodded hastily, and then stood hesitating for a moment. Antonino rose.

'There is a girl of Sorrento, who came early this morning with our worthy pastor, and is obliged to return before night to her sick mother.'

'Well, well; it is a long time till night,' said the fisherman: 'she will not refuse a glass of wine. Hollo! wife; bring another glass.'

'Thank you; I would rather not,' said Laurella, still standing at some distance.

'Pour it out, wife—pour it out; she will be persuaded.'

'Let her alone,' said the young seaman; 'she is obstinate. If she determines not to do a thing, heaven and earth will not move her; and herewith he took a hasty leave, ran down to the boat, loosened the sail, and then stood awaiting his companion. She nodded again to the hostess of the inn, and then approached the boat with hesitating steps. She stopped and looked around on all sides, as though hoping or expecting the arrival of further company, but the shore was untenanted. The fishermen were either sleeping or out in pursuit of their business; some few of the women and children were sitting within their doorways, dozing or spinning; and strangers who had come across in the morning, were awaiting the cooler portion of the day for their return. Laurella was not, however,

allowed much time to gaze around her, for before she could prevent it, Antonino had taken her in his arms, and bore her like an infant to the boat! He sprang in after her, and with a few strokes of the oar, they were already in the open water.

THE LONDON NECROPOLIS.

ABOUT the time the late Board of Health was proposing its government plan of extra-mural burial, a number of barristers, city merchants, and others, formed themselves into a company for the better burial of the metropolitan dead. They were men of business habits, and their first important step was in the right direction. They purchased a great tract of heathy Moorland in the adjacent county of Surrey; in this way, securing the primary requisites for the necropolis of a vast city—namely, extent, beauty, privacy, and due remoteness in conjunction with accessibility. Such was the beginning of the London Necropolis Company, and of their cemetery at Woking, in Surrey. We shall now describe a visit made there a few days since; premising thus much, that we write for no other purpose than to disseminate what we believe to be interesting information.

The August morning rises dully, betokening rain; but the sun gradually comes forth, so that between nine and ten o'clock, when we reach Charing Cross, there seems the promise of a fine autumn day. This increases as we approach Westminster; the cheerful sun gilding the pinnacles of the grand old abbey, smoothing down, as it seems, the rugged brick of the unfinished clock-tower of the new Houses of Parliament, clearing away the mist which yet lingers on the muddy river, and shining with harvest-like splendour as we cross the Bridge and pass down the Westminster Road. Here the Necropolis Company have their newly erected station, in connection with the South-western Railway.

Our friends arriving, we step from the waiting-room on to the platform. It is eleven o'clock, and the train is getting ready. The passenger-carriages are, at this end of the platform, nearest the line; at the other end, which is the extremity of the station, rests the massive tender, with its for ever quiet passengers. In this, the compartments for the coffins are divided from each other, like those in second and third class passenger-carriages, and, like them, have doors at either side. On one of these latter being opened, we see the boxes or cells for the coffins, one above another, each coffin having a distinct compartment, and being thus as private—the carriage-door being closed—and as much to itself, as though conveyed in a separate hearse. For further security during their rapid transit, the coffins are secured by massive straps.

The privacy and quietude with which this whole business of receiving, conveying, and depositing the coffins in the tender is effected, cannot be too highly commended. These will be found legitimate causes of success, as well as the cleanliness and order observable—for, paradox as it may seem, the eye of grief is profoundly critical. Though we must have been quite an hour at the station, and travelled down to Woking with eighteen coffins in the funeral-van, we saw nothing, unless one had looked for it, even to hint that such was our burden, till we beheld at a distance one or two coffins enshrouded in palls, being drawn on light-wheeled biers to their final resting-places amidst the heathery undulations of the 'sacred field.'

The rooms on a level with the platform are offices and first-class waiting-rooms, each of the latter being precisely alike. The floor below contains offices and second-class waiting-rooms; and the ground-floor is occupied by offices and rooms for third-class passengers, undertakers, and attendants. These are decorated in a manner similar to the first and second class rooms.

The coffins upon arrival are conveyed to a recess, and thence raised to the level of the railway platform on a lift worked by steam. If the corpse should reach the station the night previous to burial—earlier than which none is received—there are special recesses on the several floors for their reception; the lift ascending to the second or third floor, as the case may be, of a second or first class funeral. In this way, with entire privacy, bodies are moved either to their temporary resting-places or to the funeral-tender.

If we recollect rightly, one of the clauses in the extra-mural plan of burial suggested by the Board of Health, was to the effect, that all bodies, upon the lapse of so many hours after death, should pass into the official hands appointed by government. There was great wisdom in this proposal. Those acquainted with the miserable house-accommodation of the London poor, know only too well the horrors consequent upon the retention of the dead amidst the living for days together, and the advantages which would arise were there public receptacles for the dead previous to burial. The need for such places would be less urgent, had the majority of those constrained to live in London a prospect of better house-accommodation than what they possess at present; but this contingent can only be slow and progressive, as associations like that existing for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes can but work partial effects. As such is the case, let us hope that the Metropolitan Local Management Act just passed, will in its advanced modifications secure to itself the power of action on this point. Indeed, at the period of its first institution, some such plan as that referred to was proposed by the Necropolis Company; but the inhabitants of the parish or parishes in which it was settled to erect the railway terminus, rose against the idea of dead bodies being retained in their vicinity. Of course, such retention would have been only temporary, under due rules, and in fitting receptacles; still, the opposition was too serious to be withstood. Thus one sees that associations, just as individuals, have to war against prejudice and ignorance, when any radical improvement is suggested. If education has to be prayed for in any one direction more than another, it is in this which bears relation to death, and all the barbarism, ignorance, and superstition connected therewith.

But the train is ready, and we start. A few hundred feet brings us into the main-line, and we make rapid progress along the most beautiful, perhaps, of England's many railways. Mile by mile, as we leave the low-lying levels of the Thames, the landscape on either hand increases in beauty. At Kingston, we get rich glimpses of the wooded scenery of Berkshire; and further on, to Esher, and so to Weybridge, stretch out those russet downs so peculiar to the southern counties of England. These are sometimes intersected with russet cornfields; at others, with farms or clustered cottages. There, in the distance, winds a silvery rivulet, which, approaching the railway as we pass on, is seen to lose itself in little sedgy pools, gay with countless marsh-flowers. Here, we dip into a cutting, down whose bushy slopes the wild convolvuli twine their snowy flowers; and coming out again upon the level, we see the heath stretching away in a wild expanse of undulating swells, and blue and solitary distances. Soon after passing Weybridge, the estate of the Necropolis Company commences, and from hence it extends for upwards of four miles along the line of the South-western Railway towards Farnborough and Pirbright. The train climbing, as it seems, an undulating swell, and catching picturesque glimpses of the little river Wey and the Basingstoke Canal, has a vast table-land before it, broken into ridges and acclivities, and encircled, in a great measure, by green and solitary hills. Through this scene, the train now proceeds for two miles: in some parts, the heathery moor creeps

close beside the rail; in others, we pass cornfields, beaten low by rain or wind; by gravelly hollows, where excavators have been at work. We now begin to catch glimpses of the cemetery, which lies to our left. We see the road which divides the consecrated from the unconsecrated ground; the fence which encloses the 400 acres at present set apart for burial; the church and chapel, so distinguished in name, but in reality precisely similar; the lovely sward-clothed knolls on which they stand; the refreshment-houses, with their deep verandas; the chaplain's house; the range of stables, with the bailiff's house attached; and a portion of the young plantations, flower-beds, new-turfed lawns, and avenues stretching away acre after acre.

The estate contains nearly 2200 acres, divided into two parts, situated at a distance of about two miles from each other. Both are intersected by the railway—the one containing 1700 acres; the other, about 500. Ultimately, the larger section will be devoted entirely to use as a cemetery, thus supplying London with a place of sepulchre for centuries; whilst the lesser section, surrounding, as it does, the Woking station, is to be devoted to building purposes—the soil thereabouts affording excellent clay for bricks, which are already made by the company, not only for their own use, but for transmission to the towns on the southern coast. All the enormous mass of draining-tiles which have been used, and the piles of the same that we see lying about the grounds, have thus been produced.

But the train, with its solemn burden, now leaves the main-line, and enters that which leads into the cemetery. We wind our short way amidst newly formed beds of American plants, young plantations, piles of gravel, and embankments; and stop before the station or refreshment-house attached to the unconsecrated ground—the consecrated ground and church in the distance having one precisely similar. It is a pretty simple building, of but one story, running round three sides of an asphalt-paved square, raised level to the floor of the railway-carriages, and gay in the midst with a circular bed of American evergreens. It is framed entirely of wood, and has a deep and prettily fringed veranda running round the inner side. This branching-out at either end for some way along the platform, gives shelter and space at the side nearest the church for small rooms, into which the coffins are temporarily lifted. At the rear of these respectively, the biers await; and thus screened from vulgar curiosity, the funerals take their way, and are, as it were, unseen until they approach the sacred edifice.

But we alight, and crossing the smooth dry pavement, enter a first-class waiting-room. It is as lightsome and airy as it is possible to be. Through open doors, and windows slid back to the full, the divine sunlight flows in; takes from black-clothed chairs, table, and settee, a portion of their lugubriousness; and falling on the bright red of the partially carpeted floor, climbs up the walls and to the roof with a hue of warmth and light. In winter, these rooms are warmed by pretty-looking stove-like fireplaces. A few servants move quietly to and fro from the rooms in the centre, bearing such simple refreshment as the mourners need.

As we quietly sit awaiting our conductors, the extreme balminess, and freshness of the air strike us as remarkable. It may be that, having so lately breathed the atmosphere of London, we more quickly perceive this scented freshness; but certain it is, that much as we know of England, we recollect no atmosphere more strikingly pure. It smells of heather, and of the wild commons and hills across which it has come sweeping from the sea. Added to this, the intense stillness of the place lends a charm.

Passing out again to the platform, we find that the tender and carriages, having deposited a portion of their burden here, have proceeded onwards, drawn by

horses on the rail, to the consecrated section of the cemetery. So we wind our way amidst flower-borders, vast beds of American plants—such as magnollas, rhododendrons, azaleas, and many other hardy exotics—up the ascent towards the chapel. Service is at the moment being performed, and we do not enter, but linger instead upon the knoll around it, to gaze upon the loveliness of the scene. Its picturesqueness cannot be surpassed. The heather—short, crisp, and dun, for it is not yet in full blossom—clothes the broken-surfaced ground for an immense distance, except where cultivation has stepped in. Here, we have woods—these, fields—beyond, lies more woodland—and then comes the lengthened stretch of hills about Bagshot and Wimbomborough. To our rear, other uplands rise—Chobham Ridges and the hills about Weybridge. This extensive radius of hills gives all the effects of an amphitheatre. As we stand, we in fact look over an extensive southern down—in part called Woking Heath—lying about five miles from Guildford and its exquisitely picturesque neighbourhood. Till the reign of James I., Woking, with some other adjacent parishes, comprised a manor retained by the crown. As its soil at this day indicates, it was originally forest-land. It was so at the time of the Conquest; and by the amount of swine fed, its growth of oak and beech trees must have been very large. On a picturesque site near the little river Wey, stood—till within a few years—the old manorial house which seems to have been the favourite retreat of several of the minions of our weakest kings. Here came the De-la-Spencers and others. Wolsey was residing here when the news reached him of the pope's gift of a cardinal's hat; and Charles II.'s Duchess of Cleveland occasionally made it her residence. Finally, it passed by purchase into the family of the present Lord Onslow, by whom it was sold, in 1853, to the Necropolis Company. These are its past fortunes; its future are of still deeper interest. Here will be the graves of countless generations yet unborn; here, amidst the peace and solemnity of nature, those who never knew what either was, will return to dust; here, from reeking courts, alleys, and mean rooms, the insentient body will rest in the summer's sunshine, and have over it the heath of flowers; and here, as elsewhere, man will work out, though unknowingly, a mighty law. Here he will turn a desert into a garden—a waste, into the most fruitful land, which, in ages yet distant, may be golden with prolific harvests.

Descending the swarded side of the knoll, we trace future avenues, recently planted with various kinds of trees, some with Irish yew. But the cheerful American evergreens predominate largely; hence there will be greenness in winter, especially as in the neighbourhood this class of plants flourishes to a vast extent. This corner of Surrey is the garden of the azalea and the rhododendron. At Knap's Hill, not three miles distant, is the famous nursery of Mr Michael Waterer, who, some forty years ago, fenced in 120 acres of bog and heath, and converted them into the marvellous garden it is. Here the noble magnolia, with rhododendrons, azaleas, kalmias, andromedas, and many other hardy exotics, obtain a vigorous growth, and display in May and June an entire mass of blossom, which perfumes the air for miles.

We saw a considerable number of men at work; but in the planting-season, an average of 600 are daily employed. As to the graves, their indicating hillocks look as yet but few in number in so vast a space; yet the burials, which are rapidly increasing, average for the two sections of the cemetery about thirty a day, Sunday inclusive—making a total of 210 per week. Rather curious in all statistical matters, we inquire if one day more than another gives a larger amount of burials; and we find that Friday is the day when London pours out its dead. Whether this fact is a general one, we

cannot say; but it is worthy of attention, particularly if any data in the Registrar-general's weekly reports were found to bear relation. Some of the graves lie amidst future copses and belts of woodland; others, amidst lawns yet unturfed; others, more beautifully still, amidst the blossoming heather; and others, where the magnolia and azalea will give shade. In either sections of the cemetery, the grave-stones and monuments are but sparsely scattered, and, to our thinking, the less there are of this class of decorations, the better.

Crossing the fenced-in roadway to the consecrated ground, we ascend to the church. The clergyman and officials have just passed out with a funeral-train, and so we enter. The building is simple in the extreme. In figure, it is cruciform, the transverse being pierced with windows, the beam having doors at either end, which, standing open, let in the sunshine and the lovely scene on either side. The transoms of the roof are of oak, or of wood stained to have that effect, as in the old wooden churches of the middle ages. The floor is of brickwork, tessellated black and red; and all the decorations are in the same simple taste.

In this, the consecrated ground, several London parishes have allotted space—St Giles in the Fields and Bloomsbury being amongst the number. These plots the company have afforded free, their only profit arising from the small burial-fees. Some funerals from these parishes take place whilst we are here; and as we proceed, we reach a life of graves. They are dug side by side, with a due space of earth between; and though fully six feet deep, their floors and sides are as dry as a chamber-closet. This, of course, is owing to drainage, and, in a degree, to the nature of the soil, which is a crust of peat-earth resting on sand—the result of primeval seas and succeeding forests, and thus well adapted for burial purposes. When we recollect the mingled mud and water which fill so many of the graves in the cemeteries about London, we can better appreciate this decency of sepulchre; more particularly that every corpse has a separate grave, instead of being one of a mass in the horrible system of 'bedding up' so long pursued, and so often exposed in the statements made to parliament.

But even if the stringent facts of health, decency, and the advance of public opinion in favour of extra-mural burial, be set aside, that of cheapness will recommend it. By a clause in the company's act, the expenses of a burial effected at the cost of any union or parish, are limited to the sum of 14s. Therein is included every charge of reception, transmission, interment, and the conveyance and return of two friends or attendants. A first-class grave in perpetuity, inclusive of the conveyance of the body, funeral-service, and interment, is L.2, 10s.; that of a second-class single grave, alike inclusive of expenses, is L.1. The charges for the conveyance and return of mourners are limited to the most moderate sum. Or the company undertake the whole business of a funeral at defined charges; thus relieving relatives from a most painful and onerous duty, and obviating, in nine cases out of ten, inevitable extortion. The survivors of the dead, if so they will, have but to post a letter, enclosing a certain sum, and they are free from all further care; in addition to the assurance that the remains of those they loved will become dust under the pure skies, and surrounded by the loveliness of nature. As a matter of course, this and other burial companies are stringently opposed by the low-class undertakers, who propagate the most astounding nonsense with respect to them, and of which nothing but the dreary ignorance of the lower classes makes them the dupes. But in this, as in all other questions of public utility, the truth has nothing to fear.

Monopoly will be here out of the question; for other burial companies have been lately formed; and others will undoubtedly arise, now the new law of Limited

Liability gives facility to combination of capital. So far, however, the cemetery at Woking, through its distance, vast extent with accessibility combined, and its extraordinary beauty of situation, is really what it has styled itself—the Necropolis of London. But it may be, in the fulness of time, when the facilities of transit are enlarged, incorporations will carry out the dead of London to still more distant heaths and solitary lands; or it may be, that in a still more distant time, advanced chemical knowledge will step in, and return, by some instantaneous process, the body to its primary elements, and thus make graves and their corruption things only of record.

We now retrace our steps to the pretty verandaed building whence we started. We stay awhile upon the untouched heather, to notice its many varieties, its richness of colour and blossom, its fragrance, and the myriads of wild-bees busy in gathering honey from the tiny flowers. Their hum and stir, together so harmonious, are audible even to ears that hear so dully as ours. But Woking Heath, even in very old days, was celebrated for its sweet-smelling plants. Hither, in the season, a vast number of country-people used to come; to gather a plant between a myrtle and a bay, for the purpose of scenting linen, preferring it to southernwood or lavender. After temporary rest and refreshment, we go by the return-train to town, as far as Esher, where we stay till evening.

It may be a misnomer to use the words pleasure and pleasant with respect to a day passed at a cemetery, however far from town; but this has certainly been a most cheerful and pleasant one to us. We have no fear of, or dismal notions touching death. We believe it to be a law of nature, full of the sublimest beneficence—a change that leads our spiritual portion to such new scenes as we may have fitted ourselves for by our actions here. As for ourselves, we hope to see Woking again some summer-day, when its azaleas and its rhododendrons are in scent and bloom; and one day we shall travel there on a last journey, when a little more of our work is accomplished, and our pen laid down for ever.

THE BRISTOL MILKWOMAN.

If my commendation be thought extravagant, qualify it, dear madam, with the reflection that it is bestowed on one who writes under complicated disadvantages; who is unacquainted with a single rule of grammar, and who has never seen a dictionary.—*Hannah More to Mrs Montague.*

THE metropolis of the west had long been famous for its race of merchant-princes and the sons of genius nurtured within its walls. By the literary world, it was still regarded with undiminished interest, as the birthplace of Chatterton, when a new aspirant to literary fame, still more lowly born, arose in the person of Anne Yearsley, whom her fellow-citizens delighted to call 'the poet milkwoman of Bristol.'

The class to which Anne Yearsley belonged were peculiar to the west country, and more especially to the city of Bristol. They inhabited the villages adjacent, and poured into that city from six to nine a.m., uttering, as they sped along, their still remembered cry of, 'Hae any mulk,' in the purest Doric of the Somerset and Gloucestershire dialect. Their costume was peculiar. We see a clumsy representation of it in original editions of Izaak Walton. Pepys has left a word-sketch of a similar one, as worn by the gay maskers who frequented Tunbridge fair in his day. The milkwoman demanding her score in Hogarth's Distressed Poet, and she who aids the discord that drives his Enraged Musician mad, are thus attired. The gown, some gaudy chintz of the most pronounced pattern, low

at the bosom, short in the sleeves, open in front, was constantly drawn up through the pocket-holes, to display a gay, quilted kirtle of crimson, the chief pride of its wearer. A neckerchief of orange silk clothed the bosom. The shoes had broad buckles, and wooden heels of unusual height. A cap of ample frill, was surmounted by a very low-crowned gipsy-beaver, encircled by a coronal of broad ribbon. On this very graceful head-gear, they balanced their snow-white wooden pail, hung round with glittering measures of all sizes, and brimful with the luscious fluid, fresh from the meadows, rich, and yellow almost as the petals of the buttercup which floated on its surface. I never pass by one of those disgusting establishments called a London dairy, with its stalls of melancholy, imprisoned, dirty kine, and dirtier attendants, without involuntarily adverting to my west-country milkmaids.

It may readily be imagined that a city so ancient retained many traditional usages long neglected elsewhere. Accordingly, Gunpowder Treason was celebrated with almost its original fierce demonstration; and on the birth-festival of King Charles, Bristol, overhung by the spoils of adjacent oak-groves, resembled a city in a wood. The sports of May-day were not forgotten. I remember in my boyhood, how, on the last day of April, young and old went out 'a cowslapping' in the meadows, returning in groups at eventide, dusty and footsore. To be the bearer into town of the largest 'cowslip stick,' was considered a great triumph among the lads and lasses of Bristol. This often measured a yard in length—being a hazel-wand, slit in four, to hold the stalks, while the petals, smoothly ranged outwards, looked like a great golden staff. Part of the spoil was, on reaching home, quickly tied up into what the children called 'tosties,' or flower-balls; a part was reserved to deck the May-pole. By a custom ancient as the days of Queen Bess, the city inn-keepers lent to their milkmaids any amount of silver-plate with which to celebrate the coming May. In no instance was this confidence abused. Indeed, the custom had grown into something like a privilege. The May-pole being erected on a sylvan spot of unrivalled beauty, well known to Bristolians as the Downs, these maskers, fantastically attired, and bearing aloft flowers, flags, and tankards, mingled into one huge pyramid, proceeded thither with musicians, ere sunrise, to dance the morris. That over, they restored the borrowed plate; donned a soberer habit; and by eight o'clock, were again pursuing their rustic vocation, with nicely-balanced pails, through the city's narrow streets.

Such was the costume and the calling of our poetess, and of her mother, likewise a milkwoman, who had catered for the breakfast-tables of the Bristol lieges in the reign of Queen Anne. At the period of Anne Yearsley's introduction to literature, though only twenty-four years of age, she was already the mother of six children. 'Her maiden-name has not survived; her husband occupied no higher position than that of farm-labourer; and one is at a loss to understand what could have influenced an intellect like hers to unite itself to a helpmate in all respects so uncongenial.'

They resided in a cottage upon Clifton Hill, a romantic spot, commanding a prospect of vast extent over the hills and fertile valleys of Somerset. It seems to be an established law, to which there can be no exception, that prophets and poets are alike unhonoured among those who know them best. Our milkwoman shared this common lot. 'Her neighbour,' writes one who at an early period interested himself in her fate, 'did not esteem her in anywise different from

themselves. "She was," said they, "active and industrious; always busy with her cows." Her mother, she herself told me, was a woman of sense, delighting in books, and hence originated her own passion for reading. On asking her how she managed to procure books, she replied: "From her betters, who kindly lent them." She has no manners of society—how should she? But when seated in the meadows at morn and evening milking, she warbles her wood-notes wild with a beauty and taste which cultivation might ripen into the powers of a siren.

Walton, too, had his milkmaid. Our readers will recall—though possibly the worthy citizen who writes thus, did not—that one of the pleasantest passages in the old fisherman's delightful book is the expression of his admiration of her simple rustic song. 'As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. 'Twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not attained to so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of things that will never be; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it.'

Providence, however, had decreed that the stern realities of life should press heavily upon the poetess, and desolate her home. Before proceeding further, let me observe, that the credit of having rescued this child of genius from obscurity and wretchedness belongs to one, the tenor of whose life illustrates the great axiom, that piety without works is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. On Hannah More's return from a visit to Mrs Montague—a name familiar to all the readers of Shakspeare—her servants told her that a poor woman, who used to call daily for the kitchen-refuse to feed her pig, was now, with her mother, husband, and children, slowly perishing for want; that they literally fed upon the refuse the swine did eat. The following day, she was shewn a copy of verses, said to have been written by this very person. Mrs More, although at first incredulous, hastened to discover the presumed author, from motives of benevolence. There was, besides, a 'natural and strongly expressed tone of misery in the verses, which seemed to fill the writer's mind,' whoever it might prove to be. Her generous intentions were anticipated. A philanthropic merchant of the city, whose name is frequently mentioned in the poems, had already become acquainted with her distress. It is said that the scene he encountered in the milkwoman's home, though familiar to the pages of fiction, has, happily, not often been realised, even in the annals of the poor. Her cows—the main dependence of a large family—had gone to satisfy the landlord's claims; the cottage, denuded of its humble plenishing, scarcely afforded a bed; before a fireless hearth sat the famished, dispirited husband; scattered around were six children crying and clamorous for bread; in one corner, on a heap of dirty straw, lay the aged grandmother, bedridden; while at the opposite side, struggling in the throes of childbirth, was she who bore the relation of daughter, wife, and mother to all these wretched beings. It is almost needless to say that succour came promptly and liberally; to one alone it came too late. The grandmother, overcome with joy at knowing that relief was secured, sank back and died.

This sad catastrophe seems to have ever dwelt in the poetess's recollection, and tinges with melancholy most of her subsequent compositions. In a poem addressed to Hannah More, under the name of Stella, she twice revives the circumstances of her parent's death,

Like the poor beetle, creep my hours away;
The journey closed, I shoot the gulf unknown,
To find a home, perhaps—a long-lost mother.
How does fond thought hang on her much-loved name,

And tear each fibre of my bursting heart.
Oh! dear supporter of my infant mind,
Whose nobler precept bade my soul a fire
To more than tinsel joy; the filial tear
Shall drop for thee, when pleasure loudest calls.
The dark sky loured, and the storms of life
Rose high with wildest war: no voice was heard,
But horror's dismal train affrights our souls.
For see, from the dark caverns of the deep
Their grisly forms arise; the crown of Death
Shone horribly resplendent. See 'they seize
A trembling, fainting, unresisting form,
Which hourly met their grasp; ah! spare her yet;
See! from the shore waves his friendly hand;
He's born to bless, and we may yet be happy:
Quick let me clasp her to my panting heart;
And hear her swiftly o'er the beating wave.
In vain, in vain; some greater power unnerves
My feeble arm; inexorable Death,
Why wilt thou tear her from me? Oh! she dies,
Though V——'s dear name had lent a feeble glow
To her pale cheek—she owns him, and expires.
Tremendous stroke! this is thy pastime, Fate;
If shrinking atoms thus thy vengeance feel,
What the grand stroke of final dissolution? *

Again:

O nature! shriek no more;
I have no answer for thy thrilling voice;
Go, melt the soul less frozen in her powers,
And bid her weep o'er miseries not her own;
Hold up the fainting babe who sighs its wants,
So mutely incoherent; mark the head
Which age and wo bend tremulous to earth;
Whose lamp, now quivering in its socket, calls
In haste for aid, ne'er finds it, and goes out.

Pleased with her simple character, and the absence of all affectation and pretence—'for,' remarks the lady, 'she neither attempted to raise my compassion by her distress, nor my admiration by her parts'—Mrs More became warmly interested in the poor milkwoman's fate. She found her, as we may reasonably suppose, to have been an insatiable reader, and 'was surprised at the justness of her taste, a faculty least expected to exist. In truth,' continues Mrs More, 'her remarks on the books she has read are so accurate, and so consonant to the opinions of the best critics, that, from that very circumstance, they would appear true and commonplace in any one familiar with habits of society; for, without having ever conversed with any one above her own level, she seems to possess the general principles of sound taste and just thinking. She never received any education, except that her brother taught her to write; had read the *Night Thoughts* and *Paradise Lost*, but was astonished to learn that Young and Milton were authors of anything else. Of Pope, she had seen the *Eloisa* only; and Dryden, Spenser, Thomson, and Prior to her were quite unknown, even by name. She knew a few of Shakspeare's plays, and spoke of a translation of the *Georgics* with the warmest poetic rapture. On her benefactress expressing surprise at some classical allusions in one of her poems, she said she had taken them from little ordinary prizes that hung in a shop-window! Reader, imagine this untutored rustic, as she wends her homeward way, loitering at every print-stall, and drawing inspiration from the few tawdry productions which may be presumed to have comprised the art-collections of a provincial town in the year 1784!

The 'wondrous tale of the milkwoman,' to quote the language of one of her admirers, circulated rapidly through the literary coteries of the metropolis. Horace Walpole criticised her verses, and wrote complimentary notes, to which she replied by a poem on his *Castle of Otranto*. Beyond a single subscription

* *Night*, p. 6.

to her poems, he never did anything more. But Walpole was equally a literary trifler and a trifler with literary men—very desirous to be thought the friend of genius, while, cold and heartless, he denied that material aid without which patronage was worth nothing. Other distinguished persons of that period were more considerate. Mr Weller Pepys remitted her a handsome sum, in a letter thanking Hannah More for the pleasure he had derived from the perusal of Anne Yearsley's manuscript. The following passage, which paints a mind conscious of extraordinary powers vainly struggling to surmount the barrier of ignorance with which it is 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' seemed to him a novel and very interesting intellectual phenomenon:—

Oft, as I trod my native wilds alone,
Strong gusts of thought would rise, but rise to die;
The portals of the swelling soul, ne'er opened
By liberal converse, rude ideas strove
Awhile for vent, but found it not, and died.
Thus rust the mind's best powers. Yon starry orbs,
Majestic ocean, flowery vales, gay groves,
Eye-wasting lawns, and heaven-attempting hills,
Which bound th' horizon and which curb the view;
All those, with beauteous imagery, awaked
My ravished soul to ecstasy untought,
To all the transports the rapt sense can bear;
But all expired, for want of powers to speak,
All perished in the mind as soon as born,
Erased more quick than ciphers on the shore,
O'er which the cruel waves unheeding roll.*

Other acts of munificent kindness followed fast. The Duchess of Beaufort sent for her to Stoke; her Grace of Rutland, to Belvoir Castle; Lady Spencer and the Honourable Mrs Montague, to Bath; the Bishop of Salisbury, to his episcopal palace. 'The noble and munificent Duchess of Portland,' writes Hannah More, 'has sent me a L.20 bank-note.' Anne, therefore, promised soon to be the richest poetess—certainly the richest milkwoman—in Great Britain.

It has too often been the just reproach of genius, that its possessors are clogged with a more than ordinary amount of human infirmity. Hers seems to have been an indomitable pride. Like her fellow-townsmen and brother-poet—

The sleepless soul that perished in its pride—

she was influenced by an almost insane impatience under obligation; and whilst mother, husband, offspring, were slowly perishing from hunger, she struggled to defeat the kind intentions of her friends. During the dreary winter of 1783, and the famine which succeeded it—still recorded among the traditions of the west—Mrs Palmer of Bristol, one of those good Samaritans whose vocation is charity, offered her assistance. At once she shifted her residence to evade her. 'When she does call upon me,' says that kind lady, 'I can't persuade her to tell me where she lodges, nor induce her to eat, her pride is so great, although at the time there is famine in her looks, and I know she is near perishing.' This spirit seems to have rather elevated her in Mrs Palmer's estimation than otherwise; for she styled it a 'noble fertility,' and liked her milkwoman never the worse. The reader of Chatterton's life will here recall how, only two days before poverty drove him to self-murder, his worthy landlady, Mrs Angel, almost with tears in her eyes, begged him to share her frugal dinner, knowing that he had not eaten for more than two days. But his proud and graceless spirit took offence; he assured her he was not hungry, and seemed indignant at her supposing he could be in distress.

She now began to express a very great amount of indignation that her new friends should still continue

to speak of her as the Bristol Milkwoman. She had long provided for herself a more classic distinction:

The swain neglects his nymph, yet knows not why;
The nymph, indifferent, mourns the freezing sky;
Alike insensible to soft desire,
She asks no warmth—but from the kitchen-fire;
Love seeks a milder zone; half-sunk in snow,
LACTILLA, shivering, tends her favourite cow.*

Again:

Such rapture filled LACTILLA's vacant soul,
When the bright Moralist† in softness drest
Opes all the glories of the mental world,
Deigns to direct the infant thought, to prune
The budding sentiment, uprear the stalk
Of feeble fancy, bid idea live,
Woo the abstracted spirit from its cares,
And gently guide her to the scenes of peace.
Mine was that balm, and mine the grateful heart,
Which breathes its thanks in rough but timid strains.

From a kindred degree of sensitiveness, she shrank from being represented by her friends as an object of pity, and mourns that their donations were not exclusively bestowed from personal regard, and as a tribute to her intellectual superiority:

My soul's ambitious, and its utmost stretch
Would be to own a friend—but that's denied.
Now, at this bold avowal, gaze, ye eyes,
Which kindly melted at my wo-fraught tale;
Stand back, Benevolence, and shun the charge;
Soft-bending Pity, fly the sullen phæse,
Ungrateful as it seems. My abject fate
Excites the willing hand of Charity,
The momentary sigh, the pitying tear,
And instantaneous act of bounty bland,
To misery so kind; yet not to you,
Bounty or Charity, or Mercy mild,
The pensive thought applies fair Friendship's name;
That name which never yet could dare exist
But in equality.‡

An attempt was made to secure some permanent provision for Anne Yearsley's family, by publishing her early poems. The generous zeal with which Hannah More's large circle of friends seconded her intentions, soon produced a very large subscription, which includes many of those most illustrious for rank or talent of that day. It contained above a thousand names, and the money thus collected was placed in the Funds, under the joint names of More and Montague. But this arrangement, so judicious, proved most distasteful to its object, who had hoped the whole would be unconditionally surrendered to her use. It is scarcely to be credited, that a person who had previously shewn a decided unwillingness to accept pecuniary obligation, should all at once become possessed by the demon of avarice. Perhaps the vulgar greed of her family connections, who ignorantly beheld in that sum an inexhaustible mine of wealth, worried her into a manifestation of flagrant ingratitude, which justly alienated all her generous friends. I really regret to record, that she wrote or delivered the most unworthy messages and insinuations to one who had been her chief friend. 'The open and notorious ingratitude of the Milkwoman,' observes Hannah More, 'shocks me. There is hardly a species of slander the poor creature does not propagate. I am described as secretly jealous of her poetic talents, and as intending to defraud her children of the money subscribed after her death; and all this because, in my preface to her book, I allude to her as an object of charity, called her Milkwoman, and placed the money at interest, instead of allowing her to waste it. I confess my weakness; it goes to my heart: not

* To Mrs Montague, p. 104.

* *Onion Hill, a Poem*, Jan. 1785; p. 108.

† Hannah More.

‡ *Poems*, p. 84.

for my own sake, but for that of our common nature. So much for my inward feelings. As to resentment,' says this Christian philanthropist, 'I am trying to get a place for her husband, and to make up the sum I have raised—£500. *Fate bene per soi* is a beautiful maxim.'

Mrs Montague's rejoinder was characteristic and amusing enough; more especially as she had at first been completely carried away by a generous enthusiasm, expressing the utmost anxiety that this noble creature should be rescued from unmerited obscurity. But a change came o'er the spirit of her dream. She now rejoices to think they shall soon be free from any connection with the Milkwoman; and has the same opinion about favours to the ungrateful-minded as the common people have about witches, that bestowing a gift upon such wretches gives them a power over you for evil. But for all this, she avows her intention never to be deterred from giving to distressed persons of talent, as long as she had anything to give.

Unwilling to confront those whose kindness she is represented to have so ill repaid, Anne Yearsley now withdrew to Melksham, in Wiltshire. She published a second edition of her poems about 1787; in the preface to which, says M. Lefebvre Cauchy, she rebuts the accusation of ingratitude, '*avec la vivacité d'un bon cœur, et l'énergie d'un poète offensé*.' Many of her fellow-citizens deemed otherwise, and looked upon the apology but as a reiteration of previous calumnies. Shortly after, there appeared a drama, entitled *Earl Godwin*, which was represented on the Bristol stage with considerable applause. The gallant M. de Cauchy regards this production as a sort of dramatic phenomenon, '*une double singularité*;' seeing, he observes, it is '*tragédie sans amour*!'—a tragedy without a love-scene—written in imitation of Shakspeare, by a peasant-woman of the humblest class. He calls her *La Laitière*, a prettier sound than her own—*Lactilla*—and which, doubtless, was balm of Gilead to poor Anne's too sensitive feelings: even more so his '*Miss Anna*'—had he not, in a line or two previous, recorded her being married, and the mother of seven children. Mrs Yearsley published also *The Royal Captives*, a romance of very considerable merit, which, as the introduction informs us, was discovered—à la Chatterton—in an old oak-chest. Verily, our literary predecessors had the queerest fancies anent the gullibility of their readers. Some verses on the Slave-trade, and a small collection called *The Rustic Lyre*, complete the sum of her literary labours. She died at Melksham, Wilts, in 1806, and her death gave rise to the following jeu d'esprit, not exactly in the very best taste:—

Anne Yearsley tasted the Castalian stream,
And skimmed its surface as she skimmed her cream;
But struck at last by fate's unerring blow,
All that remains of Anne is—'Milk below!'

A NEW FOOD AND A NEW DRINK.

ATTENTION, as all men know, has of late years been anxiously turned towards the discovery of a plant capable, in whole or in part, of forming a substitute for the precarious potato-crop. Many have been suggested. The tuberous oxalis, the arracacha, the lesser celandine, and many more, have from time to time been brought into notice; but each in turn, when weighed in the balance of practical agriculture, has been found wanting.

The star of hope to which the eye of hungry Europe is now directed is an Oriental yam, which the combined labours of the 'Allies' have suddenly brought forth from an inglorious obscurity of 6000 years. Like the East and West Indian yams already known, it belongs

to the genus dioscorea; but is very different from these in its specific character. M. Decaisne's experiments lead to the conclusion that it would speedily become a plant of real agricultural importance in France; and Professor Lindley sees no reason—judging from its geographical distribution, and its affinity to our hedge-bryony, which it much resembles—why it should not suit our climate.

The plant has large, perennial rhizomes or roots, the top-ends of which are as thick as the fist, and which taper downwards to the thickness of the finger, descending perpendicularly to the depth of a yard, if the soil is loose enough to allow them. The haulm is annual, as thick as a goose-quill, cylindrical, entwining from right to left, two yards in height, of a violet colour, with small whitish specks; and when not artificially supported, it trails on the ground, rooting freely at the joints. In China, this plant has long been in extensive cultivation, under the name of *Sain-lai*; and M. Montigny, through whom it was introduced from Shang-hae to Paris, reports it to be highly productive, and consumed as largely by the Chinese as the potato is by Europeans.

As yet, the applicability of the plant to Britain has not been practically demonstrated; but the French horticulturists, who have been at much pains to inquire into its merits, have arrived at the following conclusions:—1. That, in point of flavour and nutritive properties, it is equal to the potato, and, in the opinion of Professor Decaisne, superior. 2. That the yield is greater, whilst its freedom from disease renders the crop more certain. 3. That it will grow upon sandy, and what are usually considered barren soils; and thus affords an excellent means of turning waste-land to profit. 4. That it can be propagated with facility. 5. That it may remain in the ground several years without degenerating, but, on the contrary, it increases in size, weight, and nutriment, 'furnishing at all seasons of the year an aliment within the reach of every one.' 6. That when harvested, it may be preserved in cellars or sheds, without vegetating, for many months after the potato has become useless for food. 7. It requires a shorter time in cooking than the potato; ten minutes' boiling being sufficient.

M. Decaisne, in detailing his experiments, observes: 'If a new plant is to have a chance of becoming useful in rural economy, it must fulfil certain conditions, in the absence of which its cultivation cannot be profitable. . . . Now, the Chinese yam satisfies every one of these conditions. It has been domesticated from time immemorial; it is perfectly hardy in the climate of France; its root is bulky, rich in nutritive matter, eatable when raw, easily cooked either by boiling or roasting, and then having no other taste than that of flour (*féculé*). It is as much a ready-made bread as the potato, and is better than the batatas or sweet potato.'

The system of cultivation recommended by Professor Lindley for Britain is the following:—namely—For propagation, the smallest roots are set apart, and pitted to keep them from frost. In the spring, they are taken out, and planted in furrows, pretty near each other, in well-prepared ground. They soon sprout and form prostrate stems, which are made into cuttings as soon as they are six feet long. As soon as the cuttings are ready, a field is worked into ridges, along each of which is formed a small furrow, in which the pieces of the stem are laid down and covered with a little earth, the leaves being left bare. If rainy weather follows, the cuttings strike immediately; if dry, they must be watered until they do strike. In fifteen or twenty days, the roots begin to form, and at the same time lateral branches appear, which are carefully

removed from time to time, to facilitate the swelling of the roots. In general, one plant produces two or three tubers (rhizomes), which are of a coffee-colour externally, but consist internally of a white, opaline, very friable, slightly milky, cellular mass, filled with flour, which softens and dries in cooking till it acquires the taste and quality of a potato, for which it might be mistaken—possibly in taste, certainly not in appearance.

So much for the new food; we turn now to the new drink. This it is proposed to produce in a circuitous way from a Chinese plant, known to botanists as the *Holcus saccharatus*, which was introduced into France a few years ago, and into England last year. Chemical analysis shews this plant as containing 18½ per cent. of saccharine matter, being a higher proportion than in the case of beet. The sugar is obtained from the juice in the same way as that of the sugar-cane; but it appears that sometimes as much as a third of the total amount of sugar in the juice is not crystallisable, so that under certain circumstances the saccharine matter of the plant cannot be rendered wholly available in the sugar-manufactory. In fact, it is expected that in the actual produce of marketable sugar, the holcus can compete with beet only in the 44th and lower degrees of latitude.

How, then, is this plant to be made available as a British crop? It appears that, while the saccharine juice produced in cold countries is incapable of profitable conversion into sugar, it is, on the other hand, precisely in the most favourable condition for the distiller. To the difficulty of crystallisation is attributed the facility with which the juice enters into fermentation, and the large amount of alcohol it affords compared with the quantity of sugar directly indicated by the saccharometer. M. Vilmorin, who has carefully examined the capabilities of this crop, believing that it would be most advantageously cultivated for its alcoholic products, obtained results indicating a slightly higher production of sugar than beet, which, from 40,147 pounds of roots, yields 1927 pounds of sugar per acre. But the difference in alcohol is more important, beet yielding 120 gallons only, while holcus gives 182½ gallons—a difference of 60 gallons on the acre; and it is as a drink-plant, therefore, and not as a food-plant, that the *Holcus saccharatus* must be accepted. Instead of standing up as a rival to beet, it will become a substitute, or rather a supplement, to the vine, which has of late years been so severely threatened with blight.

In France, the capabilities of the plant have been demonstrated. M. de Beauregard having fermented, by means of the refuse of grapes, a quantity of the juice of the holcus in his wine-vats, obtained an alcohol of excellent flavour, which he sent to the market at Marseille, where it realised the same price as the ordinary alcohols there exposed. Of all substitutes for the vine that have hitherto been tried, Dr Turrell believes the holcus to be the best, producing an alcohol altogether superior to every other.

But the holcus has nobler aspirations, and is likely to minister substantially to our intellectual wants. It responds to the cry for rags, by a yield of four tons an acre of material for paper-making, after the juice has been extracted. Nor is this all. A writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle* says: "Attention has been drawn to a novelty of the year, in the shape of a tall reedy grass, called *Holcus saccharatus*, of whose economical virtue I find that great expectations are raised. . . . The Deccan sportsmen and officers use it largely, under the name of *jowdree*, in preference to the coarse grass or hay obtainable there, in feeding their hunters and chargers, which thrive well upon it; so much so, indeed, that when sent to the coast for racing purposes, a supply of it invariably accompanies them."

THE CLYDE IN NOVEMBER.

HARK! from the hills, where blustering herald-winds
Blow their loud trumpet to the vales beneath,
A voice proclaims scar Autumn in his tomb:
With larger wave Clyde hurries foaming on,
And, joined by many a tuneful brother-rill,
Makes hoarse deep music o'er his harp of rocks—
A dirge for the departed. Beech and lime
Have cast their many-coloured vests of leaves,
And in bare, cheerless desolation stand,
Like broken-hearted mourners. Each small flower,
That late so fondly oped her golden eye
To greet her sovereign, sun, and breathed at eve
Her incense-prayer to God, now shuts her lids,
Drops all her beauty-petals on cold earth,
And faints into decay. The shade of Grief,
As 'twere the ghost of Summer, walks the vale,
Leans from the mist-wrapped Lowthers, throne of storms,
Or listens the deep roar of Corra Linn.
The gusty cloud hangs black in heaven—a pall
Spread for the corpse of Nature's late green beauty;
And tears are falling through the chilly air,
From sorrowing spirits sitting in the skies,
Lamenting change so sad. The hermit bittern,
Haunting the plashy moor, is happy now;
The eagle, too, that mounts, well-pleased, the storm,
Sailing along the Grampians, shrieks afar,
Shrieks an 'All-hail!' to Winter's hoary king.

NICHOLAS MITCHELL.

JUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard-trodden avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag-net made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted inter-twining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely woven wicker-basket, that narrowed towards the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necessarily in a most cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cloth, hiding it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net quite untied and disentangled. He then took a long, straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead; then pulled off and threw aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as in some degree we were for this, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers looked on, apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective. Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, shewed it to us empty, and threw it away. At the same moment, we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at a distance of at least fifty or sixty feet. Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and the woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the veranda on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved.—Crayon (U.S.)

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VISIT TO METTRAY.

THE question is now once more fairly before the public as to the best means of repressing crime by reforming juvenile criminals; and perhaps, therefore, an account of a visit I paid on the 30th of May last to the agricultural colony of Mettray, in France, for the reformation and training of criminal boys, may be considered to possess some interest.

The colony is about three miles from Tours; in a smiling, prosperous-looking country, resembling, except in its vineyards, the prettiest parts of Essex. The fine hedgerows especially, an English traveller is glad to greet, and the more glad now, when scientific farmers in England are clearing away those dear old friends. Meaning to stay some days, I took a room at the *Hôtel de la Colonie*—a cheerful little roadside-inn, near the turning which leads about 100 yards along a poplar-bordered lane to the gate of the colony. On this is painted—‘*Parlez à la Concierge*,’ and here the portress told me, that though Sunday and Thursday are the public days, I, as a foreigner, should be admitted. She made me write my name in a book, and led me further along the road, and in at another gate to the large quadrangle or area of the colony, round three sides of which stand twelve detached houses and the church. A very broad gravel-road runs round the area; grass lawns, edged with fine young acacias and poplars, occupy the middle part; and in the centre of all, is a stone-basin of water. It looked pleasant—all was fresh after the rain; the trees were in their brightest spring green; the acacias were in flower; and beautiful wreaths of *auraria* decked the front of one of the houses. It was the clergyman's. The church stands in the centre of one side. A part of the area is occupied by a man-of-war's masts, rigged—on which, as I learned later, the boys, especially the born seamen from the coasts of Brittany, are delighted to practise the nautical exercise. Several persons were crossing the area; the clergyman appeared from under the trees; there were boys in blue blouses, and young men in the blue uniform of the colony passing to and fro, apparently pursuing their several avocations. The first thought is—how happy these young criminals are to be here: here is nothing to remind them of prison or crime; nothing to recall the squalor and poverty in which, it is probable, most of them were born. All is pleasant, wholesome, cheerful. The *concierge* consigned me to one of these young men in uniform, to be conducted round the colony; and I found in him, as well as in each of those who afterwards conducted me, a very obliging and intelligent guide. He took me first to the large class-room, which stands on one side of,

and a little behind, the church. It is lofty and airy, and is provided with movable benches and a platform. On the walls hung some prints—one of ‘the Happy Apprentice,’ accepted at once as son-in-law and partner by his master—and tablets. One of these was the *table d'honneur*, inscribed with the names of colonists entitled to this privilege by three months' freedom from all punishment. Many of these names have been there a long time.* The erasure of a name is a severe punishment; not only because it is a mark of disgrace, but also because persons applying to the colony for servants or workmen are directed in their choice by this table, and by another containing the names of those who, in the periodical competition, have shewn themselves most skilful in their different trades. To the colonists occupying the four or five highest places on both lists, prizes, varying from two francs to half a franc, are from time to time awarded. There are at this time sixty-two agents to conduct the school of 625 boys; and this large proportion of teachers to pupils is doubtless one great reason of the success of Mettray.

We went into the church: it is light and simple within and without; there is nothing remarkable in it but that, at the back of the high-altar, there is an opening to the *quartier de punition*, where the cells of punishment are so placed, that their occupants need never be excluded from participating by eye and ear in the church-service. Round the walls of the church are painted the names of the principal contributors to the colony, among whom were some few English. From the church door, I took a good survey of the buildings round the area. On the same side with the church, a little behind it, stand the class-room and another building uniform with this. On the right and left sides of the area stand ten detached houses, five on each, all alike; single gabled, two storied, broad eaved, with the staircase on the outside, leading to the side-doors of the upper rooms sheltered by the eave. On the houses given by towns or individuals is inscribed the name of the giver: there is ‘*Maison de Paris*,’ ‘*d'Orléans*,’ ‘*de Poitiers*,’ ‘*de Limoges*,’ ‘*de M. le Comte d'Orches*,’ ‘*de la veuve Hébert*.’ One is inscribed ‘*Maison de Marie*,’ and bears a figure of the Virgin and Child in a central niche. This is the habitation of the youngest children, those from five years old to ten, who are placed peculiarly under the care of the mother of Jesus. One of these houses is occupied by the clergyman; the other nine, and five more in different parts of the colony, are occupied by

* According to the last Report, nine names were inscribed from the eighteenth to the twenty-seventh time.

'families,' that is to say, each house is inhabited by from forty to fifty boys, under the care of a chief and second-chief of the family—two young men (educated in the school for teachers) appointed to be constantly with the boys when they are in the house. It is found to be desirable, for the purpose of maintaining the *esprit de famille*, not to remove a boy from the family in which he is placed on entering the institution. This rule, however, has one exception—the very young children compose one family; and these, when they grow old enough, are drafted into other families as vacancies occur. In distributing newcomers among the different families, especial care is taken that they shall form the smallest possible proportion in numbers to the children who have already been partially trained and are imbued with the spirit of the institution; and also—their characters and antecedents having been carefully studied—that they shall be classed with companions whose dispositions are likely to promote their reform. Ten houses were built expressly, and four farmhouses in the immediate neighbourhood have been adapted, to receive each one family. Each house contains three rooms: that on the ground-floor is a workshop; and each of the upper floors contains one room, which is bedroom, eating-room, or class-room, according to the hour and the need.

Between the houses are sheds, where the colonists break stones, or do other wet-weather work; and behind some houses is a piece of ground, divided into boys' gardens, where they work in their play-time, and on Sunday if they like it. Among these there was, of course, a difference; but the general aspect of the whole place was beautifully neat and orderly; everything looked square, straight, and even. One is impressed with the idea of military discipline pervading the whole; and perhaps one wishes the trees at least would assert their independence of it, and shoot upwards and sideways a little out of the line.

All we see, is in a measure the work of the colonists. From the very beginning, they were employed on the buildings, the roads, the planting, &c.; and no doubt a feeling of home and of property springs up in their poor homeless hearts, as they see their work take form and substance.

We went into one of the workshops: there sat a teacher, with about twenty boys, making wooden *sabots*, the common *chaussure* of the colonists; in the next, they were making leather shoes, worn here only on Sundays; tailors occupied a third; carpenters a fourth; and in another much larger workshop, the agricultural instruments were being repaired. The numbers employed in the workshops do not, all together, equal the number at work in the fields. It is an agricultural colony. I understood, however, that everything used in the colony is made there; there are probably some exceptions to this; but the neat blue uniforms of the agents are not among them, and they do great credit to the tailors' skill.

We went into the upper room, then prepared for dinner; and, while waiting for the boys to come in, we had time to look round and see how easily this room is converted to its three purposes. It must be from 30 to 40 feet long, and from 15 to 20 wide; and it is pretty well aired, having the window and the door at opposite ends. Ten hammocks are now hooked up to each wall, at a hammock's length from the walls; from

end to end of the room are fixed two or three pillars, fitted with rests, to support the horizontal beams placed upon them every night, to which beams the hammocks are slung. In the wall, close to each hammock, is a little cupboard, without door, that it may be always open to inspection. To convert the room to school purposes, little more is necessary than to rearrange the benches and tables now placed for dinner. Round the walls hang a few prints: there is Napoléon I., the Virgin Mary, and M. de Courteilles, the early friend and coadjutor, early and late, of M. de Metz, in forming Mettray.* Near the door is a small sleeping-place, partitioned off, for the chief of the family; it has a window whence he can see all that passes in the room, and space enough inside to receive any one, two, or three boys with whom he may desire a private conversation.

The bugles sound, and the approach of the family is heard; their *sabots* clatter orderly up the stairs; their master-workman, whether of the field or the shop, here makes them over to the care of their family-chief. The iron pots of broth are steaming on the floor; the boys stand in their places while grace is said; and at a word, sit down, and are helped by the 'elder brother.' All is quickly and silently done. The boys do not talk among themselves while at meals, but they answered readily and intelligently any questions or remarks. There are two 'elder brothers' to each family, chosen by each family for itself—subject, of course, to the approbation of the superiors, who, however, rarely once have found occasion to interfere. These elder brothers are distinguished by a red galloon on the sleeve; they are charged with the arrangement of the room for its different purposes, and they have a general superintendence of the conduct of their family, and are to report to the chiefs any infraction of rules. During the dinner, I looked at the countenances, and exchanged a few words with the boys. They looked generally good and kind, and 'contented'—the variations from this expression were rather towards the dull and the sulky than towards the wicked. Few among them could be called otherwise than very plain—not one was made of porcelain clay—but there were some exceptions to the usual heavy look, some nicely turned features, and many bright eyes. I thought I could soon learn to distinguish those who had been longest at Mettray, by their more developed countenances and freer manners. In guessing their age, I almost always found myself below the mark; they were nearly all under-sized; very many come in a very bad state of health.† After dinner, they have a short time of play, when tongues as well as limbs are let loose. The hour allotted to dinner and play being over, the bugles call to the daily hour and half of lessons;‡ after which, all go back to field or workshop for four or five hours more. Of the fifteen hours in each day, ten are spent in the field or the workshop.

I was next taken to the wash-house and laundry, and to the kitchen and infirmary; both the latter are managed by Sisters of Charity, of whom nine constantly live here, the only female influences I had yet seen at work in the colony. They are assisted by a certain number of boys, who learn in helping. The kitchen, on the ground-floor, is beautifully clean and neat. The infirmary, on the first-floor, consists of a ward, in which are about ten beds, and a corridor where the sisters receive their out-patients, and where they were then engaged. One little fellow was dismissed with an expression of non-belief in his complaints, but it was added: 'Come again in the evening if you still feel

* M. de Courteilles died in 1832.

† Mostly described in the Reports as scrofulous.

‡ The school-hours in summer are during the heat of the day; in winter, they are in the morning and evening by lamplight.

ill.' It seems likely enough that among the 625 many may covet, as a pleasing variety, a residence in this comfortable ward, where, among other indulgences, that, elsewhere unknown, of a nice bed upon four legs, awaits them. There were five or six patients in the ward. The proportion of sick is generally large, as must be expected among these unfortunates, gathered chiefly from the most degraded and destitute classes; but the careful medical attendance—they are visited nearly every day by a physician—the constant watchfulness of the sisters, and the healthy regular life, with good food, good air, and work apportioned to their strength, seldom fail to give a fair portion of health even to the most sickly among them. In the sisters' quarters, which are apart from the quadrangle, is a pretty little chapel for their own private use.

I visited the register-office, as it may be called, where, in the books kept by the chiefs of families, detailing the daily conduct of each boy, and in the correspondence held between Mettray and the colonist and his masters and patrons after he leaves Mettray, the biography of each colonist may be in great measure made out. The director makes use of these details of daily conduct when he is called upon to judge an offence. The offender is first sent to the *Salle de Réflexion*, where he has a quiet opportunity of recovering himself; and, meantime, the director to whom he is reported has time to consult the register, and judge by his antecedents of the character of this offence. Thus the boy is guaranteed against any sudden effect of anger on the part of his immediate superintendent, and allowed the advantage of any previous good character he has acquired.

By the correspondence after the colonist has left Mettray, M. de Metz is enabled to trace the effect of his discipline, and to collect the data on which to found the very satisfactory calculation, that 89 per cent. of these poor lads are redeemed to become useful and worthy members of society. Had I not been afraid of trying my guide's patience too much, I could have pored much longer over these writings, full of proofs of the minute, sustained, affectionate attention given to the formation of the pupils' characters, and the care with which they are defended after they return to the world. The director, by means of his '*Société de Patronage*,' which extends all over France, finds them places, sometimes lends them money for their outfit; always places them under the special care of some one in the neighbourhood of their employer; and, as long as their conduct is good, welcomes them back to Mettray, which they revisit as their old home.

Looking over these journals, I elicited some information from my guide as to the manner in which discipline is sustained. It appears to be very strict, and yet unaccompanied with any harshness. There is no corporal punishment, and dieting upon bread and water is no longer practised. The slighter punishments now consist chiefly in exclusion from some privilege. There are good marks, which can be acquired and forfeited, and of which a certain number entitles to other prizes and privileges. Among them is that of going with the fire-engine, to extinguish fires in the neighbourhood—a service the colonists have several times rendered, once having saved the village church: none but the worthy are allowed to join these expeditions. Another, reserved for the family that has been without reproach during the week, is that of marching on Sunday at the head of all the other families, bearing the national flag, inscribed '*Honneur à la Famille*.' The erasure of a name from the table of honour is a severe punishment; still more so is solitary confinement in the cell, which may be light or dark, with a bread-and-water diet, the solitude being broken only by visits from superiors. This is found to work powerfully. One poor lad, who had probably elsewhere known corporal punishment, said

he would rather be whipped than put into the cell; but he knew the cell did him most good. Severest of all in the scale of punishments is the being sent back to the *Maison Centrale*, the prison whence they came. This is reserved for great offences, or for running away, which, though probably not the greatest offence that can be committed, is considered as a disqualification for Mettray. There are no physical restraints, neither bolts nor bars can be employed to retain the colonists here, but a strong appeal is always made to them; they are in some sort put upon honour, and taught to regard running away as a species of desertion. It has, however, in a great degree succeeded. In the fifteen years Mettray has existed, the attempts to run away have been but thirty-four, of which one only was successful. In the last few years, there has not been more than one attempt in a year.

In the concierge's porch to-day I saw a very nice-looking woman at work, the mother of two boys, who were standing with her chatting. She had come from Nantes to see them; and as she could have their company but for a few hours every day, she was staying some days at the hotel. She was so well dressed, and looked, both inwardly and outwardly, so respectable, the first thought that occurred to me was, how could her sons have fallen into the kind of trouble that brings boys to Mettray. I afterwards noticed, in a Report, that there were at Mettray some boys belonging to what are commonly called the better classes, and that usually they are those who give the most trouble. My guide told me, that about a fourth part of the number now at Mettray could not be allowed intercourse with their parents or (so-called) friends, and many have none desirous to correspond with them; but still there are many who may and do, under certain regulations, receive visits and correspond, and scores of letters are sometimes written and sent in a day. After returning to my hotel, I continued to hear the bugle-sounds at intervals till the hour of retiring.

Next morning, the same cheerful sounds waked me at five o'clock, the summer hour for rising. It was Thursday, a public day, but rainy, and the visitors were not very numerous. About ten o'clock, a great number—perhaps 200—of the boys were collected in the large class-room to sing. They sang from notes, and in parts. The music and words were good, and well adapted, and the singers kept good time; but the voices, ranging over many years of age, though some might be good, were such as no teaching could bring into harmony. The boys next performed military evolutions, which appeared to me far better suited to their taste and capacity. They marched to the sounds of drum and fife, bugle and ophicleide, played by a band of themselves. Both marching and music were done *con amore*, and in both the young Frenchmen seemed in their element. After many evolutions, to which the broad space of gravel before mentioned afforded room enough, the band, augmented in number, played many airs very respectably. The amount of skill they can acquire on their instruments is probably not very great, but enough to be of much use to them in after-life; not only to those who enlist in the army, but also to those who inhabit country villages, as it often induces the clergyman to give them a part in the service of the church. It appeared to me that the public day was so skilfully contrived as to cause no interruption, only a change in the daily activity. If there was less work in the field and the shop, there was more practising of marching and of music.

I was conducted over a part of the farm this day, and was shewn the cattle, stall-fed. I saw the boys dispersed about, in all varieties of agricultural labours. I learned that the object is rather to fit them for labourers under the ordinary system, than to initiate them into any very new or scientific plans by which they would not be likely to gain immediate employment. They are

so well trained in the usual farm-work, that there is quite a competition among the neighbouring farmers for their services. A certain portion of land belongs to the colony, and two or three farms in addition are held on lease—I believe, in all, about 500 acres. I visited two of the families located in the outlying farms, and, much as the new-houses had pleased me, I found these old-adapted dwellings more accordant with my old-fashioned ideas of a home, especially because the workmaster and the workmaster's wife have roofed under the same roof with the family-head and his children. The wife, a comfortable matron, reigns over the kitchen-department, assisted by a boy, who, she said, was not a *mauvais gars*, though she was obliged to tell him the same thing a thousand times. She had been at Mettray from the beginning: she seemed quite a fixture, and was just the kind of homely, motherly body to do the boys good; sometimes perhaps scolding them, and sometimes perhaps a little petting them, but, on the whole, brushing up their young hearts, and reminding them pleasantly of woman-kind. In the farmhouse, of course, no workshop is needed; the one room is used as a kitchen, and the other is fitted up, as usual, for the three purposes of sleeping, eating, and learning. In the kitchen, the *pas mauvais gars* was preparing potatoes; another lad, a little poorly, was nursing a kitten by the fireside. Two doves were cooing on the kitchen-table. I stayed to see the dinner, which was conducted like the former, and it helped to confirm my impression of the good-feeling between masters and boys. Their manners to each other are free from harshness on the one side, and from fear on the other.

This Thursday was the last day of May, the month dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the close of it was to be celebrated by a little religious festival. I had observed the Sisters of Charity going to and from the church, sometimes followed by boys carrying pots of artificial flowers, and the clergyman directing others who were preparing the front of May's house for illumination. In the evening, as soon as it was dark, the little girl of the hotel, who had been telling me frequently how 'superbe,' 'charmante,' and 'admirable' the sight would be, summoned me to behold it. Unfortunately, it rained; nevertheless, not only all the colony was assembled, but many visitors also. The high-altar was brilliant with a hundred lights, and gay with flowers. We had a little church-service, and a very earnest exhortation from the clergyman, especially addressed to the colonists, wherein he urged them to seek the blessed Virgin's help on all occasions of sorrow, temptation, and distress, depending on her sympathy and love for all her children. We went out of the church to admire the house of Mary, which was prettily adorned with coloured lamps and mirrors. The horn-band played its prettiest airs: the good director walked about among his family of 625 redeemed or redeeming souls, patting heads, and speaking kind words—he and all the elders and pastors and masters, enjoying the young people's enjoyment of the scene, which, to their imaginations, was brightened by the idea of Mary-mother looking down upon them. I thought if ever man was happy, the good director must be so that evening in looking round upon the work he, under God, was the means of accomplishing.

On Sunday, 8d June, I spent many hours in the colony. At eight-o'clock mass, the church was full; the floor, and great part of the galleries, were filled with the boys in their best clothes—gray jackets and trousers. Agents walked up and down the church among the boys the whole time—I presume, to keep order; but I did not see that they had occasion once to interfere. The horn-music and the singing, in both of which the boys performed the principal parts, made up a large portion of the service, and probably secured their interest in what might otherwise have seemed a

little long. But it is no new remark, that the Roman Catholic church-service is far more agreeable than our own to such slaves of the eye and ear as children and other uncultivated people are apt to be. I was more than usually struck with this on Thursday night, seeing how easily an act of worship in the Roman Catholic manner lends itself to the purposes of a festival. After mass, the director holds a general audit, as it were, of the moral accounts of the week, and awards his praise and blame accordingly. At this I was not allowed to be present; but I saw the afternoon's proceedings, and admired the skill of the conductors in keeping Sunday a holiday, and yet filling it with useful and interesting employments, though such, perhaps, as would not all be admitted in the Protestant plan.

There is a great deal of military, and, I believe, naval exercise; but the last I did not see. In the military exercises, each family forms a separate band, marching under its own flag, which it is a distinction to bear; and, as already said, the family without reproach during the week heads all the rest under the national flag. It was amusing to see the martial airs of the little family of Mary, and especially of the standard-bearer. I believe all the boys of the colony, or nearly all, were present in the compact bodies that took so little space. There was next the fire-engine exercise, some boys being harnessed to the engines, while others rode upon them as they trotted at a quick pace round and round the area. Their skill in the management of the fire-engine has been one means of overcoming the dislike with which their settlement was at first regarded by the neighbours. They are now considered as useful and desirable, instead of mischievous. There was much playing on the horns. There was a large party taken out for a walk in the country with some of the masters, while the boys who by reason of lameness, sickness, or other cause, could not be of the party, remained playing at games—marbles and leap-frog seemed the popular sports. They attend a second mass in the course of the afternoon.

I went again in the evening. Exercises were over, boys were walking about, some in parties of two and three, talking; or they were playing games in larger parties; or they were playing airs upon their instruments about the area. They seemed to be all at liberty, and as if they knew how to enjoy it. The Virgin Mary's little family came clattering on—they had their sabots on again—in a compact body, with their young *chef de famille*. He invited me to join in their evening-prayer, and then to see them go to bed. I followed them up the steps: the elder brother was in the room. The little fellows all took their places, each by his own hammock. At a word from the elder brother, all kneeled down, and a prayer was said. At the end, they all joined, and I heard the words: 'C'est ma faute, c'est ma faute, c'est ma grande faute.' A pause, and then all rose. Four of the biggest boys took up the beams which lay close to the wall, and placed them on the pillars; then each unhooked and slung his hammock to the beam. All was as quietly and quickly done as if they had been trained soldiers at a review. The young chef called the youngest child in the colony, little Bertrand, five years old, who had been brought here because found begging—a more fortunate begging could hardly be than that which brought poor Bertrand to Mettray. The young chef caressed him, and asked him if he had been a good boy; and he, though shy, and afraid to raise his voice and break the regulation silence, looked round smiling, and like five years old. When the hammocks were all slung, each child, at the word, pulled off his Sunday jacket and trousers, and put them in the cupboard, carefully smoothing them and making the edges even. This seemed to be a very anxious affair; they were very long about it, and nobody hurried

them. The elder brother stood by the open window, where the sunset was streaming in. All was silent, till the horns were heard playing the *trottoir* under the window. Then all the little white-shirted figures turned into their nests, heads and feet alternately to the wall, that the heads might not be tempted by neighbourhood to talk together. They gathered their blankets about them, and I wished them good-night and good-bye. In the area below, I found the good director walking about listening to the horns playing their pretty airs; a few boys were still to be seen; one was at the top of the mast. The young men were returning from their evening-walks, and each receiving, as he came in, a kind word of greeting from the head of this happy federation.

I found practically that M. de Metz's kindness was readily extended to those who took an interest in his work. By his patience in answering my inquiries, many things were made clear to me, and the impression of the whole was greatly deepened and enlarged. I learned that he was first led to form the plan by his sad experience, as a magistrate in Paris, of the quantity of juvenile crime, and the impossibility, as things then were, of carrying out the wise law that delinquents under sixteen years of age should be treated as *sans discernement*, and sent, not to prison, but to school. There was no place of punishment for them where they would not be certainly made worse. He stirred up a national interest in the subject. He and others were sent by government to examine and report upon the reformatory prisons in the United States and elsewhere; and on his return, he began to assemble the agents through whose assistance he proposed to carry out the desired work. Having found, in July 1839, twenty-three young men willing to devote themselves to it, he shut himself up with them for six months to form them to his purpose, commencing thus the *École Préparatoire*, or School for Teachers; in January 1840, he took eight criminal boys to work upon. At the end of a year, he had a heaven wherewith to leaven a larger lump, and he increased his numbers. M. de Courteilles gave the ground on which the houses were built, and on which the first farm was formed. In five months, five houses were built, and in ten months, accommodation was provided for 120 children. In sixteen years, not only has Mettray grown to its present state and size, but it has been the parent of forty-nine more colonies in France. M. de Courteilles not only gave the ground, but also his time, thought, and labour to the cause with as much zeal as M. de Metz himself; and his death, which happened suddenly, and while he was yet in vigour, about three years ago, is represented as the greatest loss M. de Metz could have had in his work. He has, indeed, agents, to whom he confides great responsibilities, and some who take charge of the whole colony during his occasional absences. The spirit of the whole body of agents seems to be remarkably devoted and disinterested. They are mostly young men from nineteen to twenty-five or six; some seem to be five or ten years older, and a few are gray-headed: these last I understood to have been in the colony since its commencement. It is easy to believe what was said by an old servant and friend of M. de Metz, that those who have once been enlisted in his service never willingly leave him; and it is as much to be believed that he never abandons them. But it cannot be only personal attachment to M. de Metz that secures such zealous and high-minded service to the colony. These young men are generally from the middle classes; many of them were born in easy circumstances. They are all well educated and well mannered, and capable of filling much more profitable situations than those they occupy at Mettray. Yet when such situations are offered to them, they are seldom tempted to leave the task they have undertaken here. It is one of continual labour and watchfulness, and of very small emolument; and

yet their ranks are always full; and at any time, if ten additional agents were needed, there would be no difficulty in supplying them. Of their general character, M. de Metz gave me some striking examples. For instance, lately it was feared—with too much reason, as has been proved—that a very important contribution to the support of Mettray, which it had received from the time of its foundation, would be withdrawn. The director, whose arrangements were all made in proportion to the means he regarded as certain, was greatly embarrassed how to proceed. He even feared he might be obliged to give up the whole. The agents, on hearing of his anxiety, went to him, entreating they might be allowed to do all in their power to avert such a catastrophe. They would 'do double work for half-pay, only do not let it be given up,' was their language. M. de Metz accepted their offers to some extent. But the greatest proof of the virtues of the agents is still to be found in their success with the boys. That so large a number of young born-and-bred rebels should be kept so steadily in the right road, must be imputed far more to the living examples than to the dead rule by which they are guided. Things march *sans la moindre difficulté*. That M. de Metz has been able to find and to inspire so large a number of efficient workers with such pious and patient zeal, is a fact that makes one hesitate which to admire most, him or his agents. But nothing is more contagious than goodness, especially goodness in action, and of which the effects are so obvious and undeniable as these are. The accounts I found in the Reports were made up to the 1st of January 1854. Nine hundred and fifty-three colonists had gone out into the world: of these, 774 have maintained excellent characters, 58 conduct themselves moderately well, 18 have been lost sight of, and 103 have relapsed into bad ways.

If 103 at first seems a large proportion, it must be considered that a great many have been dismissed from Mettray—their time being completed—at twelve years old. M. de Metz is always desirous to retain the colonists several years, and to an age when they may have acquired some strength and independence of character. Many do, in fact, spend eight and nine years there. Among the letters quoted in the Reports are some most gratifying testimonies from the employers of discharged colonists: several from the commanders of regiments in which colonists are serving, or have served; one from the maire and curé of the district to which the youth belonged, thanking the conductors of the colony for having given them, instead of a poor little vagabond, a useful and worthy member of society; another, more interesting still, from a colonist, who, having been nine years at Mettray, and having there become a skilful carpenter, emigrated in the course of time to Lima, from which after a while he sent to M. de Metz, in his wife's name and his own, the sum of 100 francs, to entitle him to become a founder of Mettray, 'where he had received such good counsels, and had been—thanks to God, and to M. de Metz—enabled to become a workman, and to earn his living.'

'Nothing can be more simple than Mettray,' said M. de Metz. 'We have religion for our basis, the family spirit for our bond, and military discipline for our rule.' The arrangement in families is the point upon which he lays perhaps more stress than upon any other. The intimate acquaintance it enables the chiefs to have with their children, the bond it makes among the children, and the interest encouraged in each for the wellbeing of all the rest, are all very important. The facility of management also, where all are nearly of an age, having the same wants, powers, and limitations, is a great advantage. All these advantages are obvious; but in these artificial families the great bond of the natural family, the mother, is wanting. It is very difficult to suggest how the want can be supplied, but one cannot doubt that it is much felt.

In the physical economy of Mettray, it appeared to me that water was much too scantily used. I could not learn that there was any provision for personal cleanliness beyond the daily face-and-hands washing, and the occasional summer bathing. No doubt, it is very difficult so to arrange matters as fully and fully to supply this need; but to those who believe, as I do, that cleanliness is next to godliness, it will seem worth any effort. That the health of the colonists would be improved, their feelings and intellects, and consequently their countenances, brightened; their self-respect increased; in short, that they would rise in the scale of human beings by means of a daily thorough cleansing of the pores, is my conviction, and not less so that the trouble and expense of the necessary separate apparatus, and the time spent in using it, would be abundantly repaid by increased energy on the part of the colonists.

It might almost seem, by what has been said, as if no freedom of action or independence at all were left to the colonists, but as if they were constantly under orders. This is, however, not quite the case. They are always consulted as to what business they will learn; and if, after a time, they desire to change it, they are allowed to do so, on condition of first obtaining one of the prizes for skill in the first business; thus proving that the wish for change does not spring from idleness. It is generally found, that by the time they have acquired the skill necessary to gain a prize, the desire for change is gone by. Again, they have the means of earning some money, in the shape both of prizes and of wages. This is not paid to them at the time, but is put down to their account in the colony savings-bank. Each boy knows what he is possessed of, and entitled to receive on leaving the colony. He can draw portions of it while he remains, for useful purchases in the colony, but not 'go shopping' elsewhere. Some colonists have received as much as 100 francs on their going out into the world. Again, it has been already mentioned that the choice of the elder brothers rests with the colonists; and the officer, which of course any one of them may be called to fill, is one of importance. In the troubles of 1848, not only the teachers but the boys had occasion to exert their powers of resistance; and both the former and the latter proved their resolution against the solicitations of the travelling incendiaries who would have enlisted them in their train.

The military discipline carried through Mettray qualifies and disposes many of the boys for soldiers, and the director is well pleased they should become so, since thus they are removed from the old influences which led them astray. Up to the 1st of January 1854, 953 colonists had gone out into the world: of these, 387 are agriculturists, 284 soldiers or sailors, 282 artisans. Of the 284 soldiers or sailors, I have received the medal of the Legion of Honour, 9 have become officers, 17 have become corporals, and many are first-soldiers.

School-learning, as has been seen, takes but a small part of the colonists' time. Labour forms their principal means of training; and the fruits of their labour are useful, and indeed necessary, towards their support, though very far indeed from being sufficient for it. The government allowance for each boy is fourteen sous per day; the remainder of the expenses are paid by means of subscriptions, helped by the boys' labour.

The director was locating a family, with their two chiefs, upon a neighbouring farm, independent of the colony, where the farmer had requested their services. He regarded it only as an experiment.

Much more might be said in praise of Mettray; I believe very little more could be said in the way of criticism. Many attempts at reformatory schools are being made in England; I wish I may have induced all interested in such attempts, if they have not yet seen

and studied Mettray, to do so without loss of time, to catch its spirit, even if they do not in every respect adopt its form.

LA RABBIATA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

LAURELLA seated herself at the stern of the boat, and half turned her back to Antonino, so that he could see only her profile. Her features were even more stern than usual. The hair hung down over her low forehead, a determined expression hovered round the finely cut nostril, and the full lips were firmly closed.

When they had thus traversed a good part of the way in silence, she was much inconvenienced by the intensity of the heat, and took her bit of bread out of the handkerchief, which she tied over her plaits. Then she began to eat the bread, her only dinner, for not a morsel had crossed her lips at Anacapri. Antonino, after a moment's pause, took from a basket, which had been full in the morning, two oranges.

'Here is something to eat with your bread, Laurella,' said he; 'but do not think I kept them back on purpose for you: they fell out of the basket into the boat, and I found them when I came back from selling the rest.'

'Eat them yourself: the bread is enough for me.'

'But they are refreshing in this heat, Laurella, and you have walked far.'

'They gave me a glass of water up at the vineyard, and that has already refreshed me.'

'As you will,' he replied, letting them fall back into the basket. A renewed silence. The sea was as smooth as glass, and hardly murmured round the keel; even the white sea-gulls, which build in the caves, moved noiselessly to their prey.

'You might take the oranges to your mother,' began Antonino again.

'We have some at home still; and when those are finished, I can buy others.'

'Oh, just take them to her, with a greeting from me.'

'Why, she does not know you!'

'Then you might tell her who I am.'

'I do not know you either.' It was not the first time she had so disowned his acquaintance. A year before, when the painter first came to Sorrento, it happened on a Sunday that Antonino, with other young men of the town, were engaged, in an open space near the principal street, playing at *Boccia*. It was there the painter first saw Laurella, who, with a pitcher on her head, walked by without observing him. The Neapolitan, struck with her appearance, stood gazing after her, although he was in the very midst of the game, and three steps might have placed him in safety. A hard ball against his ankle must have reminded him this was not a place where he might lose himself in thought. He looked round, as though awaiting an apology; but the young sailor who had thrown the ball, stood silently and scornfully in the midst of his friends, and the stranger, thinking it advisable to avoid a dispute, quietly took his departure. But the matter was talked about, and was again brought up when the painter openly proposed for Laurella.

'I know nothing of him,' she said indignantly, when the painter inquired if she refused him for the sake of that uncivil youth. But the circumstance had come to her ears, and when she met Antonino she always recognised him.

And there they sat in the boat like the bitterest enemies, while the hearts of both beat high. Antonino's usually good-tempered face was very red; he lashed the waves till the foam besprinkled him; and his lips trembled occasionally, as though giving vent to evil words. She pretended to observe nothing, put on her most nonchalant air, and, leaning over the side of the

boat, let the water trickle through her fingers. Then she took the handkerchief off again, and arranged her hair as though she were quite alone in the boat; but her eyebrows still moved convulsively, and it was in vain she strove to cool her burning cheeks by pressing her wet hands against them.

They had now got about half-way across, and no other boat was visible; the island had been left behind, the coast before them lay far distant in the sunlight, and not even a sea-mew disturbed the solitude. Antonino looked around him. A thought seemed to flash across his mind; the colour faded suddenly from his face, and he let the oars fall. Involuntarily, Laurella turned towards him, collected and fearless.

'I must make an end of this!' burst forth the young man; 'it has already lasted too long, and I only wonder at my own patience. You say you do not know me! Have you not seen long enough that when with you my feelings are well-nigh ungovernable, that my heart has been full, and that I have longed to speak to you? And then you put on that don't-care face, and turn your back to me.'

'What had I to say to you?' she inquired shortly. 'I have indeed remarked that you wished to make my acquaintance; but I had no desire to hear my name in every one's mouth, for no end. Yes, I say for no end, for I should never take you for a husband—neither you nor any one else.'

'Nor any one else? You will not always speak thus. Because you sent off the painter: bah! you were only a child then. The day will yet come when you will feel lonely, and then, foolish as you now are, you will take the first good offer.'

'No one knows his future. It is possible my mind may change; but what is that to you?'

'What is that to me!' he exclaimed, and bounded from his seat, so that every plank quivered. 'What is that to me! and you can still ask that when you know the state I am in. Know, then, the miserable wretch shall perish you dare to prefer before me!'

'Have I promised myself to you? Can I help it if your head is turned? What right have you over me?'

'Oh,' he cried, 'it is not written down, to be sure; no lawyer has inscribed it in Latin, and affixed his seal thereto; but this I know, that I have as much right over you as I have to enter heaven if I act uprightly. Do you imagine I will look on when you go to church with another, and the girls pass by me with a shrug of the shoulders? Will I submit to that degradation?'

'Do as you like. I shall not be intimidated, threaten as you will. I suppose, I also may do as I please.'

'You shall not say so long,' he replied, while every limb shook. 'I am man enough not to submit any longer to have my life made miserable by a froward girl. Do you know that you are here in my power, and must do as I will?' She started slightly, and her eyes flashed.

'Kill me, if you dare,' she said slowly.

'One must do nothing by halves,' he said in a more subdued voice. 'I cannot help it, my child,' he continued almost sadly, and as though in a dream; 'but we must both go down—both together—and now!' he shouted, and clasped her suddenly in his arms. But the next moment he drew back his right hand, and the blood spurted out: she had bitten him severely.

'Must I do as you will?' she cried, pushing him away with a sudden movement. 'We shall see if I am in your power!' With these words, she sprang over the side of the boat, and disappeared for a moment beneath the water. She came up again immediately, her dress clinging tightly round her, her hair, loosened by the water, hanging heavily round her neck; and she threw out her arms energetically, and swam on without another syllable towards the distant shore. The sudden alarm

seemed to have bereft Antonino of his senses. He stood bent forward in the boat, with his eyes fixed rigidly on the girl, as though a miracle were passing before his sight. Then he shook himself, seized the oars, and followed her, with every nerve distended, whilst the bottom of the boat was reddened with the stream of blood which continued to flow forth. In a moment he was by her side, fast as she swam. 'In the name of our holy Mother,' he cried, 'come into the boat. I have been a fool! Heaven knows what came over me. A flash of light seemed to dazzle my brain; I was mad, and did not know what I was saying or doing. I do not ask you to forgive me, Laurella; I only ask you to save your life, by entreating you to get in again.' She swam on as though she had heard nothing.

'You can never reach the land; it is at least two miles off. Think of your mother: if anything were to happen to you, she would die of grief.' Laurella measured the distance to the shore with her eye, then, without replying, she swam towards the boat, and grasped the side with her hands. He stood up to help her; his jacket, which had lain on the bench, slipped into the water as the boat was drawn on one side by the girl's weight. She swung herself up, and took possession of her former seat. When he saw her safe, he resumed the oars, whilst she tried to wring out her dripping garments, and to shake the water from her hair.

Whilst thus engaged, her eyes fell on the bottom of the boat, and she now first perceived the blood. She cast a rapid glance towards the hand with which, as though unwounded, he was using the oar.

'Here!' she said, and extended her handkerchief to him. He shook his head, and rowed on. At length she stood up, went to him, and bound the handkerchief tightly round the deep wound. She then, notwithstanding his opposition, took one of the oars herself, sat down opposite, but without looking at him, and fixed her eyes on the oar, reddened with blood, at the same time impelling forward the boat with powerful strokes. They were both pale and silent. As they approached the land, they were met by the fishermen going out to lay their night-nets. They shouted to Antonino, and jeered at Laurella; but neither looked up or replied with a word. The sun still stood tolerably high over Procida when they reached the shore. Laurella again shook out her dress, which was by this time almost dry, and sprang to land.

The old spinner who had seen them start in the morning was again upon the beach. 'What is the matter with your hand, Tonino?' she cried. 'Holy Mary! the boat is swimming in blood!'

'It is nothing, good mother,' replied the young man. 'I have rased the skin a little, but it will be well by to-morrow. That unlucky blood is always at the surface, ready to flow forth, and make things look worse than they are.'

'I will come and lay herbs on it, comrade. Wait; I shall be with you in a minute.'

'Do not trouble yourself, Goody. It is all right now, and by to-morrow it will be well, and forgotten. I have a healthy skin, which heals up directly.'

'Addio!' said Laurella as she turned into the path up the ascent.

'Good-evening,' cried the young man, but without looking at her.

He then removed his tackle and the laskets from the boat, and climbed up the little stone-steps to his hut. No one but himself inhabited the two rooms, through which he now began to pace up and down. 'There was more air than there had been in the morning, and it came in refreshingly through the open windows; the solitude, too, was delightful to him. He stood some time before the little picture of the Virgin, and gazed thoughtfully on the glory which surrounded it; but he did not pray, for he knew not what petition to make,

now that all hope was gone. Time had seemed to stand still to-day; he longed for night, for he was weary, and the loss of blood affected him more than he imagined. He felt a sharp pain in his hand, and seating himself on a chair, loosened the bandage. The blood, which had been repressed, burst out again, and the hand all around the wound was much swollen. He washed it carefully, and strove to cool it. In examining it again, he could clearly trace the marks of Laurella's teeth. 'She was right,' he said. 'I was a brute, and deserved no better.' I will send back her handkerchief to-morrow by Giuseppe.

When he had again bound up his hand as well as he could with the aid of his teeth, he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes. The bright moon awoke him from a doze, and the hand seemed even more painful than before. He had just raised himself to soothe the beating pulses with water, when he heard a noise at the door.

'Who is there?' cried he; and lifting the latch, Laurella stood before him! Without a word, she walked in, threw off the covering she wore on her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a long breath.

'You come to fetch your handkerchief,' said Antonino; 'but you might have been spared the trouble, as to-morrow morning early I should have requested Giuseppe to take it to you.'

'It is nothing about the handkerchief,' she replied quickly. 'I have been off the hillside to gather herbs for you, to stop the bleeding. There; and she raised the cover of the basket.

'Why did you give yourself so much trouble?' said he without any bitterness. 'I am better already—much better; and if I were worse, it would be nothing but what I deserve. Why have you come at this hour? Suppose any one were to find you here! You know how they chatter even when they have no foundation.'

'I care for none!' she said hastily. 'I will see your hand, and apply these herbs, for you can never manage it by yourself.'

'I tell you there is no necessity.'

'Then let me see it myself, that I may believe you.' He could not resist her when she took his hand and removed the bandage. She started when she saw the violent swelling, and exclaimed: 'Holy Virgin!'

'It has bled a little,' said he; 'but a day or two will set it all right.' She shook her head.

'It will be a week at least before you can go out to sea again.'

'Nonsense. It will be well by the day after to-morrow at latest. Besides, what does it signify? Meanwhile, she had re-washed the wound, to which he submitted like a child. She then placed upon it the healing herbs, which almost instantly relieved the fever, and bound up the hand with strips of linen which she had brought in her little basket. When she had finished—

'I thank you, Laurella,' said he. 'And now—listen! If you will favour me still further, forgive me for the madness which took possession of me to-day, and forget all I said or did. I do not myself know how it happened. You were not the cause, I can assure you; and you shall never again hear anything from me that can displease you.'

'It is I who have to ask your pardon,' interrupted she. 'I ought to have put things before you in another and a better light, and not irritated you with my nonchalant air; and then the wound—'

'It was necessary, and quite time that I should be brought to my senses,' he replied; 'and, as I have before said, it is of no consequence. Do not speak of pardon: you have done me good, and I thank you for it. And now go home, and to bed; and there is your handkerchief—you can take it with you.' He held it

towards her, but she still stood there, and appeared struggling with herself. At last she said:

'You lost your jacket, too, through my means, and I know the price of the oranges was in it. I thought of this only on my way home; and I cannot exactly make it up to you, for we have no money, and if we had, it would belong to my mother. But here is the silver cross the painter put on my table the last time he was with us. I have not looked at it since then, and do not wish it to remain in my box any longer. If you sell it—it is worth at least a couple of piasters, my mother said at the time—your loss will be almost replaced, and what remains I will try to earn by spinning at night after my mother is asleep.'

'I will take nothing!' answered he shortly, and pushing away the bright cross which she had drawn from her pocket.

'You must take it,' said she. 'Who knows how long it may be before you can earn anything with that hand. There it lies, and I will never look at it again.'

'Then throw it into the sea!'

'Why, it is no gift I make you; it is nothing more than your right, and what you ought in justice to receive.'

'Right? I have no right over anything of yours. If, in future, you should meet me anywhere, do me the favour not to look at me, that I may not think you remember how wrongly I acted towards you. And now good-night, and let the subject drop.'

He laid her handkerchief in the basket, and the cross by its side; then closed the lid. When he looked up, he started. Large heavy drops were rolling down Laurella's cheeks.

'Holy Madonna!' he cried, 'are you ill? You are trembling from head to foot!'

'It is nothing,' she said. 'I will go home;' and she turned towards the door; but her emotion overpowered her, and leaning her head against the door-post, she sobbed aloud. He hastened towards her, but before he could take her hand, she threw herself into his arms.

'I cannot bear it!' she cried, clinging to him like a dying creature to life. 'I cannot bear your speaking so kindly, and bidding me leave you, when I am conscious of having done you so much injury. Strike me! tread me under your feet! curse me even! or if it be true that you love me still, after all I have done, here, take me, keep me, do with me what you will; only do not send me away from you thus!' Sobs again interrupted her. He held her for a time in his arms in silence.

'If I still love you!' cried he at length. 'Holy Mother! do you imagine all my heart's blood has run out of that little wound? Do you not feel it there beating in my breast, as though it would burst? If you only say this to try me, or out of pity for me, go away, and I will try to forget this also. You shall not think yourself guilty, because you know what I suffer about you.'

'No!' she replied firmly, and looking up eagerly from his shoulder through her swimming tears. 'I love you! and, lest I should let you see it, I have struggled strongly against it.' But now I will behave differently, for I could not help looking at you if I met you in the street. And now,' added she solemnly, 'receive this kiss, that you may say to yourself if you doubt again: "She kissed me, and Laurella kisses none but him she intends for her husband." And now,' concluded she, disengaging herself, 'you must go to bed, and get your hand well. Good-night! Do not go with me, for I fear no one—but you.' She then tripped out of the door, and disappeared in the shadow of the walls. Antonino continued to gaze for some time longer through the window over the glorious sea, in which a thousand stars seemed to twinkle.

The next time the little priest came out of the confessional, in which Laurella had long been kneeling, he smiled quietly to himself.

'Who would have thought,' said he mentally, 'that Heaven would so soon have shewn mercy to this poor strange heart? And there was I anticipating a hard struggle with that besetting sin of hers, pride. But how short-sighted are we mortals, where Heaven is so wise! Well! may the blessing of all the saints be upon her; and may I live to see the day when Laurella's eldest son can take his father's place in rowing me across the water. Eh, ei, ei! La Rabbia!'

WHO ARE THE TYRANTS?

THIS is exactly the question which Mr Short, formerly tailor in the town wherein I dwell, and now public orator and political lecturer by profession, volunteers on every possible occasion to ask and answer. A few words about Mr Short. It is now some years since, proving insolvent in business, he deserted his shop-board, and adopted politics as a profession and a means of livelihood. For this he was eminently fitted by nature, in possessing a vigorous frame, a face not easily to be abashed, and a powerful voice. I believe he has found his profession rather a lucrative one. In the season (Mr Short, although far from fashionable, has his season) he is constantly engaged in lecturing in town and village, on commons and from platforms, in chapels and in barns, and really his voice alone is well worth what the various local 'committees for the redress of every conceivable grievance under the sun' pay him. It is a splendid voice, rich, deep, and sonorous; and never is it more impressive than when he rolls out a perfect broadside of sound, and asks, 'Who are the Tyrants?' I happened to be present the other evening when Short was lecturing, and heard him (not for the first time) ask this momentous question, and proceed after his own fashion to answer it. Whilst in his presence, and under the influence of his voice, I of course laughed heartily at his old jokes, duly frowned when he lashed the tyrants of humanity, and felt properly patriotic when he raved of Marathon and Bannockburn, Cromwell and Sidney; but when I returned to my quiet study, and was no longer under the influence of Mr Short's nervous language and thrilling apostrophes to liberty, &c., I rather doubted whether he had in fact hit the right nails on the head, whether he had smashed the real tyrants after all.

Who *are* the tyrants? Come. Do you believe that the greatest ruler on this earth was not in his turn ruled by some one else? Short's theory is, that every one representing authority is, when that authority is abused, the real veritable tyrant at whom our virtuous rage should be directed. But who pulls the strings that move him, let me ask—*quis gubernatores gubernat?* As you and I, little tyrants in our own small kingdoms, have to bow before a greater power, who in his or her turn succumbs to a still higher influence; so it is with the great ones of the world. Is not history full of instances of this fact; and are there not many still left untold? I have a notion that when Alexander speared Clitus, it was from a motive deeper than mere passing jealousy. It is not on record, but I have no doubt myself, that 'Sandy' (as the Shepherd calls the noble savage in one of the *Noctes*) was bullied by his unlucky subject, and that, under the courageous influence of rosy Bacchus, the slave destroyed the master. Don't you remember how Voltaire bullied

the Great Frederic, and how the monarch writhed under the lash of the savage little Frenchman. Can you have forgotten how Napoleon bowed his still head to the edicts of his grand-chamberlain; and how the man who had stood covered in the presence of emperors and popes, took off the famous *petit chapeau* for the laurel-wreath, and over the *redingote gris* hung the flimsy velvet mantle, and on his feet placed the satin shoes and pink silk stockings of the famous coronation show? Can I find anything more corroborative of my theory than the coronation of Napoleon—whose grandeur was his simplicity, at whom, in his plain costume, the kings of the world turned pale, who made and destroyed empires in bad spelling, and still worse grammar—submitting to be tyrannised over by the conventionalities of imperial etiquette, and bending the gigantic genius which had conquered Europe to a paltry resuscitation of the court of Charlemagne. Later still, have you forgotten that king whose wardrobe cost his subjects £100,000, sobbing over the decree a people had wrung from his unwilling hand, and, in a paroxysm of grief, affixing his royal signature to the act that was to give equality of civil rights even to those who adhered to a form of Christianity different from that of the majority of the nation? Who was the tyrant there? Who wrung those tears from the royal eyes, and sternly guided the reluctant pen? Ah! Short, you have not reached the tyrants yet; with all your old professional skill, *ven uen non tetigitis*.

Say that I, Tyrannus, am a German grand-duke, with a principality a trifle larger than an English parish; a most romantic castle on the summit of a little hill; a standing army of fifty men, including the band; a court much larger than my army, and very quarrelsome; and a handful of subjects, whom I oppress, and to whom I refuse to give a constitution: I am a tyrant, of course. Short says I am. I can, if I will, imprison my chief minister of state for life, and kick the band seriatim; beginning with the leader, who is also commanding-officer of my horse-artillery. I can command my army of fifty men to man my castle-walls, and blow the disloyal town at the foot of the castle-hill into the pretty river that sparkles beneath it. Or I can, if I change my mind, or my subjects convert me, give them a constitution, and become good as well as great. Yes, perhaps I could do all this, and more, if it were not for that quiet grave man with the peculiar shrug of the shoulders and perpetual twinkle of the eyes, before whom my *chef d'état* absolutely trembles, and even I, Tyrannus, feel uncomfortable, and who represents the great power which condescends to protect me. Poor tyrant I! Why, when I wanted to marry a bright little Fraulein, the choice of my royal heart, they sent me a gaunt Russian princess, with red hair and a squint, who loves her country far more than she does me, and has such an understanding with the man whose eyes twinkle, that I have occasionally indulged in the wild hope that she might clove with him. When I want to give away a commission in my standing army, or advance a favourite officer, that man has to be consulted; and as to doing what I please with my own children, the idea is positively absurd. Then, whenever I have attempted to rebel—it has been very seldom—there has always come such a horrible hint, from my pale and trembling minister, of a few regiments near to my frontier ready to become an army of occupation; or some debt due to the great power, or, worse still, of some traitorous uncle or nephew, who is all devotion to the great power's cause, and is supposed to be better liked by my subjects than I am.

Or again: say that I am the emperor of that great power which sends its representatives to protect little powers; that I am young, chivalrous, brave, and with every inclination to draw the sword now glued to the

scabbard, and end the bloody contest right wages against powerful wrong. Say that my heart pants for action, that I long to become the arbiter of Europe's destiny, the all-powerful and all-glorious peacemaker. If I am a tyrant, why should I not have the power to do that which my spirit so strongly prompts? Alas, for the voices that whisper of disaffection and treason, and more especially, alas, for that wretched chancellor of my exchequer, who is always groaning over heavy debts, and interest due, and empty coffers! A tyrant, forsooth! I wish I were.

Or again: descending in the tyrannical scale, say that I am the head of an office in our own happy land, President of the Board of Misrule, or head of the General Disorder Department. Short is very hard upon me, particularly when the subject of his lecture is administrative reform. He quotes Shakspeare at me, and rants about the 'insolence of office,' and affirms confidently, that the angels weep at the fantastic tricks played, by me, Tyrannus, dressed in a little brief authority. I wish the sceptre of my rule were for a short time placed in Short's flabby hands—which, when he is speaking, greatly resemble fins—that he might see the freaks played on me. What a chaos is the busifness of my department, with no power existing to reduce it into order! There are plenty of hands, an abundance of clerks; but although every one is familiar with the duties of his neighbour, not one seems to have discovered his own. For instance, some evening a cross-question is asked in the House by a grumbling member about some papers, accounts, or returns; or an impertinent letter is inserted in the *Times*, bullying me, Tyrannus. Next day, I go to my throne, vexed and angry—a small Jove, with a bundle of thunderbolts under my arm. Whom am I to hurl them at? There's De Vere, second in control, who shrugs his shoulders and refers me to De Beauvoir, who stares at me with half-closed eyes, and mentions Grey's name, who promptly lays the blame on his fellow-clerk Parker, who, I find, started for Venice a month ago, and is expected to return in a fortnight; but who, as he is half-brother to Carter, the member for Bath, and married the daughter of old Barker, whose other daughter married the Earl of St Ives, must be gently dealt with. This runs throughout my office, down even to the messengers who miscarry letters and forget to deliver messages, but who have generally been butlers to dukes and valets to marquises; so that thunderbolts hurled at them are not unlikely to reach the portly waistcoats of their patrons.

Or again: say that I am chairman of a railway company, or, worse still, president of an association for the benefit of a band of refugee patriots. What a splendid potentate I was in the early railway days! Ah! I really could be Tyrannus then. How I was patronised, courted, fêted, and made much of! How merrily we got the steam up in those golden times, and plotted, schemed, and intrigued, and imagined an El Dorado in every new extravagant idea. What obsequious subjects I had in Nipper and Tweezer, the company's solicitors; and what loyal servants in every surveyor and civil engineer that acknowledged my sway! What great men and noble ladies pressed my amber satin and honoured my mahogany, drank my wines and flattered my wife, to get shares allotted them; and wo's me! how soon the time came when Nipper and Tweezer openly bullied me at the board, when shareholders made speeches literally questioning my honesty; and my wife's noble friends forgot her existence during the time they ruralised and continentalised, and stared her coolly out of countenance when the next season re-collected them in town. Then, as president of that foreign association, I should like to be able to treat all the tyrants, bearded like pards, hot of temper and ready of action, who domineer over me. Perhaps I am a little honoured in my own country,

although not as a prophet; I may be noted either as bearing a great name or for universal benevolence, or perhaps I am a celebrated author; but these foreigners have no respect for me—I do not know me, hurl their fatherland at me if I mildly remonstrate, and write challenges and threatening-letters when my patience fails.

There is another potentate, a Tyrannus of middle-class life, at whom Short is universally sarcastic and bitter. He is full of capital jokes about this one, and about tithes great and small, mixed and predial. You very easily guess who this Tyrannus is. Well, like the Matthews of our fathers' and the Woodin of their sons' days, I change my character, and, presto! am seen in the rusty black coat and white neckcloth of a country parson. According to Short, who introduces the angels' tears again with great effect, the tricks I perform in this character are heart-rending. From his account, you would imagine me a Oaligula in a surplice, a Judas in a Geneva-gown and bands. I am a stickler for passive obedience, and the *jus divinum* of kings and priests. I oppress my rich parishioners, and bully my poor ones; I am a locust in the fat cornfields, a voracious pike in a fishpond; in fact, if you believed half what Short says of me, which he doesn't believe himself, you would make sure that you had found the real Simon Pure, the out-and-out Tyrannus at last. Now, what is the fact? I might be a tyrant, if it were not—for the squire, whose venison, hot-house fruit, and occasional baskets of fish from Billingsgate, must not be averted from the rectory larder, and whose whims must be therefore respected; for the largest farmer of my parish, Bob Eagle, whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were always at law with my predecessors about the tithes, and who is ready, nay, eager to follow so good and venerable an example; for Caleb Paddle, who knows the rubric by heart, and is always catching me tripping unawares, and writing to my bishop about me; for my church-warden, who locks me out of my church, and in a perfectly legal manner bullies me fearfully; for my clerk, who will run a neck-and-neck race with me through the church-service, and say Amen at wrong places, and who, knowing that he holds his post for life, defies me; for my successor, who bought the next presentation twenty years ago, on the strength of hereditary gout in my family—an entail which I succeeded in barring by debarring myself of some dangerous luxuries—and who (my successor, not the gout) is always intriguing to meet me face to face, to mark the handiwork of time on my portly frame, and putting insidious questions touching my liver to my medical man.

Leaving the tyrants, at whom our sonorous friend Short hurls his thunder, let us descend to still lower potentates, whose authority is but a shadow. Take that happy, irresponsible, good-for-nothing, lazy being, the single man in chambers—rooms—lodgings—call them what you will. Who so free, so powerful as he? With a latch-key and a box of Vesta Lights, a patent gridiron, and a Bachelor's Vade-mecum, or *Sine quâ non*, similar to that magic one which was such a mystery to Dick Swiveller in days of yore; what a despot should a single man be? And perhaps he might be, were it not for the laundress or landlady, duns, and other human bores—shirt-buttons, blunt razors, and similar material troubles. As to married men, those tyrants of social life, who never never will be slaves, I do not intend to say a single word about their rulers; so confident am I, that unless wisely government was both good and necessary for them, so universal a rule would never be allowed to exist.

In conclusion, I trust that Short will review his opinions on this momentous question, 'Who are the Tyrants?' and perhaps reform them. For, after all, Short is a capital fellow, and has considerable talent in addition to the gift of speech; and although, when he is upon his stilts, we may laugh at him, yet, as

a self-taught man, we must perforce honour him. Short has been a terrible fellow in his young days, and sailed very close to the wind in those troublous times of the riots; so close, indeed, that he was very nearly standing his trial for high-treason instead of the milder sedition, which earned him a cell in a roomy prison-castle for two years. He is a terrible fellow still when he thinks of those times, and tells his tale about the old cloak in which he invariably envelops his portly frame. It is a very old cloak, a shocking bad one indeed, much frayed and rubbed, greasy and rusty; and you who know that Short is a well-to-do man, wonder inwardly why he does not afford himself a better protection against 'winter and rough weather.' Short, seeing this marked on your countenance, takes up a position like a stumpy Brutus, and answers to your thought: 'Tis the cloak, sir, they took me to prison in; and I'll wear it till I die, and then it shall be my shroud; and you think it only wants the clank of fetters and the drop-scene to be quite melodramatic. Those two years of imprisonment, however, quite tamed the young trespasser on the Tom Tiddler's land of treason, who spent his leisure hours in breathing very mild imprisoned lays, and writing essays 'on the art of blowing bubbles,' &c.; and since his release, many years ago, he has done nothing for the most enthusiastic admirer of our glorious constitution to turn pale at. Come with me some night to his post-lectural supper of rump-steaks, oysters, and bottled porter, with which, after the fashion of stout men, he tenderly nurses incipient apoplexy; see how his wife, who is a good homely creature, and understands no more of politics than the chubby innocent on her knee, who is striving to choke himself into a premature end with his doubled fist—see how his wife and children love this terrible little man, about whom there was correspondence once with secretaries of state, and conversations held at cabinet-councils; listen to his good-natured experience of men and manners, to his jokes, which, off the platform, are really good, and I shall not feel at all surprised if you were to tell me, confidentially, that you rather liked him too.

THE FALLS OF GARSOPPA, IN UPPER CANARA.

I rode out of Houawar at daylight, and on arriving at Sautagal, found my breakfast ready on the steps of the bungalow, consisting of biscuits, milk, and a cheroot. I was glad to see the sun making his appearance, so as to dry me; for the rain having fallen heavily, I was drenched; and the roads being much cut up, made travelling slow work. The monsoon had fairly set in, and with unusual violence. It is always very heavy on the western coast of India. The country all about is thick jungle, but a path has been cut through it. A man with some jungle-wallahs ran on in front of us, and cleared away the branches which hung across. Luckily, I was able to cross the nullahs, or streams, for at times it is dangerous to attempt them, as the torrents sweep down suddenly, and carry everything before them. It is impossible to get cattle across the bridges, as these are erected on the tops of trees, or of stumps made of split bamboos, and are only about two feet broad. These stumps are secured by wicker-work round the base, and the vacant space is filled up with large stones; this forms a compact foundation. The last nullah, at the foot of the Ghauts, is with difficulty crossed during the monsoon, as all the other nullahs rush down into it. I was nearly swept away, and it was all my horse could do to keep his legs. Heavy clouds passed along the Ghauts, and over the dense jungles which were everywhere to be seen, except here and there where small patches of paddy were cultivated in the valley. These jungles extend over the whole of

the Ghauts, covering their tops, and presenting to the eye the most luxuriant vegetation.

About three years ago, little or nothing was known of this part of Canara, and a small path through the jungle was the only way by which communication could be carried on with the interior. A civilian used to go up once a year to collect the revenue, and he was the only person to be seen. The path ascending the Ghaut was so narrow, that two bullocks could not pass each other. The ascent was straight the whole way to the top, but now there is a zigzag road, which has greatly improved it. The country has a most tigerish appearance, and every instant, one is apt to suppose that some wild animal will spring out; but the scenery is beautiful—so rich and luxuriant, that nature seems to have lavished her utmost on the landscape. Trees of every size and description, many of them crossing the road in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and creepers of every variety, knotted, twisted, and twining about like immense snakes hugging them in their close embrace; the hanging banian, dropping deep down into the valley below; the betel-nut tree raising its lofty head above the rest, and the large fanning palm waving gracefully in the breeze, completed the scene. All nature appeared to be alive, and the din of insects of every description was beyond belief. The most remarkable was the ringing noise of a species of beetle, which was deafening. One commenced a sound like the singing of a kettle, which was taken up by all the others, and ended in a chirping whistling noise. It stopped for a short time, and then recommenced louder than ever, like the singing of a thousand kettles boiling over, and all trying which shall sing loudest! A gentleman of my acquaintance, on hearing it for the first time, thought it proceeded from rattlesnakes. The noisy grasshopper kept up the din, and our old friend the frog raised his melodious croak, and then dived into his elysium of mud. A bullock, galloping down the Ghaut, charged me and my servants; my dog and he had a bit of a fight; but a good thick bamboo having been laid across his back, it sent him to the right-about; he then galloped off up the Ghaut, but in a short time down he came again, looked at us, and then at the bamboo, and took to his heels. Great numbers of pilgrims pass this way to sacred places; many of them come from the most northerly parts of Bengal, bringing with them the sacred water of the Ganges.

Sautagal is a small village at the head of the Ghaut. The public bungalow stands alone, on the edge of a deep ravine of dense jungle: the view from it was beautiful. The rain poured all night, and found its way through the roof. I was awakened by its dripping on my face. As it still continued in the morning, I saw the only plan was to start at once, for the Ghaut appeared to attract the clouds. I got out of the mist after leaving the place about two miles behind. The jungle here changes its character, and is chiefly brushwood, with clusters of betel-nut trees here and there. I saw a large snake cross the road. Below the Ghaut, nothing but cocoanut trees grew; here, not one was to be seen. I cantered along, and soon arrived at Seringoor; where I spent a few days, and then set out for the Falls of Garsoppa.

It is impossible to find one's way through these jungles without a guide, and I procured peons, who were not only useful in conducting me, but in cutting away the branches which impeded the path. The place I stopped at the first night was Chundagooty, a celebrated hill-fort, inhabited chiefly by bears, which are in great numbers in this neighbourhood. The ascent to the fort being steep, and nothing to be seen inside, I put up for the night in a sawmy-house, dedicated to Siva, close by the road. Having opened the door, I walked in, and found the god at home, and some other curious sawmys cut out of the stone. This was a miserable place to pass the night

in, as the whole front was open, and exposed to the rain and wind, and the water came in at the roof. I got my horse alongside of my cot, and lit a large fire; so that between smoke and heat, I managed to keep out the damp, but it was suffocating, and I was glad, when daylight came, to get away from this unwholesome place. The next day, I arrived at Sudapoor. The houses in these jungles are comfortable enough; the inhabitants are principally Brahmins. They have large plantations of the betel-nut and plantain trees. The gatherer does not come down from one tree to ascend another, but, as the tree bends backwards and forwards with his weight, he swings himself on to its neighbour, and in this way perhaps visits a hundred trees before descending. In these jungles, I saw an immense number of snakes, of a large black-spotted description, with white bellies. Owing to the very heavy rain that had fallen, they crawled forth in every direction, to avoid being drowned, as their holes were filled with water. A great source of annoyance to the natives here is a species of small leech, which fastens on their legs in great numbers. Streams of blood ran down my horse's legs from the same cause. Small patches of paddy-plantation, in the little valleys, break the monotony of the jungle; and numbers of storks, with their long necks and legs, stalked about picking up insects.

Sudapoor is seven miles from the Falls, and the bungalow about one mile. When I arrived there, I distinctly heard the noise of the Falls; so, putting my horse up in the stable, I started off with a guide, wondering, at the same time, if they were really so extraordinary as I had heard them described. On my way down, I saw numbers of monkeys—many of a great size. As I scrambled along through the jungle, I heard the thunder of the water, and hurried on to gain the edge of the abyss, over which the Garsappa tumbled, broken into numerous falls by the inequalities of the rock. Volumes of mist rolled over the jungle. Scrambling over rocks and stones, on hands as well as feet, I came nearer to the gulf, and saw great masses of water plunging over the brink, and then disappearing. I at length gained the extreme edge of the rock, and looked over: never shall I forget that look. A sight presented itself which baffles all description, and outstrips imagination. An immense mass of water rushed over, as if taking leave of this world, and seemed to disappear in chaos; for moving clouds of mist filled up the abyss almost to the top. Presently a breeze blew the mist in another direction, and opposite me plunged the 'Roarer,' rushing down with fearful velocity, roaring and bursting at times like a discharge of musketry, and tumbling off huge masses of rock. Nothing could be seen for some time, till another large volume of mist rolled past; then other falls appeared for an instant, and were gone! Many of these falls never reached the bottom, or anything like half-way; for as they descended, they were whirled into mist. A strong breeze now sprung up, disclosing such a sight as I shall never forget—it was magnificently horrible! I saw downwards a great depth, and threw over a log of wood, which kept whirling round and round, till it was lost in the thick vapour. Soon it became clearer, and a dreadful struggle arose between the Thunder Fall and the Roarer in their headlong course, as they dashed and boiled in endless torture below, till they disappeared in the mist. Some small nullahs, likewise, fell over into the gulf, and were very beautiful, looking like silver threads. The Rocket Fall is exceedingly graceful, having the appearance of a shower of rockets discharged from the cliff. A butterfly flew across, and fluttered close to the Thunder Fall, unconscious of its danger. During the whole scene, a sound arose from the bottom which might have seemed like the cry of the condemned spirits of the infernal region.

The second morning, I went to revisit the scene after breakfast. It had rained heavily all night, which I was glad of, as of course this increased the volume of water. I took my drawing-materials with me, but for a long time I felt it presumption to attempt a sketch. To convey any idea of the scene, is quite beyond the power of the pencil. At one time, the sun broke through a mass of clouds, and penetrating into the gulf, enabled me to see far down, by which the grandeur of the scene was much enhanced. The Rocket Fall, in particular, was extremely fine, pouring down a mass of foam, like an avalanche of snow, which shot off from the main body like thousands of rockets, and then disappeared in mist. I took my servant's chitry—a native umbrella made of palm-leaves and bamboo—and threw it over near the main fall. It went down, tumbling about in strange convulsions, till carried by a current of air behind the Thunder Fall into a large gloomy cavern, where I lost sight of it for some time, when it was whirled out again with great violence in front of the Falls, and then sinking gradually, appeared like a speck in the distance, till it was lost in the mist.

The third and last day I saw the Falls, the scene had again changed. The rain all the morning and during the night had been pouring in torrents, with strong gusts of wind, and I found the rocks on which I had stood the day before completely covered. The river had risen four feet during the night, and was sweeping along with terrific velocity. As the wild torrent fell over the edge, the thundering and roaring were deafening, and I was obliged to bellow in the guide's ear when I wished to speak to him. I counted eight large falls; and the one next the main fall divided itself into four; and the one between it and the Roarer, into six. A beautiful new fall had made its appearance since yesterday on the right, composed of the richest foam, and shot out several rockets. Its colouring was composed of neutral tints, different from any of the others. The appearance below was horribly grand. Volumes of mist rolling upwards majestically, and forming compact masses of cloud, darkened the atmosphere, and came down again in torrents of rain.

On taking leave of this sublime scene, I felt that my labour had been repaid to the utmost. I believe there is nothing on the face of the globe that equals it.

I may add, that the Falls were measured by the collector of the district, during the dry season, by means of a rope with a weight attached to it. A servant stationed below, gave notice by firing a gun when the weight reached the surface of the basin. The main fall was found to be 980 feet perpendicular; but the depth of the basin into which it plunged could not be ascertained.

GERMAN STORY-BOOKS.

We plead guilty to a very childlike love of story-books. We do not refer merely to the genuine works of artistic genius which all educated imaginative people may be supposed to enjoy; nor even to the orthodox three-volume novel, so largely patronised and so eagerly devoured by the devotees of the circulating library. Our taste is far more comprehensive. It descends so low as to embrace that primitive literature which, in England at least, is chiefly confined to the nursery. At the risk of incurring the contempt of many estimable people for whose opinions we entertain sincere reverence, we may as well at once confess—and we do so unblushingly—that although the days of our childhood are over and gone, we are by no means insensible to the charms of Cinderella; that we have a great liking for the Marquis of Carrabas; that we remember the strange delight with which we read of Jack and the wonderful bean-stalk which seemed to touch the skies; and that we still feel a kind of shuddering interest in the

dreadful doings of Mr Peter Berner. Above all, with what trembling anxiety we sympathise with poor Agnes in her fruitless endeavours to remove the crimson stains from the golden key! 'Madam, the key, this instant! Ha! these blood-flecks! The murder is out; you have been in the forbidden chamber!' Peter Berner, you know, reader, is the real name of that sanguinary gentleman we are accustomed to call Bluebeard; and Agnes was the Christiana appellative of his wife number eight.

Fairy-legend and ghost-story, tales of witches and wizards, of ogres and genii, of 'red spirits and white, black spirits and gray,' of 'giants so tall and of dwarfs so small,' nothing comes amiss to us. We admire the commencement of the old-fashioned stories, so abrupt, straightforward, and business-like, dashing boldly into the subject without a word of preface: 'Once upon a time.' We experience a feeling of intense satisfaction when we read at last of hero and heroine, and of all good people concerned, 'Now they lived happily to the end of their days.'

Ah! as we write at this sweet, still, sunset hour, our thoughts are filled with 'sunny memories' of many a tale of knight and ladye fair, and castle proud, and noble chargers, and lances glittering in the sun, and banners streaming on the wind, and of dark, lonely woods, full of mysterious enchantments, where even the very birds sing evermore, 'songs like legends strange to hear.' If we wish for a perfect feast of legendary lore, we must turn to Germany, 'land of mystic philosophy and dreams.' Many learned Germans have taken a deep interest in this department of their literature. The brothers Grimm have given us a large collection of the popular *Mährchen*; so, also, have Musaus and others. Several celebrated writers, too, have rewritten some of the more striking and beautiful. Among these new versions, Ludwig Tieck's are perhaps the most noteworthy. We shall recur to them again by and by. In looking over the *Kinder und Hausmährchen*, we find many old acquaintances, such as *Tom Thumb* (*Daumenchen*), *Bluebeard*, *Little Red Riding Hood* (*Rothkappchen*), and *Pass in Boots* (*Der gestiefelte Kater*). But, indeed, this is no wonder, as all these stories had most probably one common origin. The Germans possess, besides, a series of tales of great antiquity, and which are altogether higher in character and full of a rude chivalry and poetry. To this class belong the *Horned Siegfried*, the *Wonderful History of the Beautiful Melusina*, the *Emperor Octavianus*, *Fortunatus*, the *Holy Genoveva*, the *Fair Angelona*, *Heymon's Four Children*, *Roland's Three Squires*, *Tristan and Isolde*, the *Schiltburgers*, the *Chronicle of the Three Sisters*, and the *History of Griseldis and the Markgraf Walter*. The heroine of the last story is no other than the 'patient Grisel,' whose long-suffering virtues were celebrated by Chaucer.

The good, simple-hearted peasantry of the German *Vaterland* contrive to while away the long winter evenings with strange romantic narratives like these, which constitute, in fact, the people's literature. Herein they find a fountain of inexhaustible entertainment, from whence they imbibe lofty notions of chivalry and honour and glory, and lessons of patient endurance and religious trust under manifold trials. The *Volks-mährchen* form the wonder-land, ever bright, and beautiful, and grand, into which the popular mind escapes from the dull and dusty paths of a toil-worn existence. There is enough of prose in real life; by all means, let us mingle therewith as much of poetry as we possibly can.

We remember well our first investment in the purchase of German books. We did not lay the foundation of our Teutonic library with an edition of Schiller, or Goethe, or Richter. No ponderous tome of history, philosophy, or science, attracted our juvenile sympathies. We selected a modest blue-covered

brochure, more on account of its pretty title than for any other reason. It was the story of the *Holy Genoveva*. 'That,' says a village maiden, in Dr Justin Kerner's *Reiseschatten*—'that, next to the Bible, is the greatest love of a book.' Our copy was printed from very blunt type, on thick whity-brown paper. It bore the title of—*Genoveva; one of the most beautiful and touching stories of the Olden Time, newly related for all Good People, and more especially for Mothers and Children; by Christopher Schmid, the canon of Augsburg*, whose admirable tales for the young are so widely known and appreciated. As a frontispiece, the book contained a picture, rough in execution, but withal sweet and simple in expression, representing Genoveva on her knees in the desert, with her little son in her arms. The legend of St Genieveve is but another page from the 'records of woman,' exemplifying a brightness and purity of character that shines with untarnished lustre alike through 'evil and through good report,' a patience that 'endureth all things,' and a life, in fine, baptised in the furnace of affliction, and so rendered 'perfect through suffering.' With great simplicity, and with an earnest depth of religious feeling, Schmid tells us how the noble lady Genoveva was wrongfully accused by a false and wicked man; how she went forth into a desert place, accompanied by two ruffians who had strict orders to take her life; how she prevailed upon them to leave her in the wilderness by the solemn promise to avoid evermore the haunts of humankind; and how, for long, long years, she lived in the woods and wilds with her little son, the child of grief, whom she had named so appropriately *Schmerzenreich*, 'rich in sorrows.' Truth and justice, however, triumphed in the end. Genoveva's innocence was fully established; her retreat was discovered; and, amid the rejoicings of a sympathising people, she was conducted once more to her castle-halls, and there, with her husband, Count Siegfried, she 'lived happily for the rest of her days.'

The poet Tieck has dramatised this story under the title of the *Life and Death of the Holy Genoveva*. Without entering upon a complete analysis of the drama, it would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the charm with which it is invested. Exquisite tenderness, great simplicity, and a fervent but subdued enthusiasm, are its distinguishing characteristics. The spirit of the 'wondrous middle age' clings around every line. At one time, during its perusal, we seem to hear the bell that calls to prayer; at another, the clang of knightly armour. Now we are introduced to the hurry and excitement of a camp glowing with life and energy, and echoing with martial music; and anon, like some sad hermit, we penetrate the depths of the lonely wilderness, with the spirit-haunted gloom of its midnights, and the enchanted silence of its noons.

The stories of the *Emperor Octavianus* and of *Fortunatus* have also been dramatised by the same author. The former bears some slight resemblance to the history of Genoveva. It has more incident, and less repose; and, though possessing much of interest, it scarcely pleases us so well. The age of chivalry has had no worthier champion than Ludwig Tieck. His spirit was steeped in the richest hues of romance, and no one was ever better fitted than he to recall

The days when giants were rife,
With their towers and painted halls
And heroes, each with a charmed life,
Rode up to their castle-walls
And knocked with a loud and dreadful clang,
Till the roof, and the gates, and the wild woods rang.

When the good and the fair, as the wizard-wand stirred,
Were bound in a dreamy spell;
When at each sweet word that maidens spoke
Diamonds and roses fell;

When gentle and bright o'ers with golden hair
Were wooed by princes in green,
And knights, with invisible caps to wear,
Could see, and yet never be seen.

Will you hear the love-story of the beautiful Magelona and Count Peter of Provence? 'Once upon a time' there reigned in fair Provence a count who had an only son, a youth of exceeding beauty, and well skilled in all knightly accomplishments. It came to pass that the young Count Peter lost the joyous buoyancy of spirit natural to his age. He grew very silent and reserved. Some people thought he must be in love; but it was not so. It seemed to him that he heard distant voices calling him from the depths of the lonely woods. He wished to follow their guidance; but fear held him back, though his dreams ever beckoned him on. A tourney was held at the court of Provence; Count Peter was ever the victor. A foreign minstrel was among the strangers gathered to this festival. 'Sir Knight,' said he to our hero, 'if you take my advice, you will stay here no longer, but rather go forth into the world, and see fresh faces and other lands.' Then the minstrel took his lute, and sang—oh, so sweetly!—of the fresh, bright joys of a life of adventure—of fair countries, and their strange customs—of beautiful maidens—of noble combats, of love, and of laurelled glory. Count Peter's vague, restless thought soon assumed a definite form; he hesitated no longer, but resolved, like other gallant knights, to bid adieu to his father's halls, and to wander wherever fate might lead him in search of adventures.

Alone he rode forth, with the joy returning to his heart, and the bright sun shining overhead. An objectless life is always dull and dreary; but Peter's whole being now glowed with lofty chivalry, so he went forward, singing, most likely,

A Dieu mon ame,
Ma vie au roi;
Mon cœur aux dames,
L'honneur pour moi.

After several days' journey, he reached the beautiful city of Naples! He had heard much of the fair Magelona, daughter of the king of Naples, and his curiosity with regard to her was greatly excited. At a tournament, Peter beheld the lady of his dreams, and determined to win her love or die. He hymned her praise in songs tender and sweet as those the minnesingers used to sing, and he loved her with the devotion of the old heroic days. We will not linger over the courtship; suffice it to say, our hero induced the beautiful Magelona to consent to an elopement. At the appointed hour, the knight stood by the garden-gate with three horses—one for himself, one for the lady, and one laden with provisions for the journey. Thus they rode out into the lonely night, while through the thick greenery a soft breeze murmured, like the voice of a tender farewell. When the morning dawned, there was a strange uproar at the court of Naples. As Count Peter was nowhere to be found, the king guessed that he was the companion of his daughter's flight. A strict search was instituted, but in vain.

Let us follow the course of the fugitives. They chose a road through woods by the sea-shore, being the most unfrequented part of the country. The forest-boughs waved sadly in the night air, making a strange melancholy music. Nevertheless, Magelona was calm and joyous, for her beloved was by her side. Toward morning, a thick mist overspread the landscape; but soon the glorious sun shone out, and all nature flushed into beauty. The lady becoming somewhat weary by noon, our travellers alighted from their steeds in a charming shady spot. The count spread his mantle on the fresh fragrant grass, and while Magelona reposed thereon, he kept watch. Presently he observed a number of beautiful birds fluttering amid the

neighbouring trees. They did not seem in the least shy, but hopped about hither and thither, and advanced quite close to him. All at once he remarked in their midst an ugly black raven, and he thought within himself that the unsightly bird was like to a rough and low-born clown in a company of gentle and gallant knights. Just then, it seemed to him as if Magelona breathed with difficulty: he unloosed her mantle, and in so doing he perceived upon her breast something wrapped in a piece of tinsel. Curious to know what it might be, he detached and unfolded it. The envelope contained three costly rings that Peter had presented to his love. He was affected to find them so faithfully preserved, and, refolding the packet, he laid it beside him on the grass. Suddenly the raven pounced upon the treasure, and flew off with it, attracted, doubtless, by the glittering tinsel. The count was quite frightened, thinking Magelona would be so grieved on the discovery of her loss. He disposed his mantle round her still more carefully, and went further into the wood, to see if he could recover the rings. The bird flew before him: Peter threw stones, hoping to kill him, or at least force him to drop his prize. None of the stones touched him: he still flew onwards, and Peter still followed. At last, both pursuer and pursued reached the sea-shore. The raven perched upon a steep cliff; the count threw more stones at him, and finally caused him to drop the rings and fly off with a great cry. Peter plainly saw the treasure floating on the surface of the water. He wandered on the shore, in order to find something in the shape of a boat, whereby he might reach it. At length he discovered an old skiff, left on the beach by some fishermen. With the bough of a tree for an oar, he pushed but towards the shining tinsel. Suddenly a great wind arose; the waves heaved, and the little boat, rocking from side to side, was nearly overturned. Peter exerted all his strength; but, nevertheless, he was carried further and further into the sea. He looked back, and could scarcely distinguish the floating treasure: soon it vanished altogether, and the land lay far away in the distance. Peter thought on his fair Magelona, whom he had left sleeping in the lonely wood, and his heart was full of anguish and despair. He cried aloud in his utter desolation; the wild echoes flung back his voice of woe, and the mighty ocean responded with a melancholy roar. Eventide came on: the land was far, far away. 'Ah! dearest Magelona,' exclaimed our hero, 'by what strange fate are we separated! An evil hand has drawn me from thy side into the desert sea, and thou art alone and without help. O thou daughter of kings! was it for this I enticed thee from thy princely home?'

Thus mourned Count Peter of Provence. He abandoned hope, and gave himself up for lost. Presently the moon rose, and filled the world with its silvery splendours. All was still, except the sighing murmur of the wave and the unearthly voices of some strange sea-birds that were fluttering around; the stars shone out in solemn beauty, and the cloud-wreathed dome of heaven was mirrored in the bosom of the deep. Peter threw himself in the bottom of the boat, and floated on at the mercy of the billows. Overcome by sorrow and fatigue, he was soon fast asleep.

Let us return to Magelona. When she awoke, she was surprised to find that her lover was nowhere in sight. She waited patiently awhile, thinking he would return; then she wandered about, calling him loudly by name. Having gained a lofty point of view, she looked as far as possible into the distance, hoping to discover some traces of the truant. On one side, she could see nothing but woods, and no village or dwelling-house far as the eye could reach; and on the other, the wild sad sea. 'O thou unfaithful knight!' she cried, 'why hast thou thus left thine innocent love? Hast thou stolen me from my parents only to leave

me to pine in this desert?' While Magelona was wandering distracted in the woods, she descried the horses yet fastened to the trees as Peter had left them. 'Forgive me, my beloved,' she exclaimed; 'now I know thou art guiltless, and hast not intentionally deserted me.' Soon the night closed in; and after many hours of anxious thoughts and fantastic dreams, Magelona gazed once more on the dark woods, and on the far-away sea, the voice of whose heaving waters she could just distinguish. In due time, the morning dawned. How different from the preceding one, when hope danced before her like a bright glad butterfly, and all the flowers of the forest smiled as they met her gaze! Magelona resolved that she would not return to her father's house, as she feared the angry reproaches of her friends. She would rather seek for some quiet humble dwelling, where she might live in peace, secure from the intrusions of the world, and devoted to thoughts of her lost love. She therefore tied up her golden hair, and endeavoured to alter her dress, that she might not be recognised; and thus she journeyed on through many villages and towns. At length, after a long period of wandering, she discovered a pretty secluded meadow, in which stood a little cottage inwreathed with roses. On one side lay a wood. The breeze was musical with the tinkling bells of the pasturing kine. Magelona thought she should like to dwell in this peaceful region. The cottage was inhabited by an old shepherd and his wife. She asked for their protection, which was gladly accorded, although she did not relate her real history. She took up her abode with these good people, and very kind and helpful they found her. Sometimes shipwrecked mariners came to the cottage for assistance; and at such periods, there was no one so thoughtful and ready of heart and hand as Magelona.

Let us now return to poor Peter. It was high noon when he awoke from his troubled rest; the waves were glittering in the golden glory of the sun. Our hero felt new courage rise within his breast. A large ship bore down upon him: it was manned by Moors. They took him prisoner, and greatly rejoiced over their prize, for the count was really a handsome, noble-looking fellow: they intended to make a present of him to the sultan. On landing, he was conducted to his master, who was highly delighted with him, and made him overseer of a beautiful garden: here he often strolled, and sang to his guitar the praises of his lost Magelona. Two years passed away thus; and had it not been for one sad memory, Peter might have been very happy, for he was a great favourite with the sultan, and was beloved, moreover, by his beautiful daughter Sulima. The longing to regain his native land took possession of him so powerfully at one time, that he even resolved to fly with Sulima, as he thought it most likely that Magelona was dead. Accordingly, a rendezvous was appointed: the voice of a lute and singing was to be the fair infidel's signal. Peter soon, however, abandoned this idea as false and treacherous. The same evening, he wandered on the sea-shore; a little boat was moored close by; he unloosed it, entered it, and directed his course out into the open sea. It was one of the most beautiful nights of summer; the stars looked down with a tender light, as if endowed with human sympathies; the sea was smooth and clear as a mirror. Peter rowed on courageously, but all at once he heard the voice of a lute and singing, that sounded from the garden; his heart smote him, for the sweet tones reminded him of his weakness and indecision. Still he went forward. The spirit of love breathed on every side; the waves murmured musically, like a song in a foreign tongue, that falls on the ear with vague, mysterious sweetness, although we know not its meaning. Count Peter suffered the boat to take its own course; and when the morning dawned, the land seemed only like a streak of

blue cloud in the distance. Soon he lost sight of it altogether, and found himself, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!

After some time, he descried a ship in the distance. As it approached nearer, he was rejoiced to find that it was manned by Christians, who were sailing towards France, and gladly gave him a passage. In the course of its homeward progress, the ship, stopped at a little island to take in water. Our hero stepped ashore, and wandered on in a state of dreamy enchantment, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery. Worn at last, he rested beneath the shade of a broad fair tree, and fell fast asleep. A wind arose; the sailors were eager to put off to sea again; and as Peter was missing, they sailed without him. When the count awoke, he was sadly distressed for fear the vessel should have departed, and he hurried down to the shore almost frantic. On discovering the true position of affairs, he sank on the ground, tired and dispirited, and remained in an unconscious state until midnight. Some fishermen found him, seemingly half-dead; they took him in their boat, and rowed off to the mainland. When Peter recovered himself, he heard the men saying that they should convey him to an old shepherd's cottage, where he would receive the greatest care and attention. In the morning, our hero gave the fishermen a piece of gold, and they directed him to the shepherd's house. A path through a wood led him to a pretty little meadow, blooming with wild-flowers. By the door of a cottage sat a lovely maiden, who was singing a sweet and plaintive song; an innocent lamb played at her feet; Peter felt a singular attraction towards the fair songstress. She welcomed him kindly, and invited him to take rest and refreshment in the cottage: the old people also gave him a hearty greeting. Magelona (for she it was) recognised the knight at once, and all sorrow departed from her spirit, like snow before the sun of spring. She did not immediately make herself known, however. In two days, Peter had quite recovered; he sat at the door of the cottage by the side of Magelona; a sudden impulse induced him to tell his whole history to his fair companion. She hastily arose, and re-entering the house, she unloosed her golden hair, and attired herself in the costly robes she used to wear. When she returned, Peter recognised her instantly, and embraced her with tears of joy. The lovers journeyed forthwith to the court of Provence, where they were received heartily, and all 'went merry as a marriage-bell.' A large concourse of people were gathered to the bridal, and the king of Naples was well pleased with his son-in-law. On the spot once occupied by the shepherd's cottage, Peter built a beautiful summer palace, and appointed the good old shepherd as overseer. It is needless to add, that our hero lived long and happily with Magelona, his beautiful bride.

Among other unfulfilled purposes, it was our intention to have given a sketch of the *Heymon's Four Children*, a very wild and savage story, quite a contrast to the above. This, however, must be deferred until another time. As it is, we fear we have already trespassed far too long upon the time and patience of the 'gentle reader.'

DOMESTIC CULTURE OF HYACINTHS.

PLANTS are like men and women; some are easily put about, and refuse to thrive under even a trifling change of circumstances, such as society—for plants are social—or climate, or food; while others, of a more accommodating nature and harder constitution, can adapt themselves to any climate, any kind of food, any kind of soil, or no soil at all—in short, to all manner of circumstances. It is to plants of the latter class

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MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE IN SARDINIA.

THERE are few places in Europe so little known as the island of Sardinia, and very few where the manners and customs—many of Oriental origin—are more singular or more interesting.

The island has alternately been under the dominion of many distinct and very different nations, and thus the remnant of many an ancient usage is still retained, while modern improvement has as yet effected little or nothing. The first thing which strikes the stranger landing on these shores is, the wild, half-savage, but highly picturesque appearance of the inhabitants; their vivid and eager gesticulations, flashing eyes, and endless variety of costume, as each calling has its distinctive dress, each village its peculiarity. The manner in which some of the men wear their hair, long, platted, and wound round the outside of the red woollen fez, has a very singular appearance, and is of very ancient origin, as the idols found in various parts of the island with the same kind of headgear, and dating from remote antiquity, sufficiently testify. There is something Oriental, too, in the wide white cotton drawers descending from the short, full kilt, fastened by the neatly fitting gaiter. The costumes of the women somewhat resemble the best peasant dresses of Italy; but they are richer, and there is a greater display of ornament. The Sards are fond of dress, and will submit to considerable privation in order to possess a complete and handsome suit in which to appear on festa-days, which are of frequent recurrence in their country. It is a great matter of pride to them to have the buttons of their vests and the filigree studs of their shirts of pure gold, and they will live on poor fare to accomplish this.

'Look!' said a villager one day to a friend of mine—'look at that fat fellow; he eats up all his living like a dog. As for me, I lived on bread and wild-fruit until I obtained my complete costume; that fellow has only his everyday one, for festas and all: my buttons and studs, too, are all gold.' I may add, that the jovial possessor of the everyday-dress rather inclined one to his mode of living.

The Sards are an intelligent people, quick, lively when excited, excessively hospitable to strangers; but, on the other hand, fearfully ferocious when actuated by motives of jealousy and revenge. So dreadful, indeed, is their thirst for revenge, that many is the dark tale which stains the annals of their beautiful island. But it is not now my intention to dwell on the darker side of Sard character: I have spent a bright portion of my life among them; I love them,

and would beg my readers to bear with me while I draw a few pictures of their life. I will begin where the novelist usually ends—with a betrothal.

My readers must imagine themselves in a room of good dimensions. The walls, originally whitewashed, are thickly ornamented with small pictures of saints; rosaries and relics depend from nails here and there; small looking-glasses, in coarse gilt frames, are placed over some chests for containing clothes, on the tops of which are placed sundry grotesque ornaments and gourds of singular shapes. A bed—which in that country is only used by the heads of families or by guests—occupies one corner of the apartment, and on it are placed various articles of female gala attire. Two or three young girls, dressed as for some fête, examine closely each article.

At a little distance from this group, sits the young spousa, half blushing, half trembling, and altogether smiling, before a row of the mirrors, at which she is taking furtive and perhaps approving glances. One of her young companions has just folded her jet black glossy hair round her well-formed head; and, with an arch and merry smile and bantering jest, adjusts the numberless ornaments which decorate the costume of a Sardinian peasant in easy circumstances. First one and then another of the gay garments are handled by the other young damsels from the bed, and adjusted to the graceful form of the young spousa. The snowy folds of the chemise are secured by huge gold filigree studs, which receive abundant comment and admiration *en passant*.

'Truly, Effisia, the saints smile on thee,' says one black-eyed maiden with a sigh, as she hands the last wrist-stud.

'Pazienza Rosa mia,' cries another, 'thy own nozze are fast approaching.'

'Bah! bah! Giovanna; thou art too bad. I did but admire Effisia's beautiful wedding-gear: mine will never be half so handsome, nor thine neither, for that matter; for Paolo the shepherd is far richer than thy father, and so is her sposo Loranzo. Per Bacco, he is rich!'

'Basta!' coolly replies the graver Giovanna, as she proceeds with Effisia's toilet; 'give me the cadennazu and zitto. Hush thy nonsense!'

The cadennazu, or small casket containing some amulet, hangs from a chain, which also fastens the richly brocaded and thickly fitted apron. And now Effisia's toilet is complete. The brocade corset, the rich petticoat, are placed to admiration; the delicate throat is encircled many times by a chain of pure gold; the small bronzed fingers are absolutely laden with rings of coarse but solid manufacture, and of pure gold, set with amethysts or topazes. 'How pretty she

looks !' they whisper to one another as they re-arrange each fold. 'Per Cielo! Efisia is a pretty girl—quite the bella of our village,' and each one lovingly embraces the young sposa, as a reward for their labours, ere they present her to her family and friends assembled in the large general apartment adjoining.

But this I must describe: it is a large dingy room, in one corner of which a very small donkey is patiently performing his daily task. He is grinding corn for the family by means of a singularly primitive mill, composed of two large circular stones, the very simple machinery of which he, poor little animal, spends his life in turning; and the docile *molentu* is the household drudge of every poor Sard family. But now it is evening, and a small urchin, scarcely more civilised than the donkey, with elf-locks, and barely covered with scanty clothing, is about to release his friend the *molentu*, and turn him into a small walled court before the door. Gourds and *botarga* (the dried roes of the tunny-fish and mullet) festoon the ceiling; guns, knives, and a species of lance, are placed about the extreme corners of the room. In the centre, some huge logs are burning; they are so large that one can scarcely close the door; and the smoke issues as best it may from that and the unglazed window. Some fowls are standing with their heads under their wings, perched on one leg, comfortably dozing beside the fire, evidently on familiar terms with the juveniles of the family. Near the fire, the family are grouped. The father is a shepherd: this is denoted by the shaggy black sheep-skin which forms his outer garment, and which is worn loosely and without sleeves, like an outer waistcoat. He is of some wealth too, for there is a richness about his dress which stamps him for a wealthy man of the Campidano, or south district of the island. His long black beard gives him a ferocious look, and the dagger in his girdle does not tend to diminish that impression; but there is a kindly expression in his large brilliant eyes, and a smile about the mouth, which re-assures age; and now, at anyrate, every kindly feeling is in full play. A stout matron sits beside him: she also is in full holiday attire. One can see that she is the mother of the bright Efisia. Her good-natured comely face, on which time is softly and gently telling, is lighted up by the soft black eyes so general in her land. She is picking corn for the *molentu* to grind on the morrow, and as she shakes the large sieve round and round, she chatters to her husband, and her teeth glitter like ivory. The door opens, and the fair Efisia comes blushing forth. Away go the sieves into an angle of the room, and a corner of the bright apron is raised to brush away a tear, which perhaps the recollection of her own *cujugnu*, or betrothal, has called there.

'Oh, mia cara,' ejaculates the fond matron, 'may the saints watch over thee! Via Michelotto, make haste; put out the *molentu*, and shut the door.' This is done; for the shades of evening are closing over the bright scenery beyond the door, and sunset is deemed unhealthy in Sardinia. They group around the logs and try to beguile the time; they are evidently waiting for some one. Presently, a low tap is heard: the father gives a look of encouragement to his daughter. 'Courage, my Efisia—courage!' and he rises to attend the summons.

'Who is there?'

'Friends,' is the reply.

'What do they want?'

'We seek a stray lamb, and have come in search of it,' is the figurative response.

'To my friends, desire to see if it has strayed into charming,' asks the father, partly opening the door.

On the fresh-aded bridegroom gently pushes the door, and reposed thereon, accompanied only by a few chosen friends, a number of an courteously bows, and introduces the members of his family one by one, and asking

with much ceremony the question: 'Is this the lamb you have lost?' A shake of the head is the negative reply. At last the sposa is presented: the bridegroom starts, runs forward, kisses her hand: 'This is the lost lamb!' He is rejoiced to have found the beautiful lamb he sought for. The father is pleased, pats the lover on the back, calls him a brave lad. The lover protests he will take care of the sweet lamb and soon conduct it to his fold.

'Ah, sa Lorenzo! I believe thee,' half sobs the soft-hearted mother.

'Bah! Teresa—do not weep. Hast thou the rosario which thou hast prepared for Efisia's gift?' exclaims the father. 'Thy bird will be well with so true and gallant a lover, Teresina. She is well paired; so dry thine eyes, old girl.' Meanwhile the lover has placed one more ring on to the already laden fingers of the young sposa, and thus the *segnati*, or presents, are exchanged.

And now a clamour of voices succeeds: the friends or sponsors of the young man are arranging with the father regarding the *dote*, or dowry, of the future bride, and the means of the bridegroom. Earnest and flashing are the glances, noisy the raised voices, and, beyond conception, vehement the gestures. Above the buzz are heard straggling sentences, such as, 'Bah, bah! Messer Lorenzo,' and 'Bah! Messer Paolo,' with every now and then a deprecating whistle, accompanied by a meaning gesture, namely—shrugging shoulders, hands uplifted, and fingers spread. The boy Michelotto divulges a family secret regarding the poorness of a portion of land included in his sister's dote; he is summarily dragged forth, and a kick is administered, by way of a caution or a convincing argument. At length, all is settled, and the notary concludes the business; the contract is then signed, and, after another embrace, the young couple separate: and thus the *cujugnu* is concluded.

And now we will suppose an interval to have elapsed, and the wedding-time approaches. It is, in fact, the week before that fixed on for the nuptials; the bans have been twice published, and the following week they are to be indissolubly united. We must imagine a bright and lovely morning; the season, spring; the sun shines with a bright effulgence; the large cactus-hedges, which enclose the vineyards, and grow to an enormous height, in part shut out the exquisite scenery; and along a path thus enclosed, a procession winds along. Here, again, we see our friends of the *cujugnu*; here are Paolo and Teresa, Lorenzo, Efisia, and all their friends, in full gala attire, riding on horseback, the women sitting on a sort of pad; the mane of each horse well bedecked with ribbons and gewgaws. Michelotto is driving a rough and primitive bullock-wagon, laden with the simple but perfectly new furniture intended for the bride's new residence. Another follows, likewise laden, driven by the brother of the bridegroom. Each person conveys something, however trifling; and to the merry but monotonous sounds of the *launedda*—a kind of flute—they wend their way to the future abode of the young couple. The gay Rosa conveys a looking-glass, an object of some ambition in these rustic households; the graver Giovanna, a picture of St Effia, the patron-saint of her friend; another, a rosary of massive form; the mother, a few articles of rich costume. Beyond, another bullock-wagon slowly advances; it is laden with oil, wine, pollenta, macaroni, flour, &c.; and the procession is closed by other performers on the *launedda*. It is an inspiring scene; the slender-limbed Sard horses—of Arab origin and careful breeding—curvet and caracole, for they are enchanted by the mirth and laughter, and, above all, by the sounds of the beloved *launedda*, and evidently sympathise with their owners. One would say they were aware of the occasion. The very bullocks, with oranges stuck on their horns, and ribbons

on their tails, seem aware of it; and as the procession wends along, it very visibly increases; the *via-andanti*, or wayfarers, swell the train; and the young urchins of surrounding hamlets make a gay mob behind.

They have long left Siliqua, the residence of the bride; their path leads along a country teeming with the rich gifts of nature; the mountains are clothed with myrtles, arbutus, lentiscus, and, sweet-scented herbs and lovely flowers; the plains abound in olive-grounds, vineyards, gardens. It is a sort of terrestrial paradise, this Campidano. Presently, they reach a nice halting-place; they alight; the rustic owner of the small possession, as it is called, is delighted to afford shelter from the noontide sun for an hour or two, as the distance is great. He says he considers it a true piece of fortune for him that it is so, for he derives great pleasure and satisfaction in accommodating them; and he is really pleased, for he is a merry, hospitable Sard, and it is his nature to be delighted in receiving strangers. He fastens up the horses; he shouts to his young sons and daughters: they pour forth; the girls put down the spindle and distaff, or corn-sieves, as the case may be, and run to salute the young stranger-bride. They accommodate her with their best, help the party to arrange the food contained in the saddle-bags, and add perhaps of their own; and thus joyously speed the two hours. One would say they had always known and loved each other. The gay song and merry laugh are not wanting. The little molentu continues his work in the corner, grinding his corn; and the women take up their distaffs and sieves, for they can work and chat too. But soon, again, all are in movement; for they have two hours' more journey to perform, and that over most dreadful mountain-paths, such as Englishwomen would quite shudder at. Again the procession moves off, and at length arrives at the comfortable possession, or farm, of the young suitor.

And now another week has passed, and the day has arrived when the gentle Effisia is to become a wife. There is a large company assembled. See her bending her graceful head to receive the benediction in that rustic village-church; the kind old priest, too, has a tear in his eye, for he baptised her; and when she was ill, he went to speak words of comfort to her. He names her his daughter, and thinks of her as such. She was truly a lamb of his fold, and he a faithful pastor. Poor old man! his knowledge of the world is limited to his little village, and one or two adjoining it, perhaps; but his heart is large, and full of kindly feeling; he has devoted his time to, and shared his loaf with the widow and the afflicted.

And now the tearfully smiling Effisia is a wedded wife, and is seated by her spouse at her father's board. There is but one plate, one spoon, one drinking-cup that day, for they must share the contents of one plate, as hereafter they share one fortune; and this affords some merriment. The merry Rosa blushes as her sposo or betrothed, Dorigenio, whisperingly wishes he had the same privilege; and the quiet grave Giovanna does not seem altogether indifferent to the glances of a certain youth seated not far from her; and the old Padre Stefano is very merry, and the wine has made him unusually facetious. He wishes he had another wedding to-morrow: the *cujugnu*, at least, has been long enough, he thinks. He prefers a shorter *cujugnu*, as it happened in Effisia's case. 'Ah!' cries Domenico, he wishes it too, and soon, he hopes, he shall be rich enough; he wishes he had been as fortunate as his friend Lorenzo: but his dove will not fly, he adds, in the usual figurative mode of expression.

And again the cavalcade is in motion; this time to conduct the wife to her home. They can go quicker now, because the heavy bullock-carts are no longer required; so they will not need to halt. Thus festive and gay, almost past belief, is the scene, for the bright

dresses are so varied and so strikingly picturesque, so singularly antique and so peculiar. There is the rich butcher, with his leather-dress so exquisitely tanned, so admirably adapted to his figure—he has come from Cagliari to do honour to the nozze as a relative. His dress is really a wonder of itself, with the large full cotton-drawers about the knee, and tight well-made gaiter, for these last-mentioned articles never fail; with the embroidered white leather garter, secured by silver buckles below the knee; and large gold studs, to fasten the full shirt round the neck and round the wrists. The *cheviatore*, or huntsman, with his gun, and wild dress — But we will not detain our readers with long descriptions, which are always tedious: suffice it to say, that everything is gay, and full of novelty for the more sober north. And so they wend along. The bride's horse is led by a youth on foot, by the side of her newly married husband; the young women, her friends, follow her close behind, each accompanied by a lover or a brother, as the case may be.

At length pistols are fired, shouts raised—they have arrived at their dwelling. The mother and father of the young bridegroom, with other matrons and friends, are assembled in high gala attire before the door, the posts of which are gaily decorated and encircled with fresh garlands. The mother holds a large dish in her hand, and, as her fair daughter-in-law approaches, she sprinkles some of the contents high in the air and about the threshold, ere her foot has crossed it. It is wheat mingled with salt—emblems of hospitality and plenty—perhaps, too, it contains a still more significant symbol of a life to come: it is a beautiful idea and a beautiful custom. She accompanies it, too, with many a beautiful figure of speech: 'The bird may rest in the abode prepared for her; she will be the light of her home. May peace and plenty be within her gate: and blessings pour on her, as the corn which falls at her feet.'

A banquet now attends her. Kids and sucking-pigs have been roasted whole; perhaps, indeed, the kid was placed inside a sheep, and a small bird in its turn inside that, and the whole ingeniously roasted upon myrtle branches in a hole in the ground, with red embers on all sides—for such curious things are done in Sardinia. But we will leave our happy Effisia for a time in her own dwelling, surrounded by her own friends, again to eat out of one plate with her husband; and finish, perhaps, with a gay dance, after the solemn banquet: and now we will say *addio*.

SECRETS OF THE PERFUMES.

WHILE some people pique themselves on the enlightenment of the present age, the age peculiarly their own, others—sulky old grumblers—point, with a dissatisfied 'humph!' to the position, both moral and physical, in which great masses of the people live, and to the notorious fact that many of the nations of Europe are at this moment zealously employed in cutting one another's throats in thousands and tens of thousands. Much, in fact, may be said on both sides of the question; but, if we take enlightenment in its more literal sense, or even if we merely bring it down a peg, and understand it as something midway between Price's candles and intellectual illumination, there cannot be a dissentient voice upon the subject. The present is the most enlightened age the world has ever seen. Were it not that many of us are blind, and a greater number purblind, we should live in a perfect blaze of light. The quacks need no longer try to make a mystery of their nostrums: the ingredients, worthless or absurd, of every one of these are known, and the knowledge scattered broadcast throughout the country; and so the worthy gentlemen have only to console themselves with the idea that they do not sell an ounce the less on that account, that the enlightened people gobble up their

filth as eagerly as ever. As for secret processes of any kind, there is no such thing; the sort of illumination we are talking of penetrates everywhere; and if even the witches of Macbeth were in our day caught at their deed without a name, the sudden blaze thrown upon the caldron and its composition would make them take to their broomsticks in astonishment and alarm.

Among the most curious revelations latterly made, is an analysis of the Perfumes.* These ethereal luxuries, no matter by what awful names they are called, are exposed, one by one, to the sight, as it were, of the public, and their component parts numbered and proportioned. They are usually obtained from flowers, and Mr. Piesse remarks, that 'the extensive flower-farms in the neighbourhood of Nice, Grasse, Montpellier, and Cannes, in France, at Adrianople (Turkey in Europe), at Broussa and Uslak (Turkey in Asia), and at Mitcham, in England, in a measure indicate the commercial importance of that branch of chemistry called perfumery'—an importance which will be more readily understood when it is stated, that 'one of the large perfumers of Grasse and Paris employs annually 80,000 pounds of orange-flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia-flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose-leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 32,000 pounds of violets, 20,000 pounds of tubereuse, 16,000 pounds of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportion.' There are four modes of obtaining the perfumes from plants—namely, expression, distillation, maceration, and absorption. In maceration, the flowers are put for a certain time into melted deer or mutton fat, which, in consequence of a natural affinity, draws forth the perfume, the fat thus becoming pomade. When olive-oil or ben-oil is used instead of suet, the result is 'huile antique' of such a flower. Our author gives minute directions for all the various processes; and to him we refer, confining ourselves to such scraps of information as will be interesting or amusing to the mass of our readers.

When mentioning bergamot (from the *Citrus bergamia*), Mr. Piesse tells us it should be preserved in well-stoppered bottles, and kept in a cool dark cellar; light, especially direct sunshine, deteriorating all perfumes excepting rose. The labour of collecting the exquisite odour of the sweet-brier is so costly, that an imitation is palmed upon the public instead, composed of French rose-pomatum, cassia, leuq d'orange, verbenä, &c.—surely an excellent perfume in itself. The extract of heliotrope is in the same category: there is no heliotrope in it, but it is nevertheless a very nice perfume. Neither is honeysuckle used as a perfume, but it is well imitated. Jasmine, on the other hand, is much prized by the perfumer. 'When the flowers of the *Jasminum odoratissimum* are distilled, repeatedly using the water of distillation over fresh flowers, the essential oil of jasmine may be procured. It is, however, exceedingly rare, on account of the enormous cost of production. There was a fine sample of six ounces exhibited in the Tunisian department of the Crystal Palace, the price of which was L.9 the fluid ounce! The plant is the Yasmin of the Arabs, from which our name is derived.' Of lavender, our author says: 'The climate of England appears to be better adapted for the perfect development of this fine old favourite perfume than any other on the globe. "The ancients," says Burnett, "employed the flowers and the leaves to aromatise their baths, and to give a sweet scent to water in which they washed; hence the generic name of the plant, *Lavandula*." Lavender is grown to an enormous extent at Mitcham, in Surrey, which is the seat of its production in a commercial point of view.

Very large quantities are also grown in France; but the fine odour of the British produce realises in the market four times the price of that of continental growth. Burnett says that the oil of *Lavandula spica* is more pleasant than that derived from the other species; but this statement must not mislead the purchaser to buy the French spike lavender, as it is not worth a tenth of that derived from the *Lavandula vera*. Half a hundredweight of good lavender-flowers yield, by distillation, from fourteen to sixteen ounces of essential oil. All the inferior descriptions of oil of lavender are used for perfuming soaps and greases; but the best—that obtained from the Mitcham lavender—is entirely used in the manufacture of what is called lavender-water, but which more properly should be called essence or extract of lavender, to be in keeping with the nomenclature of other essences prepared with spirit.'

Lily of the Valley is a delightful perfume; but there is no such thing as lily of the valley in it. Rosemary plays an important part in Eau de Cologne, and is the principal ingredient in Hungary Water. In both these compositions it is the refreshing and invigorating element. The perfume we call Verbena, everybody knows, is delicious; but verbenä is not one of its ingredients, the distilled spirit of the plant being too expensive for the manufacturing perfumer. The essence of violets is rarely genuine, but from a different cause: the demand for it is so enormous, that the trade is as yet unable to keep pace with it. 'Real violet is,' however, sold by many of the retail perfumers of the west end of London, but at a price that prohibits its use except by the affluent or extravagant votaries of fashion. The violet-farms from whence the flowers are procured to make this perfume are very extensive at Nice and Grasse; also in the neighbourhood of Florence.' The wall-flower, singular to say, is not used in perfumery, although an excellent imitation of it is popular.

On coming to the perfumes derived from animals, our author has a curious remark: 'In its pure state, civet has, to nearly all persons, a most disgusting odour; but when diluted to an infinitesimal portion, its perfume is agreeable. It is difficult to ascertain the reason why the same substance, modified only by the quantity of matter presented to the nose, should produce an opposite effect on the olfactory nerve; but such is the case with nearly all odorous bodies, especially with ottos, which, if smelled at, are far from agreeable, and in some cases positively nasty—such as otto of neroly, otto of thyme, otto of patchouly; but if diluted with a thousand times its volume of oil, spirit, &c., then their fragrance is delightful.'

Here is the composition of the best quality of Eau de Cologne: 'Spirit (from grape), 60 overproof, 6 gallons; otto of neroly, *Petale*, 3 ounces; otto of neroly, *Biggarade*, 1 ounce; otto of rosemary, 2 ounces; otto of orange-peel, 5 ounces; otto of citron-peel, 5 ounces; otto of bergamot-peel, 2 ounces.' The second quality, still a very good perfume, is made of corn instead of grape spirit; on which is this remark: 'To speak of the "purity" of French spirit, or of the "impurity" of English spirit, is equally absurd. The fact is, that spirit derived from grapes, and spirit obtained from corn, have each so distinct and characteristic an aroma, that the one cannot be mistaken for the other. The odour of grape spirit is said to be due to the æanthic ether which it contains. The English spirit, on the other hand, owes its odour to fusel-oil. So powerful is the æanthic ether in the French spirit, that notwithstanding the addition to it of such intensely odoriferous substances as the ottos of neroly, rosemary, and others, it still gives a characteristic perfume to the products made containing it; and hence the difficulty of preparing Eau de Cologne with any spirit destitute of this substance.' The difference between the French and

* *The Art of Perfumery, and the Methods of obtaining the Odours of Plants; with Instructions for the Manufacture of Perfumes for the Handkerchief, Scented Powders, Odorous Vinegars, Dentifrices, Pomatums, Cosmetiques, Perfumed Soap, &c.* By G. W. Septimus Piesse, Analytical Chemist. London: Longman, 1855.

English perfumes is owing to the difference in the spirit employed. The strong bouquet of brandy is favourable in some cases, but in others, the less obtrusive corn spirit is better. For instance: 'Musk, ambergris, civet, violet, tuberose, and jasmine, if we require to retain their true aroma when in solution in alcohol, must be made with the British spirit.' The famous perfume *Rondeletia* owes its peculiarity to the mixture of lavender and cloves; and of Spring Flowers we are told: 'The just reputation of this perfume places it in the first rank of the very best mixtures that have ever been made by any manufacturing perfumer. Its odour is truly flowery, but peculiar to itself. Being unlike any other aroma, it cannot well be imitated, chiefly because there is nothing that we are acquainted with that at all resembles the odour of the *esprit de rose*, as derived from macerating rose-pomade in spirit, to which, and to the extract of violet, nicely counterpoised, so that neither odour predominates, the peculiar character of spring flowers is due; the little ambergris that is present gives permanence to the odour upon the handkerchief, although, from the very nature of the ingredients, it may be said to be a fleeting odour.'

It may seem remarkable that the odour of any particular flower should be imitated to absolute perfection by a combination of other flowers; and we should be glad if our author had explained his sentiments on this point, instead of merely hinting at some mystical relationship between the odours. Scents, he tells us, like sounds, appear to influence the olfactory nerve in certain definite degrees; and as there is an octave of colours like an octave in music, so certain odours coincide like the keys of an instrument. For instance, 'almond, ketchup, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression;' and so, in like manner, 'citron, lemon, orange-peel, and verbena, forming a higher octave of smells.' The analogy between music and perfume is completed by what may be called the semi-tones, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note. This, it must be owned, is but a meagre attempt at the aesthetics of smells; but it opens the subject, and we hope soon to hear more about it. The idea, it must be admitted, is at least an elegant one; and we do not see that it should be considered specially fanciful, since we know that music depends upon a fixed mathematical law, not invented by man, but existing in nature. Nature is not a prodigal in her operations—she is no waster of power: the better she is understood, the more simple she appears; and there is nothing, therefore, contrary to sound reason in the idea, that the whole of the pleasures of sense will be found to depend upon cognate laws.

Another thing worthy of remark is this: 'The odour of some flowers resembles others so nearly, that we are almost induced to believe them to be the same thing, or, at least, if not evolved from the plant as such, to become so by the action of the air-oxidation. It is known that some actually are identical in composition, although produced from totally different plants, such as camphor, turpentine, rosemary. Hence, we may presume that chemistry will sooner or later produce one from the other, for with many it is merely an atom of water or an atom of oxygen that causes the difference. It would be a grand thing to produce otto of roses from oil of rosemary, or from the rose geranium oil; and theory indicates its possibility. The essential oil of almonds in a bottle that contains a good deal of air-oxygen, and but a very little of the oil, spontaneously passes into another odoriferous body, benzoic acid, which is seen in crystals to form over the dry parts of the flask.'

Mr Piesse illustrates his notions regarding the relationship of odours by the recipe for imitating the essence of sweet-pea, which is this: 'Extract of tuberose, extract of fleur d'orange, extract of rose from

pomatum— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint each; and extract of vanilla, 1 ounce.' This composition is formed with the idea that the odour of sweet-pea resembles that of orange-blossom, and the imitation is brought still nearer by the addition of the rose and tuberose. 'The vanilla is used merely to give permanence to the scent on the handkerchief, and this latter body is chosen in preference to extract of musk or ambergris, which would answer the same purpose of giving permanence to the more volatile ingredients; because the vanilla strikes the same key of the olfactory nerve as the orange-blossom, and thus no new idea of a different scent is brought about as the perfume dies off from the handkerchief. When perfumes are not mixed upon this principle, then we hear that such and such a perfume becomes "sickly," or "faint" after they have been on the handkerchief a short time.'

We have now opened, we think, by this little bit of philosophy, a very interesting and elegant subject of inquiry for our fair readers, and raised the toilet-table to something like the dignity of the library table. A perfume to them will now convey an intellectual as well as a sensuous pleasure; and perhaps they may be even brought to listen to the counsel of Mr Piesse, and educate that feature which, even in its present state of ignorance, and by whatever name it may be described—Grecian, Roman, or retroussé—is so important to the character of their physiognomy. 'Many persons,' says our author, 'will at first consider that we are asking too much, when we express a desire to have the same deference paid to the olfactory nerve as to the other nerves that influence our physical pleasures and pains. By tutoring the olfactory nerve, it is capable of perceiving matter in the atmosphere of the most subtle nature: not only that which is pleasant, but also such as are unhealthful. If an unpleasant odour is a warning to seek a purer atmosphere, surely it is worth while to cultivate that power which enables us to act up to that warning for the general benefit of health.'

We must now advert, in a few words, to some of the other contents of this entertaining volume. Cold Cream, for which England is famous all over Europe, is prepared in a complicated way, although the ingredients are few. Rose Cold Cream, for instance, is composed of 'almond-oil, 1 pound; rose-water, 1 pound; white-wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; and otto of roses, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm.' Of Pomade Divine, we are told: 'Among the thousand-and-one quack nostrums, pomade divine, like James's powder, has obtained a reputation far above the most sanguine expectations of its concoctors. This article strictly belongs to the druggist, being sold as a remedial agent; nevertheless, what is sold is almost always vended by the perfumer. It is prepared thus: spermaceti, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; almond-oil, $\frac{3}{4}$ pound; gum-benzoin, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; and vanilla beans, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.' Pomatum appears to be the ointment of the Bible, and may be thus prepared: 'If an apple be stuck all over with spice, such as cloves, then exposed to the air for a few days, and afterwards macerated in purified melted lard, or any other fatty matter, the grease will become perfumed. Repeating the operation with the same grease several times, produces real pomatum.' Bears' Grease, we are sorry to say, has no contribution from Bruin. This seems hardly credible; for we have ourselves repeatedly seen perfumers' shops turned into small genteel butcheries, adorned with the carcass of the animal. Can it be that these creatures are slaughtered for the sake of mere make-believe?—that they fall victims, like Absalom, to the luxuriance of their hair, and the mistaken envy of the bald-headed gentlemen looking in at the window? It is hard to believe this, yet here is Mr Piesse's recipe for bears' grease: 'Huile de rose, huile de fleur d'orange, huile d'acacia, huile de tuberose and jasmine—of each half a pound; almond-oil,

10 pounds; lard, 12 pounds; acacia pomade, 2 pounds; otto of bergamot, 4 ounces; and otto of cloves, 2 ounces.' The pomatum sold as marrow, is merely perfumed lard and suet.

We have only a single depilatory, and even that one our author seems to give with reluctance, for he rather sneers at the taste of our country women, who regard as detrimental to beauty such 'physical indications of good health' and vital stamina' as hairs upon the arms and back of the neck, and moustaches upon the upper lip. The composition is: 'Best lime slaked, 3 pounds; and orpiment, in powder, half a pound. Mix the depilatory powder with enough water to render it of a creamy consistency; lay it upon the hair for about five minutes, of until its caustic action upon the skin renders it necessary to be removed; a similar process to shaving is then to be gone through, but instead of using a razor, operate with an ivory or bone paper-knife; then wash the part with plenty of water, and apply a little cold cream.'

We are now introduced to a cosmetic, which, we confess, we did not before consider so important. It is the absorbent powder. 'A lady's toilet-table is incomplete without a box of some absorbent powder; indeed, from our earliest infancy, powder is used for drying the skin with the greatest benefit: no wonder that its use is continued in advanced years, if, by slight modifications in its composition, it can be employed not only as an absorbent, but as a means of personal adornment. We are quite within limits in stating that many tonweights of such powders are used in this country annually. They are principally composed of various starches, prepared from wheat, potatoes, and various nuts, mixed more or less with powdered talc—of Haüy, stearite (soap-stone), French chalk, oxide of bismuth, and oxide of zinc, &c. The most popular is what is termed Violet Powder: wheat-starch, 12 pounds; orris-root powder, 2 pounds; oil of lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; otto of bergamot, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; and otto of cloves, 2 drachms. Rose Face-powder: wheat-starch, 7 pounds; rose pink, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; otto of rose, 2 drachms; and otto of santal, 2 drachms.' In the different rouges, carmine plays an important part, and it is a preparation with which four or five manufacturers supply the whole of Europe. Its composition is known by analysis, but there is required a nicety in the manipulation which narrows the field of manufacture.

There are various preparations for the teeth given, but these are withheld, for we have one of our own worth all the rest put together. Let our fair readers, instead of tooth-powder, use common soap, and they will have no need of a dentist all their lives after. We have only to add, that although, in speaking of some of the perfumes mentioned above, we have given the proportions of ingredients used by manufacturers, the manipulation is of equal importance; and for that we refer those who are fond of experiments to the book itself.

THE NEW CATTLE-MARKET OF LONDON.

For the last six months, and something more, old Smithfield, with its seven acres of stalls, sties, and sheep-pens, which have been so long an abomination in the eyes of living Londoners, has surrendered its uproarious existence, and subsided into a dry dull desert, cheerless and voiceless. That border-land of taprooms and copers, of early breakfast-houses and drowsy drovers, of harness-makers, whip-makers, sack-makers, and dealers in smock-frocks and wide-awakes, and plushy red waistcoats, and boots and Bluchers an inch thick in the sole, and studded with a pound or two of iron—this archipelago of snug trading islets in a sea of mud, which begirt the over-crammed mart—has

suffered a change almost amounting to dissolution, and is about to vanish in toto, like the morning mist at the rising of the sun. Bluff old Smithfield has walked off bodily to a country-seat in the suburbs, and has squatted himself down for a perpetuity in what but a few short summers ago was pleasant Copenhagen Fields. There, where cricketers held holiday, and pitched their milk-white tents in the sun—where once poor Hazlitt was wont to resort, to liquidate his stagnant bile with a game at rackets—where nursemaids dandled their babies, and boys flew their kites, and Cockney sportsmen made their first essays with gunpowder—there the green grass turf has given place to a floor of solid granite—the waving elms that overshadowed the white walls of the rustic inn are supplanted by a forest of stumpy sheep-pens—and monster-hotels, and long and lofty sheds, and a tall central clock-tower, rising in the midst of a low polygon-shaped mass of buildings, proclaim the new habitat of the London Cattle-market.

The new market occupies, if we may trust to such measurement as we can make with the eye, about twenty acres of ground, and is therefore about three times as large as old Smithfield; but the corporation, whose property it is, have secured land enough almost to double its present extent; and to whatever objections it may be open, want of space, for centuries to come, is not likely to be one of them. It is bounded on the north by the open fields towards Highgate; on the south, by a rapidly rising suburb lying between Islington and Camden Town; on the east, by the Caledonian Road, in which stands the Model Prison of Pentonville; and on the west, by Maiden Lane, which is undergoing a transformation into 'The York Road.' It is evident at a glance at the new undertaking, that the two things which have been especially studied in carrying it out are—convenience and permanence. To obtain these ends, the most lavish expense has been incurred. The whole of the soil was burned to the depth of several feet into a mass of red brick ballast before the building operations commenced; and we shall not readily forget the wild, savage, and fearful scene which the whole district presented, when it was studded with a hundred flaming and smoking volcanoes while this preliminary process was going on. On this fire-baked scoriæ was laid the granite pavement, and into that were deeply imbedded the iron pillars that form the rails and pens, the horizontal bars alone being of kyanized oak. The stone-work throughout is of corresponding mass and strength; and the same may be said of the brick buildings within the walls, which serve as hotels and public-houses, and which are leased to the old landlords of Smithfield. The market is crossed by a broad carriage-road, running east and west. The ground to the north of this road is alone devoted to the sale of cattle and sheep—that on the south being taken up with open sheds and lairs. Besides these, there are slaughter-houses, and the conveniences for a meat-market.

It is just about the glimmer of dawn, on a Monday morning late in October, when we approach the new Cattle-market, for the purpose of making a few observations on the mode in which the business is now conducted as compared with what it was in old Smithfield. The bleating, lowing, squeaking, the murmur of the market, pierces through the fog, and gives us note of its whereabouts at a quarter of a mile's distance, while yet the high buildings and the scaffolded tower

are buried from sight in the mist. We are soon, however, in the midst of the tumult, and find ourselves involuntarily congratulating both the beasts and their masters on the altered state of affairs. The first thing that strikes us is the superior accommodation for the oxen, and the utter impossibility that for long years to come such a cruel and disgraceful spectacle as a 'ring-drove' will annoy the visitor. The stalls for the oxen are ranged in long alleys, each bearing a number in legible characters; the alleys are of the width of an average mail-coach road, and they are entered from roads still wider. The beasts are tethered to the rails by the head on both sides of the alley, and between each row there is double the space left free for passengers. They low plaintively in answer to one another, but we hear none of that painful bellowing which used to distress us; and, better still, we miss that incessant sound of blows, which made such devilish music in the old market.

Proceeding northward, we come upon the sheep-pens, which we find not so well contrived in their space. They seem to differ very little from the old Smithfield pens; and many of them are shamefully crammed with sheep forced in by the dog and the goad, until some of them are literally unable to touch the ground, being borne up on the backs of others. We suspect, from what we can see, that this is owing to the penny-wise conduct of the man who has them in charge, and who prefers torturing the poor animals to disbursing the hire of an additional pen. In the old market, he would have huddled these unfortunates together as an 'off-drove' in a neighbouring street, and transferred them to the pens as fast as he made vacancies for them by the sale of others—a manœuvre he cannot practise here. It ought to be a regulation of the market, that a sheep-pen should receive no more than it can humanely accommodate.

In the new market, the calves and the pigs, by a regulation in their favour, have the benefit of roomy pens, comfortably roofed in from the weather. On the basements of the pillars that support the roofs of the sheds, their portraits are cunningly sculptured—an honour which has not been awarded to the oxen and sheep. The swine have been the objects of further consideration, in that the flooring of their sties presents a steeply inclined plane—a plan of which the matrons among them with large families shew their decided approval by uniformly reclining at full length, with their noses at an elevation of some twenty degrees. Each sty is furnished with a grating covering a drain, a provision which goes far towards maintaining cleanliness. We find the swinish multitude on this occasion forming a very small minority, and, like most minorities, they are in violent opposition, and make more clamour than all the concurrences. Their example is not followed by the calves, which do not seem to know what to make of it, and await in silence the solution of the mystery.

Approaching the great polygon from which rises the tall clock-tower, we find it to consist of a circular group of offices and shops, in one central spot, devoted to the transaction of the business of the market. There are three offices for inquiry, belonging to the principal railway-companies; there is the electric-telegraph office, in communication with all parts of the kingdom; there are no less than six banks for the payment of moneys and the settlement of accounts; there is a shop for the sale of cattle medicines and drugs, and another for the sale of all articles for which there is likely to be a demand in the market; such

as rugs, wrappers, horsecloths, over-coats, leggings, spatterdashes, brogues, fleams, knives, and redde and colouring-matter for the marking of sheep. In the midst of all these various marts, there is the office of the clerk of the market, who is the authority on the spot for consultation or appeal in all matters where the interest of the corporation is concerned, and who has the whole business, in a manner, under his control. For the satisfaction of the lieges, he exhibits on a board, at the entrance of his office, a notification of the state of the market from time to time. The state of the poll, as we pass by, happens to be as follows:—beasts, 5367; sheep, 27,485—by which we know that to-day's market is considerably above the average, and that we need not therefore look for an immediate rise in the prices of beef and mutton.

A considerable influx of butchers' carts and traps has taken place while we have been making our rounds; they are ranged by hundreds in the hotel-yards, and their owners are doing business among the stalls and pens with a characteristic paucity of words and despatch of bargains. The beasts are coming in for a liberal allowance of punching and knuckling; and the sheep, invaded in their pens, submit to similar manipulation. When a butcher buys a beast—by which you are to understand an ox or a cow—he whips out a pair of scissors, and cuts his particular hieroglyph on the hide; when he buys a number of sheep, he has them marked with his signature or monogram by means of a ball of redde. Some of these devices are exceedingly complicated, and cover the entire back of the animal, while others are a mere touch of the red mixture on a particular spot. Where so many thousands of sheep are sold in a few hours, it is expedient that they should be marked so as to be easily distinguished when claimed; and it would appear that the ingenuity of the buyers has been taxed to the utmost limit to effect this object. The pigs appear to be spared that familiar manipulation applied to their neighbours; it is thought enough to stir them up with a scout stick, or to trot them out of their sties and in again, to afford an opportunity for a fair view.

It is the law of the market that payments cannot be made from hand to hand between buyer and seller, but only through a market-banker. When a butcher has concluded his purchases, therefore, he repairs with the salesman to the office of one of the bankers, who makes out an account of the transaction, adding to it the market-tolls, the salesman's commission, and his own, or banker's commission. These items increase the cost of a beast to the purchaser by the sum of 4s. 4d., and that of a score of sheep by from 12s. to 15s. The banker's charge is moderate, being 8d. per beast, and 1s. 4d. per score of sheep. Ready-money is the order of the day; but the bankers occasionally make advances for the convenience of their customers.

When the butcher has settled his account, he receives an order for the delivery of the animals. He can give the order to his own man-servant, or can hand it over to one of the licensed drovers, of whom there are in London nearly 1000 connected with the market. The driver knows where to find the animals, and he knows, too, his employer's mark; and in a few minutes he will have the morning's purchase clear of the market and on its way to the abattoir in town.

For the convenience of butchers attending the market, there are omnibuses that run from the city at an early hour to one of the market-hotels, and there is a special carriage attached to the trains of the North London Railway, which stops at a station very near. There is no lack of inns and public-houses in the market itself; and in the immediate neighbourhood, on the north-western side, there is rapidly coming into being the same characteristic border-land of coffee-shops, eating-houses, beer-shops, and appropriate

trading-establishments, whose disappearance from the old site we have referred to above.

Thus far our survey of the new Cattle-market is in all respects satisfactory and *couleur de rose*; but it has now to be looked at from another point of view, whence we shall not find its aspect so pleasing. In the first place, the intolerable nuisance which formed the grand objection to old Smithfield—namely, the enormous amount of cattle-driving in the public ways—is not obviated by the new market. Butchers assert that the cattle-driving has increased; and, looking to the fact that large numbers of both oxen and sheep are driven through the city from the south, east, and west, to arrive at the market, and have to be driven back again after sale, their assertion is probably true. Of the foreign cattle, the major part are landed in the neighbourhood of the Westminster Docks, and have to traverse a crowded mass of narrow city-thoroughfares and suburban by-roads before they reach the market, lying nearly four miles off. Considerable numbers also come by way of Whitechapel from the south, traversing six or more miles of streets ere they reach the place of sale. The proportion of these that are again driven south and east after sale is the same as it used to be—with this difference, that they have twice as far to go. What is saved by the nearness of the market to those coming to town from the north, is but a partial compensation, because the drovers continue to patronise the old lairs—driving the animals into the suburbs on the Saturday, and retracing their steps to the market about midnight on the Sunday. In one respect, the driving-nuisance is ameliorated, inasmuch as the droves leaving the new market enter the city by more various and more commodious routes than those debouching into Smithfield, and are at once spread over a larger surface. The inhabitants of the quiet genteel districts which formerly lay out of the cattle-driving track, were at first indignant at the innovation; and not without reason. If a gentleman floriculturist left his gate open, or the early milkman, when he deposited his matutinal tin-can under the scraper, by virtue of an agreement with the drowsy housemaid, left it open for him, it happened more than once that he was awaked by the rush of a score or two of sheep into his green-house; or, on looking out of window to ascertain the cause of the tumult, beheld a grove of favourite fuchsias vanishing down the throats of a party of short-horns. Mrs Grundy flew into a passion and out of the neighbourhood; declaring that it was perfectly *preposterous* to attempt to force the poor dumb creatures to travel by a cross-route after they had been used to the main road, to her knowledge, for twenty years at least! Other people did the same; and there is no doubt that one effect of the opening of the new market has been the depreciation of a certain class of house-property in the channels leading to it, and the stoppage of a definite style of house-building in its near neighbourhood. It was anticipated, while the new market was in course of formation, that a considerable proportion at least of the animals there sold would have been taken no further; and convenient abattoirs were therefore erected, available at very moderate fees—and space was also allotted for a meat-market. That anticipation has proved all but a chimera. The reason is obvious: the dead weight of meat to be conveyed from Copenhagen Fields to the various parts of the city—some of it to a distance of seven miles and more—would hardly be less than 4000 tons weekly; and we cannot expect that, so long as this vast weight is allowed to walk through the city alive, the butchers will voluntarily incur the expense of its transport as inert matter. The only means of putting an end to cattle-driving in the streets would be by the peremptory interference of the legislature with a decree resembling that of Napoleon, who, nearly fifty years ago, forbade the appearance of a

single ox, sheep, or pig, in the streets of Paris under penalty of forfeiture. Such a law would probably necessitate the establishment of an additional new market on the southern side, and it would undoubtedly increase sensibly the price of meat to the consumer.

Another grand objection against old Smithfield was, the cruelty to which, in various ways, the poor animals were subjected. We have seen that some of these cruelties are not practised, or, indeed, practicable in the new market. Off-droves and ring-droves are abolished, and not likely to be resuscitated on an area which has already accommodations for 7000 beasts, 35,000 sheep, 1500 calves, and 1000 swine, and which is capable, if need arise, of doubling its accommodations. Yet we have seen the pens overloaded with sheep, and crammed to suffocation, and been outraged and disgusted by the unnecessary use of the goad in the hands of the drovers. "The worst evil, however—and a cruel evil it is—is the want of water, of which the unfortunate sheep are mainly the victims. The beasts, after their long journey by road or rail, do get a little water at the lairs, and sometimes a wisp of hay; but the sheep get nothing. It is easy to see, as they pant along the road, that they are in a fever of thirst; and by the time they are driven into their Monday-morning pens, the majority of them are gasping for breath. Immense flocks of them neither taste grass nor water from the time they leave their pastures to the moment of their death—a period varying from two to four days. The barbarity of such treatment is disgracefully apparent; but the subject is full of difficulties, and the remedy not easy of invention or application.

Talking the matter over with a humane dealer, who has frequented the cattle-market for nearly thirty years, we urged as strongly as we could, on the score of humanity, the poor sheep's claim for water, and expressed our surprise that no provision was made for watering them in the market.

"I acknowledge that it is a bad and miserable thing," he said; "but what are you to do? They come to town in such a state of thirst, that we dare not let them drink. You can't take twenty or thirty thousand sheep, and hand them 'glasses round,' or as much as would quench their thirst and do them good. The only way to water them at all is to drive them to a pond; and if you do that, as sure as you are alive, they'll drink till they kill themselves. I've seen it tried. You can't get them away from the water; not with dogs, or sticks, or anything else—they'll drink and drink till they drop, but they won't come out. I tell you, I've seen it myself."

We suggested the practicability of some contrivance by which a sufficient quantity of water might be turned into a shallow basin, and allowed to be drained dry by a certain number at a time.

He allowed that such a thing might be done, but shook his head significantly, and changed the subject. We cannot believe but that measures might be taken to avoid the perpetration of such barbarity as our friend's statement of the matter points out. It seems to us that the graziers and breeders would but forward their own interest in devising the means of sending their animals to market in healthy and comfortable condition. It has been stated that a loss of not less than ten per cent. is suffered by the owners of sheep as a consequence of the condition in which the average of them arrive at the market. Surely that is more than a sufficient amount to pay for reasonable care in their transport, and the supply of such food and water by the route as would prevent at once their sufferings and their decrease in value. But the proprietors of the animals must look to this business themselves, and not delegate it to the drovers, whom long habit has reconciled to the old state of things.

We have only to mention, in conclusion, that the horse-dealing is confined to the Friday's market; that

the hay-market is still carried on in old Smithfield; and that the commission on the sale of all animals is a trifle heavier in the new market than it was in the old.

THE MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY.

'WELL,' soliloquised François, as he brushed the coat of his master, M. Bonneau, an official in the bureau of finance, 'if it were not that I don't like to vex a kind master, I would gladly change his service for that of Monsieur Biliard, on the first floor. That's a pleasant man to live with—a dramatic author! He has so many distinguished visitors; and then one could go to the play gratis; while here, I'm like a porter to the whole concern. I have to answer inquiries for Monsieur Dugrinet, the captain, on the second floor; I have to run for the doctor for the grandmother of Monsieur Victor, the painter, on the third; or carry a note from him to Mademoiselle Dugrinet. Even the writer who lives in the attic sends me with manuscripts to their authors; and all this I have to do without getting the *douceur* of a single penny, for that was the agreement made with me by Monsieur Bonneau.'

François was interrupted by the entrance of his master, who, contrary to his custom, seemed in very bad humour. The domestic, from whom his employer had but few secrets, was about to inquire the cause of his dissatisfaction, when M. Biliard came in, and François discreetly retired, certain that, sooner or later, his curiosity would be satisfied.

'Ah!' cried M. Bonneau, addressing his old colleague M. Biliard, 'I'm the most unlucky dog in the whole world!'

'What's the matter?'

'That place of head-clerk in the office, which was justly due to my long services, has been disposed of by favour and intrigue.'

'No great marvel in that,' replied Biliard; 'you must oppose cunning by cunning.'

'That would be neither honourable nor honest,' remarked Bonneau.

'I did not say it would,' retorted his friend; 'I only meant to say it would succeed. In this world, you must fight people with their own weapons.'

'That may do for you,' said Bonneau, 'who don't care how many enemies you make.'

'That's precisely my *forte*,' cried Biliard. 'A man is nothing without enemies. By slandering him, they make his name famous. "This fellow must have something in him," say the world, "or so many would not find it worth while to abuse him." A man without an enemy passes through life a mere zero, unnoticed amongst the vulgar herd.'

'Just like me,' sighed Bonneau.

'You know I have reproved you a thousand times for your excessive kind-heartedness,' said his friend; 'but just now I have something else to think of. This evening, a new comedy of mine is to be acted at the Théâtre-Français; and I have only just received my author's free-tickets. I have no time to distribute them, and must trust to you to do so judiciously. Mind that you send me an efficient set of applauders.'

'Very well,' replied Bonneau, taking the tickets and placing them on his desk.

'After all,' mused our hero, when he was left alone, 'why shouldn't I have enemies as well as other people? They might do me more good than my friends; and, at all events, I'll try to make some, by way of experiment. I'll just begin with the first person I meet. François!'

'What does monsieur please to want?'

'François, I'm going to turn you off.'

'Monsieur will turn me off!' cried François astounded.

'Yes—that is, I mean I'll give you permission to leave my service.'

'Ah! that's another affair,' said the servant joyfully. 'Dear master, how kind you are! You perceived that I wished to like with Monsieur Biliard, and that I did not know how to name it to you; so you have yourself given me permission to change. I shall never, monsieur, forget your goodness.'

'Here's a pretty business!' exclaimed the surprised master; 'I that thought—You rascal, do you mean to say that you wish to leave me for Biliard?'

'But monsieur himself—'

'Ungrateful!'

'Dear master, let us understand each other. Are you going to dismiss me, or are you not?'

'Get about your business!' shouted Bonneau, for once, in a real passion. François retired, fully persuaded that his master had only meant to try him.

'Come,' thought the clerk of finance, 'this is but a bad beginning. I wanted to make an enemy of the fellow, and he only thanks me for my kindness. At that moment, Victor, the young artist, entered the room, holding a letter in his hand.

'Ah, monsieur, I beg pardon,' said he, drawing back. 'I thought you had gone out, and I was seeking François.'

'You look agitated, Monsieur Victor. I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred?'

'Only, monsieur, that I'm excessively angry with Monsieur Dugrinet. I could not mount guard this morning, because my grandmother was taken suddenly ill, and had no one to attend her but myself. There happened to be a riot in the street, and our captain Dugrinet, said to me, in his daughter's presence, that I was afraid to shew myself, and kept out of harm's way. Now, that's a sort of thing I won't bear from any man!'

'Parbleu!' thought Bonneau, 'here's a fine opportunity for me! It won't be difficult to make an enemy of this young fellow. Really,' said he aloud, 'I don't know but your captain is in the right. Every citizen should do his duty.'

'Certainly; but there are other duties as important as those of a citizen. My grandmother has only me—the state has many children.'

'If every one said that, but few would take arms,' remarked Bonneau dryly.

'Every one has not so good a reason as I have.'

'But no one should act so as to incur suspicion.'

Victor's handsome face flushed high.

'What am I to understand by that, Monsieur Bonneau?'

'Whatever you choose.'

'You are impertinent,' said the painter, 'and must give me satisfaction. As I don't want my poor grandmother to be disturbed, the sooner we fight the better; so I will just engage a second, and wait for you in the Bois de Boulogne.'

'Why—what!' said Bonneau, who did not quite relish such sharp practice. 'Monsieur Victor—Monsieur Victor!' But the painter was already gone.

'Well,' thought Bonneau, 'I won't hurt him much. I'll just give him a flesh-wound, which will excite his rancour against me. Biliard will be satisfied when I have a young man of talent for an enemy.' Feeling a very natural reluctance to explain the cause of the duel to any reasonable friend, Bonneau contented himself with engaging François as a second, and desiring him to follow him to the appointed place. The valet thought his master had taken leave of his senses; and before going out, ran to tell the story to the family of M. Dugrinet.

When the clerk and his second arrived on the field, they found Victor and his friend there already. They had brought swords, and immediately began to fight. Bonneau was by far the best swordsman, but, instead of taking advantage of his superiority, he sought to disarm his antagonist without hurting him. In doing

so, however, he inflicted a wound on the young man's hand, and the blood flowed freely.

'What shall I do? You are wounded!' cried the conqueror, more pale than the conquered.

'Tis nothing,' replied Victor; 'let us go on.' But at that moment Monsieur and Madame Dugrinet, with their daughter Agnes, appeared on the field; and the ladies, like two Sabines, rushed between the combatants.

'Stop!' shouted M. Dugrinet, 'sheathe your swords, my friends.' Then turning to Victor, he said: 'I have done you injustice, Monsieur Victor; you are a brave fellow; and, to make you amends, I give you full permission to win my daughter's heart; if, indeed,' he added sinking, 'you have not done so already.'

'Ah, monsieur!' said Victor, 'this is the happiest moment of my life. And you, monsieur,' he added, turning to Bonneau, 'must permit me to reckon you among my best friends. It is to you I owe my felicity.'

'There's more of it,' muttered the clerk to himself. 'I turn off a faithful servant, and he's delighted; I wound a worthy young man with my sword, and he's enchanted beyond measure. What the deuce shall I do? Biliard ought to have given me a recipe for making enemies.'

Meantime the slight wound on Victor's hand was bound up by the slender fingers of Agnes, who, however, we are bound to declare, took unfair advantage of the opportunity to inflict serious injury on the patient's heart. This done, the whole party, at M. Dugrinet's suggestion, adjourned to breakfast at a restaurant, and passed a social morning together. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when Bonneau, returning to his apartment, threw himself into an easy-chair, and began to reflect on his misfortunes.

'No,' thought he, 'I shall never be chief in the office; I'm not wicked enough for that; I have no enemies, and I can't make them. What shall I do?' Happening to look up, he remarked on his desk the free-tickets for the play, which Biliard had given him that morning, and which he had not since found time to distribute.

'The very thing!' cried he. 'Biliard himself shall be my enemy. Nothing more sensitive than the epidermis of a poet. I'll get his comedy well hissed!' He summoned François.

'Go up to the attic, and fetch the writer here.'

'Monsieur has a play or a novel to be copied? Is monsieur about to become an author? In that case, I would much prefer remaining—'

'No comments: call the writer.'

'Monsieur Julien,' said Bonneau when he entered, 'you're acquainted with many dramatic writers, and people who like to see the play gratis?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'Well, here are a hundred free-tickets for to-night, which you are to distribute, on condition that the persons taking them must find the comedy detestable, and unite to hiss it down. I shall give you fifty francs for your trouble.'

'Many thanks, monsieur. I shall execute your commission to the very best of my ability.'

Bonneau sat down to dinner, but his kind heart was ill at ease. He had a real affection for his early friend Biliard, and he could not bear to think of his disappointment. Afterwards he took up a book, but found it impossible to read, for grave doubts as to the rectitude of his actions troubled his conscience. He wished and yet dreaded to hear the step of Biliard, who seldom failed to pay him a visit after the play.

About midnight, the door opened suddenly, and Biliard, rushing in, threw himself into his arms.

'Victory! joy!' he shouted; 'success and triumph over all my rivals! 'Tis to you I owe it all. Ah, Bonneau, a true friend is a precious thing.'

'What's all this?' murmured the astonished clerk. 'How do you owe your success to me?'

'Through your inimitable sagacity in distributing the free-tickets. When the public perceived that the prominent places were occupied by my declared rivals, envious players and jealous authors, it was immediately rumoured that a league had been made against me, and that same honest public became anxious to defeat it. When the curtain rose, our free-ticket gentry tried to hiss; but they were borne down by thunders of applause from gallery and boxes, and in the end were forced to give. Before the fifth act, they actually to a man joined in the applause. What a capital hit it was to send them there!'

'It was not I who did it,' said Bonneau faintly. 'I was busy; I gave the tickets to Julien, the writer who occupies the attic.'

'Ah, the worthy fellow!' cried Biliard; 'how well he understood his business!'

Just then they heard the writer's voice outside the door, speaking to François. Biliard called him in to thank him. The poor fellow felt rather uneasy at the result of his exertions, and approaching his employer, whispered: 'Indeed, monsieur, I did what I could. I sent the tickets to Monsieur Biliard's rivals, as if they came from himself; and that ought to have answered. But the public—what can one do against a perverse public?'

'O never mind; it's all right,' said poor Bonneau, dreadfully embarrassed.

The writer withdrew, repeating in an under-tone: 'The public—what can one do against the public?'

Biliard, after again warmly thanking his friend, retired to his own apartment, leaving Bonneau to his reflections.

'There's no use in trying,' he thought; 'a peaceable, inoffensive fellow I have been all my life, and a peaceful inoffensive fellow I am doomed to continue. Ah, after all, is it not better so? Though I have succeeded in making an enemy, the efforts I have made have hurt my own feelings and wounded my conscience. I'll even pass the rest of my days satisfied with making friends; and I don't see why I shouldn't become a distinguished member of the Peace Congress. Thereupon our hero betook himself to bed; but ere his eyelids closed, he suddenly started up and exclaimed: 'Dunce that I was to neglect the only infallible method of making enemies!—I forgot to lend money to my friends!'

PILGRIMAGE OF THE HAJI BURTON.

Of the thousands who have been fascinated with those wonderful Arabian tales that have at some time of our lives delighted us all, comparatively few, we believe, have ever fully comprehended the significance of the term haji. We have all read of Haji Baba and of Haji Saad, never dreaming but that these names were as common and as meaningless in the days of the Caliph Haroun Alrashid, as John Smith or Thomas Jones are in the reign of Queen Victoria. How little did we think, when

Adown the Tigris we were borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens, green and old—

that the term haji involved more hardship to the devout Mussulman than ever knight of high degree was called upon to suffer for the spurs he prized. We question if either knight or baron bold ever won by his endurance the satisfaction which a son of the Prophet derives from the reflection that he has visited the shrines of Medina and Mecca, and by so doing has swept off his arrears of iniquity and won the title of haji. It was with no purpose of this kind, however,

either penitential or ambitious; that, two years ago, a modern Jacobin, Lieutenant Richard F. Burton, of the Bombay army—Haji Burton he is now entitled to be called—performed the pilgrimage to which the true believer looks forward as an epoch in his existence; and not only was the much-prized Eastern honour, but, what to him and to us is much more satisfactory, brought him such information regarding the hitherto little-known cities of El Medina and Mecca as no European traveller has ever before given us.

Travelling at the instance of the Geographical Society, Mr Burton set about his work in a way altogether novel. In most barbarous and semi-barbarous countries, the European traveller is subjected to inconveniences and dangers, which comparatively few are able to endure and surmount. A passage through the Holy Land of the Moslem is only safe to the born believer or the convert, and even the latter is regarded with an amount of suspicion, and watched with a degree of attention, fatal to any such project as that with which Mr Burton set out. Nature and his long residence in India had, however, done much for him; for his oriental cast of countenance, and his familiarity with various dialects of Arabia and Persia, gave him immense advantages over the ordinary Eastern traveller. Still, he had no distinct plan as to the disguise he would assume before leaving England in 1852; and it was not until the suggestion of a brother-officer that, at the last hour, he furnished up a dress which hung in his wardrobe, and went on board ship as a Persian prince. This character he kept up with perfect ease until he arrived in Alexandria, and was there subjected to the annoyances connected with the passport-system. Foreseeing that his supposed rank would involve him in many difficulties which might be avoided, he obtained permission to visit any part of Egypt as an Indo-Brutis subject named Abdulullah, a dervish and a doctor. In this capacity he set out for Cairo, where, by good fortune, he became acquainted with a curious little man, a Russian by birth, who, in his wanderings, had accumulated a store of all his national peculiarities, and even arrived at the point of believing in Allah and His Prophet, but in nothing else. Haji Wali—such was the name of this singular personage—and our pilgrim became fast friends; and the latter profited not a little by the shrewdness and extensive experience of the former. It was at the suggestion of this friend that Mr Burton resolved again to change his character, convinced that it was by no means a safe one to travel in, and aware of the hardships to which he would be subjected if he failed to obtain the confidence of the people with whom he had determined to make himself acquainted. It was after long deliberation about the choice of nations, and after maturely considering all the advantages and disadvantages connected with the various nationalities under the influence of the faith of Islam, that Mr Burton became a Pathan—born of Afghan parents, and sent out to wander in early youth. To do credit to his parentage and birthplace, it was essential that he should be able to speak in the Persian, the Hindostanee, and the Arabic languages, in each of which he could converse freely.

Thus provided with parentage, languages, and a profession, Mr Burton considered himself so far safe. In order, however, thoroughly to keep up the character he had assumed, he endeavoured, while at Cairo, to get into regular practice as a physician. This was no easy matter; for he found that in the East there was no such royal road to medical fame as that along which many of the followers of Esculapius among us march to the sound of their own trumpets. In his capacity of an Indian physician, he could easily resort to charms and spells, when ordinary medical appliances failed, and he thus obtained considerable repute in Cairo. His practice became so extensive, in fact, that it was likely to be a serious obstacle in the

way of the preparation for his journey through the Holy Land. He, accordingly, declined many of the applications made to him, and gave himself privately to the study of Mohammedan theology, and the ritual observances of an orthodox believer. In this work, he was occasionally aided by Haji Wali; while a *shayk*, or teacher, assisted him to master the doctrines of the Shafei school—that branch of Mohammedanism being the least rigorous, and most closely resembling the Persian faith of Shiah, with which he was already in some degree acquainted. The pilgrim's time was not wholly occupied by study, however; he took occasion to extend his knowledge of Eastern manners, by mixing as often as he could with his fellow-lodgers in the caravansary; and we are bound to say that, in at least one instance, he well-nigh forgot his character as a student of theology, and gave himself up too completely to the pleasure of a drinking-bout with an uproarious Albanian captain, who, in his somewhat heady jollity, abused all the descendants of the Pharaohs, and amused himself by knocking down, with his heavy pipe-stick, every person whom he met on the stairs of the dwelling. This caused a great deal of scandal; and when it was known that the sage Pathan physician and student had been hobnobbing with the Albanian, the former was fain to get away from Cairo as fast as possible.

The preparations of the adventurous pilgrim for entering El Hejaz—the Holy Land—were not complete even when he had gone through the laborious and tedious processes to which we have referred. It was not enough that his disguise was such as to baffle the keenest scrutiny, and his proficiency in all the formulas of the Mohammedan faith beyond all question; he had to divest himself of everything that might lead to a suspicion of his being a European. Things which might seem to have been indispensable, knives, scissors, weights, &c., of inferior manufacture, were left behind. Mr Mechi's sublime razors and supernatural strop were doubtless abjured also; for our would-be haji was compelled, by the Oriental horror of hog's-bristles, to substitute a piece of wood, chewed at the end, for a Christian shaving-brush. A pocket-pistol was, of course, altogether out of the question; not even a drinking-cup could be taken, lest it might have been previously defiled by the lips of an unbeliever; and, consequently, a goat-skin water-bag formed the canteen part of the meagre outfit. Warned by the example of a traveller who had preceded him, and who had been well-nigh murdered by the Bedouins, the pilgrim did not burden himself with sketch-books. For bedding and furniture, he provided himself with a coarse Persian rug, which, besides being couch, served as chair, table, and oratory; a blanket for cold weather, and a sheet destined to do duty as a tent, in consort with a huge bright-yellow cotton umbrella. His purse and papers were concealed in a stout leather-belt strapped round his body under the dress; while his medicine-chest—a pea-green box, capable of standing falls from a camel twice a day—completed his outfit. He carried with him a few Arabic books of a standard order; judging that, under the pretence of study, he might now and then be able to take notes or sketches on the margin unperceived by his fellow-travellers. Thus equipped, he hired two camels for the sum of ten shillings each, and started for a desert ride of eighty-four miles to Suez.

In his journey across the desert, Mr Burton was so fortunate as to be joined by several persons belonging to El Medina, who were on their return home, and with whom he proceeded in a pilgrim-ship to Yembo, on the Red Sea, experiencing all the discomforts incident to a peculiar mode of travelling with rather a peculiar company of fellow-passengers. Yembo is the port of El Medina; and from it the Haj takes its course for the Holy Cities. It was on the 18th July that Mr Burton, forming one of a party of twelve, passed through the

gate of this little sea-port town, and proceeded due east across a burning desert. Now it was that the greatest hardships and sufferings of the journey were to be endured. The country was 'fantastic in its desolation—a mass of huge hills, barren plains, and desert vales.' The road wound over broken rocky ground, in which even the hardy camel-grass would not grow. Not a bird or a beast could be seen; and it was only now and then that the pilgrims came to spots where, to the intolerable heat of the sun, and the stony ground, was added the plague of locusts and flies. The journey was a painfully tedious one, Mr Burton's fellow-travellers being much given to wrangling and sleeping. Almost all the settlements which Mr Burton saw in his progress through El Hejaz were in a ruinous state—the effect, he thinks, of the old Wahabee and Egyptian wars, and of Turkish misrule. In Arabia, the depopulation of a district cannot be remedied by an influx of strangers, for the land belongs in perpetuity to the survivors of the tribe which has been driven out, and trespass is visited with a bloody revenge. To add to the discomforts of the march to El Medina, reports of celebrated desert-robbers being in the vicinity of the caravan, led to frequent halts and great anxiety, it being supposed that there was no way of escaping from those desperadoes but by sitting still.

At length, however, the pilgrims passed through 'the blessed valley,' which Mr Burton found to be very different from the descriptions given of it by Arab poets; and in half an hour after, they came to a huge flight of steps, roughly cut in a long broad line of black scoriaceous basalt. This was holy ground; for at the top, a full view of the Holy City of the Moslems was obtained. Jaded, hungry, and disgusted as he was, Mr Burton was here called upon to sustain his assumed character, by squatting upon the ground and saluting the city with blessings and prayers to Allah and the Prophet. This part of the orthodox Mohammedan ritual attended to, the caravan entered El Medina, having taken more than eight days to travel over little more than 130 miles. And here Mr Burton's endeavours to emulate his companions in their devout enthusiasm were so successful as to enable him, unperceived, to make a rough sketch of the city as he rode slowly along behind the others. Remarkable even from the spot at which the first view of the place is obtained, are the four tall substantial towers, and the flashing green dome under which rest the remains of Mohammed. This spot, the Masjid-el-Nabawi, or the Prophet's Mosque, was, of course, the object of Mr Burton's special interest; and after a short stay at the house of one of his travelling-companions, during which he performed the great ablution, and went through all the usual preparatory ceremonies, he arrayed himself in white clothes, and was ready to make the *ziyarat*, or visitation. There is a tradition that Mohammed gave his followers to understand, that one prayer in his mosque at El Medina would be more efficacious than a thousand in other places, save only the Masjid-el-Haram at Mecca. The latter is the second of the three places regarded by the Moslem as the most sacred places in the world; the third being the Masjid-el-Aksa of Jerusalem, the peculiar place of Solomon. It is the duty of every true believer, after he has made the visitation, to pray five times a day in the Prophet's Mosque as long as he remains in El Medina. Mr Burton does not inform us whether he proved himself to be a faithful son of Islam to the extent required; but he made the best use of his eyes in his first visit to the mosque. As a matter of course, it did not come up to his expectations: scarcely any celebrated place realises the ideas previously formed of it. The 'sacred edifice at El Medina, however, is seen under many disadvantages, for the approach is choked by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy enceinte. There is no outer front,

no general aspect of the mosque. The more I looked at it,' continues Mr Burton, 'the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art—a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendour.' The reader of Burckhardt—who gained admission into El Medina, but was not able to correct all the mistakes that prevailed respecting the Holy Places—need not, of course, be told that the Prophet's Mosque has undergone great changes, having been thrown down, burned, and repeatedly pillaged. The votive-offerings of the great caliphs added greatly to its splendour; but since it was last burned, it has never regained its ancient magnificence.

The person who for the first time approaches the Prophet's Sepulchre as a religious devotee is called a *zâir*, and he must provide himself with a *muzawwir*, or conductor. Mr Burton's host was his conductor; and, accompanied by him, he proceeded to perambulate the building slowly, and with his hands in the position of prayer—that is, placed a little below and on the left of the waist, the palm of the right covering the back of the left. During the ceremony, he lost no opportunity of noting the position of the more remarkable features of the place; and he was subsequently enabled to make a plan of the *Haram*, or Mosque, marking the course taken by pilgrim-visitors, the situation of the Prophet's Well, and his Pulpit; El Rawyah, or the Garden; the window through which the Angel Gabriel descended with revelations to Mohammed; the Weeping Pillar; the Pillar of Repentance; the Pillar of the Fugitives; and Ayesha's Pillar. The peculiarly Holy Place no one is permitted to enter; and, consequently, Mr Burton could only describe its external parts and its general features, so far as he was enabled to judge of them from the plan of the building. This place is enclosed within the Prophet's Garden, which is quite an artificial affair, laid with flowered carpets, decorated with green tiles, gaudy arabesques, and candelabra of cut-crystal, the work of a London glass-cutter. At night, when lit up by many lamps, hung from the roof, this part of the mosque has, altogether, a strange and rather impressive appearance; but Mr Burton considered it tawdry and dull by day. The *Hujrah*, or chamber of Ayesha, the Prophet's wife, and the room in which he died, is a large irregular square, in the south-east corner of the building, and separated on all sides from the mosque by a broad passage; in this is the mausoleum, enclosed within a double railing. A dark passage separates the outer railing from the inner one; and behind the latter hangs the curtain that screens from mortal gaze the tombs of Mohammed, Abubekir, and Omar, and the vacant place which is said to be reserved for Isa bin Maryam, or the son of Mary, after his second advent. To a window—the most sacred of three—Mr Burton was allowed to approach; but he was closely watched, lest, by dropping anything through the aperture, he might pollute the sacred place within. Straining his eyes, he saw a set of hangings with three inscriptions, informing readers that within were laid Allah's Prophet and the two first caliphs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is distinguished by a large rosary of pearls and a star, described by the faithful as composed of diamonds and pearls—'a jewel of the jewels of paradise'; but presenting to Mr Burton's eyes the appearance of an old-fashioned flat cut-crystal stopper for a decanter.

Great differences of opinion have always prevailed respecting the tomb of Mohammed. Some have asserted that when the wind blows back the curtain, the form of a block of marble may be seen; others maintain that the three tombs are within a building of black stones, that they are deeply sunk in the ground, and that the Prophet's coffin is a box of ebony covered with silver. But the fact is, no one knows anything of the matter. When the curtain requires to be

renewed, the work is done in the night by men whose eyes are bound, and who would not dare to turn their faces towards the spot on which no mortal is allowed to gaze. Stories are of course told of extraordinary spectacles having been witnessed by those who were compelled, in the discharge of duty, to approach the sacred place; and it is believed that the original mausoleum has survived all the burning and pillaging which the mosque has sustained. A celebrated Moslem writer, El Saman-hudi, quoted by Burekhardt, professed to have visited the place in the year of the Hegira 911, after it had been destroyed by lightning, and maintains that, although the position of the Prophet's tomb had then been discovered with difficulty, nothing was to be seen within it.

The present head of El Islam was rebuilding one of the five minarets of the Prophet's Mosque when Mr Burton was at El Medina; but it is probable that the work will now be stopped, as the sultan has need to avail himself of the treasure which is said to be kept there for the exigencies of the faith, rather than disburse even for a purpose so important as this. The establishment attached to the Holy Places of El Medina includes functionaries of all kinds, each anxious, of course, to extract as much as he can from pilgrims. The 'visitation' of the mosque is by no means an easy matter; for in addition to the aghas, who set upon the devotee as he issues from the gates, and demand their fees in rather an arrogant tone, there are beggars of all kinds sitting upon the mosaic pavements, dodging about the passages, and seizing him at every turn. The women are particularly importunate at Fatimah's Tomb; and Mr Burton had to pay double what he intended before he could shake himself clear of lame, blind, ulcerated, and dirty believers.

The Prophet's City, Medinet-el-Nabi, or, as it is usually called for brevity, Medina, the City, stands upon the great plateau which forms Central Arabia. The district around it, twelve miles in circumference, is a ~~sacred~~ ^{sanctuary}, where life—except that of the invader, the infidel, and the sacrilegious—is sacred, and where all immorality is strictly forbidden. There are mosques, identified with Mohammed and his immediate successors; wells from which the Prophet drank, or which he sweetened by expectation; and gardens which he loved, in the vicinity—all of which the zair or pilgrim is expected to visit. At Jebel Ohod, the grave of Aaron is pointed out at the Mosque of Hamzah, the Prophet's uncle, slain in battle—the lord of martyrs. It is believed that the souls of the faithful sit in spiritual converse, and require to be warned of the approach of mortals by the snapping of padlocks and the shaking of chains; while at El Bakia, 100,000 saints, with faces like full-moons, are expected to arise when Mohammed reappears on the earth. All those places were entered by our pilgrim with his right foot foremost, and at each of them he prayed with true Islamitish fervour.

There are few public buildings in El Medina; but the houses generally are well built, flat-roofed, and double-storied—the best of them situated in courts or gardens, where fountains and date-trees gladden the eyes. Mr Burton assumes the population to be about 16,000, composed of offshoots from every Mohammedan nation, pilgrims frequently remaining, finding employment, and resolving to die there, with a view to the spiritual advantages arising from interment in the vicinity of the Prophet's resting-place. The citizens are a favoured race, exempt from taxation, and doing little. The trade is chiefly in grain, and there is an active business carried on with the Bedouins in tobacco, dried fruits, and sweetmeats. Fruit-trees are extensively cultivated, and abound in great variety. The date-trees of El Medina have long been celebrated throughout the East, and Mr Burton considers them worthy of their celebrity. There are sixty or seventy different

kinds, the finest yielding fruit about two inches long, which is packed in skulls or flat boxes, and sent as presents to the remoter parts of the Moslem world. The fruit of the sacred date-trees that grow in the garden of Fatimah, is sent to the sultan and the chiefs of Islam every year, and one species is eaten, but not sold. Dates seem to be a staple article of diet with the Madani. They luxuriate in them, as an Irishman does in potatoes. The fruit is prepared in a variety of ways, and medicine is made from it. Cookery in El Medina seems to have borrowed something from all parts of the world; but one of the greatest luxuries of the people is clarified butter. If a man cannot take a large dish of this with some fried meat swimming in it, his stomach is supposed to be in a bad state, and medicine is at once recommended. Provisions of all kinds are dear, and in the visitation season the price of everything is doubled. Yet the citizens, though always in debt to some one, contrive to live well, and to enjoy themselves, so far as the limitations of their faith will allow.

While Mr Burton was at El Medina, the war was discussed by the elders of Islam sitting on their mats, with their pipes in their mouths, just as the same subject was being talked over by the elders of the Carlton or the United Service Club, seated with Turkey-carpet under their feet, and soothing themselves with the fumes of the mild Havana. Different views were taken, of course; but, after all, the veterans of El Medina talked of what was going on in the Crimea just as the veterans of London talked—that was, as they fit, and as they wished matters to turn out. The sultan had ordered the czar to become a Mohammedan. The czar had sued for peace, and offered tribute and fealty; but the sultan had exclaimed: "No, by Allah! El Islam!" And so, while the *Invincible Russe* was making appeals to Muscovite fanaticism against the followers of the False Prophet and their allies, they who sat in the shadow of that Prophet's burial-place were having their way of the matter, and were settling it in a more summary and thorough manner than could be done on the basis of the Four Points, then being discussed at Vienna and elsewhere; for they, with a remembrance of the exploits of the fiery Omar and the heroic Ali, were convinced that Abdul-Medjid would dispose of Moscow in a very short time; and the Pathan pilgrim had the satisfaction of learning, that the next move of that tremendous potentate would be against the idolators of Feringistan in general—the English, the French, and the Greeks sharing the fate of the Muscovites. So much for faith and politics.

While the male portion of the Madani are engaged either in discussing politics, in looking after their interests in connection with the mosque and the pilgrims who visit it, or when they are enjoying that rest which Orientals alone seem thoroughly to appreciate, the females employ themselves in domestic matters—chiefly, Mr Burton thinks, in scolding 'Iasniah' and 'Zaferan'—their female slaves—an occupation in which they are not surpassed by any exasperated housewife in Christendom. Black slave-girls perform the duties of maids-of-all-work, and they cost from 50 to 100 dollars, according to their accomplishments. Dress, of course, occupies a good deal of the attention of the ladies of El Medina, as in all other parts of the world. They dress handsomely in a bodice, a wide white skirt with sleeves of enormous length, and the *tarwal*, or pantaloons, which are not wide like those worn in some other parts of the East, but so tight as to shew the form. The women all dye the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands black; and they delight in ornaments and perfumes.

The Madani are a travelling people. They live chiefly by travel and travellers. Each male inhabitant takes his turn in applying to the Mudir-el-Haram, or

principal officer of the mosque, for a paper, styled a honorarium, which entitles him to a sum of money at Constantinople according to his rank. Those whose turn it is to remain at home, look forward with much interest, of course, to the arrival of the caravans with which their begging relatives return. While Mr Burton was at El Medina, the great caravan which comes from Damascus every year arrived in the outskirts of the town, and created an immense sensation. It had been anxiously expected, for it brought a new curtain for the Prophet's Mosque; and, being behind its ordinary time of arrival, it was feared that the Bedouin robbers might have plundered it and massacred the pilgrims. All arrived in safety, however; and when Mr Burton looked out in the early morning upon what had been a dusty waste the night previous, the eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another; for in one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, colour, and shape—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the pacha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the harem, to its neighbour, the little green rowlie of the tobacco-seller. Huge white Syrian dromedaries, jingling large bells; gorgeous litters borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed she-dromedaries, and clinging to their hairy humps; Arnaut, Turkish, and Kurdish horsemen, fierce-looking in their mirth; fainting Persian pilgrims; sherbet-sellers and ambulant tobacco-sellers crying their goods; devout hajis jolting one another; running under camels' legs, and tumbling over tent-ropes, in their eagerness to reach the mosque; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers, and fruit-venders, fighting over their bargains; a well-mounted party of old Arab Shaykhs, preceded by their varlets, performing the *arrah*, or war-dance—compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is *grace* itself—firing their duck-guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright, coloured rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears, tufted with ostrich-feathers, high in the air, reckless where they fell; here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against each other, and there the low moaning of some poor wretch who is seeking a shady corner in which to die.

With this motley company our pilgrim quitted El Medina for Mecca, his friends in the former city praying that Allah might make the journey 'easy' to him—a petition which must be regarded as exceedingly appropriate, considering the character of his fellow-travellers, and the fact that the great caravan was to proceed down the Darb-el-Sharki, where no water would be seen for more than three days. We only know that Mr Burton reached Mecca in safety, and that, having performed the haj completely, he is fully entitled to all the benefits which he may derive from being recognised as a haji. While we wait for a detailed account of his observations and experiences at Mecca, we may close our review of his pilgrimage with a brief notice of those who have preceded him, and from whom, though they have given us but a very imperfect idea of the sacred places of Islam, we derive some little information. Mr Burton is in reality the first European who has been able, in anything like an independent fashion, to visit the cities which every Moslem regards with veneration. In 1803, a Roman gentleman, named Ludvich Bertema, reached Mecca in the train of a Mameluke, after having had to fight the Arabs by the way, and being saved from many dangers through the romantic interest which a certain fair Moslemah took in him. He compiled a brief account of his adventures. A priest, named Joseph Pitts, was the only Englishman who preceded Mr Burton; but he visited both Mecca

and Medina as a *bonafide* Moslem, his conversion to the faith of the Prophet having been effected by an Algerine pirate, by whom he was made prisoner, and who, thinking to cover his multitude of sins by compelling a Christian to be circumcised, bastinadoed poor Joseph until he held up his finger in token of his conviction that there was force in the arguments of his master. Burckhardt, who was too ill to avail himself of his opportunities while in El Hejaz, was the next European; and if we add Tinati, an Italian, who wrote his account from memory, and wrote, as Mr Burton thinks, very incorrectly; M. Bertolucci, the Swedish consul at Cairo; and Dr Wallin, a Fin, both of whom were put in too much jeopardy to be considered authorities, we exhaust the catalogue of travellers in the Holy Land of the Moslem. Poor Pitts is the only one who has given a reliable account of Mecca. While there, he obtained his liberty, and from thence contrived to escape, having latterly suffered from great remorse of conscience for his abjuration of Christianity. His narrative was written in 1680; and although 170 years must undoubtedly effect great changes on most cities, his description of Mecca and its great temple will probably be found by Mr Burton to be correct in its main features. Meanwhile, we shall wait until our modern English haji has completed the record of his pilgrimage. If his description of Mecca is equal in fulness and interest to the volumes he has written, the Geographical Society may be congratulated on the result of his daring achievement; and the public will be prepared, we think, to acknowledge its obligations to him for an extended knowledge of a quarter of the world hitherto so little known.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MESSRS Calvert and Johnson have taken up the subject of alloys, wherein they have a wide and comparatively neglected field of investigation; and yet one of great importance in our metallic manufactures. Unless mixed in definite proportions, some parts of the metal, when cast, will solidify before others, and prevent its homogeneity. 'It is,' they say, 'to avoid this serious evil that bronze-cannon are cooled at the present day shortly after being cast, so as to keep the mass as uniform as possible; and the result has been, that instead of having, as formerly, one-third of the bronze pieces of ordnance defective, now only about one-tenth are so.' It will be a surprise to many, who believe our manufactures in metal to be all but perfection, to know that so much remains to be done, or, rather, that so little has been done, in the matter of alloys. One of the mixtures experimented on was iron and bitartrate of potash, concerning which we are told, 'this alloy had all the appearance of malleable iron, and could be forged and welded; but what was very extraordinary, and which much surprised us,' say the authors, 'was its extreme hardness; so much so, that at natural temperatures it was hardly dented when hammered with a heavy sledge-hammer, and was barely affected by the file. But it rusts rapidly; an unfortunate result;' 'for,' to quote again, 'if, by alloying with a metal more electro-positive than itself, we had succeeded in obtaining an alloy of iron not oxidisable, we should have discovered a most valuable fact for manufactures; one which has occupied so deeply the thoughts of all those connected with such improvements.' These are promising experiments; and we assist in giving them publicity the more gladly, as we believe that further inquiry will make up for first failures. We must not, however, omit to mention, that Messrs Calvert and Johnson have obtained some determinate results, and established 'that alloys

having a definite composition offer a most extraordinary resistance to the action of acids.

The operations for the manufacture of aluminum have been carried on with such successful diligence, that some further particulars concerning that singular metal are now available. As is pretty generally known, the metal is formed by decomposing the chloride of aluminum with sodium. When the experiments were first commenced by M. Deville, sodium cost 1000 francs the kilogramme, which made the same weight of aluminum worth 3000 francs. Now, the cost of producing a kilogramme of the metal is about 30 francs, and will probably soon be lessened. The sodium is prepared with carbonate of soda, chalk, and pulverised coal, carefully mixed and calcined to a red heat; and 'numerous trials have shewn that sodium may be kept in fusion in contact with the air without inflaming;' a fact of which chemists will know how to appreciate the value.

Pure aluminum, when rolled or hammered, becomes as hard as iron. It does not oxidise, even at a red heat. Aluminum, moreover, is sonorous, and has a fine quality of tone; and a Parisian clockmaker has used it for the works of a time-piece, and finds it preferable to brass for delicate mechanism. Now, that the metal can be produced in large quantities, and at a very cheap rate, we may expect to see it beneficially applied in the industrial arts.

A rather curious question has been raised in practical acoustics, one in which musicians will be interested, as it is on the rise of the diapason of orchestras. It appears that the *la* at the beginning of last century corresponded to 810 vibrations per second, while at present the number is 898 vibrations. Well-known facts in the history of music in France shew the rise to have taken place mainly within the past thirty years; and as it is nearly a semitone in amount, we see a reason for the remark that tenor-voices are becoming scarce. Owing to the desire for making wind-instruments as small and as light as possible, and to the improvement in the manufacture of strings, which renders them stronger, and other causes, there is constant tendency towards a rise of the diapason. To check this tendency, and to establish a diapason that shall be accepted as a uniform standard, Professor Lissajous, of the College of St Louis, at Paris, suggests that an international congress shall be held to settle the question. He thinks the *la* now used at the Conservatoire might very well be adopted as the standard.

The subject of ventilation being considered one of first-rate importance, especially as regards matters sanitary, we may very properly call attention to Dr Chowne's 'Experimental Researches on the Movement of Atmospheric Air in Tubes,' communicated to the Royal Society. He finds that in a tube open at both ends, placed upright in a room screened from the direct rays of the sun, and in which the air is perfectly quiescent, there is always an upward current; and this current is sufficiently strong to turn a light horizontal disk of paper, suspended within the upper orifice of the tube. This may appear incredible; but as every cranny in the room was carefully closed, as the door was double, and the joints of the inner one covered with list, there remains no reason to doubt the fact. The longer the tubes, the more rapid was the revolution of the disks; and a similar effect was produced by increasing the diameter of the lower part of the tube so as to give it a conoidal form. Differences in the rate of velocity were observed as the temperature of the day altered from sunrise to sunset; the exclusion of light caused a retardation; and placing a shallow vessel containing strong sulphuric acid beneath the tube, so as to abstract the aqueous vapour, produced an entire stoppage of the disk after the lapse of thirty minutes. To test the effect on the whole atmosphere

of the room, three bushels of quicklime were spread in shallow vessels on the floor. The rotation stopped in the smallest tube at the end of fifty minutes; and after ninety minutes, it had all but ceased in the largest. Increasing the quantity of aqueous vapour by spreading damp cloths on the floor, produced an opposite effect; there was a small increase in the rapidity of the rotations.

Lords Overstone and Monteagle, and Mr Hubbard, governor of the Bank of England, have been appointed a commission 'for considering how far it may be practicable and advisable to introduce the principle of decimal division into the coinage of the United Kingdom.' So we may hope that a decision, either for or against, will be come to before many months are over. And who is there in these days does not wish it to be in the affirmative? It is considered a recommendation of M. Lissajous's proposal above mentioned, that it connects itself with the decimal system as established in France.—Two more little planets have been discovered; one by the astronomers at Paris, to which Le Verrier has given the name of *Atalanta*; the other at the Observatory of Bilk, near Düsseldorf, and named *Vides*. There are now thirty-seven on the list of these tiny worlds.—In London and the suburbs, there are now nine Schools of Design in connection with the government Department of Science and Art: and the Architectural Museum, Cannon Row, Westminster, is to be open during the coming year to 100 students from Marlborough House, government to pay a consideration of £100.—The Suez Canal, and the tunnel from Dover to Calais, are again talked about, and with the addition of florid prospectuses from sanguine projectors. We fancy that even sea-sick passengers would not be willing to exchange a steamer for twenty miles of tunnel. There is a scheme, also, for a suspension-bridge at Scutari, and for a railway from Constantinople to Belgrade.—An 'African Company' is being formed to develop still more the palm-oil trade of the western coast of Africa, and to open, if possible, a trade in the perennial cotton which grows in those latitudes.—The wires from England to Holland being too few for the increasing business, the Electric and International Company have sunk another 119 miles of cable from Orfordness to Scheveningen. The operation was accomplished without accident in twenty-one hours.—One of the Indian mail-steamer has made the passage from Bombay to Aden, in the teeth of a south-west monsoon, in ten days four hours: the shortest yet. The practice had been during the prevalence of the winds which blow furiously from May to August, for the vessels to run far out to sea before making for their port; but now, by steering at once for the Persian Gulf, and then coasting along under the land, it is found that the passage can be shortened by two or three days: no unimportant consideration in these times of quick travelling and stirring politics.—We learn, by accounts from India, that the uniform half-anna rate of postage promises to be quite successful. The number of letters transmitted had increased 50 per cent.; and the loss of revenue, instead of being £90,000, as was estimated, was expected not to be £40,000, and might prove to be nothing. Prepayment is becoming the rule among the natives, instead of being the exception as formerly; and the number of letters in the year was 18,000,000.—A new propeller for steamers has been tried at Liverpool: in form it resembles a spade, and being always maintained in a perpendicular position, whether rising or falling, it lifts no water, and so obviates that standing objection to paddle-wheels.—An inventor offers, by a plan of his own, to lower a ship's boat single-handed, under any circumstances.—The Australian ship *Schomberg* has been fitted with a foreyard made of iron. It is tubular, 96 feet long, 75 inches greatest circumference, and weighs 4 tons; less than

half the weight of a wooden-yard. It is said that the owners intend to introduce iron-yards in all their ships.—We hear that steel-bells and steel-cannon are being cast at Sheffield. The largest ingot yet made was prepared for an 18-pounder; it was 6 feet long and 17½ inches diameter. The gun, when finished, is not to weigh more than 25 hundredweights. We are told that 'cast steel is six times the strength of cast iron, and twice the strength of the malleable iron in use among the Russians. It is also much less liable to granulate and become weak and useless.' And to conclude with another war item: a statement has been published concerning the 1800 huts for the Crimea made at Gloucester, shewing that in their construction were used 9535 cubic feet of timber; 330,050 superficial feet of weather-boards; 675 miles of fillets to cover the joints; 44 tons of iron hoop to bind the lots together for shipment. The 3-inch joists, laid end to end, would extend 332 miles, and the weather-board would cover 80 square acres; and this irrespective of the huts shipped from other ports.

NATURE CONSOLES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

NATURE consoles us when Mankind
Compel the wounded heart to leave
Society, where, taught to grieve,
Strange light breaks in upon the mind.

We see by it that hope was vain
To find, where most we trusted, love;
That sympathy—like clouds that move
In wind—denies its soothing rain.

We look for tears and gentle words
From those whose griefs have from us won
Pity and tender actions, thrown
Like grain to strengthen famished birds.

We look, expecting some return
Of kindness for kind cares bestowed;
But no hand helps to stir the load
'Neath which our spirits faint and burn.

But, when distressed by many cares,
Vexed by changed natures and deceit,
I flee to quench my spirit's heat
From Man to Nature's quiet lairs!

The mountain's top brings peace to me,
Where wild thyme makes a fragrant bed;
The lark sings gaily o'er my head,
And down, far down, the world I see.

Above are smiling skies—below,
All that embitters bosoms torn
By the dire conflict, ever born
Of dark necessity and wo!

I look above, and there behold
No dimness, save a passing cloud;
I gaze below, and through a shroud
See the grim corpse of Friendship cold.

Traffic, Ambition, Falsehood, Show—
These form dark threads in life's great web;
Oh! could I only watch the ebb
Of the world's tide, nor with it go!

At other times the beach I seek,
Where, plunging in, the surge receives
My fevered form, whilst Ocean leaves
Its cooling kisses on my cheek.

Breasting the waters pure and free,
I swim—I dive—a fish, a bird:
No sound save songing billows heard,
No thoughts save those of liberty.

The Ocean's myriad lips console
My heart with one huge kiss, and through
My feeble frame send vigour new,
With hopes as new o'er mind and soul.

Oh! ever thus, kind Heaven, convey
Relief, instruction, peace, to me;
On skye's giff, or by the sea,
When smiles on human lips decay!

Oh! ever thus, when sickness takes
Away my health and strength, recall,
By communings with Nature, all
The better thoughts God's love awakes!

That I, from stumbling in the dark,
Reproaches on my lips, may go
Quietly beneath God's sunshine—slow,
But sure, and singing like the lark.

Singing of peace unto my soul,
Of trust in Him from whom—like dews
Upon the herbs—it came; glad news
Of joys beyond Earth's dark control!

RAT RACES.

The rat is one of the most interesting animals on the globe. In Europe, he makes historical eras. Different hordes of invaders brought their peculiar rat in their train. Europe has seen the rat of the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns. Europe now has its Norman rat and its Tatar rat; and the great rat of the Parisian sewer, is of recent date and Muscovite origin. The brown rat, otherwise known as the Norman rat, has established itself all over the world by the commerce of civilised times—it has had possession of France for the last six or seven centuries; but within the last, it has found its master in the Muscovite and Tatar rat, called in Paris the rat of Montfaucon. These new rats, previously unknown to Europe, descended from the heights of the great central plateau of Asia, from which the Hun and Mongol horsemen descended, who spread right and left, and took possession of Rome on the one hand and Peking on the other. The establishment of the Muscovite rat in France commenced with the extirpation of the brown or Norman rat; that rat has almost disappeared, and is found only in the cabinets of the curious collectors—while the Muscovite rat is daily increasing in size, ferocity, and courage. The Russian rat devours the dog, the cat, and attacks the child asleep. The corpse of a man is a dainty for this beast, and it always commences by eating out the eyes. Its tooth is most venomous; and the author from whom we derive most of this article, states that he has known of ten cases of amputation of the leg, necessitated by the bite of this rat. The cat turns tail upon this rat, in its most ferocious state. A good rat-terrier is the best destroyer; but, fortunately, rats are ratophagous, eat one another, fight duels, indulge in broils and intestine feuds, and grand destructive battles. Were it otherwise, they would make this world an unpleasant place for man to live in. We should have to fight our way, and not unfrequently, like the Archbishop of Mayence, should be dragged from our beds at midnight by an army of rats, and devoured upon the spot. The rat is the emblem of misery, murder, and rapine—a cannibal and a robber—devoted to the principle of war and spoliation. Will it ever disappear?—*Hartford (U. S.) Courant.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to remind our correspondents, that we do not hold ourselves at all responsible for the safety of manuscripts sent to us for inspection.

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JOURNEY FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

[This is the first of a brief series of papers descriptive of the journey, and its adventures, through the American wilderness to California. The heroes of the narrative are real persons, and actually performed their extraordinary pilgrimage to the temple of the golden idol, the route of which is by this time marked out with human bones and human graves.]

IN our dear island-home of Britain, nature is on a scale so circumscribed, that we can hardly realise suitable ideas of the interminable prairies, stupendous mountains, and sea-like lakes of the New World. There are trackless wastes awaiting the culturing hand of man; boundless forests, of which buffalo and deer are the aborigines; and majestic lakes and rivers, to which the largest of our own are but as brooks and millponds. To these boundless regions, inviting the swarming population of an older country, the philanthropist rejoices to see many of the hardy sons of toil bending their way, with energies newly braced, and resolutions bravely formed, to secure for themselves a home of plenty, and for their posterity, influence and independence.

But there has lately arisen another influence, more potent than the prospect of agricultural and rural plenty amidst the fertile prairies—namely, the hope of becoming quickly rich—the love of gold, that omnipotent agent by which we attain all the glitter and splendour of an old-established and luxurious state of society. California, however, has chiefly attracted only a particular class of restless spirits—those who would not, most probably, have sufficient perseverance in industry to settle in a rural position, with nothing in prospect but a slow-advancing competency—or those who, tolerably well situated at home, would never have dreamed of emigration, except under such shining auspices—or, finally, those who resolved to try some new country, and hesitating to what locality to direct their way, feel impelled first, at all events, to seek their fortune in the tempting field of newly discovered gold. True, it has already proved but an *ignis-fatuus* to many; but that does not deter multitudes from embarking in the same chase of the glittering dust, that so frequently ends in woe, and so seldom in contentment of spirit. Towards the stifling hills and streams, then, of California, the tide of migration has for years set with an overmastering current—overmastering distance, difficulty, severe privation, imminent dangers, friendship's remonstrances, and affection's tear.

There was in 1849 an amiable, well-educated, and

delicately nurtured young gentleman, a native of the aristocratic state of South Carolina, who had been settled as a merchant for three years in the noble city of New Orleans. All the world was then pressing thither, as the starting-point for California. There came the cautious 'go-ahead' Yankee, the stalwart Kentuckian, the polished Virginian, the recently settled backwoodsman, the newly imported Irishman, the steady Scot, and the enterprising Englishman. There, too, were clever Germans and lively Frenchmen, the Spanish Mexican, and the delicate Creole. One singular feature of this *omni-gatherum* was the general absence of the female sex. In this, how unlike the ordinary progress of emigration, where man feels that his best helps, as well as soothers, are his wife and children! But what have delicate women and tender babes to do in the mighty struggle to reach, and the toil then to be endured in, the 'gold-diggings?' Men are glad to leave their gentle ones safe at home, when they bend themselves to such rugged tasks, fit for the stalwart strength of manhood alone. Indeed, from the moral as well as physical features of the gold-regions, we are impressed with the idea that men here are seen in their most uncouth, most turbulent, most toiling aspect.

Among the throng that came to New Orleans were many persons with whom the young gentleman we have alluded to, and whom we shall call Tom Edwardson, had been acquainted—had lived with and loved in his earlier years, or who were well known to his parents and friends. They all with one accord assured him of the glorious opening for merchants at San Francisco, where a man with a small capital, or only good business connections, must in a time incredibly short become incredibly rich. Tom Edwardson's mind became quite excited with the all-engrossing theme. But it was not so much the wealth as the enterprise he coveted—not the gain in comparison with the romance—that induced him seriously to listen to proposals to undertake what is called the land-route to California. Up the Mississippi, over the prairies, across the mountains, amongst savage tribes, through desolate wildernesses, camping by night, hunting by day—these all looked most enticing to a youth of energy and ambition.

Having made his money-arrangements, Mr Edwardson and three friends, with views similar to his own, engaged a passage to St Louis in a steam-boat called *La Belle Creole*. The boats of the American rivers are of a very peculiar build. One of our nearly extinct species of conveyance, the canal-boat, on a gigantic scale, would give the most correct idea of them. They have neither mast nor rigging, and have high-pressure engines and paddle-wheels. The deck, for three-fourths of the length of the vessel, is occupied by a

grand saloon, lighted from the roof, and surrounded by the gentlemen's sleeping-berths. It enters from the extreme forward. The after-cabin is assigned to the ladies. The whole length of *La Belle Creole* was above 240 feet. It was crowded with emigrants; some of them bound for California, and some for the western states and backwoods, the latter of whom had their families with them. The boat was therefore bound for St Louis direct, the great emigrant-depôt, without intermediate stoppages.

On the 8th of April, Mr Edwardson's little party found themselves afloat on the 'father of waters'—not more poetically than truly so called—their hearts springing forward to the novel and exciting scenes amidst which they expected soon to find themselves. There was not a little to interest and amuse even at their first outset. At that season, the breaking up of the ice towards the sources of the river, and the melting of the snow on the distant hills, had swelled the always majestic stream, till it spread far and wide like a mighty lake or an inland sea. Indeed, this similitude would have been complete even to delusion, had it not been for the houses and trees peeping out from the bosom of the water, together with cattle gathered on the knolls, to which they had betaken themselves, as the river rose and swelled around. Boats also were passing between dwellings and outhouses, or from one domicile to another, giving evidence that man in his social capacity was living amidst this watery waste, and that cultivation lay underneath, buried only for a time. One might easily have imagined he saw the world's great deluge in its first stage, especially when, after a heavy shower, a magnificent rainbow spanned the river with its iris-coloured arch. It was impossible, or undesirable had it been possible, to resist the cheering influence this bow of promise seemed to shed, not only over the inundated land, but over that future into which our voyagers were so intently gazing.

The interest on board the steam-boat soon became, however, of a more painful character than the joyous hopeful spirit was then at all willing to contemplate; for the day after leaving port, it was discovered there was cholera on board, New Orleans having been suffering severely under that scourge. At first the consternation was great; but on, on, sped the boat, with its vast freight of human hopes and sorrows, recking not though some of those who embarked so full of youth and promise should, ere they reached their haven, be landed on a further shore.

There was a clever, obliging negro-boy who attended on the passengers, and attracted Mr Edwardson's especial notice from his handiness and quaint yet sprightly ways. He shewed Jim some little kindness, which was returned in redoubled efforts to please. As he waited at tea, Mr Edwardson asked him whether he was not afraid of cholera.

'No, massa; not at all. What need? All die some time or nudder.' At next morning's breakfast, Jim was missed. 'Where is Jim?'—'Hallo, Jim! where are you, boy?' None answered. Jim could answer no more! He had died during the night of cholera; and in the course of the day, he was consigned to the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Some affecting incidents took place among the emigrants. Young couples, hoping to spend along lives together in industry and love, were separated; the new-made wife became a widow, or the proud and fond husband was left desolate. The first-born hope of one poor family was snatched away; and several sucking-babies were made motherless. In another family, the passengers of the saloon became much interested. It consisted of man and wife, a stout and manly youth, and fair and blooming daughter. They had come from England, at the invitation of another son, settled in Illinois, who wished the rest of his home-circle to join him; and they had suffered considerable privations to

attain the desirable end of reaching a comfortable and united home. The son was seized with cholera, and died. This was a sad blow; yet the bereaved family were, rising after the stroke, when father and mother, after a few hours' illness, were likewise cut off. The poor girl, thus left lonely, seemed to sink into despair; the quiet stupor of her grief, and bewilderment of her faculties, being far more piteous than the most violent outbursts would have been. Her fellow-passengers deeply sympathised with her; and, at her earnest entreaty, the boat was brought to a stop at a lonely and beautiful creek. The bell tolled, and the passengers followed with the orphan girl, and laid the remains of her parents among some giant forest-trees—truly a sublime solitude for their graves. A liberal collection was then made for the survivor, and she was committed to the care of respectable persons, to be directed and assisted on her way to join her surviving brother.

Their feelings somewhat damped by such scenes as these, Edwardson and his friends reached in six days the city of St Louis. In this city, emigrants furnish themselves with the necessary clothing, provisions, and arms, for their future journey across the plains and mountains. Here our original travelling-party of four persons, afraid of venturing on those wilds, inexperienced as they were, resolved to recruit their forces, as in such cases if ever, number is strength. There were many isolated individuals among the sojourners at the inns, who, desirous of proceeding to California, only waited opportunity to join themselves to some party or other. It thus became an easy matter to select a few properly recommended persons, whom Mr Edwardson and friends believed would prove suitable travelling-companions. The first of these was an M.D. of Charleston College, called Williams. The others were Mr Fowler, Mr Browne, Mr Wilhelm Myers, a German, who professed to be *au fait* in culinary skill, and a handsome Irishman, of most obliging manners, and a joyous companion. It remains to notice slightly the original party, who were—Joe Powell, a South Carolinian merchant; Blackwell, a highly respectable gentleman of New York, travelling for the pleasure of enlarging his ideas and improving his mind; and a Mr Livingstone, who had journeyed much in Mexico and Texas, besides having been out in many campaigns. Tom Edwardson we have before referred to, and he was appointed treasurer and secretary to the expedition, as it was judged most expedient that the funds and provisions should be placed in a common stock. Each individual contributed as his quota 300 dollars (L.60). And these preliminaries settled, the party met in solemn conclave to draw up rules for their government, and to make out lists of the articles required for their outfit.

Liberal provision was in the first instance made for creature comforts, vulgarly called meat and drink, consisting chiefly of flour, bacon, coffee, and whisky, with tin drinking-flasks and two or three cooking utensils. Two wagons were then purchased, two tents, and a coil of strong hempen rope. Each man was provided with a pair of blankets, a buffalo-robe, several pair of waterproof boots, reaching above the knee, besides the ordinary changes of clothes and linen. It may here just be mentioned that these latter articles were in the present case much too numerous and cumbersome. One change of outward raiment, and two of linen, would have been quite sufficient. Above everything else in importance our travellers reckoned the arms, so necessary as a defence against Indians or in the chase; to the latter of which they understood they might generally trust 'for fresh and strengthening food. Each one, therefore, had a good rifle and bowie-knife, and a Colt's revolver, which is a pistol capable of firing six shots in succession from one loading. Of course, there was an ample supply of powder and lead, and they were also provided with a few trinkets, looking-glasses, and some

red cloth, for the purpose of trade with the Indians; should anything of the kind be found necessary on desirable.

The various arrangements were not complete for ten days; but on the 25th of April, our travellers at length embarked on the Missouri for Independence, about 450 miles distant, at which place the land-journey would commence. On this second voyage, cholera still pursued them, with a repetition of heart-rending scenes similar to those they had already witnessed. The steam-boat, however, held a direct course up the beautiful river, only stopping at one little German village, where excellent wine is produced; and the person from whom Edwardson purchased some at a moderate price, informed him that he had strong hopes of making the culture of the grape a most profitable concern.

The four days' voyage terminated at 'Wayne's City,' a collection of board and log huts; but in America every place is called a city now, no doubt by anticipation. After landing, and seeing their chattels safely stowed away, our party rested for the night in the only house of entertainment the city could boast, where the stars were visible through chinks in the roof; and our young friend, fresh from the luxuries of a New Orleans home, sank to sleep, endeavouring to solve an astronomical problem, for which his sleeping-place afforded such admirable facilities. The breakfast consisted of hoe-cake and bacon, for which they paid twenty-five cents, or above one shilling each. They then set out on foot for Independence, which is situated three miles from the river. It was first settled and named by the Mormons, after they had been expelled from Nauvoo by the citizens of the state of Illinois—only to be in like manner, after a short sojourn, driven forth from Independence. Mr Edwardson here hired an empty house for the accommodation of himself and friends during the night, and they took their meals at an inn. The town being full to overflowing with other emigrants, the traders of the place seemed resolved to make their own market out of the necessities of the strangers; especially was this found to be the case when they endeavoured to purchase draught-animals for their wagons, without which their goods could not be transported even from Wayne's City, where they had left them. The turmoil between buyers and sellers became so hot at Independence, that, hearing mules were to be obtained at a farmhouse fifteen miles off, Mr Edwardson and his friend Powell hired riding-nags and proceeded thither. They were shown a drove of mules in a field, but too evidently they were wild as the untamed deer, and probably even more refractory. There was, however, no alternative: the gentlemen selected twelve out of the number, for which they paid ninety dollars (£18) apiece. These animals are strong and handsome, well adapted for the draught, and are about twelve hands high. The farmer and one of his negroes obligingly assisted in driving the new purchase as far as an enclosure near the town of Independence. But this was an easy job comparatively with what remained to be accomplished, in catching and harnessing the hitherto free and now terrified creatures, who had never before been subject to man's control, having been bred and reared in a half-savage state, like our mountain-sheep, or the shaggy ponies of the Shetland Isles. Indeed, it would have been next to impossible to have even caught the mules, but for the prompt and efficient assistance of two Mexicans with their lassos. In this way, the animals were taken out and bridled.

By main force, in which all Mr Edwardson's party lent a hand, six of the struggling mules were then harnessed into a hired wagon; a *lariat*, or strong tether, was attached to their necks, each being held fast by the assistants, and in this fashion the animals set off at their full speed, dragging men and wagon after them. Thus our travellers careered through the

streets of Independence, and were dubbed by the bystanders, amidst shouts of laughter and applause, 'The Crescent City * Mageerie Company.' When this trial had been repeated with the other six mules, the whole were harnessed into their own wagons, and with the help of a couple of teamsters they had engaged for the journey, at three trips their baggage was all transported to Independence. It was no child's play. The unmacadamised road was steep and boggy; the mules, but half-subdued, after their first frantic exertions, required not only strength and patience, but violent shouting and blows ere they could be forced onwards. To add to the distress of men and beasts, there was no water accessible on the way, and the weather was calm and sultry. At length the arduous day's work was done; but though a sound sleep succeeded in the case of most of the party, to some the effects became even fatal. One of the teamsters, having drunk too freely of cold water in his heated and excited condition before taking any food, was seized during the night with cholera. It became a matter of common humanity to remove the poor fellow—a very useful and energetic man—to the quarters of his employers, and Dr Williams met in consultation one of the medical men of the place. They pronounced his case hopeless; but our young friend, Mr Edwardson, having seen and heard a great deal of cholera at New Orleans, resolved not to abandon the patient till the very last. He had understood that the main thing to be desired was reaction; and for this purpose, in order to bring the blood to the surface, he rubbed the man's body with dry mustard, and procured from an apothecary a mixture of which he knew only one ingredient—(Triple) 'F. F. F. Ammonia'—which was diligently administered, and the man recovered. Hardly, however, was this man able to stand, than he deserted his benefactors, and they never saw him again. Of course, a substitute was to be sought; and the travellers were fortunate in their second choice, who proved a most useful, faithful fellow, named Ferguson. This accident had detained the party two days; nor did its consequences stop here, for one of the gentlemen—the ingratiating Irishman—was also attacked by cholera, and died. His suffering was great, but very short; and then he was laid in a quiet grave, not one even knowing the place of his home, or the address of any of his relatives. His personal property was very small, but it was taken due care of; and perchance, in his own Green Isle, whither his thoughts were ever turning, there are loving hearts still looking for tidings of the wanderer.

After these various delays, they at last started on the 1st of May, in good spirits, and apparently perfect health, though, after the experience they had had, who was to say where cholera might not be lurking?

The description of this little party, as they set out, will give an idea of many thousands more who passed that same way, some to wealth, some to competence, and some, to death! The gentlemen had provided themselves, each one from his private purse, according to his fancy, with a riding-horse, to make the way more easy. Some of these were Indian ponies, and the rest Mexican mustangs, the latter of which were decidedly the more serviceable animals. To each of the two wagons were harnessed, in pairs, six mules. The teamster sat on the left-hand wheel mule, and managed it and its fellow, wielding a long and strong whip; he held also reins, which extended to the leaders; besides which, a lariat was attached to the four foremost mules, which lariat was held by one of the travellers as he rode by its side, in order to keep the but half-tamed animals to their good behaviour. The appearance of the gentlemen was rendered picturesque by a blouse of red cloth, girt round the waist with a stout leathern-belt, in which were stuck the

* New Orleans is often so called.

bowie-knife and revolver; while over the shoulders were slung the rifle and ammunition pouches. Broad-brimmed hats and wading-boots completed the equipment; and Mr Edwardson was closely attended by a beautiful and favourite dog, of the spotted variety, known as the Dalmatian or coach-dog.

The first night was spent under the tents, after only ten miles' progress through a level and cultivated country; but on harnessing the teams to set forward in the morning, Mr Edwardson was found to have taken cholera. Here was a sad mischance, for they all felt, and justly, that he was the leader and inspirer of the little troop. The camp was at once pitched anew; Dr Williams prescribed skilfully; and, with God's blessing, after a patient delay of three days, the young man recovered sufficiently, to proceed and enjoyed uninterrupted health during his subsequent journeyings. Hardly had the party set forth again, when Dr Williams was taken with measles; and again they felt compelled to await his recovery. There was one good came of these evils: the rest of the company were enabled to tame and exercise the mules; while those not thus engaged made short hunting-excursions, bringing in deer, turkeys, &c., for their larder. Thus early they began to discover that Meinheer Wilhelm Myers was not the connoisseur in the noble art of cooking he had announced himself to be; indeed, throughout the journey they all found it most prudent to be easily contented, good appetites proving their best sauce.

The doctor's convalescence proving very protracted, the rest of the company felt obliged to proceed without him; for the season advancing, time was become too precious to be trifled with. Unwillingly they came to this conclusion; and it was neither received in the generous spirit it might have been, nor was it ever, apparently, quite forgotten. Dr Williams returned to Independence to recruit, and the little caravan proceeded—very slowly, however, according to a promise to their friend to that effect. On the fourth day, the doctor overtook them, looking very 'spectral,' and mounted on a spirited little Indian pony. He declared that he was resolved to follow his 300 dollars, or perish in the attempt.

The direct course of the travellers now was for the Kansas River, where there is a settlement, including a missionary station and a government agent. Their route was well defined, from the hordes of emigrants that had preceded them, parties of whom they frequently overtook, exchanging mutual civilities, and affording mutual assistance when required; which latter was to Mr Edwardson's company most acceptable at times, as their mules continued rather refractory. After a few days' travel in junction with one of these more extensive caravans, the doctor urged his friends to push on rather more vigorously than the rest were disposed to do; and accordingly, after a cordial parting, Edwardson & Co. pressed forward as briskly as possible; yet so heavy was the track, so awkward from inexperience did the gentlemen prove in the management of their teams, that it was only with great exertion, and through much fatigue, they at length reached the Kansas River, 120 miles from Independence, in twelve days after they had started.

Messrs Edwardson and Powell had for some days felt a deficiency in congeniality and friendly spirit between them and the individuals they had taken as associates at St Louis, which threatened to disturb the tranquillity and subordination, without which no conjoint enterprise is likely to prosper. The grounds of disagreement were vexatiously trivial, and arose chiefly on the part of Browne, who wished to constitute himself leader and commander of the expedition—he and the doctor refusing also to take their daily turn of being cook. Causes of irritation springing daily to increase, Mr Edwardson proposed an amicable

separation between the original four from New Orleans and the like number that had more recently joined them. This proposition was acceded to. Each division took a wagon and its six mules by lot, and the money, provisions, &c., were equitably divided, though not without some rather warm discussions. They parted, however, with hearty mutual farewells. The doctor, with his companions, hastened on before the others, who, choosing further on a different route, did not again meet with them. They all reached California in safety, but one by one, as Mr Edwardson heard, and deeply regretting the divisions that had occurred in their camp. Tom and his companions, better understanding each other, continued their domestic arrangements on the most equal and friendly terms.

The settlement or village of Kansas is inhabited by a half-civilised tribe of Indians, called the Pottawattimies. They were originally from Illinois, where the United States' government bought their lands, and was at the expense of transporting them hither, and also of protecting and pensioning them. The pension consists of yearly presents, over and above liberal and punctual payments for their furs, skins, and other commodities. The Pottawattimies dress much in the European style, speak tolerable English, and form a barrier between the wild Pawnee Indians and the white settlements of the Missouri; these latter being all in a friendly compact with the Pottawattimies.

The Kansas settlement contains about 500 inhabitants; a third of whom, however, live not in the village, but in the neighbouring woods, gipsy fashion, attaching to their tribe, and to some of the comforts of civilisation, yet unwilling to relinquish altogether the freedom of the forest and the wigwag. The village where the huts are congregated, with some attempt at regularity, presents a very amusing admixture of savage with civilised habits. You may see a dark warrior pacing proudly about, in inexpressibles of English cloth, a fringed leather hunting-shirt and belt, with a cap of racoon-skins, and moccasins, bead-embroidered. Anon, you perceive the stealing step of a copper-coloured black-eyed beauty, her whole person enveloped in a lady's shawl of bright colours and gay pattern. The damsel peeps roguishly at the Pale-faces from behind the fringed corner that wraps her graceful head; but wo to the lady should yonder dusky young brave have detected the glance! As Edwardson rode towards the village, several of the woodsmen came careering to meet him on spirited horses, saddleless, their blankets wrapped round them, and streamers of red cloth or cotton flying behind. As they drew near, they screamed: 'Whisky! whisky!' but the strangers were cognizant of the law, which prohibits giving the Indians any alcohol, except what is, in a regulated quantity, supplied to them by the government agent at the station. This wholesome regulation is by no means for the sake of the gain to be derived from a monopoly, but solely for the good of the Indian tributaries, it being well known that they are quite unmanageable when 'fire-water' is in the case.

At Kansas River settlement, our travellers remained three days, refreshing themselves with the last glimpses of civilised life in the mission and agent's families, and greatly amused by observing and visiting the Indians, who were very friendly and obliging, and proud to call the white men 'brothers.' Before setting forth again, the mules and horses got the last meal of corn they might expect before reaching California: indeed, poor creatures, to most of them it was the last they ever tasted.

The Kansas River was crossed at two trips, in a ferry-boat kept by a venerable but stalwart Indian, a knowing and most entertaining old fellow, who charged five dollars for the transit. When exactly in the middle of the stream, one of the mules thought fit to jump overboard, and swam fortunately for the opposite

bank, which she scrambled up most adroitly, but occasioned her owners vast trouble and delay before she suffered herself to be caught again.

The route now lay by the beautiful bank of the same river, near a small creek of which they encamped that night, and met with several other companies with numerous wagons, all on their way to the Dorado of the West. It was a singular and cheerful sight—the extensive camp, the open savanna, the smiling river, and the numerous watch-fires, the deep-blue heavens and the evening-star. At daylight, the whole encampment harnessed up, and proceeded in one vast caravan, beguiling the time with familiar converse when they could; but as the road became much broken, and intersected by morasses and streams, the help of numbers in dragging the mules, or extricating the wagons, was of the first importance, and superseded every other thought. When they left the low bank of the river, however, the road became better; and as the weather continued dry and fine, they were led to expect it would still improve. Therefore, the following morning, Mr Edwardson's party set forward much earlier than all the rest; and as they also could travel faster on horseback than the majority, who were on foot, they soon lost sight of the caravan.

They were now fairly on the prairies, following the trail of those that had gone before them. Indeed, they seemed to be nearly in the rear of it; it was computed, at least 20,000 emigrants, who had that season taken the overland route to California; yet often they journeyed for days without seeing another human being, except at a time when a mounted Indian would cross the path, sweeping by like a whirlwind; and even if he were near enough, hardly staying an instant to return the well-known sign of amity—a wave of the hand in the posture it would take in smoking a pipe. Each night they chose their camping-place as near to wood and water as possible, tethering their animals on the best grass within their reach. Each morning their breakfast consisted of coffee and bacon, with such bread as untaught cooks could manufacture out of their flour. Tough and hard it proved sometimes, no doubt, yet they partook of it cheerily; and having now come to a better understanding with their mules, and able to harness them adroitly, the way was resumed with energy and hopefulness. It proved for some days monotonous enough, though, as the weather was pleasant, the progress was smooth and satisfactory—the prairie spreading far and wide around, varied only by the intersection of some river, tributary to the Missouri. On the Sabbath, they made a point of remaining encamped, and never were more fully impressed with the beneficence of the institution of a day of rest to man and beast, not more in a religious than a physical point of view.

THE COUNT OF MIDLENT.

MANY years ago—how time does fly!—residing with a Catholic family of rank, I complied, although a Protestant myself, with the dietary regulations which their faith enjoined. On Fridays, when the butler whispered in my ear: 'There's a fine leg of mutton, sir, on the side-table,' with more than Scipio's self-control, I firmly resisted the voice of the tempter. During Lent, I abstained—no one fasted that I was aware of—but, with the rest of the family, I abstained from flesh food, except on lawful days, heroically submitting to the mortification of three courses of fish, dessert, and wine.

The old housekeeper, who was a good Catholic too, had still her own peculiar notions. Her name, I remember, was Davis; because the priest—the family-chaplain, a bit of a wit, who loved good coffee and indifferent puns better than anything else in the world—used to call the narrow passage which led from the

dining-hall to the housekeeper's room, 'Davis's Strait' and 'the North-west Passage,' which it actually was, without its icy dangers. One morning, in the middle of Lent, good Mrs Davis, instead of being calmed by her cooling diet, became excited by the discipline we had undergone, and the thoughts of the hardships still before us, and vowed, with a spoilt upper-servant's energy, that 'human flesh and blood couldn't stand it no longer; that, whatever my lord and the price might say, *she*—Davis, the red-haired, the round, and the rubicund—would send up a dish of fried sausages for breakfast!' It is needless to record that she kept her word. The centre of the table was desecrated by such a steaming mess of forbidden dainties as would have brought water into the mouth of St Anthony himself. If Midlent frolics had not been invented before, Davis the Great would have improvised them.

It often happens that the very same bright idea flashes across the brain of two or three different individuals who are separated widely by time and country. The notion is not plagiarised by one from the other, but is evoked by instinct, nature, and inspiration from the teeming hotbed of thought-compelling circumstances. Before Mrs Davis was born or dreamt of, an old Flemish count, pitying the severity of lenten austerities, and fearing they should take too firm hold of his people, determined to cut the melancholy period in halves, and to interpose a little fun in the middle, as a sort of pleasurable partition-wall, preventing the too close contact of the dreary halves. He bequeathed a legacy for ever to the citizens of Hazebrouck, to be employed at the epoch of Midlent in throwing nuts and almonds amongst the crowd, and in entertaining them with a merry cavalcade.

This year, the mayor of Hazebrouck announced by bill and proclamation that the triumphal march of the Count of Midlent was fixed for Monday, March 27 (no pun is here intended), and that every pains would be taken to render it worthy of its object; of course the same Mrs Davis had in view—namely, to sustain the weakness of the flesh. The cortège, composed of different chariots, cavaliers, soldiers, and a *musique*, all in brilliant costume, would parade through the streets and around the square, to the sound of drums and trumpets. During the whole continuance of the march, the count's people would incessantly and profusely distribute nuts and almonds to the crowds who throng to witness the progress.

Nuts, just now, may be bought at Hazebrouck, and walnuts alone are nuts in France, Barcelonas and filberts being unworthy of the name; nuts you may buy in Hazebrouck market, of even the hardest-haggling Flemish dame, at the reasonable rate of fifteen for a sou. But the experienced reader will understand me when I say, that the purchased nut you crack in quiet, with no excitement and struggle in obtaining it, has not half the sweetness and savour of the nut for which you have to do battle with your arms and legs, besides butting a little with your head and shoulders. There is all the difference of taste between them which you find in a trout from your own rod and hook, and a leach of grouse from your own double-barrelled gun, and the same species of fish and game when handed to you, for everyday silver and copper, across the fishmonger's or the poulterer's stall.

My heart was set upon cracking a Davisian nut; so I jumped into a railway-carriage, which safely dropped me at the Hazebrouck station. The march promised to be unusually brilliant; for the old count's bequest has long accumulated, and now furnishes a handsome sum. Early on Monday morning, I was awakened by the sound of hammers; and opening my window, which looked into the square, I beheld multitudinous builders of booths and stalls, who had been attracted by the announcement that, on that auspicious day, standing-room and ground-rent were free to all. It was

'Grand-market' and 'Free-fair' combined. The lady who was to be employed all day in beating the 'great box' (as the French call it), or drum, with one hand, and the cymbals with the other; her husband, who was alternately destined to play the fiddle outside and the fool within; the young man, their son, or their foundling, who was to give life to the still inanimate forms of Punch and Judy, the hangman and the devil—all three were busied in fixing in front of their tabernacle a device the very reverse of that terrible inscription which Dante imagined. Over their gate was conspicuously placarded: 'Let all who want to laugh, enter here.' Next door (or curtain) to them, on the left, was being prepared the magic-mirror, wherein young persons, for the price of a half-penny, may behold the image of their future spouses. On the other side, a mesmerist of four-donkey power, and his partner, a lady who sees clear with bandaged eyes, and who has no need of the hole in a millstone to know what lies on the other side of it, were getting up the steam of their animal-magnetic batteries. Further on, the Religious Marriage of the Emperor was to be continually repeated, with increasing success. A peripatetic troop of attitudinisers and living-picture-makers were finishing off the theatre wherein to perform the story of Joseph and his Brethren, and the Passion of the Saviour, and to embody in living and moving forms Rubens's famous Descent from the Cross; besides further edifying the public with select episodes from the Deluge and the Murder of the Innocents. In the extreme distance, two sets of men were hard at work terrifying the animals that composed their respective menageries. The four-footed creatures belonging to both were carefully lifted from a couple of covered caravans, and then set down to take the air, and warm themselves in the rays of the rising sun. They were placed in pairs, side by side, according to colour: two browns, two grays, two blacks, two whites, two piebalds, and two indescribables. They made no attempt to run away; and on forming a telescope with my two hands, and looking sharp, I discovered that all those well-behaved quadrupeds, which kept their rank as steadily as the beasts, male and female, in a Dutch picture of Noah's ark, were neither more nor less than the wooden-horses to be suspended from the arms of two roundabouts. But the Grand Pavilion, which towered over all, was a large circular *panée*, or tent, for the display of horsemanship. Two fine-limbed fellows, the stars of the company, were spreading the saw-dust round which they were to circle in triumphant orbit; the lady who takes the money at the door, and afterwards dances the cachuca within, was cheerfully lending a helping-hand to fix and wash the pictures of the façade. Mademoiselle, who rides so well, and so charmingly personates the heroine of the pantomime, was carefully inspecting the curl-papers of her little brother and sister, who were to dance in wooden shoes, leap through a balloon, climb up a pole, and be clown and fairy.

I swallowed a hasty breakfast, and made an impatient sally forth. How the country-folks do throng into the town! The March dust, a bushel of which is worth a king's ransom, has lately enabled them to plough and to sow; so they may take a day's holiday without their conscience reproaching them. The Grand Place is like a vast oblong fishpond, into which, through every street and inlet, countless shoals of human fry are all swarming to one common centre. As in the enchanted lake of the *Arabian Nights*, the different classes of society are distinguished by their colour: the blue-bloused fish are the working-men; the white-headed fish are their wives and daughters; while the party-coloured fish, with hats on their heads, are the gentlefolks of either sex, not too proud to come to the fair. But the blues predominate to such an extent as to give an azure tint to the entire assembly.

On closely observing individual men and women, I decide in my own mind that the Flemings, as a race, are a much less good-looking people than the French. One fête-day—not at Hazebrouck—I saw a whole Flemish town come out of church, and there was not one handsome face amongst them. The Flemish boor—which word means nothing more than cultivator or husbandman—is but a little improved in personal appearance, ever since Teniers painted him. To-day, Monsieur Bauer is decked in his holiday clothes, and you cannot deny that he is no great beauty. He also mingles the sweet with the useful, the amusing with the profitable. Beside a stall for cakes and bonbons, are stalls exclusively for the sale of salt. Here is a bread-and-cheese stall, where you may eat your luncheon; and here is another, where you may not, unless your stomach is as strong as a Papin's Digester, for it is covered with black-boiled liver (rhinoceros, I conjecture), mahogany-brown sausages, and pork that would make the sincerest Christian sympathise with Israelitish prejudice. See, however, it has its customers; that old gentleman in knee-breeches, with buckles on his shoes, is snapping up his dark thumb-piece with an appetite for aldermen to envy.

But why can't the foolish boys buy their gingerbread at once, without gambling for it? Is gambled-for gingerbread as sweet to their palate, as scrambled-for nuts are inviting to mine? Look at that old wrinkled chap standing on a table, with a harlequin's jacket and a three-cocked-hat—such a cocked-hat, with a little bell at each corner; and when he stoops to play his trade, you see that every one of the three cocks is full of spiders' webs, that are spun at home while his helmet is hanging in repose on the nail in the granary, during the intervals of his fair-y campaigns. But, like the seductive Sirens, he is beautiful to behold no further than the waist. His person terminates in velveteen trousers and hobnail shoes, in one of which must certainly be enclosed a very, very cloven foot. 'The thief!', as an intimate and drunken friend shouts out to him. With his keen hatchet-face and his monkey grin, he gathers a party of lads round him; he takes their money, a farthing, from each; into the hands of each he sticks three cards; and then, after fumbling a while in a canvas bag, produces another card rolled up into a wisp. To him who holds the corresponding card he presents a morsel of gingerbread, which he has thus sold at a profit of 500 per cent. And so old harlequin goes on from morning till night, with hardly a minute's intermission. He turns hoarse; his voice is gone; but nevertheless he plies his trade, in pantomime, to the very last, and gets rid of all his gingerbread in exchange for a heavy weight of *liard*-pieces.

The Count of Midlent is to appear at noon. I return to my room at the Hôtel St Georges; the landlady and myself are already on civil terms; for when we talked about the evening's spectacle, she kindly proposed that we should all go together. We shall not do so; because it turns out, on comparing notes, that I prefer the scenes in the circus, while madame and her party are all for the Deluge and the Murder of the Innocents. Never mind that; the attention was kind, so I will offer her and hers a seat in my chamber, which commands the square better than any in the house. I was right. She politely accepts my overture, and places herself at the open window. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the Place, is the modern and Roman-Doric Hôtel-de-Ville; and close to this—to follow up the notion of the fishpond—is what might be an otter's hole. It is, in reality, a low brick archway, into which a curious variety of rat-like animals are led—all sorts of *Rozinantes*—which Madame Villette obligingly informs me are horses, contributed for the day by patriotic citizens, to carry the suite of the Count of Midlent. They are not handsome, she candidly allows. It would be quite in

vain for her to say that they were; but *her* pair of whites, from the farm, are come to drag the goddess's car.

Soon, from out the mouth of the rat-hole, knights, squires, and cavaliers come forth, singly and serious, to betake themselves to the rendezvous near the church. Their gay mantles, their brick-dusted cheeks, their flowing locks, and their floating banners, do not help them to a firmer seat on horseback. Some of the steeds, in their stupid surprise, seem to say that they cannot understand the thing at all, and that they had much rather be lookers-on than actual performers in the pageant of the day. I fancy I see the equestrian professionals grinning at the anxiety which many of the cavaliers display to avoid a tumble on the pavement. From a corner-street issue a company of green-clad cross-bowmen; and from an opposite corner emerge a party of silver-garnished cuirassiers. They vanish: the plot and the procession are thickening fast.

'Tip, tap; tip, tip, tap!' 'Tis the drum which precedes the ephemeral count. One of the green-vested *arbalétriers* advances with sad and solemn step and beat, becoming the dignity of his seigneurship, and equally becoming the Dead March in Saul. Enter the rest of the cross-bowmen; then follow gaudy-liveried serving-men, bearing on their shoulders a magnificent doll's-house, in the shape of a model of the old town-hall, which once stood in the middle of the square; then a mighty chariot, brimful of young choristers; then a troop of dissatisfied horses, indignant at being *worked* on fête-day, crossed by riders whose fears are allayed by conscious finery.

'Here comes the goddess of Charity,' said Madame Vilette. Of course we admired the pair of whites, which were not so villainous as other members of the stud. 'How do you find the goddess? Don't she look well? She's a working-man's wife, and a well-conducted woman. The town gives her ten francs for the day; and, altogether, she gets enough to keep herself and family for a week.'

The goddess, modestly clad to the throat in a robe of pink, with a crown on her head, and a long white veil streaming behind, sat perched on a throne, beneath a canopy, on the summit of a lofty car. She was of matronly aspect, perhaps five-and-thirty; but maternity and charity are almost one. At her feet were a few prettily dressed little boys; and in the forepart of the car, with an arm-chair for occasional repose, was a smart gentleman in black, with a large velvet purse in his hand, soliciting, as the procession slowly rolled along, contributions from the crowd in behalf of the poor. He had no right to complain of want of sympathy; copper and silver were showered upon him.

The goddess halted before our door, to drink a glass of wine to keep up her strength. It was politely handed to her by the gentleman-beggar, who hobnobbed with her in proper style, and insisted on her taking a second glass. Thus refreshed, the fair emblem proceeded. Then came rolling towards us a mountain of musicians, ranged in benches one above the other, with ostrich-plumed hats, purple coats, and small-clothes, to complete a 'divine' costume. More escorting cavaliers; and then the Count of Midlent himself, enthroned on the summit of another tall chariot, on a sort of poop, or peaked quarter-deck. A purple-clad footman stood behind him; the steps that led up to his lordly seat were occupied by youths in allegorical dresses, signifying I know not what. If the goddess gathered, the count distributed; like her, too, by the hands of underlings. Although an artisan yesterday and to-morrow, to-day he was far too great a personage to hold any direct relations with the vulgar. Therefore his valet at the foot of the throne cast showers of walnuts right and left, the contents of a couple of well-filled boxes. The scrambling was merry; and I must

do the crowd the justice to state that it was neither brutal nor uproarious. I had looked out for an elegant count, something in the *Almaviva* style; but the Hazebrouck authorities preferred a model after the fashion of our Henry VIII., only not quite of so burly and feminicidal an aspect. His lordship also took a whet at the Hôtel St Georges. It was presented to him by a fellow in a blouse, probably a friend of former and of future days, although so widely separated, for the moment by the awful Gulf of rank. I strongly suspect the count did not drink wine, but a *petit verre* or two of good Cognac.

So, Midlent personified went its way. Here and there the *musique* played; here and there the choristers sung. Everywhere, Charity maintained her discreet maternal bearing; everywhere, the cash flew in, and the nuts flew out. The sum collected for the poor must have been considerable. Every street was perambulated, and then the count of a day descended from his seat, abdicated his titles, and left his courtly clothes in charge of the municipal costume-keeper—for the outside trappings are the property of the town. I should have liked to call on the count next morning, to inquire how he felt himself on waking; I should also have been pleased to see Charity making soup, and cutting bread and butter for her husband and children. But they had disappeared as completely, as if the pageant had melted into thin air; and I soon found myself rattling away back along the railway, sufficiently well pleased with my little excursion.

THE BROADS OF EAST ANGLIA

SOUTHEY, in his *History of Brazil*, tells us that broad 'is a provincial term, used in Suffolk and Norfolk to designate that part of a river where the stream expands to a great width on each side.' And he applies the term broad, in this sense, as a distinction from a lake, which is a great receptacle of water, fed by one or more streams; and from a lagoon, which he defines as a lake, lying near a river and formed by it. Now, the broads of East Anglia really comprise all these different descriptions of collections of water; yet their most general form is that to which the poet-historian has given the appellation of lagoon.

The broads are situated in the south-eastern part of Norfolk and the adjoining portion of Suffolk; and they are of all sizes, from the tiny pool, overgrown with water-weeds, to the widely expanded lake. Their inland boundary is formed by an abrupt rise of arable land; their eastern, by the waters of the German Ocean. Taking a map, if we consider the city of Norwich as the apex of a triangle, whose sides are formed by lines drawn from thence to the towns of Lowestoft and Happisburgh, the imaginary area thus enclosed will exactly comprise the district of the broads; and their existence is easily accounted for, by the level surface of the country, and the sluggish course and devious windings of the rivers Waveney, Wensum, Bure, and Yare, that so imperfectly drain it. The broad district—being merely a labyrinthine chain of rivers, lakes, canals, and ditches, whose marshy banks are covered with tall reeds and other rank aquatic vegetation—offers but few attractions to the seeker of beautiful and picturesque scenery. Still there is a silent, desolate wildness in its aspect, most impressive to the stranger, when, for the first time, he sails through its watery communications; while to the botanist and lover of natural history, the wild-fowl shooter and the angler, it is the most desirable of regions. Even if none of these, the stranger, in the words of Dame Juliana Barne, the angling abbess of St Albans, will 'hear the melodious harmony of birds, and see the young swans, herons, ducks, coots, and many other fowls, with their broods.'

Our first introduction to broad scenery was an event

which shall be long remembered. We were sailing in the *Waterwitch*, a pleasure-craft well known in the Norfolk rivers, and we asked its hospitable possessor to shew us a broad. In an instant, the helm was put up, the main-sheet eased off, and the little boat, like a spurred horse, went away before the wind towards an apparently impenetrable barrier of tall reeds. There being sufficient depth of water, the boat, with but slightly diminished speed, forced its way through the yielding reeds, and in another moment we were in a broad—a lake of about 200 acres in extent, fringed with a margin of reeds, and, where the ground was less marshy, banks, on which grew rich clusters of ripe red cranberries. The sudden transition from the river, with its passing boats and barges, and banks studded with houses, men, and cattle, into the silent, desolate-looking broad, had a remarkable and somewhat startling effect. But the richest pastures and most fertile corn-fields are barren, as regards animal life, in comparison with the teeming broad. The clear water, not four feet in depth, swarms with fish; while its bottom is covered with fresh-water mollusks and fantastically formed water-weeds. Gaudy kingfishers, and still gaudier dragon-flies, flit to and fro in the air; and about an acre in the centre of the broad is covered with coots and other wild-fowl. The coot is the regular inhabitant of the broad; other birds are migratory; it remains all the year round. In very severe seasons only, when the surface of its accustomed haunt is covered with an impenetrable sheet of ice, does the coot take a short excursion to the sea-side. The prominent feature in broad-life, then, is the coot. Indeed, a broad of sufficient size, without its coots, would be as anomalous a sight as a London street without its sparrows. As the sparrows forage in the street by day, and retire to the adjoining house-tops at night; so the coots daily feed in the broad, and nightly shelter in the reed-beds. This habit of the coot causes its company to be much affected, in the daytime, by various wild-fowl of the duck tribe. These are naturally night-feeding birds, and consequently require rest in the day; but if they dared to sleep, the gunner or the marsh-harrier would be amongst them, and so they associate with the day-feeding, and consequently wide-awake coots, which, giving the alarm on the approach of danger, waken the sleeping ducks, and the whole fly off together. Some years ago, a gentleman formed a preserve for wild-fowl, but, to his great disappointment, ducks did not frequent it in the daytime. He mentioned the circumstance to the late Colonel Hawker, the well-known sportsman and observant naturalist, who replied: 'The coot is the day-watchman of the wild-duck; naturalise some coots in your preserve, and then the ducks will come in the daytime.' The advice was followed, and the desired result obtained.

Another bird is an almost regular haunter of the district. Round the reedy margin of each broad, may frequently be seen two large owl-like hawks, flying slowly, yet easily, backwards and forwards, beating and quartering the ground with the regularity of the trained hunting-dog, from which they derive their name of marsh-harriers. If a boat appears upon the broad, these birds close up towards the central fleet of coots. There may be a gunner in the boat: let us suppose there is. The coots, knowing that union is strength, close up in a firm phalanx at the nearer approach of the harriers; but this, unfortunately, affords the fowler a more fatal shot. Bang goes the gun; off fly the coots, and after them the harriers, like a couple of privateers after a disordered fleet of merchant-ships. A frightened straggler from the main flock, or a wounded bird, is sure to fall a prey to its more powerful enemies; and the young harriers, in their nest of marsh-weeds, will rejoice over a coot-supper.

We have fished in summer and shot in winter over the broads for years, but it was not till last

August that we discovered how little we knew about them. When visiting them at that time, we accidentally met with a most interesting companion, a little book, unassuming in appearance, published ten years ago, yet worthy of a niche beside White's well-known *History of Selborne*. It, too, is written by a clergyman, the Rev. Richard Lubbock, rector of Beccles. From it we learned more of the broads and their inhabitants than we had ever previously known; and to it we are indebted for much we now write.

Here and there, thinly scattered among the broads, where a higher bank than usual affords sufficient space of vantage-ground, may be found the house of a broad-man. These persons live entirely in the broads, and rely solely for their support on fishing, fowling, reed-cutting, and acting as guides to naturalists, shooters, and anglers. Of the outer world, they know nothing. The produce of their guns and nets is sold to higglers. The neighbouring towns are as little known to them as London is to a dweller in St Kilda; and London to them is as indistinct a mental conception as Peking is to a Londoner. They are, nevertheless, a hardy, industrious, honest, good-natured class of men, civil without slang, respectful without servility, and altogether very much superior to the generality of sportsmen's guides in other places. The broad-man's dog, too, is worthy of mention. It is the large, black, curly-haired spaniel known as the Yarmouth water-dog. Its sagacity in pursuit of wounded birds, and its hardihood amidst the ice and snow of winter, must be seen to be credited. And as the broad-man eats the herring-gull, coot, and other birds not considered edible by most people, and therefore unmarketable, his dog, unlike other dogs, is piscivorous, and generally subsists on roach, bream, and other unsaleable fish.

In winter, the broad-man is busy shooting wild-fowl. About February, he commences pike-fishing, by launching whole fleets of trimmers—liggers he terms them—upon the water. These are not the neatly painted cork-trimmers of the London shops, but bundles of coarse rushes, about fourteen inches in length, and the thickness of a man's arm, firmly bound together. To the middle of this float is tied a stout cord, from eight to fifteen feet in length; and then the cord is wound up round the ligger, except two or three feet, which is secured from unwinding by being inserted between the ends of the rushes. The baited hook is then placed on the end of the pendent string, and the whole dropped into the water. When the pike seizes the bait, the jerk withdraws the pendent line from between the ends of the rushes; the whole cord unwinding, allows the fish to swallow the hook without check; and the position of the ligger, as it floats on the water, indicates that a fish is captured.

During the summer months, every distinct puddle in the fenny grounds, wherever a turf has been cut, contains its tiny tyrant in an infant pike. Here he enacts despotic sovereignty, and lords it over tadpoles and other small-fry, till fate swoops down upon him in the form of a heron, or the floods of autumn sweep him into the broad. There, with the voracity of a shark, and the digestion of an ostrich, he batters on plenty, though spear, gaff, net, and even gun are employed against him by man, the only enemy capable of contending with this Caligula of the waters. Still, like Sir John Barleycorn, that 'here bold, of noble enterprise,' he continues to live, till at last, having foolishly accepted a line of invitation proffered by a cunning angler, he makes his last appearance, not at the dinner-table to eat, but on it to be eaten, with his tail in his mouth, a pudding in his belly, and his green and silver-liveried sides adorned with festoons of pungent horse-radish.

In summer, the broad-men are busy catching tench—literally catching them, with the hand alone. The day cannot be too calm or too hot for this very peculiar

practice. Tench at this season delight to lie in groups near the surface, among beds of weeds. On the near approach of a boat, they start away, dispersing in different directions, but not to a greater distance than a few yards. With an eye like a hawk, the tench-catcher marks the spot where one of the largest fish has stopped in its flight. Approaching the place as gently as possible in his punt, and lying down with his head over the gunwale, and right arm bare to the shoulder, he gently displaces the weeds with his fingers, endeavouring to descry the tench in its retreat. If the broad-man can see any part of the fish, so as to determine which way its head lies, the certainty of capture is greatly increased. However, if he cannot, he feels slowly and cautiously about until he touches it, which, if gently done on head or body, is generally disregarded by the sluggish animal; but if the tail be the part touched, a dash away to another short distance is the usual consequence. Should the fisherman succeed in ascertaining the position of the tench, which, under favourable circumstances, he generally does, he insinuates one hand under it, just behind the gills, and raises it gently, but rapidly, to the surface of the water. In lifting it over the boat's side, which should be low, he takes care not to touch the gunwale with his knuckles, as the slightest jar will make the captive flounce free into the water. If laid down gently in the boat, the tench often remains passively motionless for nearly a minute before it discovers its abduction from its native element; then, when too late, it unavailingly flops about as fish out of the water generally do. In the course of a favourable day, one man will often catch six dozen tench in this curious manner.

The broad-men have no such success with the carp—the sly river-fox, as our old anglers termed it. These fish are not very plentiful in the broads, but what there are, grow to an immense size, and are considered the finest of their kind in England. Hook and line they reject with disdain. If a net be tried, they will either leap over the top of it, or, sinking down in the mud, let it be drawn above them. The broad-men acknowledge themselves baffled by this cunning fish, and regard it with a sort of mysterious awe; its exits and entrances puzzling them completely. With bated breath, they will inform you how they once surrounded a shoal of carp with the deadly turning-net, but did not catch one; some jumped over the net, the others 'muddled themselves'—how, at another time, a large shoal was discovered in a narrow ditch. To make assurance doubly certain, two trammel-nets were laid across the ditch, one above, the other below the fish, thus cutting off their retreat both ways. The intermediate space was then dragged with a third net, but only one small carp was taken. 'Where could they ha' gone to?' asks the broad-man, as he takes off his hat with one hand and scratches his head with the other. You can only answer 'Where!' Do not smile; the honest fellow thinks it far too serious a matter to be laughed at.

In autumn, the broad-man cuts and stacks the reeds, which are in considerable demand for thatching; but his gun lies ready beside him, in case a stray duck should come within its reach. Then snipes arrive, and his services are in requisition as a guide to snipe-shooters. Thus no part of the year finds him unoccupied, though those we have mentioned are but few of his many avocations.

One fish found in the broads is well worthy of notice—this is the burbot, locally termed cony-fish, from its habit of hiding in holes and under overhanging banks. It is the only one of its tribe—*gadida*, represented by the cod, hake, and ling—that is found to be a permanent inhabitant of fresh-water. Being almost wholly confined to the broads, it is not so well known as its white, firm, flaky flesh and excellent

flavour deserve. In the broads, it rarely exceeds three pounds in weight; but in the Lake of Geneva, to which it was introduced from Neuchâtel, it increases to seven pounds. In all probability, it was introduced to the broads from the continent by the monks of St Bennet's Abbey, as a treat on fast-days, for those ancient patrons of good living. The ruins of St Bennet's still exist at Ludham; and the abbey once possessed sixty-five lordships, in thirteen different hundreds of the county. As the burbot is very hardy and indifferent to climate, being found both in India and Siberia, it might easily and profitably be introduced into the large Irish and Scottish lakes, where, no doubt, it would attain the same size as it does at Geneva.

Though the broads and their connecting water-courses cannot boast of possessing the portly presence of the silvery-sided salmon, nor its minor relative, the gold and crimson-spotted trout, still the amazing quantity of other fish which they contain, renders them a complete but little-known paradise to the jolly angler. Even in the most favourite and best protected fishing waters about the environs of London, the Cockney angler—we do not use the word sneeringly, but emphatically, to denote the most painstaking and scientific of the craft—feels proud when he can speak of the pounds' weight of fish he has captured; but the fishers of the broads, the anglers of Norwich and Yarmouth, mention their captures in stones' weight or bushel-measures. This amazing success is obtained with the rudest of tackle. With the fine tackle of the London shops, attention paid to ground-baiting, and the use of properly cleansed baits, the success would, of course, be still greater. Some of the 'stick-and-string' men on the banks of the broads and adjoining waters, would frighten a London brother of the angle out of all propriety. Mr Lubbock describes them to the life. He says you will see four ash-poles, fourteen or fifteen feet in length, with a line like whip-cord, and a small bung for a float. These poles, sharpened at the but-end, are stuck into the river-bank, five or six yards apart; and the professor of the gentle art, with a short pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, keeps eyeing the bungs, as they bob in a row like coal-barges at an anchor. Should the dipping of a bung give signification of a bite, the pole affected is clutched convulsively, and the victim jerked out far over the head of the operator—the sight forcibly calling to mind the giant of piscatorial pursuits, whose

Angling-rod it was a sturdy oak;
His line a cable, that in storms ne'er broke;
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail;
He sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.

Bream are found in immense shoals in all the broads. We have nowhere else witnessed these fish, as quaint old Izaak Walton describes them, 'with their sentinels rolling and tumbling on the top of the water, that the angler may mark their going forth of their deep holes and returning.' In May, when preparing to spawn, they may be seen rolling about like miniature porpoises. The water is actually discoloured by their numbers; here a nose appears above the surface, and there a back-fin; while at times a sudden plunge of affright among the scaly multitude shews that the pike is busy feeding on the flanks of the shoal, as in the southern plains of Africa the lion hangs upon the outskirts of a herd of antelopes. The abundance of these fish is actually considered to be a nuisance by both the angler and the broad-man. When the former is fishing for perch, the less savoury bream will take the bait, and be caught instead; when the latter sets bow-nets for tench, the less saleable bream will crowd into the net to the exclusion of the fish for which it was intended. Large quantities of bream are netted

on Breydon Broad, and sold at half-a-crown a bushel to make baits for lobster-traps. Two men have netted from thirty to forty bushels in one day.

Where there are so many fish, it may naturally be supposed that otters are plentiful; and the vast scope of reedy covert renders their destruction by hunting utterly impracticable. But they are sometimes caught by traps, and many are found drowned. Who would ever suppose that an otter could be drowned! Yet it not unfrequently happens. They follow the fish into bow-nets, and, being unable to get out again, are thus compelled to remain so long under water that they are really drowned. With this last wonder, space warns us to conclude our notice of the Broads of East Anglia.

HINTS TO JOHN AND MRS BULL.

JOHN BULL, and his near and dear relations Alexander and Patrick, are very fond of travelling and seeing the world, as it is called, and afterwards telling, or otherwise publishing to the said world the result of what they have seen. Each sees what he individually looks for, and generally sees it, too, with prejudiced eyes. Sometimes the author dwells exclusively upon the architecture of old churches, and the beauty of all public buildings abroad, ancient or modern. Other travellers entertain you with little else than their private opinions concerning pictures and statues. Some consider everything they see in an exclusively theological point of view; others, again, look around in an agricultural or horticultural spirit; whilst the generality touch slightly upon all these points, dwelling specially upon the superiority of a southern climate, the politeness and taste of the French, and the musical ability of the Italians and Germans.

One subject, however, they constantly omit, even those who have been long resident abroad: I mean the contrivances by which our continental neighbours add to their comfort, and save their pockets. They cannot fail to see, on returning home, that notwithstanding our boasted 'comfort,' we are singularly circumscribed as to the good things of this life that are really accessible to us as to the continentals. For instance, while we English, with small incomes, long for green vegetables in early spring, a time when such things are rather expensive luxuries, why don't they tell us that the French revel in boiled lettuce—lettuce boiled, as you boil cabbage, than which it is as much better as it is more wholesome; or in the white part of leeks, dressed in two or three waters, tied in bundles, and served upon toast like asparagus? As for stewed lettuce, with gravy or white sauce, it is a dish for an epicure. Why don't they move our cottager, or small genteel country-town inhabitant, who has a garden 30 feet by 24, to sow the pease called *mange tous*, or *pois tîrer*; by the peasantry—*pois à tirer*, properly—which are ready fully a month earlier than common pease, since the pods may be eaten before the pease are larger than pins' heads, and which are like other pease when full grown? Where do you ever see in autumn among us the *pois de prud'homme*?—something between a lupine, a lentil, and a kidney-bean, also eaten in pod, and which, boiled, strained, and sauté in butter, where a little onion has been finely sliced, is most truly a 'dainty dish to set before a king.' *Salsifis* you may obtain, certainly, but it is dear; and though very good for a cheap vegetable, as a change, is not worth much money. I never in England see the *chou-rave*, which

tastes like Jerusalem artichoke, but is very much better; nor many other vegetables that might be raised without trouble.

Everywhere, in France, from any petty baker you can at any time buy half a pound of good fresh bread, from large loaves made on purpose, and kept on the counter; and the working-man and the walking-lady who feels hungry, can purchase just as much as they wish, and no more. The poor invalid old maid, whose narrow income confines her here to food which a healthy appetite alone can relish, may there send to the nearest shop, and get the quarter of a chicken or fowl, or a nice chop, ready beaten, egged, trimmed, and breaded, to fry or broil, at a moment's notice; or half a pound of spinach, washed, picked, boiled, and beaten up with salt, requiring only to be warmed in some butter or gravy; or, the next grocer will put into her cup an ounce or two of well-sweetened, clear, currant-jelly, made as you find it only in Scotland and France. She may send to a common public-house for a pint of *bouillon*, which she can convert into a *potage* by the addition of finely-cut vegetables, rice, barley, or chestnut-meat, or make good strong soup of in half the usual time by putting in more meat, to add strength to the already pleasant-tasted foundation. Pigs' feet, calves' feet, ready stuffed and boiled, are to be found everywhere; and I need say nothing of the restaurants at all prices, where dishes, either hot or cold, may be had at almost any hour, either to send out or to eat on the premises. Now, why should not our butchers, bakers, grocers, gardeners, and poulterers be as accommodating? I am certain they would find it their own interest. And why should not some of our idle beggars take to roasting chestnuts? How many a shivering urchin would gladly expend a penny upon what is so comforting in a cold day; and how many better-dressed persons buy a bagful to keep in their muffs or pocket, simply to warm their hands! Often has the writer done so with success, watching also for an opportunity to introduce furtively one into her mouth; for the meanest person in France would think it a shocking want of propriety and decorum to eat in the street. A foreign workman goes to the scene of his labours with his *soupe* or *café* in a tin-can. He knows that, by paying one half-penny, he can get either of them warmed up at the first cottage he comes to. Very many of the extremely poor contrive to afford the great comfort of a fire for themselves by this means alone, charging a half-penny additional for a seat beside it whilst you eat your breakfast or dinner. And how much better and wiser is this plan, than sitting under a hedge munching cold meat or cheese to their bread, as our labourers at a distance from their homes are forced to do!

Then in dress, how economically do these foreigners on pinched incomes manage! Never do you see darned stockings or dirty gowns. When new stockings are bought, for a few sous you will get the heels run up and down to strengthen them; and when they shew symptoms of holes, for a little more you can get them new-footed from the upper part of an old pair: six pair of old stockings make three pair, or sometimes even four of (as good as) new ones. Every one—even of the servant-class—has her *merinos*, *mousselines-de-laine*, or *napolitaine* gowns, regularly *dégraissés* by persons who do nothing else; and for 1s. 8d. or 1s. a gown which would be worn stained or dirty, or washed so as to make it look old and shabby, in England, will be returned quite renovated in appearance. How easily might persons support themselves

by doing these things cheap enough to make it worth any one's while to profit by the convenience! Every new gown is lined with the old one; they think it extravagant to buy new lining. The plaits are changed after two months' wear, so as to give it a fresh appearance, and hinder cheap silks from cutting. Re-dipping or dyeing silks or woollens is universal, and the articles are quite fit to wear, while those done in England tell their own tale at the first glance—or else are so expensively dyed, that little people find it almost better economy to purchase a new dress.

It never seems to be remarked how much more plainly people dress abroad than with us. You never see the tawdry, dirty creatures in gauzes and coarse artificial flowers you meet here at every turn. People who can afford to dress handsomely, do so, though ladies, when they walk in the streets, endeavour to make themselves little remarkable; but persons who cannot spend much money upon their clothes, only study to be clean, fresh, and as near the prevailing fashion in shape as possible. If they cannot buy bonnets in the mode, they wear none. If a servant is given a flounced gown belonging to her mistress, she takes off the flounces, and employs them in altering or mending it. Here, if you give one to a beggar, she will put it on, flounces and all; and I have been asked for a penny by the wearer of artificial flowers as dirty and faded as the rest of the costume. After fifty, flowers are laid aside abroad, and by sober-minded females, long before; it being supposed that wrinkles and gray hairs are not rendered less observable by wearing those things more properly adapted for the embellishment of youth. To be sure, you must do as they do in Rome, and in England, do as they do in England; therefore, if we will wear artificial flowers, let them at least be fresh and clean, and well made; and well-made flowers are not so cheap as ribbons, although common ones are cheaper.

We are very fond of imitating the French. When the Empress Eugénie appeared, every woman in London would have a bonnet like hers; and the milliners had to sit up all night to execute the orders that overwhelmed them. It was easy to imitate her bonnet, and it was a very pretty one, no doubt; but it would have been better had all ranks endeavoured to imitate her gracious, graceful smile, and her simple, unpretending charm of manner. However, we shall turn aside from empresses and gracious manners, and look lower, where imitations will be equally laudable. Let some of our poor seamstresses take to footing old stockings, and running the heels of fresh purchased ones, altering plaits, &c., for small sums, and I think they would soon realise more than by making slop-shirts. Let any common dyer take to cleaning gowns for a trifle, and he will soon make up for asking little by the number of people of all ranks who would be glad to have the effects of stain and rust removed, when they might not choose to give 3s. or 4s. for the accommodation. I address not rich people, who ought to give away their dresses to impoverished gentlewomen—such as inferior governesses, who have to keep up an appearance; and whatever flowers and gauzes they do not burn—as they ought to do—to strolling actresses, instead of their own overpaid attendants. Such, of course, I do not address; but those who try to economise upon reduced incomes, would, I think, largely patronise the little contrivances I have alluded to above. In fine, small gardens would afford many a nice dish of *mange tous* and *prud'hommes*, when other vegetables would take up too much room. A cottager, in thinning his lettuce, would either make a few pence, or give himself a nice dish, instead of throwing what he removes to a pig; large families of slenderly portioned girls, whose merinos must last two winters, would appear as neat and nice the last as the first; and all, by copying our neighbours in what is useful and estimable, instead of looking upon the mere show

and tinsel of continental life, and sighing for peaches, and grapes, and public amusements, not to be had at home, except by the fortunate few who possess easy incomes.

THE 'OLD COURT SUBURB.'

ANY book with the name of Leigh Hunt upon the title-page is pretty certain to attract a large number of readers. Of all contemporary authors, he has perhaps the happiest talent for making books of a pleasant, readable description, which engage curiosity without tiring it, and excite reflection and emotion in that moderate degree which occupies and elevates the mind, without overtasking the attention. The effect of his best writing resembles that of the finer sorts of light sparkling wines, which produce a gentle exhilaration, with no sense of after-languor or discomposure of the system. You read it with a quiet, composed gratification; and if at any time you are moved to a profounder feeling, you scarcely notice the impression until it is fixed, independently of conscious effort, in the memory. He is charming alike in criticism, in poetical representation, in ethical disquisition, and in that strain of mingled narrative and observation which is the characteristic of the work before us. Topographical descriptions are generally dull things; yet under his handling they become lively, and replete with human interest. These memorials of Kensington, though historically slight and fragmentary, are so gracefully strung together, and form so pleasant a compendium of local biography, anecdote, and attractive recollections, that we may fairly say they present a better and more accurate picture of courtly and suburban life and habits, during a given period, than any which we possess in the form of regular history. Works of this kind, indeed, are properly supplements to history, setting forth in minute detail what was obliged to be passed over in the general delineation. The design and plan of the writer will be seen from the following quotation, which we extract from the introductory chapter:—

'The beauty and salubrity of Kensington, its combination, so to speak, of the elegances of town and country, and the multitude of its associations with courts, wits, and literature, have long rendered it such a favourite with the lovers of books, that the want of some account of it, not altogether alien to its character, has constantly surprised them. . . . The way to it is the pleasantest out of town; you may walk in high-road, or on grass, as you please; the fresh air salutes you from a healthy soil; and there is not a step of the way, from its commencement at Kensington Gore to its termination beyond Holland House, in which you are not greeted with the face of some pleasant memory. Here, to "minds' eyes" conversant with local biography, stands a beauty, looking out of a window; there, a wit, talking with other wits at a garden-gate; there, a poet on the green-sward, glad to get out of the London smoke, and find himself among trees. Here come De Veres of the times of old; Hollands and Davenants of the Stuart and Cromwell times; Evelyn peering about him soberly, and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Here advance Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton; Steele from visiting Addison, Walpole from visiting the Foxes, Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone, Junius from a communication with Wilkes. Here, in his carriage, is King William III., going from the palace to open parliament; Queen Anne, for the same purpose; George I., George II.—we shall have the pleasure of looking at all these

The Old Court Suburb; or, Memorials of Kensington, Royal, Critical, and Anecdotal. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

personages a little more closely—and there, from out of Kensington Gardens, comes bursting, as if the whole recorded polite world were in flower at one and the same period, all the fashion of the gayest times of those sovereigns, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop-petticoats, towering with top-knots and toupees. Here comes "Lady Mary," quizzing everybody; Lady Suffolk, looking discreet; there the lovely Bellodens and Lepels; there Miss Howe, laughing with Nanty Lowther (who made her very grave afterwards); there Chesterfield, Hanbury Williams, Lord Hervey; Miss Chadleigh, not over-clothed; the Miss Gunnings, drawing crowds of admirers; and here is George Selwyn, interchanging wit with any Lady Townshend, the "Lady Bellaston" (so at least it has been said) of *Tom Jones*. Who is to know of all this company, and not be willing to meet it? To meet it, therefore, we propose, both out-of-doors and in-doors, not omitting other persons who are worth half the rest—Mrs Inchbald for one. Mrs Inchbald shall close the last generation for us, and Coleridge shall bring us down to our own time.

In the course of the work, accordingly, the reader is made acquainted with all the notabilities that ever lived at Kensington, or were any way associated therewith; also with every notable building within the suburb, and every nook and corner connected with interesting reminiscences. It is a convenient feature of the work that the author does not attempt to deal with his subject chronologically; since the chronological point of view, though good to start from, in order to shew the rise and growth of a place, would not be suitable in dealing with minute particulars. It would only end, as he says, in confusing both time and place, by carrying the reader backwards and forwards from the same houses for the purpose of meeting contemporary demands. So he concludes: "That the best way of proceeding, after taking the general survey, is to set out from some particular spot, on the ordinary principle of perambulation, and so attend to each house or set of premises by itself, as far as we are acquainted with it."

Of course, Kensington Palace and Holland House come in for the largest share of notice; but there is scarcely a mansion or a cottage in the locality which has not interesting recollections appertaining to it. Historical personages encounter us at almost every door and gateway; and the anecdotes which our conductor has to tell of them, if not always novel, are invariably pleasing, and may be readily remembered. No book could afford more available matter for quotation; the main difficulty we have in dealing with it is to select such passages as may have an interest for the greatest number of readers. Let us stop, however, before a small house—one of a row—at Kensington Gore, and hear what our author has to say of it:—

"In this house, a little sequestered establishment was kept by the once famous demagogue Wilkes—a man as much over-estimated perhaps by his admirers for a patriotism which was never thoroughly disinterested, as he was depreciated for a libertinism by no means unaccompanied by good qualities. "Jack Wilkes," as he was familiarly called—member of parliament, alderman, fine gentleman, scholar, coarse wit, and middling writer—was certainly an "impudent dog," in more senses than that of Jack Absolute in the play. Excess of animal spirits, and the want of any depth of perception into some of the gravest questions, led him into outrages against decorum that were justly denounced by all but the hypocritical. Nevertheless, the country is indebted to him for more than one benefit, particularly the freedom from arbitrary arrest. . . . The popularity to which he had attained at one time was immense. "Wilkes and Liberty" was the motto of the universal English nation. It was on every wall; sometimes on every door, and on every

coach (to enable it to get along); it stamped the butter-pats, the biscuits, the handkerchiefs; in short, had so identified one word with the other, that a wit, writing to somebody, began his letter with: "Sir, I take the Wilkes and liberty to assure you."

Wilkes prospered so well by his patriotism, that he maintained three establishments at a time: one in the Isle of Wight, for the summer; another in Grosvenor Square, where his daughter Mary kept house for him; and the third at this place in Kensington Gore, where his second daughter, Harriet, lived with her mother, a Mrs Arnold, who assisted in training her with a propriety that must have been thought remarkable. The first daughter, who was as plain and as lively as her father, died unmarried, universally lamented. The other, a very agreeable lady, in face as well as in manners, we had the pleasure of seeing once, in company with her husband, the late estimable Serjeant Rough, who became a judge in India. . . .

Wilkes, who lived to a good age, owing probably to his love of exercise, was in the habit, to the last, of walking from Kensington to the city, deaf to the solicitations of the hackney-coachmen, and not at all minding, or rather, perhaps, courting, the attention of everybody else to an appearance, which must always have been remarkable. Personal defects deprecate or defy notice, according to the disposition of the individual. Wilkes was not disposed to deprecate anything. He was tall, meagre, and sallow, with an underhung, grinning, good-humoured jaw, and an obliquity of vision, which, however objectionable in the eyes of opponents, occasioned the famous vindication from a partisan, that its possessor did not "squint more than a gentleman should." Upon the strength of his having been a colonel of militia, the venerable patriot daily attired his person in a suit of scarlet and buff, with a rosette in his cocked-hat, and a pair of military-boots; and the reader may fancy him thus coming towards Knightsbridge, ready to take off the hat in the highest style of good-breeding to anybody that courted it, or to give the gentleman "satisfaction," if he was disrespectful to the squint. For Wilkes was as brave as he was light-hearted. He was an odd kind of English-Frenchman, that had strayed into Farringdon Ward Without; and he ultimately mystified both king and people; for he was really of no party, but that of pleasure and a fine coat. The best thing about him was his love of his daughters; just as the pleasantest thing in the French is their walking about with their families on the Boulevards, after all the turbulence and volatility of their insurrections.

But an interest attaches to this house of Wilkes's, far beyond these pleasant anomalies; for here Junius visited. At this door, knocking towards dinner-time, might be seen a tall, good-looking gentleman, of an imposing presence, who, if anybody passing by had known who he was, and had chosen to go and tell it, might have been the making of the man's fortune. This was Philip Francis, afterwards one of the denouncers of Hastings, ultimately Sir Philip Francis, K.B.; and now, since the publication of Mr Taylor's book on the subject, understood to be that "mighty boar of the forest," as Burke called him, trampling down all before him, the author of *Junius's Letters*. Mrs Rough said, that he dined at Kensington frequently, and that he once cut off a lock of her hair. She was then a child. She only knew him as Mr Francis; but she had "an obscure imagination that her father once said she had met Junius." He might so, in after-days; but we feel convinced that Wilkes did not know him for Junius at the time.

From Wilkes and Junius, however, we must here part company; and, passing over a good deal of local history, and many pleasant anecdotes, pause for a moment over a thoughtful passage, which we fancy the reader may like to ponder. It is on the sombre subject

of the situations most appropriate for church-yards or burial-grounds.

Returning out of Kensington Square by the way we entered it, we come, in the most open part of the High Street, to the parish-church and church-yard; the former, a small and homely building for so distinguished a suburb; the latter, suggesting a doubt whether a burial-ground ought to abut so closely on a public way. In some moods of the mind, the juxtaposition is very painful. It looks as if death itself were no escape from the turmoils of life. We feel as if the noise of carts and cries were never to be out of one's hearing; as if the tears, however hidden, of those who stood mournfully looking at our graves, were to be mocked by the passing crowd of indifferent spectators; as if the dead might be sensible of the very market going on, with all its night-lights and bustle—as it does here on Saturdays—and of the noise of drunken husbands and wives, persisting in bringing a sense of misery into one's last home.

On the other hand, the sociable man may sometimes be disposed to regard with complacency this kind of posthumous intercourse with the living. He may feel as if the dead were hardly the departed—as if they were still abiding among their friends and fellow-creatures, not displeased even to hear the noise and the bustle, or, at least, as if in ceasing to hear our voices they were still, so to speak, reposing in our arms. Morning, somehow, in this view of the case, would seem to be still theirs, though they chose to lie in bed; ~~and~~ ^{and} upon is with them, without their having any of the trouble of it. The names may be read on their tombstones as familiarly as they used to be on their doors; children play about their graves, unthinkingly indeed, but joyously, and with as little thought of irreverence as butterflies; and the good fellow going home at night from his party, breathes a jovial instead of a mournful blessing on their memories. Perhaps he knew them; perhaps he has been joining in one of their old favourite glees by Calcott or Spofforth, the former of whom was a Kensington man, and the latter, of whom lies buried here, and is recorded at the church-door. And assuredly the dead Spofforth would find no fault with his living remembrance.

In quiet country-places there is, in fact, a sort of compromise in this instance between the two feelings of privacy and publicity, which we have often thought very pleasing. The dead in a small sequestered village seem hardly removed from their own houses. The last home seems almost a portion of the first. The clergyman's house often has the church-yard as close to it as the garden; and when he goes into his grave, he seems but removed into another room; gone to bed, and to his sleep. He has not "left;" he lies there, with his family, still ready to waken with them all, on the heavenly morning.

This, however, is a feeling upon the matter which we find it difficult to realise in a bustling town. We are there convinced, upon the whole, that, whether near to houses or away from them, the sense of quiet is requisite to the proper idea of the church-yard. The dead being actually severed from us, no longer visible, no longer having voices, all sights and sounds, but of the gentlest and quietest kind, seem to be impertinences towards them; not to belong to them. Quiet, being the thing furthest removed from cities, and what we imagine to pervade all space, and the gulfs between the stars, is requisite to make us feel that we are standing on the threshold of heaven.

Some pages further on, there is a very beautiful passage on the practice of putting flowers on graves, with which we will favour the reader before concluding, and which will shew him, along with the foregoing, how delightfully the author can blend reflection with his desultory narrative. Meanwhile, turning over the pages for some extractable anecdote which has an air

of novelty as well as pleasantry, we light upon the following:—

Turning northward out of the high-road, between Lower and Upper Phillimore Place, is Hornton Street, at the further house in which, on the right-hand, resided for some years, Dr Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the sprightliest of bibliomaniacs. He was not a mere bibliomaniac. He really saw, though not very far, into the merit of the books which he read. He also made some big books of his own, which, though for the most part of little interest but to little antiquaries, contain passages amusing for their animal spirits and enjoyment. When the doctor visited libraries on the continent, he dined with the monks and others who possessed them, and made a feast-day of it with the gaiety of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purpose of inspecting a set of old ones, the meeting was what he delighted to call a "symposium"—that is to say, they drank as well as ate, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all, if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of works in plain call, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old book would have carried it hollow. It would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harmless, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom—for though a reverend and a doctor, we can hardly think of him seriously—was a good-natured fellow, not very dignified in any respect; but he had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate sum of money was bequeathed him by Douce; and he said he thought he deserved it, from the "respectful attention" he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking; yet he tells us, that being in company, when he was young, with an elderly gentleman, who knew his father, and the gentleman being asked by somebody whether the son resembled him, "Not at all!" was the answer: "Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow."

This same father was the real glory of Tom; for the reader must know that Captain Dibdin was no less a person than the "Tom Bowling" of the famous sea-song—

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew.

Captain Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of the seamen; and an admirable fellow was Charles, and a fine fellow, in every respect, the brother thus fondly recorded by him. "No more," continues the song—for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind—

No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Dr Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

The doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him, which he considers equal to any "romance of real life." This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking in superlatives, and expressing amazement at every little thing. As the circumstance, however, is complete of its kind, and the kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of every-day occurrence, it may be worth repeating. A handsome widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several

children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. A retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow; paid his addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair showers of such houses, "Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?" and after a courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections at Kensington Church, the doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable; the bridegroom was a collector of books, and the books were accompanied by a cellar full of Burgundy and champagne.

In the chapter on Holland House, we have information respecting the original possessors of the mansion—the De Veres, the Riches, and the Foxes—not omitting, of course, what could be collected respecting Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and her son, who seems not to have been quite such a scapegrace as is commonly believed. Mr Hunt, however, necessarily draws upon literary history for his facts relating to these latter personages; and were we to repeat what he has set down, we should probably be telling our readers only what most of them already know. The following passage, having reference to later times, and to persons not so well known historically, may be more likely to recommend itself on the score of novelty. Rogers and Luttrell are well known to us all by name, but Leigh Hunt is likely to possess more particulars concerning them than are familiar to the generality. Let us, therefore, hear him tell an anecdote in which the two are pleasantly connected.

"The grounds at the back of the house are more extensive than might be supposed, and contain many fine old trees of various kinds, with spots of charming seclusion. The portion nearest the house presents an expanse of turf of the most luxurious description, with a most noble elm-tree upon it, and an alcove facing the west, in which there is a couplet that was put up by the late lord, in honour of Mr Rogers, and a copy of verses by Mr Luttrell, expressing his inability to emulate the poet. The couplet is as follows:—

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell,
To me, those pleasures that he sang so well.

Inscriptions challenge comments; brief ones, it is thought, ought in particular to be faultless; seats in summer-time, and loungings about on luxurious turfs (half an hour before dinner), beget the most exacting criticisms; and thus a nice question has arisen, whether the relative pronoun in this couplet ought to be *that* or *which*. Our first impression was in favour of *that*; but happening to repeat the lines next morning while in the act of walking, we involuntarily said *which*; upon which side of the question we are accordingly prepared to fight, with all the inveteracy of deserters from the other.

We seem now to have space only for that beautiful passage on adorning graves with flowers, which we promised to shew the reader, and which we passed over for the moment, lest we should quote too much at once in the didactic or reflective vein, for the taste of some who might prefer a few samples of the anecdotal portion of the book. Having consulted their entertainment to such extent as the foregoing, perhaps they will not mind being 'edified' a little by our author's homily on the subject of graves and flowers; for though pensive, it is not gloomy, but, like everything he writes, illumined with the finest rays of cheerfulness. The reflections appear to have been occasioned by his noticing two graves in Kensington church-yard ornamented in the manner mentioned. After stating the names of the departed, with their ages and the dates of death, he proceeds as follows:—

"We know not who the Charnleys were, but we notice them because their grave—the only one in the

church-yard so distinguished—is adorned with flowers. A printed tablet requests people not to pluck the flowers; and the request appears to be attended to. Humankind are disposed to be reasonable and feeling, if reasonable appeal is made to them, and a chord in the heart is touched. The public cemeteries, which we have imitated from the French, appear to have brought back among us this inclination to put flowers on graves. The custom has prevailed more or less in almost all parts of the world, according as nations and religions have been kindly. . . . It does not follow that those who are slow to resume it must be unfeeling, any more than those who are quick to do so must of necessity be otherwise. A variety of thoughts on the subject of death itself may produce different impressions in this respect on different minds; but, generally speaking, evidence is in favour of the flowers. You are sure that those who put them think of the dead somehow. Whatever motives may be mixed up with it, the respectful attention solicited towards the departed is unequivocal; and this circumstance is pleasing to the living, and may benefit their dispositions. They think that their own memories may probably be cherished in like manner; and thoughtfulness is awakened in them towards living as well as dead. It is the peculiar privilege, too, of flowers to bestow every place in which they appear, and to contribute to it its best associations. We had almost said, they are incapable of being put to unworthy use. The contradiction would look simply monstrous, and the flowers be pitted for the insult. . . . Besides being beautiful themselves, flowers are suggestive of every other kind of beauty; of gentleness, of youthfulness, of hope. They are evidences of nature's good-nature; proofs manifest that she means us well; that she loves to give us the beautiful in addition to the useful. They neutralise bad with good; beautify good itself; make life livelier; human bloom more blooming; and anticipate the spring of Heaven over the winter of the grave. Their very frailty, and the shortness of their lives, please us, because of this their indestructible association with beauty; for while they make us regret our own like transitory existence, they soothe us with a consciousness, however dim, of our power to perceive beauty; therefore of our link with something divine and deathless, and of our right to hope that immortal thoughts will have immortal realisation. And it is for all these reasons that flowers on graves are beautiful, and that we hope to see them prosper accordingly.

But we have two more reasons for noticing the particular grave before us. One is, that when we saw it for the first time, a dog came nestling against it, as if with affection, taking up his bed—in which we left him—as though he had again settled himself beside a master; the other, that while again looking at the grave, and thinking how becomingly the flowers were attended to, being as fresh as when we saw them before, a voice behind us said gently: "Those are my dear children." It was the mother. She had seen us, perhaps, looking longer than was customary, and thus been induced to speak. We violate no delicacy in mentioning the circumstance. Records on tombstones are introducers of the living to the dead—makers of mortal acquaintances; and "one touch of nature," in making the "whole world kin," gives them the right of speaking like kindred to and of one another. We expressed to the good parent our pleasure at seeing the flowers so well kept, and for so long a time. She said they would be so as long as she lived.

It is impossible not to respect and sympathise with feelings like these. We should say, nevertheless—and as questions of this kind are of general interest, we address the remark to all loving survivors—that although a lifelong observance of such attentions could do anything but dishonour to living or dead, the discontinuance of it, after a certain lapse of time, could

not of necessity be a reproach to either; for the practice concerns the feelings of the one still more than the memory of the other; and in cases where it might keep open the wounds of remembrance too long and too sorely, no loving persons, while alive, could wish that their survivors should take such pains to hinder themselves from being relieved. It is natural, for some time, often for too long a time, to associate with the idea of the departed, the bodies in which they lived, and in which we loved them. Few of us can so spiritualise their new condition all at once, as to visit them in thought nowhere but in another world. We have been too much accustomed to them bodily in this. In fact, they are still bodily with us—still in our world, if not on it; and for a time we must reconcile that thought to ourselves as well as we can—warm it with our tears, put it on an equality with us by means of our very sorrow, from which whatsoever its other disadvantages, it is now exempt; give it earthly privileges of some kind, whether of flowers or other fondness.

Nothing but urn-burial could help us better, could shorten the sense of the interval between one world and the other—between the corporeal and the spiritual condition; and to the practice of urn-burial the nations must surely return. Population will render it unavoidable. But in the meantime we must gradually let our thoughts of the body decay, even as the body itself decays—must consent to part with it, and become wholly spiritual, wholly sensible that its best affections were things of the mind and heart; and that as those, while in this world, could triumph over thoughts of death, so they are now ascertaining why they were enabled to do so in another.

Let flowers, therefore, be put awhile on graves, and contend with the idea of death. Let them contend with it, if we please, as long as we live, provided our own lives cannot in the nature of things be long; in which case, we are in a manner making our own mortal bed with those of the departed, and preparing to sleep sweetly together till the great morning. But under other circumstances, let us learn to be content that the flowers die, and that our companions have gone away; for go we shall ourselves; and it is fit that we believe them gone into the only state in which they cannot perish.

From these extracts, and the slight remarks that accompany them, our readers will obtain some notion of the kind of entertainment they may find in the *Old Court Suburb*, and be enabled to judge for themselves whether the work be worthy of their attention. If, however, they care for our opinion, we can assure them that we consider it a very pleasant book; that we have read it from beginning to end with a lively satisfaction, and no weariness; and that even in parts that were not new to us, we have been glad to be reminded, in the author's graceful manner, of things and circumstances whereof we were previously cognizant.

HISTORICAL WORDS.

THERE are recorded, in the history of mankind, many words with which everybody is acquainted, and in the genuineness of which everybody believes. Sometimes the whole signification of a great event lies, so to say, hidden in them. They give vent to a common and public feeling, and therefore they are accepted by high and low, with no more distrust than the fact itself to which they refer.

Antiquity has transmitted to succeeding ages many words, both simple and sublime, worthy of the deeds of the heroes of the time. In this case, inquiry is of no avail, and we must accept all such sayings as truthful traditions. All we are able to do is, to examine whether the words attributed to Alexander, Pericles,

Cincinnatus, or Cæsar, are worthy of these great men; and if we find they could have said so, why, they *did* say so. But, happily or not for the time of the moderns, historical criticism is there less difficult; and it is really curious to inquire whether the words which are attributed to high persons, especially to crowned heads, were truly uttered by them.

No history abounds more than that of France in historical sayings—in *mots*, as the French say; and in no other country does a single word, when appropriate to the circumstances, produce so much sensation. Yet it so happens, that scarcely any of these famous *mots* are authentic; and, strange as it may seem, it is precisely those that are received without question that are the most false.

Who has not read, in the appalling history of the execution of Louis XVI., the beautiful sentence put in the mouth of the Abbé Edgeworth when the unfortunate monarch was on the point of receiving the deadly blow of the guillotine: 'Son of St Louis, ascend to Heaven!' Have we not all, on hearing these pious and exalted words, been touched to the heart; and did one of us ever doubt the accuracy of the record? The priest *must* have said so, is the common notion. Not only did all the important historians of the French Revolution, M. Thiers included, vouch for the accuracy of that scene, but, whether in the hut or the palace, in the home of the republican or of the royalist, everybody takes the words of the Abbé Edgeworth for a granted truth. And, nevertheless, the worthy clergyman declared publicly in writing, more than thirty years ago, that the words were a mere invention: he never uttered them on the scaffold of the Place de la Révolution. And yet, in spite of that public declaration, the touching farewell is still repeated again and again. For critics, it is no more an historical saying, but the rest of the nation take it as such, and thereby give expression merely to their own feeling.

It would be an easy task to demonstrate that the greater number of the words put in the mouth of Napoleon Bonaparte are nothing but popular fiction. But go to the farm and the workshop; there, the cry of the sentry—'And if you are the *Petit Caporal*, you shall not pass'—and other familiar discourses between the mighty emperor and his affectionate soldiers, are more readily believed than the address at the foot of the Pyramids or the adieu of Fontainebleau. There exist thick volumes full of apocryphal Napoleon anecdotes: in this respect, he is inferior to none, not even to Frederick the Great of Prussia.

There is also a word commonly attributed to the celebrated General Kleber, who succeeded Bonaparte in Egypt as commander-in-chief, and who is said, by nearly all the historians, to have flattered the future dictator by exclaiming: 'You are as great as the world.' The truth is, that the simple and heroic Kleber never uttered these words; for he, like his republican colleagues, Desaix and Alexandre Dumas, foresaw and feared the ambitious designs of the talented Corsican. General Alexandre Dumas, at least—the father of the illustrious romance-writer—always denied the statement; and it is certain that he, the gallant friend of Kleber, Desaix, Augereau, and Brune, lived and died under the first empire greatly neglected.

We come now to an anecdote of a more pleasing character. Every history of the two French restorations of 1814 and 1815 relates that the Duc d'Angoulême, afterwards King Charles X., in making his *entrée* into Paris, pronounced the words: 'Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more.' Happy words in the mouth of a prince returning from exile, and happy the Bourbons if they had always kept these words in mind! But, here again, we must declare that this promising sentence was never uttered. The famous Talleyrand, of cunning memory, had in the evening of that eventful day a rather select party assembled at

his hôtel, and asked the company, as a matter of course: 'What did the prince say?' The general answer was: 'Nothing at all.' 'But,' exclaimed the sly diplomatist, 'he *must* have said something;' and addressing a well-known political writer, he continued: 'B——, you are a wit; go into my closet and make a *mot*.' B—— went, and came back three times; his wit was at fault, and his ideas did not satisfy the company. At last he returned a fourth time, and pronounced with triumphant emphasis the above-mentioned patriotic words: 'Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more.' Talleyrand applauded! the Duc d'Artois had found *his mot*; and the next day the papers made it known to the world, and, as an old French author says, 'In this manner history is written.'

THE EQUIPAGE IN REGENT STREET.

Look at these equipages and their appointments! Mark the exquisite balance of that claret-bodied chariot upon its springs—the fine sway of its sumptuous hammercloth, in which the unsmiling coachman sits buried to the middle—the exact fit of the saddles, setting into the curves of the horses' backs so as not to break, to the most careless eye, the fine lines which exhibit action and grace! See how they stand together—alert, fiery, yet obedient to the weight of a silken thread; and as the coachman sees you studying his turn-out, observe the imperceptible feel of the reins and the just visible motion of his lips, conveying to the quick ears of his horses the premonitory, and, to us, inaudible sound, to which, without drawing a hair's breadth upon the traces, they paw their fine hoofs and expand their nostrils impatiently. Come nearer, and find a speck or a raised hair, if you can, on these glossy coats! Observe the nice fitness of the dead-black harness, the modest crest upon the panel, the delicate picking out of white in the wheels, and, if you would venture upon a freedom in manners, look in through the window of rose-tinted glass, and see the splendid cushions and the costly and splendid adaptation of the interior. The twin-mated footmen fly to the carriage-door, and the pomatumed clerk who has enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* for which a prince-royal might sigh, and an ambassador might negotiate in vain, hands in his parcel. The small foot presses on the carpeted step, the airy vehicle yields lightly and receives from the slight weight of the descending form, the coachman inclines his ear for the half-suppressed order from the footman, and off whirls the admirable structure, compact, true, steady, but magically free and fast—as if horses, footmen, and chariot were but the parts of some complicated centaur—some swift-moving monster upon legs and wheels.—*Willis's Famous Persons and Famous Places.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFULL.

As we were about to start, I saw the captain move to an elevated position above the wheel; and it was interesting to see how quickly and completely the inward thought or purpose alters the outward man. He gave a quick glance to every part of the ship. He cast his eye over the multitude coming on board the ship, among whom was the American ambassador to England, who, if the captain may be said to embody the ship, may be said with equal truth to embody in his official person a nation's right and honour. He saw the husbands and wives, the mothers and children, intrusted to his care; and his slender form, as he gave the orders for our departure, seemed at once to grow more erect and firm; the muscles of his face swelled; his dark eye glowed with a new fire; and his whole person expanded and beautified itself by the power of inward emotion. I have often noticed this interesting phenomenon; and have come to the conclusion, if man, or woman either, wishes to realise the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes, by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity—and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—*Professor Upham.*

LOOK AGAIN!

Say not that thy soul is weary
Of this world, so false and vain;
Say not 'tis a vexed and dreary
Wilderness of crime and pain:
Much delight is in thy power—
Many a gem and many a flower—
Look again!

Think not joy will ne'er forsake thee—
Youth's quick ardours long remain;
That sorrow cannot overtake thee—
Nothing evil ever stain;
Fear to lapse in such poor dreaming—
Trust not fortune nor all seeming—
Look again!

When the voice of haughty Fashion
Bids or woos thee to her chain;
When some too-congenial passion
Latent in thy breast would reign;
Firmly stand in self-denial—
Take no dogma without trial—
Look again!

Leave unbreathed the harsh opinion—
Lightly judge, not nor disdain;
Check unquiet Fancy's pinion,
With sharp arrows oh restrain!
Ere a friend's misdeeds divulging—
Ere an envious mood indulging—
Look again!

Outward look, and see creation
Heaven's first fair staffs retain;
Then on human aberration
Humbly look, and not in vain;
Virtue yet for thy discerning
There abounds—be ever learning
Pure to keep thine own light burning
In its fragile fane:
Good evoking, ill suppressing,
That will make the world a blessing—
Win thee treasures worth possessing—
Inward look again!

Early search out what is duty,
Make the record full and plain;
Hand of Wealth, or eye of Beauty—
Poet's magic strain;
Selfishness, thy heart to ice—
Love, to warm it into vice—
Tempting thee—disdain;
When to sophists thou wouldst hearken,
While the rule of right they darken,
Look again!

Never let thy heart beat coldly,
Yet on impulse keep a rein;
Look o'er life's mixed chances boldly—
Join the busy working train:
Much enduring—much forgiving,
Learn and teach the task of living,
Oft again.

Soon earth's twilight cold, uncertain—
Soon misapprehension's pain,
Bursts before Death's rising curtain,
Into radiance never-fading—
Glowing warmth and all-pervading—
Into Truth's eternal reign;
Then the Soul in full fruition
Of her birthright's intuition—
Perfect love, and joy, and vision—
Need not look again.

BIRMINGHAM.

JAMES KENWARD.

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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON SONGS FOR THE PIANO.

THE public was lately very much melted by an anecdote from the camp before Sebastopol, relating how one evening after mess a young officer had produced considerable excitement amongst his companions by singing to them the pretty Scotch song of *Annie Laurie*. The tender strains in which he declared that for bonny Annie Laurie he could lay him down and die, sent the minds of all present back to their native land; and as every soldier has a sweetheart—some more than one—they also thought of their respective fair ones, whom perhaps they should never again see: a tear stole into nearly every eye, and for a few minutes there was the silence of deep emotion. I happen to have some private information about the gentleman who was the songster on this occasion, and therefore can reveal to the public that, when alone in his tent that night, he penned a few lines to his actual Annie Laurie, as follows:—

'August 20, 9 P.M.—I have just returned from mess, and, before going to rest, I feel impelled, my dear Jane Catherine, to add a few words to the letter which I have now nearly ready to be despatched to you. A lovely moon is shining upon our camp, one of those full bright moons which bring people forth from their chambers to gaze, meditate, and admire. All at once it occurs to me—you may be looking on the fair luminary at the same moment with myself. It is a delightful idea. And, what is more, you may be thinking, as you gaze, that I am now beholding the same object in the distant East. You may be calling to mind your poor soldier, just as I am recalling your fair image. Charming thought, and how well fitted to sustain me under the hardships and dangers which now beset me! Oh, dearest Jane Catherine, the mere supposition that I may be the subject of your thoughts makes this wretched tent a palace, and this hard pallet a bed of state. One kiss of your miniature, and then to that happy rest which makes up for all these dreadful days, since it gives thee back to me in dreams. Adieu—another kiss—adieu!'

I am also able, by my intimate connection with the parties, to relate, that Jane Catherine chanced to observe the full moon that night through a chink in the drawing-room curtains, and considered for a moment with satisfaction, how fortunate it was that such should be the state of the earth's satellite, as papa, mamma, and herself were to go next evening to a dinner-party five miles across country, and the light would be decidedly useful to them in returning. This was exactly at the hour when her lover was looking forth upon the luminary in his tent before

Sebastopol. Immediately after, and just as he was penning the above impassioned sentences, Jane Catherine found occasion to write to a friend in town on a small matter of business.

'F—, August 20. My dear Isabella!—thus proceeded her letter—'Having no access to good shops in this country place, I am obliged to ask you to take some trouble for me in town. Will you go to Jenkins and Errington's, and get me two yards of fringe, one inch wide, either altogether of the light shade of brown in the pattern (enclosed), or with that shade preponderating over the darker one; or, instead of this, six yards of narrow trimming to sew on flat, or else four yards of ribbon—gauze or sarsenet, not satin—an inch or so wide?—N. B. In any case, the light shade of brown to predominate. By return of post, if you please.'

Now, I must say, that the practical turn of mind shewn by Jane Catherine on this occasion, in contrast with the sentimental breathings of her lover, has struck me very much. It leads me to the idea, which many other things help to confirm, that we men, in our writings about the fair sex, idealise them, and all connected with them, too much. They are much more realists than we imagine, and, in allowing ourselves to become idealists about them, I fear we commit a serious mistake. One sees this truth develop itself in many ways.

I am intimate with a very worthy family, consisting of a father, mother, and some grown-up sons and daughters. Old Renton himself, who is understood to have realised something comfortable by his business as a builder, is a plain sort of person, who has been more indebted through life to common sense than to any of the gifts of education. His wife is an ambitious woman, who insists with her husband that he is rich—which he never admits—and has something of a tendency to superior society. The sons are good lads, and the young ladies play and sing tolerably well. It is altogether a pleasant house to visit; and if Renton did not shew so decided a disposition to make port do duty for claret, I should say it was quite unexceptionable. Well, now, it has often struck me, when spending an evening with the Rentons, that there is something utterly whimsical and ridiculous in the style of songs which I hear sung by the young people. There sits that robustious fellow, Andrew, the eldest son, exclaiming, at the top of his voice: 'My heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Alice Gray,' when we all know very well that he is the accepted lover of a very good girl called Alice Thomson, and will probably be married to her early next spring. Here comes forth Edward, the second son, affecting to bewail

that 'the light of other days is faded;' although, seeing he is a mere stripling, it is evident he can know nothing about the light of other days, but is probably very well pleased with the gas-light of the present. Jack, again, a merry young fellow, who keeps us all laughing by his droll remarks in conversation, when asked to sing a song, will bring out a most dolorous declaration, that 'the last links are broken that bound me to thee;' or exclaim: 'Oh, leave me to my sorrow, for my heart is oppressed to-day,' as if he were a man wedded to woe, and who felt there was nothing left that he might live for; the whole of which is, as we well know, the opposite of the truth.

And it is even worse with the young ladies. For example, the favourite song of Miss Jemima—I believe she learned it at a boarding-school, as being a very 'proper' song—is one in which she is made to address her mamma—'Weave not, O mother dear, a bridal-wreath for me: Let me, yet remaining here, thy companion be. Let thy counsel still be mine, through my youthful day: All my grateful service thine, send me not away.' Looks and words endeared and kind, here my heart enchain; Can I elsewhere hope to find aught like these again! *Da capo*, Send me not away!' This, you will own, sounds preposterously ill when one remembers that Miss Jemima was only last year with difficulty restrained from accepting, the hand of Lieutenant Hankey of the 51st (son, by the by, of my old friend Hankey of the Royals), and was one of thirty-eight young ladies who took to their beds and were invisible for various periods between three days and a week, when the 51st marched out to embark at Portsmouth for the East Indies. There are other songs even more absurd than this. You will, for example, hear Jemima and her sister Eliza performing a duet in which they will 'not scruple to declare—'Two merry gipsies are we, and our lives are happy and free: for we keep no state, and we pay no rate, under the hawthorn-tree: we envy not those who wear, gay crowns and baubles rare, for the dew-scented rose, on the hedge that grows, is a jewel more bright and fair!' As to their being two gipsies, I am not going to say anything in contradiction; perhaps, in a sense, they are two gipsies. But did any mortal ever hear such nonsense as that about the rose? The hedge-rose preferred to any kind of jewels! I suppose old Renton only wishes it were so, the unfortunate fact being, that his wife and daughters half ruin him every year with their jeweller's accounts.

My private impression is, that Renton does not know what it is in any instance that his daughters sing. Accompanied by one or two quiet old friends who have been dining with him, he comes into the drawing-room, and after tea will ask the young ladies for a tune on the piano or a song, to which he thinks he has a good right, having paid so handsomely for their instruction. They would sing only Italian or German, if he would stand it; but he insists on having native melody. It comes, I suspect, to nearly the same result. The young ladies, amidst torrents of instrumental effects, proclaim their unalterable attachment to gentlemen disrelished by their unrelenting parents, speak with rapture of the idea of roaming over the sea with interesting outlaws, and seem inclined to set at defiance nearly all the proprieties of life. It is impossible that any father could hear such sentiments proceeding from a daughter, and sit in that calm indifferent manner which you see

exemplified by Renton. Only last week, I found Eliza unblushingly singing—'Come when the morn is breaking, I'll be up early, Dermot darling! long ere the birds are waking; come, come for one more farewell;' and so forth. A plain avowal of a design to go out and have a secret interview with her lover before her parents or even the servants should be up (an uncomfortable idea, I must say; but that is all matter of taste). Well, can you imagine this respectable old builder patiently listening to such improprieties in a beloved child? No; it must be that the song is so lost in the music, that Renton never understands in the least what it is all about. If he really is percipient of what is going on, and never thinks of objecting to such foolish lays, I say he deserves to have a pair of pretty long ears fixed up beneath his hat.

I wonder how the girls themselves can endure such nonsense. Apart from a transient fit on the part of Jemima towards young Hankey—and she might do worse, too, than march with the scarlet—they are steady good girls, who in general give their parents exceedingly little cause for anxiety. So far from an inclination to get up in the morning, in order to take an additional farewell of Dermot, they can hardly be induced to leave their bedrooms before ten o'clock to take their breakfast. Instead of entertaining any wish for a sea-life, whether in company with pirates or better men, they can hardly be persuaded to go thirty miles by a steamer from fear of sea-sickness. They have not the slightest tendency to slight the proprieties, but, on the contrary, are thought by many people to be rather too formal in their style, even to the degree of being stiff and reserved.

Now, I would have all this changed. I would have songs written expressive of realities, instead of delusions. Women I hold to be practical beings, and we should therefore both address them in the language of practical life, and see that the words, on the other hand, put into their mouths are of the same nature. I would have a lover frankly to tell his mistress what sort of house he would propose to set up for her, in the event of her agreeing to take him. Let him cease to sing, 'Wilt thou come to the bower I have shaded for thee?' and in winning terms desire her to accompany him to the upholsterer's, and see what a fine set of drawing-room furniture he thinks of appropriating. Let him make a candid exposition of the sound state of his account at the banker's, and ask her opinion as to the contending charms of a barouche and a clarence. On the ladies' side, the poetry should speak of spring chiefly with a regard to its fashions, and the rose as an ornament for the hair. Bonnets should have a prominent place, as befits the important position they hold in ordinary conversation. I can imagine an ardent girl breathing forth her aspirations regarding a proper dress for the next ball, the style of partners she would like, and whom she would prefer to take her in to supper, in a strain of eloquence 'such as the meeting soul may pierce.' A contrast between Edward's handsome imperial and Charles's moustache, or a balance of considerations weighing the long legs of the former against the fine eyes of the latter, might furnish a subject for verse calculated to draw out the sympathies of the entire sex. All thatrodomontade about becoming pirates' brides, and even the gentler nonsense of proposing to go to the greenwood, and there roam about eternally under the light of the moon, I would banish as inapplicable to the feelings of the actual young ladies of the world. I would substitute for it something expressive of their sense of the solid advantages which are to be looked for on the female side in matrimony; as a good jointure, a nice residence, Charles's friends being such pleasant people, and his income being sufficiently ample to put most of the comforts of life within your power. In this way, songs for the piano would become true to nature.

which, as I have shewn, they are not at present; and in this way, I think, a social reform of no inconsiderable importance would be accomplished.

RICHES AT GUILDHALL.

THE stranger in London, or its thoughtful resident, who may be willing to pass into pleasant stillness from the throngs of Cheapside, and spend a little while with profit—though attached to it there be a regret more than transient—should turn down King Street into the most interesting old porchway of the Guildhall of the city of London. Here, to the right, a modern doorway and staircase will lead him up into a small room containing the few antiquities possessed by the Corporation of London; thence some winding-stairs will conduct him into the reading-room of the City Library, where the most urbane and kindly of librarians will take pleasure in shewing him what is preserved as corporate property of the prolific riches which research, excavations or accident, has given up from the generations of the past to those of the present. We use the word regret advisedly, and the feeling is shared by hundreds of the intellectual classes, who conceive with us, that the museum of the corporate body of London should be a splendid and truly national thing, worthy alike the first city in the world, and of the relics of the mighty races who have lived, laboured, and died upon its soil. The amphora dug up in Cheapside; the bronze statue dredged from the Thames; the Saxon fibula, or sword hilt elsewhere, may pass into the hands of the private individual, and be his through purchase; but abstractedly considered, and, indeed, in any enlarged view of right, they are national, or rather incorporate property, and as such, should be alone held and preserved. Hence, when we find the public and domestic antiquities of London sown broadcast here, there, everywhere, and owing their preservation only to the intelligence and patriotism of private individuals, it is a matter of infinite regret that there is no general receptacle to which the seller or presenter, of such heir-looms might resort with confidence.

For several centuries prior to the Reformation, there can be little doubt that a few of such London antiquities as were dug up, and escaped the destroying hand of bigotry or ignorance, were preserved here and there in the city monasteries. This fact, though not distinctly stated, may still be inferred from a mass of corroborative evidence; and amongst the more lettered of the monastic residents, there must have been many with such tastes. In the noble priory of St Bartholomew the Great, in Smithfield, some relics of the kind were preserved; and we may be sure that even those ages occasionally produced an intelligent noble or citizen, who treasured in his city-house the classic urn or Gothic ornament. With the Reformation, a new class of men arose, though their vocation was rather to gather for the purpose of record than preservation. Of this class were Leland, Camden, Norden, Stow, and Speed. But it was with the Tradescant family, so far as is known, that the race of collectors began. In a catalogue published in 1656 by John Tradescant, junior, of his museum, six articles of the Roman period are mentioned, though only one is distinguished by the name of the place where it was found. This collection passed into the hands of Elias Ashmole the antiquary, who added to it considerably; and previous to its transmission to Oxford in 1682, it was probably enriched with many specimens of London antiquities discovered after the Great Fire.

This last-mentioned event, by bringing to light so many Roman remains, gave considerable impetus to the spirit of research and preservation. An intelligent apothecary named Coniers, was amongst the most diligent of these collectors; and through his means a vast number of Roman vessels and other articles were

brought together. But 'having,' as Dr Woodward expressed in a letter to Wren, 'nothing but the returns of his profession to depend upon,' Coniers's collection, either at his death or previously, was purchased by Dr Woodward himself, of whose extraordinary museum it henceforth formed a part. Yet dispersion was again its fate. At Dr Woodward's own death in 1728, such parts of his museum as were not bought by the University of Cambridge, were 'sold by auction at Mr Cooper's in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden,' in a thirty-three days' sale, the last three of which were occupied by the celebrated Roman shield and other antiquities. The collectors contemporary with Coniers and Woodward were Dr Harwood, Bagford, the antiquarian bookseller, and a gentleman named Kemp. The collection of the latter was sold in 1717. It was chiefly remarkable for two terra-cotta lamps, found on the site of Old St Paul's; their discovery and appearance constituting the facts on which contemporary writers, and others long after, built their assumption, that a Roman temple, dedicated to Diana, had occupied the same spot. But this assumption even Wren's discoveries had already negatived. The mass of pottery found in all directions being accounted for by two self-proved circumstances: one, that a great burial-ground had existed there from time immemorial, the Roman cists being reoccupied by Saxon interments; the other, that at the south-west corner of St Paul's, and just above Ludgate, the Romans had possessed a pottery on a large scale.

From the sale of Kemp's collection till the close of the eighteenth century, the collectors of London antiquities were still few. The tastes and tendencies of the age obviously negatived any enlarged spirit of research or archaeological induction. Such few antiquities as were found, passed into collections like those of Strawberry Hill, what else existed of the dilettante spirit, wasted itself in acquiring grotesque china and fiddle-faddles of the same kind. Things thus remained till within the last twenty-five or thirty years. Then began to arise a remarkable class of men, who, as though prompted by the sagacity and expressed desire of the illustrious Wren, have, by their research and labours, raised metropolitan archaeology to its present high standard.

The rebuilding of the Royal Exchange and London Bridge opened two great storehouses to the antiquarian collector. From the latter, Mr Roach Smith procured some of the chief riches in his remarkable collection; the former gave the objects of interest we are about to describe.

The reader may recollect that the old Royal Exchange, built after the Great Fire, and immortalised by the pamphlets and pillory of the illustrious Defoe, was burnt down in January 1838. Upon taking measures for its rebuilding, the Gresham committee, with whom the matter rested, wisely specified in their contract of work, that all antiquities brought to light should be preserved, and considered as the property of the corporation. But this specification seems only to have been partially carried out, as many relics found were dispersed, and are now to be found in private collections.

The first excavations, which included the eastern portion of the old Royal Exchange, gave but few relics of antiquity—the spot having, as was evident, been already disturbed to the depth of the Roman level, and from tiles and fragments brought to light, buildings and walls had already been removed. This might have taken place on the first building of the Exchange, 1566–1569, or, more probably, on its rebuilding after the Great Fire, as Wren's foundations were generally laid as low as those of Roman London. In making further progress, the soil was found still more disturbed. Thirty-two cess-pools were opened in which a few objects of curiosity were found. In April 1841, in

destroying the western wall of the merchants' area of the old Exchange, the workmen discovered that this had been erected partly on some small but interesting remains of a Roman building, evidently still standing *in situ*, and resting on the native gravel. Amongst these remains were Roman bricks, and the bases of two large pedestals, one covered with stucco, and moulded, and still shewing traces of colouring. Upon proceeding further, where these small remains of Roman work ceased to afford a support for the walls of the Exchange, outpiles and sleepers were found; beneath these, again, an older rubble-wall and foundations. On removal, this ancient work was discovered to be founded on what was considered a large pit or pond, sunk thirteen feet lower through the gravel, quite down to the clay. But it was much more likely to have been the place of outfall for a large sewer—the stercoraceous matter, the broken pottery, the remnants of leathern-work, and the vast mass of miscellaneous articles found therein, being a certain indication. If it was not this, it must have been one of those rubbish-pits so invariably found outside the walls of Roman towns; for Londinium proper did not extend northward beyond the line of the present Cheapside; and the flow of the Wallbrook, then a considerable stream, to the west of this vast rubbish-pit, could have admitted no more than scattered suburban dwellings. From the date of the coins found, it seems probable that the pit was built over about sixty-five years before the Roman power ceased in Britain.

The pottery, which we now proceed to look at, is, with scarcely an exception, fragmentary. The remnants of two amphore are both of a very coarse and common description; but a large mortarium—a vessel used for culinary purposes, and shaped somewhat like a marble mortar of the present day—is not only almost perfect, but one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. Near its spout, and across the channeled rim, the name of the potter is stamped between two lines of leaves, and this stands out as freshly as the day it was impressed. Amongst the urns, vases, cups, and pipkins (ollula), are some good forms; and a few of the smaller vessels used for pouring out unguents and perfumes in drops, are remarkable for the beauty of the outpouring lip. The specimens of Samian ware are scanty, and all imperfect; but most of the fragments have the fine coralline hue of the true ware, and are varied and graceful in decoration. One specimen is remarkable, as yet exhibiting the leaden rivet with which the vessel was originally mended. The terra-cotta lamps are likewise mostly fragmentary. One, of pale-coloured earth, is rare, for having been formed without a handle. It is impressed with the head of an empress; it was found in one of the old cess-pools referred to, and broken by the pickaxe during excavation. The lamps of darker hue wear a metallic look, as though originally gilded; but this has proceeded from their long enclosure in decomposing animal remains. Their most interesting feature is, that in all, the traces left by the wick in burning are as distinctly visible as though the flame had only died out yesterday.

The specimens of Roman glass are likewise fragmentary. They are chiefly the remains of vessels of the common Aretian manufacture, which was but little valued, compared with the rare and costly *crystallina*, made in, and brought from Egypt. Some of these fragments once belonged to bottles of rectangular shape, which had usually low necks and short handles; others formed part of *rynd* flasks with longer necks; others were like broad vases or basins, cast with thick flutes, or covered with concentric circles; and others resemble the phials of the middle ages. Most of these specimens have the metallic and iridescent appearance peculiar to ancient glass, and arising from its long interment.

The rubbish-pit referred to, gave up an unusual amount of tablets and styles for writing. Some of the

former are very interesting. As they lie within the case assigned to them, they look like cork, or some very dry wood. With the exception of the outer sides forming the covers, the wooden leaves have a border or margin averaging three-eighths of an inch in breadth; within this, the wood is slightly channeled from top to bottom; this, of course, for the better retaining of the wax on which the writing was made. Another interesting fact connected with several of these tabellæ is, that the creases made by the strings which bound the leaves together are still distinctly visible. These tabellæ were all found thirty-one feet below the level of modern London. The styli, or pens, are very various. The majority seem to be made of iron, whilst there are others of brass and bronze. Some are good in form; the worn appearance of the erasing end shewing how much they had been used. One shews where it had been mended; another, formed of brass, has the erasing end circular, and slightly concaved like a spoon, for collecting the wax from the surface of the tablet.

The miscellaneous antiquities embrace some curious things:—Fragments of Roman armour; fibulae, or brooches; a portion of a spatula, or surgeon's plaster-spreader, formed of bronze, the handle being well-shaped, and terminating in a ring; brass eyelets, rings, and box-clamps; instruments for the bath; small-tooth combs formed of wood; pins in bronze and brass; knives; needles, pinces; weaving-bobbins; a bodkin of ivory; forceps, or rather tongs; salt-spoons; the remains of a steelyard-balance; and tesserae, or dice. Of these, the fragments of the combs are clumsy; the centre of one is very thick, the teeth sloping off on each side, and, compared to what we use at present, more like lumps of wood than combs. If the Romans gave more elegance of form to many common things, we immeasurably excel them in many points of adaptation and utility; this is especially the case with respect to knives. Though it must be admitted that time and long interment have done much to destroy the specimens of domestic knives in this and other collections, still owing to the imperfect knowledge the Romans had of manipulating iron, or of converting it into steel, as the scoriae of the Roman forges scattered over Britain still shew, there can be no doubt that a Sheffield knife of the present day had no likeness in the widest domains of the Casars. The pair of tongs, though black from time and rust, are, if Roman, great curiosities. They are about thirteen inches and a half in length, the bow being formed without a handle; and were probably used for the fires of the hypocausts, or warming-apparatus. Our archaeological collections contain so few domestic implements and utensils of the Roman period, as to make these unique. The remarkable collection of Mr William Chaffers contains two bronze cooking-vessels or pans, one with a long handle of beautiful form; but the food of the Romans consisting principally of soups and stews, there can be little doubt that it was cooked in earthen-vessels set on stoves. Some of the mortaria in Mr Roach Smith's collection still shew distinct marks of the fire.

Imbedded in the chalk-steining on the south side of this rich receptacle of the domestic remains of Roman London, was found a mason's gouge. Though somewhat corrugated, it is still well preserved and defined. It is more than ten inches in length, and of considerable thickness. Another gouge, broken and imperfect, was also found, as well as portions of both a saw and an auger; likewise a bolt-rivet, linchpins, and a large quantity of various sized nails. One of the last is eight inches long; and all have larger heads than modern nails, the flange of one side usually standing out broader than the other.

The remains of leather-work, found principally on the western side of the great rubbish-pit, were considerable; so much so, as to give rise to the idea at the time, that there had been shops in this vicinity, one of

which was a *taberna sutrina*, or shop of a shoemaker. But this we think wholly improbable. The masses of leather—principally the remains of worn-out shoes and sandals—were amongst the natural accumulations of a rubbish-pit, or the outfall of a sewer. Though not so varied or so well preserved as Mr Roach Smith's, this collection of leather-work has some interesting specimens. Amongst the *solææ*, or sandals, are some still retaining a portion of the slight, sharp, yet broad-headed nails by which the layers of soles were held together. A few of these, from their strength and workmanship, and the peculiarity of the broad protruding-headed nails, must have been the sandals of soldiers; and several specimens still retain a portion of the strap which passed between the great and second toes, and united with the fastening round the ankle. These remnants of ancient leather-work are chiefly black, and still retain considerable polish. The *crepidæ*, or latchet-shoes, have some exquisite specimens; they have belonged to females, and yet show where worn by the tread of the foot, and the mark caused by the fillet or tie which drew the latches together. In fact, so beautiful is this class of shoes, here, as in other collections, not only in an artistic sense, but as suited to the anatomy of the foot, that it might be well if modern shoemakers would look in this direction. The majority of shoes, those of females especially, are so devoid of taste, and unsuited to the foot, that a lesson might be taken from these, made and worn some seventeen hundred years ago. Viewed in this light, as well as in countless others, we see the desirableness of concentrating collections of this kind, as well as making them accessible, not only to the dilettante few, but to the less-lettered many, who, ignorant of esoteric principles, or indifferent to historical inductions, would yet reap ideas for the improvement of the manipulative arts, that eventually might give new grace and form to the commonest of daily things.

From the vast mass of leather found in the excavations for the new Exchange, and on other sites of Londinium, and from the evident skill with which the skins had been prepared, there can be little doubt that the Romans were excellent tanners, used leather for a multitude of purposes we cannot now define, and had tanneries in several situations which were then outside the walls. Traces of an extensive work of this kind were discovered in Bartholomew Lane some years since.

At a depth that must place their great antiquity beyond all cavil, several other things of much interest were found—amongst them, the horns and antlers of deer, in fine preservation, ox-horns, shells, and fir-cones. But the most curious was the half of a small smooth walnut-shell, found thirty-five feet in the lowest excavation of the works. Hitherto, it had been supposed that the walnut-tree was introduced into Britain in the sixteenth century; but the discovery of this relic in a place which had previously remained closed for fourteen hundred and seventy years, carries back its growth to about three centuries after the first recorded introduction of the walnut into Europe. This fruit was brought into Europe from Syria about A.D. 37, and introduced by the Romans into Spain at a date not much later. This transmission makes it probable that the legionaries effected the same result in England, not only with the walnut, but other fruits, and that the magnificent walnut-trees cherished round the great abbeys in the middle ages, were the offspring of such as had borne fruit in Roman Britain. The ox-horns, like others found on Roman sites, have belonged to the beautiful breed of cattle indigenous to Britain; and as we stoop and turn over the dusty cores, the imagination revisits those dense forests which then encompassed London in so extraordinary a degree, and the herds which roamed through their fastnesses. So dense was

this woodland, as in some places to be impervious to all but the axe of the legionaries. Even centuries later, Mathew of Paris, in referring to the road between London and St Albans, uses the strong expression, 'the dread woods.'

The excavations for the new Royal Exchange brought to light a considerable number of coins of various periods, as well as earthenware of the middle ages, but none of the latter of any great value.

Another curious, and somewhat important fact, as shedding much new light upon the early history of London, was ascertained by this and contemporary excavations—namely, that the marsh to the north of the city had been in a great measure artificially constructed, for the purpose of strengthening the defences of the wall; and that at the Roman period, possibly throughout, the ground had been no otherwise marshy than with such dank places as lie in the hollows of all woodlands. This plan of military defence was, moreover, much more Danish or Saxon than Roman, and one natural to races originally inhabiting low-lying levels and sea-bords. The further discovery of a Roman sewer across London Wall, through ground perfectly dry, and with even the coarse grass lying yet unrotted amidst the mould, threw even stronger light upon this induction as to the ancient condition of the site of London. Are not facts like these worth all that has been handed down to us by fable-weaving monks and historians?

Such are the few facts we have been enabled to gather respecting the Antiquities preserved by the corporation of London; but a vexed question, and one of great importance, remains behind. To whom belongs the duty of gathering and preserving collections such as this? Is it the Corporation of London, or the trustees of the British Museum? Both, as it would seem, repudiate the noble duty; for both, within a short time, have negatived the purchase of Mr Roach Smith's museum, which has a European fame, and which, apart from the excessive interest attached to it, has another as great in its way—that of proving, if proof were needed, of what self-sacrifice men are capable when in pursuit of an absorbing intellectual benefit. But the Corporation of London would seem to think that this duty belongs to the trustees of the British Museum; and they, in spite of the pleadings of their own officials, and of eminent men of every kind, ignore it altogether. If general opinion be taken as a criterion, it is decisive that the British Museum should be the repository of the national antiquities; and in the words of Mr Roach Smith, that the city should be the possessor and preserver of its own 'title-deeds.' Our idea is the same; for even when the trusteeship of the British Museum is remodelled, still we must recollect that the centuries and the area to be represented are vast, and the space to be afforded in the national collection necessarily a limited one. Where, then, can be a place for special city antiquities so fitting as the city itself?—from the graves and rubbish-pits of which have come these relics of countless generations. The corporation, possessing a nucleus such as we have described, would soon enrich itself. Every year gives some discovery of relics; and the improvements likely to take place in connection with the Thames, will throw open new and prolific sources of antiquarian remains. Not many weeks ago, a small collection of antiquities, dug up in London, and the property of Mr Chaffers, of Watling Street, was sold by Sotheby and Wilkinson, amongst which were some Roman keys that we have never seen equalled. If only as works of art, and as significant of the great amount of geometrical knowledge possessed by the Roman artificers, they should have been preserved for the nation, to say nothing of the interest attached to them as the result of city excavations, and as throwing light upon domestic usages, and the existence of slavery

in Roman Britain. The vast amount of keys, and occasionally of locks, found on all Roman sites, supplies the induction that slavery then, as now, was a condition of servitude incompatible with trust, and that the means thus taken to secure property were of a most elaborate and systematic kind.

But the whole question of British antiquities is at present so widely and ably advocated, that their neglect by those in authority cannot much longer exist. Mr Rhind's extremely able pamphlet,* and the intended appeal of Mr Roach Smith's friends to parliament, cannot but be productive of benefit. Before long, we may hope to see a decent proportion of those large funds granted by the nation for the purposes of its national museum, applied to the use and enlargement of the British section of antiquities. In this case, there may be some chance of our obtaining, in the words of Lord Ellesmere, 'a department worthy of the nation.'

Notwithstanding this advance, the city might with propriety secure the more legitimate of its own treasures; and, in a museum worthy of London, illustrate in detail what, in the national museum, could be alone presented under a general point of view.

THE BABY-TROOPER.

On the 11th of December 1808, the chief part of the British army in Spain marched out of Salamanca. The weather was cold and winterly, and the roads almost impassable through the heavy rains; but the troops were full of hope and courage, believing that they were advancing to certain victory. Confident in their general and in their own prowess, they wished for nothing better than to meet the troops of that hostile nation which was then seeking to grasp the world. In the rear of the advancing army were numbers of large wagons, which moved on rather heavily over the rough roads. Many of them were used for the conveyance of military stores and baggage; others formed the hospital, and were filled with men who were unable to march in their proper place, through sickness or fatigue. Other wagons still, contained the wives, with their children, of the officers and soldiers who had been allowed to accompany their husbands in the campaign.

In one of these, but imperfectly protected from the piercing wind, lay a young female, who appeared to be in extreme sickness. Her delicate form seemed very ill fitted to encounter the discomforts and dangers of a long march in that inclement season of the year. She was the wife of Captain Gordon, of the — Highlanders, whom she had accompanied from England, when his regiment was ordered to the Peninsula. The fatigue of the march through Portugal, with the effects of exposure to the unfavourable weather which prevailed, had greatly impaired a constitution that was naturally feeble. Moreover, a short time before leaving Salamanca, she had given birth to a child, and, notwithstanding the weak state of her health, had passed through that crisis in a manner that surpassed the hopes of her friends. The fresh claims upon her care and attention inspired her with unexpected strength; and when it was proposed for her to remain behind, for a time at least, in Salamanca, she declared herself equal to the fatigues of the march, and preferred any inconvenience to a separation from her husband. And as it appeared very uncertain what course the army would take, and whether it would return again to that city, she was allowed to accompany it in its progress.

Among the few females who had accompanied the army, was the wife of a veteran sergeant in Captain Gordon's company, who acted as nurse to the young mother. A little Sandie—for the child had been named Alexander—was committed to her almost exclusive care; and he was fortunate in finding a kind protector, since she on whom the task properly devolved was quite unable to discharge it.

The favourable change in Mrs Gordon's health which had inspired those about her with hopes of her recovery, proved to be only delusive, and she grew daily weaker and less fitted for the hardships of the march. Her danger became so apparent, that her husband at last decided to leave her at the first town on their course where proper comforts and attendance could be procured, intrusting her to the care of Mrs Maggie (as she was commonly termed), the nurse before alluded to. This was the more necessary, as the British were now approaching the vicinity of the enemy, who were awaiting their advance in large force, and a general action was expected very shortly to take place. Captain Gordon felt that he should find great difficulty in persuading his wife to this separation in a foreign land; but as it was the only chance of preserving her life to him, and to her infant son, he hoped to reconcile her to the measure. On the 23d of December, the British arrived at Saldaña. Soult's division of the French army was encamped at a short distance, and the English general at once made his dispositions for attacking him. In this town, then, Captain Gordon wished to leave his helpless family; but his purpose was prevented by the unexpected order for an immediate retreat. Intelligence had been received of the advance of several powerful bodies of troops from various quarters, threatening to enclose the British and cut off their communications. The retreat commenced early the next morning, and the troops proceeded by forced marches towards Galicia. To leave the sick lady behind at this juncture seemed still more distressing than before; but it soon became evident that, if she accompanied the troops any further, she would die under the fatigue; and, her consent being with great difficulty obtained, it was resolved to seek an asylum for her in the town of Castro Gonzalo, which they expected to reach on the following day. Regaining his dreary tent, her husband spent the greater part of the night in sad reflection. Thoughts of his early life crowded upon him—of that pleasant village among the hills where his first years had been spent, and where he had first known his future wife as an amiable and beautiful child; thoughts of a long separation, of returning to find her more amiable and beautiful than ever, but an orphan and friendless—of the frank trustfulness with which she gave her hand to be the bride of a soldier, and to share the chances and dangers of war. But a few months before, so blooming, cheerful, and happy; how sad was the contrast now! Her life, as it were, trembling doubtfully in the balance—another life dependent upon hers: and as for himself, the first battle might sever the links that bound them, and leave these loved ones more helpless and desolate still. At length, commending himself and them to the care of a protecting Providence, he dismissed his gloomy thoughts, and tried to compose himself to slumber.

But long before the late morning had broken, he was roused from his sleep by the drums beating to arms; and leaping to his feet, found that the presence of a large body of the enemy's cavalry had been reported in the neighbourhood, and that an attack in force was anticipated. The British horse were in readiness to charge, and infantry were prepared to support them, if required. Later in the day, as the English were nearing the town, the French cavalry appeared at a short distance, and were immediately attacked by an inferior force of British dragoons, who succeeded in routing

* *British Antiquities; their Present Treatment, and their Real Claims.* By A. H. Rhind, F.S.A. Edin. and Lond. Black, Edinburgh.

them, and took many prisoners. A further attack was expected, and every precaution was taken; but the day passed off without any further traces of the foe. While these things were occurring, however, an event took place which deeply concerned the chief subjects of our narrative. The troops having advanced very rapidly in the morning, to secure the shelter of the town in case of attack, a part of the wagon-train had been left at a considerable distance behind, and the guard in charge of it, on discovering this, urged the drivers to greater speed. The ground being very heavy with the incessant rains, this rapid transit was both difficult and dangerous; and they had not proceeded far in this way, before the wagon in which Mrs Gordon lay was overturned, the wheels being broken. In the hurry of the advance, alarmed at the distance at which they were left, and the sounds which reached them of cavalry-trumpets and the report of carbines, the rest of the train passed on, and the shattered vehicle remained behind. The Spaniards who drove the mules, observing this, cut the traces; and, instead of remaining to repair the accident, followed the others at the top of their speed. The sick lady and her infant were thus left, with no other companion than Maggie, who seemed stupified and overwhelmed at the calamity which had befallen them. Quickly recovering herself, however, she proceeded to extricate her charge from the ruins, when she found Mrs Gordon quite insensible from the fright and shock she had sustained. In this condition, exposed to the freezing atmosphere, she remained for some time: at length returning to consciousness, she intimated faintly to her companion that she was dying, and Maggie saw that it was too true. Her first impulse was to send a messenger to Captain Gordon, that, if possible, he might witness the last moments of his wife: on hurriedly proposing this, she was answered by a look which told her mistress's dying wish most plainly. Maggie stooped to take the infant, but the mother's arms closed convulsively around her babe, and so she left him in that embrace, hoping to find some one near who would take the sad message to Captain Gordon. She went a long distance, however, without meeting with a single person; and at length, giving up the matter as hopeless, and seeking to retrace her steps, she discovered that, in her agitation, and in the fog which prevailed, she had missed the track. Finally, instead of returning, as she wished, to her dying mistress, she found herself on the bank of a large river, and at a considerable distance from Castro Gonzalo.

Distressed beyond measure at this misfortune, Maggie arrived towards evening at the bridge which conducted into the town. It was kept by a body of English troops, who directed her to the quarter occupied by Captain Gordon's regiment. In words broken by grief, she narrated to the afflicted husband the events of the day, who immediately obtained leave to take a guard of men, and return to the spot where the accident had occurred. Arrived there, they found the body of the captain's lady; life had apparently left her some hours before; the hoar-frost had settled on her hair, and the limbs were stiffened with extraordinary rigidity. Of the infant, nothing was to be seen; they searched all round the spot with torches, but in vain. He had evidently been removed by some person who had witnessed, or come up after, the mother's death. Then they noticed that the covering which had been thrown over the corpse, leaving nothing but the face exposed, was embroidered with the eagle, and bore the initials 'G. de B.' with the title of one of the French regiments. It was, in fact, the cloak of a French cavalry soldier.

A grave was hastily dug by the roadside, and the remains of the departed, so youthful and beloved, were tenderly placed in it. The funeral was consecrated by the sorrow of the desolate husband, and by the tears of the rude soldiers who joined in it, and then they left

her to her quiet slumber. The peasants in the neighbourhood, hearing the melancholy history, placed a rude cross to mark the site of the tomb.

Shortly after Maggie's departure in quest of a messenger, a troop of the enemy's cavalry, that was hovering on the rear of the retreating army, arrived at the scene of the accident we have related. They found Mrs Gordon at the point of death, and she expired in their presence. The officer in command, observing that the infant she embraced was living, and apparently healthy, compassionated its forsaken condition. Dismounting, he took the child from the grasp of his ill-fated mother, and turning gaily to his men, held him out in his arms, saying:

'Now, *mes enfans*, which of you will volunteer to be nurse to this bantling? This young leopard's cub shall have the eagle for a foster-mother. What say you, my friends?' A loud laugh followed the suggestion, and several of the troop sprang forward to ease their leader of his strange burden. It was committed to the care of a young corporal, who said, as he received the child:

'There will be some work for Jeanne here, *mes freres*, which will find her better employment than telling her eternal tales about her husband, who was killed at Marengo, and her *beau garçon*, who got himself drowned in the Seine.'

'Good, François,' said the captain. 'Jeanne shall nurse him for us; and, since these English have left him here to die, we will adopt him, *messieurs*, as our child, and he shall be called *Le Cavalier Poupon*.'—(The Baby-Trooper).

So saying, he covered the lifeless mother with his own cloak, after gazing for a few moments with great interest upon her features. The tears were glistening in his eyes when he remounted, saying to himself as he did so:

'So young, and so unhappy! But it is the fate of war.'

Towards the close of the summer of 1815, a traveller, youthful in appearance, but bearing the marks of suffering and ill health, arrived at a pleasant village in the west of Scotland. He was dressed in plain attire, but his bearing at once denoted his military profession. It was one of those arrivals so common at that period in every part of the kingdom, when soldiers, wounded in the closing battle of the French wars, came wearily to their native homes, many of them to a speedy death, and many more to spend their remaining days as maimed and disabled witnesses to 'the glory of war.'

The traveller in question was Captain, now Major Gordon. He had fought with his regiment throughout the whole war in the Peninsula; and when, in 1814, it was ordered to America, he remained behind at Vienna. The loss of his wife, and the mysterious disappearance of his child, had sensibly affected his health and spirits; and in the engagements in which he had taken part, he had fought with a reckless bravery that seemed to court death. Latterly, however, his mind, tempered by time and religion, had become less gloomy; and his stay on the continent, after peace had been proclaimed, was partly to recruit his enfeebled constitution, and partly to institute some inquiries as to the fate of his child. In the campaign which followed the escape from Elba, Major Gordon obtained permission to attach himself to another Highland regiment, and fought in the final struggle at Waterloo, where he was severely wounded. He spent many weeks in Brussels in a most critical condition; and when at last he was able to travel by easy stages towards his own country, it was with the conviction that he could not long survive his injuries. Thus, after seven years' absence, he revisited the place of his birth. His sole surviving relative was an aged aunt, and with her, among the

scenes of his youth and early love, he wished to spend the rest of his time on earth.

Shortly after his arrival here, he received a visit from one who had been connected with his greatest misfortunes. Poor Maggie, her husband having been killed in battle three years before, had returned a widow to her own country. A small pension, granted her in consideration of her husband's services, provided for her wants; and Maggie, well skilled in nursing, and kind of heart, was the general friend of the whole country-side. When she heard of Major Gordon's return, she trudged over thirty miles of hill and moor to the village where he was living. The meeting pleased the invalid, even while it freshened the remembrance of his sorrows. He told Maggie of the purpose for which he had remained on the continent, and lamented that his present enfeebled state would prevent him from carrying it out. His thoughts dwelt incessantly on his lost child; he continually referred to him in his conversation, and in his restless slumber often uttered some broken exclamation respecting him. Maggie grieved sincerely at the shattered state in which she found the major, and would readily have employed all her skill in his behalf; but his relative, somewhat jealous of her attentions, claimed the undivided honour of nursing the wounded soldier. Thus thwarted in her good intentions, Maggie began to think whether she could not benefit the major by another service. The idea seemed at first too visionary; but often as it was banished, it intruded itself once more with increased weight. So, from thinking it over in her own mind—for she mentioned her thoughts to no one—she at length decided upon a course which few besides herself would have been bold enough to follow.

To persons less sanguine, the chance of success would probably have seemed so small that they would never have made the attempt. So many things might have occurred to render the inquiry fruitless—how unlikely that soldiers on the march, and belonging to the enemy, should encumber themselves with an infant; or, if they did, how probable that it would only be to leave it at the first house they came to; and how hopeless the chance of its surviving, deprived of maternal care, and exposed to the severity of the winter. Still, she determined to set forth upon the search. As for the journey, she thought but little of that, accustomed to long marches and hard fare, and her hoard of savings would suffice to purchase necessities by the way. So, secretly furnishing herself with the French cavalry-cloak which had been found covering the dead body of the mother—and which had been religiously preserved by Major Gordon—and pleading engagements in her own neighbourhood, she bade him farewell for a time. On the next day, having put her home under charge of a neighbour, and provided herself with what she thought necessary, she started on her adventurous journey, and made her way to Leith. Here she found a friend in the person of the port-master, to whom she related the object of her journey, and who kindly undertook to provide her a passport, and make the needful arrangements for her. A passage was procured in a vessel that was to sail in a day or two for Calais, the captain of which, having some idea of her business, when Maggie prudently wished to know the fare beforehand, declared resolutely that he would take nothing for her voyage.

After a rough passage, Maggie found herself safely landed on the shores of France, a stranger in a strange country, and ignorant of the language. She was not one, however, to flinch in her undertaking, and she set out forthwith on the road to Paris. It was now the beginning of November, and the weather was very unfavourable for travelling on foot; but she was an old campaigner, and with her little bundle of necessities sometimes strapped on her shoulders like a

knapsack, and sometimes balanced on her head, she trudged cheerfully along the road. Without meeting with many adventures, or suffering any great inconvenience, Maggie arrived at the capital, after a steady march of nine days. Her first business was to act on the advice of her friend at Leith, and make her object known at the office of the British consul. After a day's delay, she was admitted to an interview with the consul in person, who listened to her narrative with great interest, and expressed his willingness to help her to the utmost of his power.

'But I much fear,' said he, 'that there will be difficulties in the way of which you have no idea. The cloak you shew me has apparently belonged to a French officer of a certain regiment of cavalry, and if that officer could be found, he would be the most likely person to inform you as to the fate of the child. The best way of proceeding, then, would be to inquire of the colonel of that regiment whether any officer has been connected with it whose name corresponds with these initials. But the French army has been almost entirely disbanded; Paris is occupied, as you see, by the allied armies; and thus it will be no easy matter to find out where the individual may be who recently commanded this regiment; he will, most probably, have left Paris. The only source from which you can get information on this point would be the prefect of police, and I should advise you to apply at his office. But stay—as you are a stranger in Paris, it will perhaps save some delay if I communicate with the prefect, and you can inquire here to-morrow for his reply.'

Maggie thanked the consul, and retired. The next day, as soon as the office was opened, she was in attendance; but the consul's note had been merely acknowledged, and no definite answer had been sent. For several days she repeated her visit: still no further reply came. At last, information was forwarded that Monsieur Garnier, the officer in question, had lived for some months in the Rue de —, but having reason to fear the new government, he had disappeared within the last few days, and was supposed to have withdrawn himself from the capital. The communication concluded with the promise, that if any intelligence respecting him should reach the prefect, it should be conveyed to the consul. Maggie had some hope that, by inquiring at his late residence, she might obtain some particulars as to his place of abode; and she proceeded thither, in charge of a clerk from the consulate, who was appointed to accompany her. But their inquiries at the hôtel mentioned were fruitless; the colonel had left it some time before, without giving any address, or any indication of his future residence. Thus stopped at the outset of her inquiries, Maggie now began to feel the hopeless character of the errand on which she had come. She endeavoured to find out other members of the same regiment; but it had suffered severely in the late battle, and the survivors were disbanded, and dispersed throughout the country, so that she was still unsuccessful. The consul, thinking the search altogether in vain, advised her to return to Scotland, and he would undertake to inform Major Gordon if anything respecting the child should come to light. But Maggie, unwilling to relinquish her project, determined to remain a few days longer, hoping that some intelligence might reach her respecting the colonel.

Meanwhile, she wandered about the streets of Paris, less sanguine, it is true, but still not losing all hope. The capital was full of British visitors at the time, and she met with many who listened to her story with interest, and appeared to sympathise with her in her disappointment; but all thought the case a hopeless one. One afternoon, when she had been about a fortnight in Paris, she was traversing rather gloomily one of the chief streets, after a fruitless visit to the consul's

office. She was jostled by the crowd returning from a review of the allied troops, which had been held on the Champs Elysées. A regiment of British infantry marched past to its quarters, and Maggie's heart warmed to the well-known quick-step which the band was playing. She made her way to the place of the review; groups of the most varied character were scattered over the ground; soldiers of almost every service in Europe, in all the diversity of uniform, promenading, or talking in companies, or paying their court to the dames of the capital. Maggie looked on wonderingly, though, amidst that collection of all that was strange, her own appearance attracted more notice than she was probably aware of. Her bronzed features, her gown of broad tartan, revealing more than usual of the home-knitted hose and buckled shoes, together with the military-cloak on her arm—she always carried that with her—made many turn and look at her as she passed by. She was accosted in her walk by the clerk who had accompanied her to the colonel's house a few days before, who was a countryman of hers, and felt a kind interest in her search. They fell into conversation, and as the young man asked many questions as to her experiences in the war, Maggie gratified his curiosity, and related many incidents of battle and danger which she had witnessed. As the evening drew on, the groups began to disperse, and they sat down on a bench to rest after their walk. While she was narrating these details for the behoof of her companion, a personage enveloped in a cloak, who had been walking listlessly to and fro, sat down near them. Apparently wrapped in his own thoughts, he paid no notice to them at first, but catching a part of the conversation, he turned round, and regarded them with apparent curiosity. Presently, his eye was arrested by the cloak which Maggie carried, and which happened to be so arranged at the time, that the eagle embroidered on it was exposed to the light of the lamp opposite. A gloomy frown passed over his face, as he probably regarded it as some of the booty taken in the late battles. Coming close to Maggie, he laid his hand upon it, and said in a haughty tone, and in English:

'May I beg to know, madam, by what means you obtained possession of this cloak?'

As Maggie was about to reply, her companion interposed.

'My friend, sir, is most willing to give that information, but it must be to a person whom it concerns.'

'And whom is it more likely to concern,' returned the Frenchman, pointing to the number of the regiment, 'than me, who had the honour of commanding the brave corps whose number it bears?'

'Then you are Monsieur Garnier, late colonel of this regiment?'

'It is so.'

Maggie, finding the object of her search thus unexpectedly before her, immediately began her story; but her excitement and her broad dialect together, rendered her unintelligible to the officer, and the clerk was called in to her assistance. As soon as M. Garnier understood that she sought a child who had been lost during the retreat in Spain, he seized the cloak, and opening it wide, read the initials that were marked upon it.

'Ah!' said he; '*je vois, je vois*—you found it covering the body of a dead female?'

'And this woman,' said the clerk, 'the nurse of the dead lady, has come from Scotland to learn, if possible, the fate of the infant who was left with her.'

But the officer was gazing, with evident emotion, on the cloak which he still held in his hands, and tears stood in his eyes as he said to himself:

'Ah, pauvre Guiseppe!'

Maggie's earnest impatience could be restrained no longer.

'For the love of Heaven, sir, if the bairn's alive, or

ye len anything anent him, dinna keep me in suspense, for his father, puir gentleman, is a soldier like yoursel', and I'd fain glad his dying eyes wi' the sight o' his son.'

'For anything I know,' said the officer, 'the child is yet alive. And now hear what I have had to do with him. At the time you speak of, I was a corporal in this regiment; my captain's name was Guiseppe do Bardonne. He had been made captain on the battlefield for his bravery. We were dear friends before his promotion, and that did not affect our friendship. Our regiment was part of the force under the brave Marshal Ney during the campaign in Spain, and it was my troop that found the corpse of the lady you refer to. I remember it well. Guiseppe, tender as a woman, pitied the helpless infant; I took it from his arms. The child was committed to the charge of Jeanne, the old vivandière of the regiment who nursed him as tenderly as a mother. He returned with us to Madrid, and from thence into Portugal. As he grew older, he became the pet of the soldiers, who were delighted with his tricks and gambols, and he was always called by the name which Guiseppe bestowed upon him—The Baby-Trooper. In Portugal, I also was made captain, and I was close to Guiseppe at Salamanca when a cannon-ball struck him from his horse, and he died in my arms. Last year, the vivandière who had taken charge of the child died of camp-fever, and he was left to my care alone. When the army returned to Paris, defeated and broken down, and we were called on to give up our arms, I knew not what to do with my young charge. After much thought, I resolved to take him to the Foundling Hospital, explain the circumstances in which he was found, and leave a sum of money to provide for him. This, I thought, would be more real kindness to him than to take him with me in my wanderings. A short time after, the Emperor returned to France, and, with the rank of colonel, I joined his army. What followed, you know; and I am again a ruined and suspected man. I cannot accompany you to the Foundling Hospital,' he resumed, after a pause, 'as I am in some danger here, and am about to leave Paris; but you can apply there for the child, and state what I have told you. You have a witness here, if one is needed.'

Maggie's impatience would not suffer her to wait till the next day, but she expressed her intention to go at once to the hospital. She poured out her thanks to the colonel as he bade her farewell, telling her that he should hear of her success from other quarters. It was late in the evening when they arrived there, and the institution was closed for the day; but on explaining the object of their visit, and on the application of an official from the English consulate, they were admitted. They stated to the superintendent the details of the case, and requested that the child might be restored to his parent. He replied that he would at once acquaint the proper authorities with the matter, and, if they approved of the evidence offered, the boy would be given into their charge. Maggie's request to see him was complied with, and he was brought into the room. He was a fair-haired, ruddy boy, and Maggie immediately recognised a striking resemblance to his lost mother. Overjoyed at her successful search, she almost smothered him with her caresses, and lavished every term of endearment upon him. While Maggie examined, with much emotion, a packet containing the linen which he had worn when found in Spain, which had been deposited there with him, her friendly companion explained to him, in the only language he could understand, the history of her undertaking, and told him of the sick parent who was awaiting him at home. A few days after, the matter being arranged to the satisfaction of the authorities, he was given over to the care of Maggie, and preparations were made for their speedy departure.

The story, however, having got abroad, and a few days intervening before they could leave Paris, Maggie found herself and her charge the objects of much curiosity; many proofs of kind feeling were given them, and many offers of money were made to her, which, however, she resolutely declined. At last they fairly started on their journey, and reached Scotland in safety. Maggie had the satisfaction of finding the major in an improved state of health, and having been prepared for the interview, his child was introduced to his presence; and thus, after a long series of wonderful dangers and escapes, the father and his long-lost son were brought together. In witnessing that affecting meeting, Maggie felt herself more than recompensed for all the pains she had taken to procure it.

Little remains to be told. Under careful attention, and cheered by the unlooked-for restoration of his child, Major Gordon in time recovered his health. The faithful Maggie removed her neighbourly ministrations to a nearer spot, and thenceforward her time was divided between those duties and her long visits to the major's residence. She lived long enough to see her youthful charge distinguished in honour and learning, and giving fair promise of excellence in more peaceful pursuits than those to which he was born.

THE 'NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.'

THE republication of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Professor Wilson has been generally approved of, with some exceptions. It is quite true, there are many coarse personalities in the book. There are excisable passages in Shakspeare; yet who, on account of these objectionable bits, would object wholly to Shakspeare? So is it with this singular series of tavern conversations and jollities. Make allowance for a few things, and you are rewarded with perhaps—take it for all in all—the most wonderful outpouring of comical extravaganzas, vivacious descriptions, eloquent and poetical dreamings and fancies, that English literature has anywhere in store for you.

Wilson flourished in Edinburgh between 1814 and 1854, and was in all respects a noticeable man. He possessed a tall and handsome figure, a strikingly fine countenance, set off by a profusion of fair locks, and the most keen and beaming eye we ever saw in a human head. His youth had been marked by many harmless eccentricities, and it was not without a struggle that he made his way into the chair of moral philosophy in the University. He was of a social disposition, and a favourite of society. Taking, like Scott, his politics from his fancy and his associations, he devoted himself in *Blackwood's Magazine* to effete conservatism; which was unlucky. Yet no one ever cared about that. It was half nonsense, and almost as good as any other fun. There for many years he poured forth brilliant streams of natural eloquence, about passing events, new books, rural and natural things of all kinds, Greek anthology, the men of the day: often angrily satirical, often coarse, yet always manly and hero-like. Never was periodical literature so happy in a votary. Here now comes his worthy son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, gathering up a selection of these fine things to form a sort of monument to their author.

The *Noctes* are nights ideally spent in Ambrose's Tavern in Edinburgh by Christopher North (Wilson), the ostensible editor of the magazine, in company with the Ettrick Shepherd (James Hogg), and a fictitious

personage named Timothy Tickler. This tavern, by the way, we can say, on Wilson's own authority, he never entered but twice in his life. The Shepherd speaks in Scotch, and, for the most part, gets the best things to say; so that it becomes altogether a curious commentary on the allegation of Sidney Smith, that we northern people have no humour. It might be not a bad test of the sense of the ludicrous in the English, to put some of Hogg's descriptions before them—as the following contrast between a dragoon and what he was in youth:—

'Shepherd. There's equal quackery in a' things alike. Look at a sodger—that is, an offisher—a' wavin wi' white plumes, glitterin wi' gowd and ringin wi' iron—gallopin on a gray horse, that caves [tosses] the foam frae its fiery nostrils, wi' a mane o' clouds, and a tail that flows like a cataract; mustachies about the mouth like a devourin cannibal, and proud fierce een, that seem glowerin for an enemy into the distant horison—his long swurd swinging in the scabbard wi' a fearsome clatter aneath Bellerophon's belly—and . . . dunshin* down among the spats o' a teeger's skin, or that o' a leopard—till the sound o' the trumpet gangs up to the sky, answered by the rampagin Arab's "ha, ha," and a' the stopped street stares on the aid-de-camp o' the staff—writers' clerks, bakers, butchers, and printers' deevils, a' wushin they were sodgers; and leddies frae balconies, where they sit shoooin silk purses in the sunshine, start up, and, wi' palpitatin hearts, send looks o' love and languishment after the Flyin Dragon.

North. Mercy on us, James, you are a perfect Tyrtæus.

Shep. O! wad you believ't—but it's true—that at school that symbol o' extermination was ca'd Fozie† Tam?

North. Spare us, James—spare us. The pain in our side returns.

Shep. Every callant in the class could gie him his licks; and I recollect ance a lassie geein him a bloody nose. He durstna gang into the dookin [bathing] aboon his waist, for fear o' drownin, and even then wi' seggs;‡ and as for speelin trees, he never ventured aboon the rotten branches o' a Scotch fir. He was feared for ghosts, and wadna sleep in a room by himsel; and ance on a Halloween he swaried at the apparition o' a lowin turnip [a turnip lanthorn]. But noo he's a warrior, and fought at Waterloo. Yes—Fozie Tam wears a medal, for he overthrew Napoleon.'

Or, better still, a snow-storm in the Highlands, with the death of two London commercial travellers:—

North. Have you had any snow yet, James, in the Forest?

Shep. Onfy some skirrin [flying] sleets—no aneuch to track a hare. But, sae us a'! what a storm was yon, thus early in the season too, in the Highlands! I wush I had been in Tamaptowl [a village in Banffshire] that night. No a wilder region for a snow-storm on a' the yearth. Let the wun' come frae what airt it likes, richt down Glen Aven, or up frae Grantown, or across frae the woods o' Abernethy, or far aff

* *Dunshin*. There seems to be no English word for this except 'bumping'; yet how feeble!

† *Fozie*—soft as a frost-bitten turnip.

‡ *Seggs*—sedges, answering the purpose of a cork-jacket.

frae the forests at the Head o' Dee, you wad think that it was the Deevil himsel howlin wi' a' his legions. A black thunder-storm's no half sae fearsome to me as a white snaw ane. There is an ocular grandeur in it, wi' the opening heavens sending forth the flashes o' lichtnin, that brings out the burnished woods frae the distance close upon you wheré you staun, a' the time the hills rattling like stanes on the roof o' a hoose, and the rain either descending in a universal deluge, or here and there pouring down in *straths*, till the thunder can scarcely quell the roar o' a thousand cataracts.

North. Poussin—Poussin—Poussin!

Shep. The heart quakes, but the imagination, even in its awe, is elevated. You still have a hold on the external world, and a lurid beauty mixes with the magnificence till there is an austere joy in terror.

North. Burke—Burke—Burke—Edmund Burke!

Shep. But in a night snaw-storm the ragin world o' elements is at war with life. Within twenty yards o' a human dwelling, you may be remote from succour as at the pole. The drift is the drift of death. Your eyes are extinguished in your head—your cars frozen—your tongue dumb. Mountains and glens are all alike—so is the middle air eddying with flakes and the glimmerin heavens. An Army would be stopt on its march—and what then is the tread o' ae pair solitary wretch, man or woman, struggling on by theirsel, or sittin doun, ower despairing even to pray, and fast congealin, in a sort o' dwam [swoon] o' delirious stupefaction, into a lump o' yae and rustling snaw. Wae's me, wae's me! for that auld woman and her wee granddaughter, the bonniest lamb, folk said, in a' the Highlands, that left Tamantowl that nicht, after the merry strathspeys were over, and were never seen again till after the snaw, lying no five-hunder yards out o' the town, the bairn wrapt round and round in the crone's plaid as weel as in her ain, but for a' that, dead as a flower-stalk that has been forgotten to be taken into the hoose at nicht, and in the mornin brittle as glass in its beauty, although, till you come to touch it, it would seem to be alive!

North. With what very different feelings one would read an account of the death of a brace of Bagmen [commercial travellers] in the snow! How is that to be explained, James?

Shep. You see the imagination pictures the twa Bagmen as Cockneys. As the snaw was getting dour at them, and giein them sair flaffs and dads on their faces, spittin in their verra een, ruggin their noses, and blawin upon their blubbery lips, till they blistered, the Cockneys wad be waxing half-fear'd and half-angry, and dammin the "Heelans," as the cursedest kintra that ever was kittled. But wait awae, my gentlemen, and you'll keep a lower sugh or you get half-way from Dalnacardoch to Dalwhinnie [in the Highlands of Perthshire].

North. A wild district, for ever whirring, even in mist snow, with the go-cock's wing.

Shep. Whisht—hau'd your tongue, till I finish the account o' the death o' the twa Bagmen in the snaw. Ane o' their horses—for the greturs are no ill mounted—slidders awa doun a bank, and gets jammed into a snaw-stall, where there's no room for a turnin. The other horse grows obstinate wi' the sharp stour in his face, and proposes retreating to Dalnacardoch, tail foremost; but no being sae weel up to the walkin or the trottin backwards, as that English chiel Townsend, the pedestrian, he cloits [falls heavily] doun first on his hurdies, and then on his tae side, the girths burst, and the saddle hangs only by a tack to the crupper.

North. Do you know, James, that though you are manifestly drawing a picture intended to be ludicrous, it is to me extremely pathetic?

Shep. The twa Cockneys are now forced to act as

disappointed cavalry through the rest of the campaign, and sit doun and cry—pretty babes o' the wood—in each ither's arms! John Frost decks their noses and their ears with icicles—and each vulgar physiognomy partakes of the pathetic character of a turnip, making an appeal to the feelings on Halloween.—Dinna sneeze that way when ane's speakin, sir!

North. You ought rather to have cried: "God bless you."

Shep. A' this while neither the snaw nor the wund has been idle—and baith Cockneys are sitting up to the middle, poor creturs, no that verra cauld, for driftin snaw sune begins to 'fin' warm and comfortable, but wae's me! unco, unco sleepy—and not a word do they speak!—and now the snaw is up to their verra chins, and the bit bonny braw, stiff, fause shirt-collars, that they were sae proud o' sticking at their chests, are as hard as air, for they've gotten a sair, Scotch starchin—and the fierce North cares naething for their towsey hair a' smellin wi' Kalydor and Macassar, no it indeed, but twurls it a' into ravelled hanks, till the frozen mops bear nae earthly resemblance to the ordinary heads o' Cockneys; and how indeed should they, lying in sic an unnatural and out-o'-the-way place for them, as the moors atween Dalnacardoch and Dalwhinnie?

North. Oh, James—say not they perished!

Shep. Yes, sir, they perished; under such circumstances, it would have been too much to expect of the vital spark that it should not have fled. It did so—and a pair of more interesting Bagmen never slept the sleep of death. Gie me the lend o' your handkercher, sir, for I agree wi' you that the picture's verra pathetic.

On one occasion, North, who supported the character of an old bachelor, relates a droll adventure he had on the Calton Hill:—

North. Feeling my toe rather twitchy, I sat down on a bench immediately under Nelson's Monument, and leaving that clever paper the *Observer* of the day in my pocket, I began to glance over its columns, when my attention was suddenly attracted to a confused noise of footsteps, whisperings, titterings, and absolutely guffaws, James, circling round the base of that ingenious model of a somewhat clumsy churn, Nelson's Monument. Looking through my specks—lo! a multitude of all sexes—more especially the female—kept congregating round me, some with a stare, others with a simper, some with a full open-mouthed laugh, and others with a half-shut-eye leer—which latter mode of expressing her feelings is, in a woman, to me peculiarly loathsome—while ever and anon I heard one voice saying, "He is really a decent man;" another, "He has been a fine fellow in his day, I warrant;" a third, "Come awa, Meg, he's ower auld for my money;" and a fourth, "He has cruel gray-green een, and looks like a man that would murder his wife."

Shep. That was gutting fish afore you catch them. But what was the meaning o' a' this, sir?

North. Why, James, some ninny, it seems, had advertised in the Edinburgh newspapers for a wife with a hundred a year, and informed the female public that he would be seen sitting for inspection—

Tickler. In the character of opening article in the *Edinburgh Review*—

North. From the hours of one and two in the afternoon, on the identical bench, James, on which, under the influence of a malignant sar, I had brought myself to anchor.

Shep. Haw! haw! haw! That beats cock-fechtin. So, then, Christopher North sat publicly on a bench commandin a view o' the hail-city o' Embro as an adverteser for a wife wi' a moderate income—and you canna ca' a hunder a year immoderate, though it's comfortable—and was unconsciously undergoin an inspection as scrutineezin to the ee o' fancy and

imagination as a recruit by the surgeon afore he's alloo'd to join the regiment. Haw—haw—haw!

North. I knew nothing at the time, James, of the ninny and his advertisement—

Shep. Sae you continued sittin and glowerin at the croad through your specks?

North. I did, James. What else could I do? The semicircle, "sharpening its mooned horns," closed in upon me, hemming and hemming me quite up to the precipice in my rear—the front rank of the allied powers being composed, as you may suppose, of women—

Shep. And a pretty pack they wad be—fishwives, female caudies, blue-stockings, toon's-offisher's widows, washerwomen, she-waiters, girzies, auld maids wi' bairds, and young limmers wi' green parasols and five flounces to their forenoon gowns—

North. I so lost my heath, James, and all power of discrimination, that the whole assemblage seemed to me like a great daub of a picture looked at by a connoisseur with a sick stomach, and suddenly about to faint in an exhibition.

Shep. You hae reason to be thankfu' that they didna tear you into pieces.

North. At last up I got, and attempted to make a speech, but I felt as if I had no tongue.

Shep. That was a judgment on you, sir, for bein sae fond o' talkin—

North. Instinctively brandishing my crutch, I attacked the centre of the circle, which immediately gave way, falling into two segments—the one sliding with great loss down the slope, and stopt only by the iron paling in front of the New Jail—the other wheeling tumultuously in a *sauve qui peut* movement up towards the Observatory—the plateau in front being thus left open to my retreat, or rather advance.

Shep. Oh, sir! but you should hae been a sodger. Wellington or Napoleon wad hae been naething to you—you wad soon hae been a field-marshal—a generalissimo.

North. The left wing had rallied in the hollow; and having formed themselves into a solid square, came up the hill at the *pas de charge*, with a cloud of skirmishers thrown out in front; and, unless my eye deceived me, which is not improbable, supported and covered on each flank by cavalry.

Shep. That was fearsome.

North. I was now placed between two fires, in imminent danger of being surrounded and taken prisoner, when with one of those sudden *coup d'œil*s, which, more than anything else, distinguish the military genius from the mere martinet, I spied an opening to my right, through, or rather over the crags; and, using the but-end of my crutch, I overthrew in an instant the few companies, vainly endeavouring to form into echelon in that part of the position, and, with little or no loss, effected a bold and skilful retrograde movement down the steepest part of the hill, over whose rugged declivities, it is recorded, that Darnley, centuries before, had won the heart of Queen Mary, by galloping his war-horse, in full armour, on the evening after a tournament at Holyrood. Not a regiment had the courage to follow me; and, on reaching the head of Leith Walk, I halted on the very spot, where my excellent friend the then lord provost presented the keys of the city to his most gracious majesty,* on his entrance into the metropolis of the most ancient of his dominions, and gave three-times-three in token of triumph and derision, which were faintly and feebly returned from the pillars of the Parthenon; but I know not till this hour, whether by the discomfited host, or only by the echoes.

Shep. "Fortunate Senex!" Wonderfu' auld man!

Alas! these pleasantries recall to us the days of other years and other men, and remind us that we, in whose

youth they were uttered, are getting old. Yet it is cheering, too, to think that we, at least, can still enjoy them, as when—

calidus juvenâ,
Consule Planco.

JOURNEY FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE wide expanse of savanna or plain the pilgrims were now traversing, is singularly destitute of animal life. There being no covert even for birds, it was only occasionally a turkey would sweep over their heads, or a vulture to prey on the little animal we shall shortly have occasion to describe. Still more rarely, a small herd of the graceful antelope might be perceived at a distance, on the remains of which, when shot, the wolves would gather to feast by night. One evening, our wanderers over this dreary waste encamped close to a clear and beautiful spring, surrounded with bushes, that formed, as it were, a grotto, and flowed into a natural basin, bordered with the richest verdure. Men and animals seemed to enjoy this sweet oasis so much, they could not resist spending a few hours in luxurious abandon; each one after his own taste seeking some relaxation. Mr Blackwell had a long chase after a turkey, which he at length brought down with the rifle; and Edwardson observed, with a curious and amused eye, the proceedings of the singular animal called the 'prairie dog,' which, in fact, is no dog at all, but a creature partaking of the natures of the rabbit and squirrel, but most resembling the latter in appearance and size. Their habitations are like a regular village, burrowed in the ground. With a pocket perspective-glass, Mr Edwardson could see the animals running about, as it were, in the streets, one sage patriarchal fellow evidently on watch at a corner. They would gather in small groups, seem to converse eagerly with each other, then scamper off as if on business of the utmost importance. Should a slight alarm be given, the watchman utters a short bark, or rather yelp, like that of a young dog—whence their name—when, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole population disappear with a tumble into the holes. Mr Edwardson shot one or two of them, and they were pronounced very tolerable eating, for hungry men, when better was not to be had.

Earlier than usual next morning, the travellers left their grateful resting-place, and having now crossed the not very well-defined boundary between the Pottawattimic and Pawnee territories, some additional precautions became necessary to their safety. The Pawnee is a most savage and treacherous tribe, of whom the United States' government can make nothing at all; they can neither be bribed by kindness, nor bound by treaties. They are constantly at war with the Pottawattimies on the one side, and the Sioux on the other, both of which are in firm alliance with the whites. The number of the Pawnee warriors is, by these frequent fightings, much diminished; for though they are the most fierce and cunning, their enemies are the most numerous and powerful. Our emigrants had been warned strongly to be on their guard against these savages, as some of them are continually in ambush, watching opportunity to carry off cattle or horses by night. Such attacks of the Indians are called 'stampedes,' and are performed by the savages suddenly riding in the darkness, with frightful cries, at the animals resting near a camp. These, terrified beyond measure, break their tethers; and as the Indians continue to gallop on, the cattle, in their panic, run off too, following the sound of the retreating

* George IV., who visited Edinburgh in 1832.

* A species of the marmot family.

horses' feet, and so into the clutches of the cunning robbers. Of all the dangers of the American wilderness, that from hostile Indians is ever the most appalling. It was necessary, therefore, always to set a guard at night, and it was usually divided into two hours' watches, of course taken in turn by our four travellers and their teamster. Dash, the dog, became here a valuable auxiliary, though hitherto his talents had never been developed in that line. But we constantly see, in animals as in man, a wonderful facility of adaptation to circumstances. One night, during the second watch, Mr Edwardson being on guard, he suddenly experienced a change in the atmosphere; the stars became obscured, and the stillness of the grave reigned all around. Fearing, from what he had once before observed in Cuba, that this portentous quiet boded a storm, and well knowing what were its fearful powers when it swept in unbroken might over the vast plains, he at once awaked his comrades, in order to strike the tent and secure the wagon. The latter they accomplished by pinning down the body and wheels with ropes and strong stakes; and then they sought refuge for themselves within it. Hardly were they sheltered amongst their luggage, when they were almost blinded by a vivid flash of forked lightning, which was instantly succeeded by the most tremendous peal of thunder and heavy rain. Then came the whirlwind rushing over the prairie with a noise hardly less terrific. The wagon rocked and trembled, and for a moment they feared their frail shelter was giving way in spite of all their precautions. It stood, however; but the feelings of its crouching tenants may be more easily imagined than described, as they recollected the Indians often choose such storms to make their stampedes; and at times they were uncertain whether the crash of the hurricane were not mingled with the Red Man's yells—whether God alone in His majesty were abroad, or man in his cruelty and rage.

The storm lasted but an hour. The stars again appeared, and the sojourners emerged from their hiding-place to look after their mules and steeds. They found two of the former were gone; but nothing could be done till daylight, when Messrs Powell and Livingstone mounted and rode off in pursuit. The animals were discovered at a distance of five miles, patiently grazing near their last encampment, whither they had been urged by the direction of the whirlwind. They allowed themselves to be quietly driven back to their companions, when all were harnessed; and the wayfarers set out once more on what some of them were beginning to fear would prove 'toilsome travelling.' Romance was fast wearing off, and stern realities were staring them in the face. One serious anxiety they had which it was almost impossible they could have foreseen, or made calculations for, and yet it proved the immediate source of all their future privations. From the vast flood of emigration that had preceded them, the prairie was almost bare of its herbage, rank and plentiful as we are accustomed to consider it. Sometimes, therefore, they had to drive the animals a couple of miles from the place of camping, in order to find for them even an insufficient feed. There, too, they had to be watched through the night—a dreary and dangerous duty even for a man well armed.

A day or two after the hurricane, they overtook a pretty large company of emigrants, principally from Virginia; with these they exchanged the usual courtesies, and then encamped within a few hundred yards, each party setting its own especial guard. Towards morning, it being Powell's watch, he was startled by a rifle-shot from the camp of the Virginians, accompanied by the ever-dreaded cry of 'Indians.' Losing completely his presence of mind, he discharged his own piece in the air, and catching up the cry, fled to his tent in a panic, rousing the rest from their deep

and soothing slumbers with his outcry. Of course they instantly started up, and grasped their arms; but for some time Mr Powell was not collected enough to inform them what had caused his terrors, or from what quarter they were to look for danger. At length they understood the alarm had come from the other camp; whereupon Edwardson and Blackwell volunteered to go over as cautiously as possible, to see what might be the matter—the former secretly burning to have a real fight with the Indians, and the latter firmly persuaded that any bush on the way might conceal a Pawnee warrior. Both were disappointed: they reached their countrymen's camp in safety, and found it indeed in fearful excitement, but no trace of enemies was to be found. In a short time, when composure was somewhat restored, the whole panic was found to have arisen from the mistake of a sleepy sentinel. Waking suddenly from a nap, he observed close at hand what he took for a skulking Indian, at whom he instantly fired. It turned out to be one of his fellow-travellers' coats, which he had hung on a shrub outside the tents, and the vigilant guard mistook it for a savage. The only sufferer from the false alarm, if we except a pretty general savageness of temper at the unnecessary disturbance, was the owner of the coat, which was completely riddled, clearly shewing that a good account would have been given of the Pawnee foe, had it proved one.

Nothing else worthy of record occurred to Mr Edwardson and his associates till they gained Fort Kearney, which is the first military station in the Indian territories. Here are about 100 troops, mostly mounted, and such is the moral force of the government, that this handful of men keep in thorough check many thousand savages. Would that some such wholesome influence were established and exerted in the wilds of Kaffraria!

Fort Kearney is well situated, not far from the Nebraska River, called on some maps the La Platte. The country is but slightly wooded, the chief growth being willows; hence an extensive circuit of open plain stretches round the station in all directions—a most proper precaution in a country of hostile and cunning savages. The appearance of the fort, as our travellers drew nigh, was most picturesque. From 1500 to 2000 emigrants were encamped on the plain, their tents and wagons clustering round the fort, but at a certain distance, prescribed by the commandant, in order to prevent too close intercourse with the soldiery, as, in that case, intemperance and insubordination might be apprehended.

The refreshment to our travellers was great, of another glimpse, after a month's interval, of social and civilised life; while 'the stars and stripes' floating from the battlements gave them, as it were, a further assurance they were at home.

The sutler of the fort, anticipating the transit of emigrants that occurred, had amply provided himself with sundry necessities for pilgrims across the deserts, which not only proved most acceptable to many, but yielded himself a very handsome reward for his forethought.

When Mr Edwardson's company reached the appointed place of camping, they found no small excitement prevailing among those that had preceded them, in consequence of a rather formidable and successful stampede the Pawnees had made on a party lately arrived. The emigrants were in the act of organising a band of volunteers to go in pursuit of the robbers, who had possessed themselves of several oxen and horses. Ten dragoons from the fort were to accompany them; and Edwardson, his thirst for a brush with Indians yet unsatisfied, at once offered to make one of the party. A trapper, well acquainted with the language and habits of the Pawnees, was to act as scout and interpreter.

It was the second day of hard riding, after they left the fort, before they came upon any traces of what they sought; but then they observed marks of slaughtered cattle; and following the trail, in three hours more, they found a party of Indians posted in a dense growth of willows. The scout, with Edwardson and a huge Kentucky man, advanced boldly towards the Indian bivouac, making signs of peace. Two fierce-looking warriors met them with similar tokens of amity, and the interpreter immediately made known the white men's complaint. To this it was replied, they had no knowledge whatever of the stampede. It was urged this was impossible; and part of the debris that had been found on the trail was exhibited. As stoutly as before, all participation in the theft was denied, till the officer in command of the dragoons, who had hitherto been purposely concealed by the rest of the party, advanced, and said authoritatively: 'The Pawnee knew he lied,' and threatened them with the summary and utmost vengeance of their 'grandfather' (the president of the United States), unless instant restitution was made. Previously to the apparition of the officer, the trapper could see, from the handling of their arms on the skirts of the under-wood, that the savages were resolved on resistance; but as soon as the soldier took part in the conference—which it was not his object to do till other means failed—the enemy was at once overawed, or, as we should say, completely cowed. Their grandfather's uniform brought them to terms in a moment; and the red chief promised, that if they were pardoned, the cattle should be restored. As no bloodshed had taken place in the stampede, the officer engaged for an amnesty, on condition that they should pay for the animals they had slaughtered, restore the remainder, and leave three of their braves as hostages, till the demands were complied with. This was humbly assented to; and the white men retired a short distance to refresh themselves, and await the return of their treacherous opponents. Darkness came on, and they were compelled to bivouac another night, many of the white men believing the affair would not be so easily concluded; but the hostages, and the scout, laughed scornfully at their threatenings, awaiting in calm conviction the morning's light, when, accordingly, the Indian chief appeared, and some others, driving before them the stolen property. It was soon seen that three of the oxen were wanting, for which the American officer at once demanded twenty dollars each; whereupon the Indians held up their empty hands, to signify they had no money. But this did not avail them. An equivalent in skins, moccasins, and buffalo-robcs was peremptorily required. After another, though shorter delay, these were forthcoming; and then the officer made a speech, telling the Indians they should be forgiven this time; but if anything of the kind occurred again, they should receive the most severe chastisement. The chief had his 'talk' too. He said his grandfather was very merciful—he loved him very much indeed—was sorry for what had taken place—and should certainly punish those of his young men who had annoyed his white brothers. This red warrior was a most villainous-looking fellow; and his words were taken just for what they were worth, as there was no doubt he was the prime thief himself. The emigrants, with their escort, then returned in triumph; and the owners exchanged at the fort the Indian commodities for cattle, to replace those that had been killed.

After four days further rest and refitting at Fort Kearney, our travellers again moved onwards; and about ten miles distant, they struck the banks of the Nebraska, which they followed till evening, and then encamped close to the water, where they found plenty of fuel from the dried-up willows. Here, at many other places they had passed, they found melancholy

evidences that cholera had been at its fell work among the emigrants. All along the route, they met with graves, marked by a small slab of wood, on which was rudely carved, by some pious hand, a name, a date, and died of cholera—sad and frail memorials of the dead, no doubt watered with survivors' tears. Not unfrequently these resting-places of mortality had been torn up and violated by the prairie-wolves, which, gorged by, or perhaps scared from their prey, had often left a human hand or leg, or, more generally, only the soiled and torn clothing in which the body had been no doubt hastily interred. Mr Edwardson saw at different times several of these ravenous creatures; and their howls at midnight over their loathsome repasts, often broke the stillness of the wilderness, and made the blood of the lonely sentinel curdle in his veins.

One night the profound sleep of the wearied wayfarers was broken by a wild unearthly cry, which made the heart of the stoutest quail and shiver. It was not the sharp yell or prolonged howl of the wolf; and there was too much of mortal anguish in it to be the war-cry of a fierce Pawnee. While the startled travellers listened in dismay, a wretched maniac burst into their tent. All alone he was—his scanty clothing in rags, his fierce eye glaring round for food. So complete was his aberration, that the sojourners could attempt nothing for his relief, save to set some food before him, of which, when he had partaken, he immediately set out on his midnight wandering. They heard from some emigrating countrymen next day, that the unfortunate man had lost all his family by the cholera; and, finding himself thus left alone, had become insane, would not join any other party, but continued flitting about on the prairie, and venting his anguish in those dismal cries. He was safe from the Indians, as they always respect mental aberration; but doubtless, poor fellow, he would at length sink under exposure and fatigue.

For 200 miles, Mr Edwardson and his companions followed the course of the Nebraska River, which flows nearly due east for 600 miles, and then joins the Missouri. During this journeying, they enjoyed the exciting sport of buffalo-hunting, and encamped sometimes two days for the express purpose. Our travellers subsequently discovered that they had acted inexpediently in allowing themselves the indulgence, for eventually their horses were irreparably injured, and their owners had many a weary foot-sore day they might otherwise have escaped. While thus trifling away precious time, it became, moreover, too evident that the mules were shewing symptoms of weakness from the insufficiency of herbage on the plain, those which had gone before having, like a swarm of locusts, consumed what they passed over.

Our little party had never shrunk from any personal hardship or useful labour, washing even their own linens, new as such an employment was to them all; but to this had now to be added greater exertion than ever, and much steadfast endurance in assisting the poor mules to drag out the wagon as often as it sunk in soft ground, or to ford the numerous rivers, or forks, as they are termed, until frequently the strength of men and animals was completely exhausted. When the Nebraska was to be crossed, it was first necessary to ford it on horseback, staking the bed of the stream in the place found most firm and shallow for the wagon. The width of the Nebraska is nearly a mile at the spot where our travellers finally crossed, the bottom is of shifting sand, and the water so shallow as to be navigable nowhere except for canoes, though the stream is so rapid that in the slow passage of the wagon it was with the utmost difficulty the stores were kept from being inundated by the rushing water. Several hours' rest were absolutely necessary after this difficult transit; and not more than three miles further, on a bright and beautiful afternoon, they found themselves

slowly ascending a pretty steep hill, finely wooded with cedars. The descent on the other side proved far more difficult than the ascent; even so much so, that the weary men were obliged to unharness the still more weary mules, and then attach a rope to the wagon, which was passed round the stem of a tree, when the loaded vehicle slid down by its weight, and the mules were allowed to find their own footing to the base. They now reached a most lovely valley. A brook that tumbled over a precipitous rock, flowed beneath a grove of cedars. Here the pilgrims pitched their tent for the night, but were obliged to drive the nags and mules a mile and a half off to pasture, two of the joint-owners remaining with them to watch alternately. A slight adventure befell these. The first killed a large rattlesnake asleep among the trees with a sapling club; this was Mr Edwardson's feat, of which he was far more proud than his friend Powell was of his, which consisted in bringing down an antelope from among a small herd he saw grazing at a little distance. The venison proved a delicious treat to the party, who had not previously met with any. But that same night the weakest of the mules died, apparently of mere exhaustion. One of the gentlemen's horses was harnessed to the team instead; and of course this was taken in turns. About this time, they reached a most singular freak of nature called Chimney Rock. It has been described by other travellers, and therefore it need only be said here, that it rises perpendicularly to a great height; is about twenty yards in diameter at the base; is of sandstone; and, the weather having worn the edges smooth, it presents the appearance of a solitary gigantic pillar rising from the prairie. At this place our travellers celebrated the 4th of July by an afternoon's rest, and such good cheer as their decreasing stores would permit.

Their way now lay across a swiftly and arid plain; hardly could an African desert be more so, or an African sun hotter than that which beat on the little cavalcade. Slowly and droopingly they traversed the burning waste, where not a blade of grass was to be seen for hours together; and the only consolation was, that a few days would bring them to Fort Laramie, where rest and refreshment would be found. The day before they reached it, their sufferings were most severe, and so exhausted were man and beast, that, although with the fort in view, as they approached the river that lay between, they felt quite unequal to attempt crossing its stream that night. There were predecessors in suffering in the same predicament. The Laramie River is rapid and deep; but next morning, by borrowing mules, and lending again in return, some fifty emigrants, including Edwardson's party, crossed the water in safety, though not without damage to the provisions in the wagon.

Fort Laramie was originally called Fort John; it belonged to an American fur-company, but was purchased by the government for a military station, as it is a central point amidst the Sioux territory. These are the most numerous and powerful of all the Indian tribes, but they are on friendly terms with the United States. At Laramie, all the Indians who are, as it is called, pensioned by the government meet once a year, to hold a grand 'talk' or council, to receive their pensions or presents, and to renew their treaties of amity. The fort is built of adobe, or sun-dried brick, and is well garrisoned. A few pieces of small cannon are mounted on the walls, but the mild yet firm administration of the commandant has taught the Sioux to venerate their white allies too much to require any stringent measures of intimidation.

While at Laramie, Mr Edwardson saw a good deal of these Indians, and was much impressed in their favour. They are tall, athletic, and finely formed; some of the squaws might be almost pronounced beautiful. The

Sioux, unlike most other tribes of the red men, seem not to have acquired the vices of civilisation, and tenaciously retain their natural passion for independence and freedom, while, at the same time, they maintain a constant and friendly intercourse with the whites; by which means, they have become very knowing in their trade of furs and skins for powder, lead, &c. Yet, their manners are courteous and confiding, generally displaying perfect faith in the integrity and friendship of their white 'brothers.' It is a singular fact, perhaps not usually known, but well authenticated by Mr Edwardson, that cholera hardly ever attacks the red man. Even should he be a worshipper of the fatal fire-water, the purity of the air he breathes, and the bubbling spring of which he drinks, appear to exempt him from the pestilence.

Edwardson met with a great and unexpected pleasure in finding in the fort at Laramie a young officer who had been his class-mate at West Point Academy. This circumstance made the time to pass most agreeably, and facilitated greatly the refitting of the travellers' stores and appointments; but, unfortunately, there was no means of replacing Mr Powell's horse, which died here, having never recovered his last buffalo-hunt. Two more of the horses were in a most unsatisfactory state. Edwardson's alone, a beautiful gray Indian stallion, stood out bravely. Who would have thought that the dog, poor Dash, would have been one of the most severe sufferers of the group!—yet so it was. Dash was a dog of spirit, but he had been too tenderly nurtured to be equal to every emergency of a prairie-journey. Sagacious he was, but he would not be persuaded to restrain his impromptu rambles, after one attraction and another, nor would he be thought so effeminate as to require at times a rest in the wagon. Bravely he stemmed the rivers, but always gave himself double fatigue in his anxiety to see how his master got on. The result was, that Dash's claws were worn down, and then his feet became cracked and painful. Tenderly were they ministered to at Laramie, and carefully were they covered for the subsequent journey; but Dash, though gravely submitting to be shod with moccasins, always got rid of them as soon as he courteously could. Poor Dash! thy bones were left at last to bleach on the Rocky Mountains!

About the middle of July, they left Fort Laramie, after three days' sojourn. They would gladly have lingered longer, but they had been seventy-five days in completing the 670 miles from Independence, and the heat had now become excessive, so that they might not calculate on being able to push on so quickly as was desirable. In the tent, the day they left Laramie, the thermometer was at 120 degrees.

Their first day's travel was only a few miles, so hard and rugged was the ground; but at night they encamped in another sweet oasis, amidst a cluster of cotton-wood trees, with fine tall grass, and a lovely purling stream half hidden beneath. After leaving this, the route began to become elevated, as they were reaching the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. For ten days, the way was monotonous and cheerless in the extreme, and they then came to the bed of a dried-up river; though, from its width and precipitous banks, it was easy to see that in winter the torrents from the mountains swelled it into a broad and deep stream. It is called the Big Sandy River, and is 150 miles from Fort Laramie. For the first time, our travellers were here under the necessity of digging for water, and fortunately procured a tolerable supply. Having halted about noon, they resolved to rest under the most shady part of the bank until the cool of the evening, when, with moonlight, they might make a forced march over thirty miles of sandy desert that lay between them and the next clearly defined place of encampment at Green River. Accordingly, at sunset

they harnessed and set out. Herbage or water there was none; a sea of deep sand spread around; and another disaster distinguished this long and weary march. A favourite white mule became so weak, that towards morning she was unharnessed, and tied to the rear of the wagon, her place in the team being supplied by another of the horses. Slowly and heavily moved the wagon, till, after a violent jolt, it sunk to its axle in the sand. After much strenuous exertion of the united strength of men and animals, it again jerked forward, and there was heard a shrill and piercing cry. The team was instantly stopped; but too late. Poor Whity must have fallen when the wagon sunk, and, unable to rise again, had her neck broken, for her owners found her in the agonies of death; and, not without a sigh, she too was left to the prowling wolves.

They seemed to have been travelling on table-land for a time, as, before reaching Green River, they had to descend a steep hill. They gained the bank a little before noon, after a march of fifteen hours, and having made the longest stretch they ever attained—thirty miles without stopping. Green River is a rapid and beautiful stream, in some places deep; but having found a ford, they crossed it the evening of the same day, not without much risk from the weakness of the animals. Having moved along the bank for two miles in search of a resting-place, they encamped late, but cheered by a full moon, for a rest of two days. Here begins the territory of the Snake Indians, a large and fierce tribe, but on good terms with the whites, though, as none of these savages ever omit opportunities of aggression when they may work it out with impunity, the vigilance of our travellers in establishing a nightly guard was never suffered to relax. A few exhausted emigrants, besides Mr Edwardson's party, were here gathered to recruit themselves and their teams.

While resting by Green River, our energetic young friend, accompanied by some other of the wayfarers, paid a visit to an Indian village hard by, the inhabitants of which numbered about 200. In the close vicinage of the streams, these villages are usually planted, for here only—in what is called the prairie-region—is to be found the desirable shelter of belts of wood. The wigwams were very irregularly erected, composed chiefly of skins, stretched over a few sapling stems, drawn together to a point overhead. The interior was very filthy and disorderly, men, women, and children herding promiscuously, but, except at night, the families appeared to live almost entirely in the open air; under the trees and by the river's brink they clustered in blissful idleness or dreamy childish play. Inside and outside, the huts were covered, in festoons, with dried venison and buffalo-meat; and Mr Edwardson procured from an elderly squaw, for an old shirt, several pair of deer-skin moccasins and as much venison as he could carry. Moreover, the white visitors smoked with the chief men of the settlement the pipe of peace, which gave them the *entrée* of all the dwellings; and, in exchange for a little tobacco, they were promised a good supply of deer's flesh while they remained in the neighbourhood.

In the immediate vicinage of this Indian village, or encampment, for it was only a temporary one, our travellers witnessed a still more novel and stirring scene. It was the usual yearly meeting of the traders from the States with the trappers who frequent these wilds, and who are under engagement to the former to meet with them and dispose of their peltry. The traders were provided with ammunition, clothing, ardent spirits, and other things necessary or acceptable to the trappers and Indians, some of the latter of whom take care always to be at hand at such times, to come in for a share of the trading. Both traders and hunters employ mules to carry their goods and tents, so that it was

an extensive encampment, not unlike an English fair. The traders were six or seven in number; the trappers ten-times as numerous. Some of these latter had Indian wives and children with them. The trapper, living entirely in the wilds and among the Indians, generally forms a domestic relation with some young squaw, and as long as she pleases to follow him they remain together. When she thinks fit to leave him—which, however, she seldom does except when for a time he returns to the haunts of civilisation—she goes back to her tribe with her children, and he takes another wife. When Mr Edwardson visited this singular fair, and saw the piles of rich furs and skins, so valuable in commerce; the rough half-wild men who procure them; the shy dark women, and dirty half-bred children—he could perceive no good, but evil, in this mode of life, whatever wild charm genius may have thrown around a 'Hawkeye.' There was a table for gaming among the other booths, where, at a Spanish game of cards, called *monté*, a trapper will lose at once the whole fruits of his year's hunting. Intemperance was also there in debasing forms, and the visitor-emigrants were at length glad to retire from the scene.

AN AURORA BOREALIS.

O STRANGE soft gleam! O ghostly dawn
That never brightens into day;
Ere earth's mirk pall again be drawn,
Let us look out beyond the gray.

'Tis scarcely midnight by the clock;
There is no sound on glen or hill;
The moaning water down the rock
Leaps, but the woods lie dark and still.

Austere against the kindling sky
You crumbling turret blacker grows;
Harsh light! to show remorselessly
Runs night hid in kind repose.

Nay, beauteous light—nay, light that fills
The whole heaven like a dream of Morn—
As waking upon northern hills
She smiles to see herself new-born—

Strange light, I know thou wilt not stay;
That many an hour must come and go
Before the pale November day
Break in the east, forlorn and slow.

Yet blest one gleam—one gleam like this
When heaven's e'erbrims with splendours bright,
And the long night that was, and is,
'And shall be—melts, absorbed in light;

Oh, blest one hour like this!—to rise
And see grief's shadows backward roll,
While bursts on unaccustomed eyes
The glad Aurora of the soul.

DUTCH BOERS.

These unfortunate Boers are, for the most part, men of considerable education and property, many of them having been reared in the rich districts of the Cape Colony; and, so far from being 'the savage barbarians' that the scandalous official dispatches of the colonial governors have always represented them to be, they are simply rough, straightforward country gentlemen, differing but little from ourselves in religion, by no means disloyal, and very much attached to English laws and usages—*Mason's Life with the Zulus of Natal.*

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A CHEERFUL PARTY.

BOARD AND RESIDENCE.—A vacancy occurs for a single gentleman or lady in a select boarding-establishment, where the Party is cheerful and musical.' I confess that when my eye lit upon this announcement, in reward of a search I was for the second time making for that 'place of rest,' to which, failing 'Providence' and the newspaper, I had no 'guide,' the idea of standing at livery, and thus consolidating into one total the combined cares of living and lodging, had never occurred to me. It came now with all the force of an inspiration, and I hastened to take the flood-tide of fortune while it lasted. The 'select establishment' in question, in search of which I proceeded at once, was situated in a quarter of the Great Babel which would seem to have first seen the light in the good old times when German courts were beginning to provide sound Protestant wives for the scions of the Hanoverian dynasty, and names for its then fashionable streets. Of the advantages of her home, the lady of the house drew a picture so glowing and artistic, commencing with soup and fish daily, and winding up with doilies and dinner-napkins, and the society of the 'Cheerful Party,' that I felt at once assured that I was really—in my domestic relations, at least—on the way to fortune, and acceded with enthusiasm to her proposal that I should see the vacant sleeping-apartment, which she described as 'a snug bachelor's room.' This definition I found implied a magnified closet 8 feet by 7, with a window in one corner, a washing-stand in the other, a chest of drawers, three chairs, and a French bedstead. Though hardly prepared for so contracted a view of a bachelor's requirements, the prospect of the Cheerful Party—for I am of a social and gregarious disposition—overcame all my misgivings; references and ratifications were exchanged, and the 'snug bachelor's room' was mine.

The Party and I made each other's acquaintance the following evening, and a very few days' observation gave me the following information in regard to the individual members who composed it. It comprised, firstly, Mrs Heaviland, a large-patterned widow-lady, with a good jointure and a Swiss maid. She was, I observed, profoundly revered by the lady of the house, probably from her occupying the best bedroom; and her strictures, of which she was liberal, upon any deficiencies at the dinner-table met ever with prompt redress. With the other ladies of the house she was scarcely popular, being somewhat exacting and impatient of opposition; but she was rather a favourite with the gentlemen, to whom she gave occasional soirées, and much good advice in regard to the

advantage of an early settlement in life, of which, having four grand-nieces, she was a decided advocate. Next came Miss Starchey, a well-informed angular lady; age, *moyenne*, as the passports say—a perfect cyclopædia of boarding-house statistics, having lived in them all her life, and never for three consecutive months in the same. Her experiences in this branch of social knowledge were alike profitable and entertaining; and not a revolution had arisen—a contingency, I was given to understand, by no means infrequent—in any one of these metropolitan republics for the last ten years, of which she was not in possession of exclusive details. She had resided for a short time in Miss Sackcloth's well-known high-church establishment in Wilton Gardens, where the ladies fasted three times a week—no deduction, she always explained, was made from the terms on that account—and wore hair—. But this is immaterial.* On the disruption of this institution, by the perversion of its seven principal inmates to the errors of Romanism—through the machinations, as Miss Starchey assured me, of a Jesuit, who for that purpose served the family for three months in the disguise of a footman—she formed one of that band of Amazons which sustained for a short period the 'quiet home' of Miss Primme, in Strathearn Street, where no gentlemen were received. This temple of Vesta exploding speedily of spontaneous combustion, my fair friend took up her residence in the aristocratic mansion, in Southbourne Crescent, of Mrs Brompton, who, and too-inquiring applicants by giving references to Lord Laxtone—I never heard, by the way, that she had any acquaintance with her ladyship. Miss Starchey was indeed herself the heroine, and ever recounted the adventure with natural pride, who, upon the untimely reverse which soon afterwards befell this abode of fashion, cut her way, bag and baggage, through a detachment of officers of the sheriff of Middlesex, who were sojourning temporarily on the premises, and effected a retreat without loss, and unmolested by the law she had defied, to the Cheerful Home in which I had the happiness to make her acquaintance. Miss Starchey's very particular friend—*vice* the large-patterned lady superseded, for being helped first at dinner—Mrs Livingstone, completed the lady-portion of the garrison. She was, I understood, a widow, in which case she must have married early, for she was young and not unattractive. She had resided some time in Paris, with the varied amusements of which metropolis she appeared to be perfectly familiar. She danced well, and flirted better; was an authority from whose decision there was no appeal on French fashions; and, for a lady, unusually well lettered in the mysteries of French literature. Of her

antecedents, nobody knew anything; whether from that fastidious good-breeding so rarely to be met with, or from some other cause, she never spoke of herself or her own affairs; and in regard to the deceased Livingstone, she ever maintained what Tennyson calls 'a voiceless silence.'

Of the male portion of the Cheerful Party, most influential, in position as in years, was Mr O'Shannon, an Irish gentleman, who lived upon his remittances, and traced his descent from the Shan van Voght, of which name he explained that his own was a corruption. Mr O'Shannon was, upon the whole, in high accord with the ladies, with whom it was his habit to flirt and quarrel alternately; and was considered an invaluable companion in the Park on Sunday, from his reputed knowledge of the armorial bearings of noble families. His statistics on these and other matters were, I found, not always to be relied upon; and his conversation generally was ornate and florid. After this gentleman, the most noticeable among us was Count Kassino, a German nobleman, though of Italian descent, diplomatic agent at Sassenach for the grand-duchy of Hombog-Schweren, on leave of absence from his mission. This gentleman wore moustaches and a good deal of hair—Miss Starchey said a wig, but I was never able to adduce any positive evidence upon the point, and his appearance generally was suggestive of the Caucasus. Mr Crosbie Hall, who, with me, completed the Cheerful Party, and who, holding an appointment in the Waste-paper Department, felt it his peculiar duty to watch over the safety of his country, confided to me his suspicions that the count was engaged in some revolutionary intrigue for the reintegration of extinct nationalities; but I could never myself see any ground for such apprehensions; the principal peculiarities of the gentleman in question, so far as I had observed them, being that he always spoke very bad French, and held very good cards—neither of them political offences. Of Mr Crosbie Hall himself, I may state, upon his own authority, that he merely held office in the Waste-paper Department until a vacancy in the Treasury should enable the government to secure his services in a more responsible situation. It was understood, however, that even in the limited sphere to which his energies were for a time confined, his labours were of an important and confidential character, and were proportionately remunerated. A search made for him by Mrs Livingstone in the Royal Red Book was rewarded by the following paragraph:—'*Extra Clerks*—Wesley Jones, John Crosbie Hall.' In consequence of the facilities afforded to this gentleman by his official position, he was usually regarded as an authority upon all matters involving the intentions of government; but, beyond this, his contributions to the general entertainment were limited.

Such was the Cheerful Party, of which I was now so fortunate as to be able to congratulate myself upon forming a component part; and thus relieved from the active cares of living, in what notable plans for the employment of my dignified leisure did I not indulge myself! 'In my mind's eye,' I overcame the difficulties of Plautus, and struggled through the ruggednesses of Chaucer; and I am not sure that a hopeful design, which has sometimes been present with me, of retracing, for the illumination of society, some of the most edifying portions of my own eventful career had not its origin in these days. Before, however, entering upon this profitable course of life, it seemed to me that it would be but judicious to devote some short time and attention to the acquisition of such an harmonious character with the Cheerful Party as might shew that I was not unworthy of belonging to it, and might serve me in due season, to retire upon with honour into private life; and to this desirable aim I devoted myself with, alas, a fatal success! By the simple but

unerring process of resigning myself to the subordinate part of a good listener, I soon became the most popular of characters. Ladies made room for me on conversation-chairs when I entered the drawing-room, and gentlemen shared my sherry after dinner with the frankest confidence. Mrs Heaviland, when she gave a *soirée*, consulted me on almost every detail, from the trimming of Fanny's white *arcophane* (grand-niece number one) to the most dignified mode of excluding the 'well-informed' woman—with whom war was to the knife—from participation therein. The latter lady never gave notice to quit, which it was her custom to do once, at least, in every three weeks, without consulting me upon the diction of that document, in order to its due legal formality; a confidence which possessed some compensating advantage in the greater facility it afforded for the composition of the reply, upon which the lady of the house was invariably good enough to desire my opinion. Mrs Livingstone honoured me with considerably more of her confidence than she was in the habit of bestowing upon society in general, and conversed with me at dinner in the French language in the most engaging manner. For the latter compliment, however, I fancied I was rather indebted to her desire to aggravate the 'large-patterned lady,' who was not conversant with that tongue, and with whom, being in alliance, offensive and defensive, with the 'well-informed woman,' she was not on terms. Mr Crosbie Hall soon ceased to hold up his voice before me, even upon the 'intentions of government;' I began, without apprehension, to correct Mr O'Shannon upon the rentals of the aristocracy; and there were not wanting those who pronounced my *jeux temps* superior even to that of the count himself.

Greatness, however, I gradually began to discover, has its cares as well as its privileges. That

Heaven sells all pleasure

is a verity undeniable; and even the post of honour of *enfant chéri* of a Cheerful Party, in common with other stations of eminence, is not without its drawbacks. Strange to say, however, doubts began now to rise in my mind whether the Cheerful Party was a Cheerful Party at all; and whether, on the contrary, it was not quite the reverse. 'Musical' it might be, but harmonious it certainly was not. It was far more suggestive to me of the Happy Family, in a very early stage of its moral progress, or a modern House of Commons, or any other combination of 'incongruous elements of contradictory habits and separate interests; and heartily was I tempted to denounce the fatal hour that witnessed my installation as a member of it. Had I not to bargain for long sixpenny-fares for Mrs Heaviland, whose pet parsimony was coach-hire, until, as I am an honest man, I was obliged to go a quarter of a mile round in my walks to avoid the humours of the cab-stand! Was I not compelled to listen, by the hour together, to Miss Starchey's comments upon her friends' characters, with the certainty that if I differed, I should be the next victim myself, and if I did not, should have them fathered upon me the next day as my own! Were not my good offices being perpetually called into requisition as a peace-officer, to keep the young widow from coming to a battle-royal with the old one, in which—for the latter possessed a keen eye and a sharp tongue, and the former perhaps, a rather valetudinarian reputation—she would be certain to be worsted! For which of my sins was I condemned to have my purse and patience nightly tested by the count's miraculous successions of trump-cards; and the anecdotes which the descendant of the Irish prophet was in the practice of improvising as his own from the *Annual Registers*? What had I done that Mr Crosbie Hall should take it into his head—for no other reason, I believe, than my distraction—to fall in love with the young widow, and murder my rest

by smoking his pipe for two hours on my bed every other evening, to ask me what I thought of his chances! Cheerful Party! Cheerful Pandemonium! But for an event wholly unlooked for, which exploded the whole concern at a day's notice, the 'snug bachelor's room' would have yielded a candidate for Bedlam.

Mrs Livingstone and the diplomatist, by way of bettering their respective fortunes—I sincerely trust they were neither disappointed—came to the resolution of amalgamating them, and departed simultaneously, without even taking me into their confidence—I presume for the seat of his mission. Nothing breaks up a Cheerful Party like a death or an elopement. Mr O'Shannon—between whom and the count, I found afterwards, some pecuniary partnerships existed, for his share in which, in the hurry of his matrimonial preparations, the latter had forgotten to provide—retired immediately to his estates; Mr Crosbie Hall took a fortnight's leave of absence, on medical certificate of a complaint in the heart, and repaired that organ by a temporary sojourn at Boulogne; and the 'well-informed woman' and the 'large-patterned lady' made up their differences, re-swore eternal friendship, and went off together to a new rival establishment, discovered by the former, in the next street, where the two ladies introducing one another were received 'on terms of advantage.' I thought it scarcely fair to desert my hostess in her misfortunes, which, however—perhaps from their not being without precedent in her experiences—she bore with admirable fortitude. I continued, therefore, for a few days, in undisturbed possession of the soup and fish, doilies and dinner-napkins, aforesaid, until a new Cheerful Party—in the shape of a gentleman and his wife, tired of housekeeping, a hobbledyhoed at King's College, an officer in the army, who had sold out 'because he didn't like it,' and a young lady who couldn't agree with her relatives—rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old one, when I very respectfully took my leave.

That it is not impossible for half-a-dozen people to make such mutual concessions to one another's fancies and foibles as may enable them to live for six months in harmony together, even though bound by no stronger ties than common convenience and the claims of good-breeding, I am far from doubting; and I am most willing, therefore, to believe that the discomforts I experienced must have been the result of some mismanagement of my own, and those I witnessed, peculiar to the Cheerful Party in which it was my fortune to serve my second apprenticeship to the toils of independent domesticity.

JOURNEY FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

From this point on Green River, some of the congregated emigrants determined to take the route to California by Fort Hall, others through the Mormon settlement of Deseret; but Mr Edwardson and his friends chose the less frequented, though more direct course, gone over by the celebrated explorer of those regions, Kit Carson—a name well known on the frontiers for enterprise, indomitable courage, and success. Our travellers now, outstripping some larger caravans, with the compass only for their guide, kept steadily on for what is called the South Pass, being that ridge of the Rocky Mountains from which the streams begin to flow westward into the Pacific.

There is no more hopeful, more beautiful feature of this magnificent continent, than its innumerable fine rivers, into which flow so many tributary streams: it would seem as if prepared by all-bounteous nature for a swarming and a busied people, to whom water, navigable water, is so imperatively necessary. The

Green River, which our travellers had last crossed, is a fork or tributary of the Nebraska; and they soon met with another, where an unfortunate incident took place. On reaching its bank, they found a comfortable log-hut, inhabited by two white men, who had here established themselves, to make a little fortune by assisting the numerous pilgrims towards the 'shrine of gold' to cross the deep and rapid stream, that swept in graceful curves through a thicket of willows and cotton-wood. These enterprising Americans from the state of New York, had constructed a strong and ingenious ferrying-machine out of two wagons, minus the wheels and coverings. They were planked over, forming one raft, which had strong ropes at each end passed round the massive trunk of a tree, by which means it was pulled by the two men over and back again. The raft carried men, wagons, and goods; but the draught and riding animals were obliged to swim over, which they usually did after their owners with perfect docility. There was one fine mule, however, which, whether from weakness or refractoriness, went off from the line of crossing, just in midst of the stream. Her owner—who was not of Mr Edwardson's party, but was on the raft at the same time with him—jumped into the water, to endeavour to keep the poor animal from certain destruction, should the current overpower her. The man got hold only of her tail, to which he persisted in holding on, in spite of the anxious calls and shoutings of the spectators. It was a sad scene. Mule and owner were swept down by the force of the current, and all the man's strength, when at length he became conscious of his danger, could not avail him to stop it and return. There was no possibility of affording assistance. One or two piteous wails were heard, as the hapless emigrant, so late full of life and hope, struggling now in death, disappeared beneath the trees that fringed the fatal river's brink. This event made a deep impression on all who witnessed it; and the brother of the unfortunate young man wept like an infant, refusing to be comforted.

When our travellers at length reached the South Pass, they took a day's rest. They were several thousand feet above the sea-level, and found it very cold. Mr Edwardson described one of his morning-watches as the bitterest he ever experienced. This was not, however, the highest altitude they gained, although they had no correct mode of measuring it. Their course sometimes led them across a circumscribed plain, sometimes to climb an ascending slope, and then, with more difficulty, to descend abruptly into a sheltered valley. On one occasion, having to dig for some water, they found a large block of ice, imbedded as it were in the rock, and covered with a thin stratum of earth and coarse stunted grass. In general, the ground was very spongy, quite like an Irish quaking-bog; and they were in the utmost consternation many times, for fear of the wagon sinking into it. Three weeks they floundered through this cold and hilly region, only occasionally meeting with some small fertilising streams, on whose banks was tolerable herbage, and where they met with deer and water-fowl, chiefly ducks. Whenever it was possible, they kept by the course of these streams, then not far from their sources; and when it was necessary for their sustenance, they took some game. Dash now fasted; but the other animals grew weaker and weaker; the coarse pasturage was not sufficiently nourishing to sustain them under such constant heavy work. One of the horses was left here to die; Edwardson's being the only one remaining, which he and his friends rode alternately. It soon became evident, under these circumstances, that they must make up their minds to abandon the wagon; but, as with it much of their goods must be lost, it was not without an anxious consultation this was resolved on; and here the real hardships of the journey commenced, all that had preceded being but joke in comparison.

It may here be mentioned, that this misfortune was partly caused by the mistakes they had committed as regards appointments. They ought to have had no wagon. Six or eight pack-mules would have carried all that was necessary, besides enabling them to transport some provision when they took game. A tent, a cooking pot and kettle, a single change of under-clothing, with abundance of ammunition, was quite sufficient; and the provisions should have been only some flour, coffee, sugar, and a little cordial in case of sickness. The outer garments should have been entirely of leather; but, especially, they should have retained a good supply of hard cash, as at the different stations or fairs bread stuff is always to be had, though at a high price.

The wagon, then, was now unloaded; trunks and provisions were overhauled, as what could be retained must be packed on the mules, and it was absolutely necessary to make their loads as light as possible. Trunks, and almost all their clothing, the greater part of their provisions, and the tent—indeed, every superfluous, and many things hitherto considered essential, and some to which memories and associations clung yet more tenaciously—were all, not without a severe struggle, left on the mountains, perhaps to be useful to some succeeding traveller, perhaps to find their way to some Indian wigwam. Packs were then made out of the canvas-covering of the tent; and, at the teamster's own request, he retraced his steps, expecting to fall in with some other party, to whom his services would be more acceptable.

Behold now our gentlemen-emigrants!—all gentlemanly appliances laid aside—three of them walking by the side of as many laden mules, one resting his weary feet on a now sorry-looking jaded horse. Each had put on his strongest suit; but boots were all worn out, and they were reduced to Indian moccasins. They slept, wrapped in a blanket, on the earth, and with the sky their only canopy.

On the banks of Bear River, they again encountered some travellers, under whose tent they enjoyed one night's shelter. They were loading for the start in the morning, when a gigantic Indian of the Utah tribe stalked up to the camping-place. He was considerably upwards of six feet high, stout in proportion, and apparently very vain of his size and strength; for he looked at those of the whites who were of less stature with an air of superb disdain, measuring them with his eye, and uttering a contemptuous 'ugh.' This at length attracted the notice of an emigrant lying on the ground, who slowly rose, and towering above the savage, looked down in turn upon him, patting him on the head with a low expressive laugh. On this, the red man slunk away, quite crest-fallen; and the huge Kentuckian coolly returned to his recumbent posture and his solacing pipe. The Utah Indians are physically superior to most other tribes, but they are gentle and friendly, and few in number.

One day the route lay by the side of an extensive lake, formed by a collection of warm sulphur-springs, the drinking of which our travellers found beneficially medicinal, and preventive of scurvy, to which men are liable when compelled to eat, as they were, so large a proportion of salted and animal food. There were also salt-springs among the hills, where they replenished their stock of salt, and beds of 'sal-eratus' in a pure state, which the Mormons collect and carry to their settlement. A severe misfortune befell, in consequence of some of the springs proving strongly alkaline, of which, before the travellers were aware of it, the horse drank freely. They had no corrective among their scanty stores, and so he died, to his owner's great regret. From the same cause, one of the mules became

sick, but lived a few days longer: when she died, the travellers were compelled to abandon more of their effects, reserving chiefly as much as possible of their flour and coffee, which, with the blankets, ammunition, and one or two cooking utensils, were all the three surviving mules could carry in their weakened condition.

In this plight, with rather anxious forebodings, they reached what is generally known as Sweet Water River. It flows through an extensive valley, but at so great an altitude above the sea, that the weather was cool and bracing. At a short distance from the river, they found a very singular rock, bare of any soil, and precipitously towering to a great height; it is called Independence, from its having been first discovered on the 4th of July. On its smooth sides were carved many names and dates by passing travellers. Edwardson and his companions added theirs to the number; and would have scaled the rock to the summit, had they been less oppressed by fatigue and privation. By this time, they were compelled to place themselves on a small allowance of bread; and, when they did not meet with game, they often felt the cravings of absolute hunger.

They journeyed by the brink of Sweet Water River till the route diverged. Crossing a steep and wooded hill, they found a barren level; after traversing which, they suddenly came to a gorge or cañon, the path through which was strewn with loose rocks and trunks of fallen trees, so as to be almost impassable. Here they overtook several wagons, brought to a dead stop, with travellers, baggage, and animals—in a fix, as the Yankees say, and in no very complacent mood, it may be imagined. Mr Edwardson's party were too weak themselves to afford any assistance; and so made the best of their own way, for the first time congratulating themselves on the lightness of their luggage.

On emerging from the savage gorge, our travellers found themselves in another extensive valley, dotted here and there with clumps of willows. A clear and beautiful stream, not larger than a brook, meandered over the plain, its banks covered with short but rich grass. This was too tempting an opportunity to be neglected of refreshing the exhausted mules; and, accordingly, they remained for two days under a close covert of willows. They then proceeded lingeringly over the comparatively fertile vale, choosing at night the closest thickets to rest, and keeping a very vigilant guard, as this was one of the haunts of the Digger Indians. This tribe is the lowest in the scale of humanity, at least on this part of the continent. They wear no clothing whatever; they neither sow, nor reap, nor hunt; but exist by digging for roots (whence their name), and by eating the succulent cones of a pine that grows on these mountains: the cones taste like a coarse nut, and are a favourite food of the grizzly bear, which also infests the hills and valleys, though not in great numbers.

In a low, sheltered spot, near the water-course that murmured pleasantly by, our wearied pilgrims were making themselves as comfortable as they could, broiling some ducks for supper, when, most unfortunately, some long dry grass on which they were reposing took fire from an accidental spark. In a moment, they were surrounded by flames, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts they rescued their mules from being scorched. Happily, the wind blew towards the stream; so that, by dint of beating on the edges of the fire with green willow-branches, they soon extinguished it, and betook themselves to much-needed repose. Hardly had the others fallen asleep, ere the sentinel was surprised by the apparition of a white man, whom he challenged; and having received a satisfactory reply in good English, the stranger was admitted to the little bivouac. It was a singular midnight rencontre, in a place so wild and

* Probably identical with natron, a native sesquicarbonate of soda, used in many countries as leaven for bread.

solitary, and it soon appeared to be a most welcome one to the lonely wanderer, who was at first in so much excitement as to be hardly able to assure himself of his safety. He explained, that he had been sent back by his company, who were about six hours' march ahead, to seek a missing ox. Fearlessly he had retraced their steps of the preceding day; but his bravery was in a great measure the result of ignorance—his ignorance of dangers that were not far off—for, wandering in his search among the willow-thickets, he suddenly discovered a party of Digger Indians, in number about 200, encamped in the plain not more than a mile from the place where they then were. Fortunately, the night-wanderer escaped without being discovered, and Mr Edwardson's party thanked Providence they had not been seen by these mischievous savages, who, to possess themselves of the mules and packs, would at once have ruthlessly murdered them all. The light and smoke of the enkindled grass had led the terrified American to the resting-place of our travellers, who resolved, tired as they were, instantly to decamp, avoid the thickets, and keep to the open plain, as less liable to surprise from their dangerous neighbours. Accordingly, they stopped not again till they had advanced fully ten miles, their new companion's spirits and courage reviving at every successive mile's distance they gained from the savages who had so much alarmed him. They were compelled to rest a whole day after this forced march; and they saw by the fires on different parts of the mountains that the Indians were on the alert, and were telegraphing each other that 'pale faces' were in their country. Knowing the cowardly and treacherous character of these Digger Indians, our emigrants thereafter took care to bivouac in open spots, where surprise was impossible. They feared no open attack, even from overwhelming numbers; for each of them had seven shots ready in rifles and revolvers, one volley from which would have sent an army of Diggers flying, like chaff before the wind. Their new acquaintance remained with Mr Edwardson's party till they came up with his own, who had promised to await his return. He met with but a surly reception, because he had not brought back the animal he was sent to seek; nor did Mr Edwardson and friends experience more courtesy, although they had to their utmost protected and assisted the fugitive who had taken shelter with them. Leaving, therefore, their new friend to make up matters as he could, our party advanced on their way, and in two days, after crossing another eminence, they encamped in an extensive plain, studded with lakes, at the foot of a lofty mountain. The plain was thronged with emigrants, recruiting their teams before attempting the arduous ascent. It proved, however, more gradual than was expected, and tolerably smooth at first; but when at the computed height of 6000 feet, they experienced inconvenience from the rarity of the atmosphere and the increasing cold. Neither men nor beasts could advance otherwise than slowly, becoming breathless on the slightest exertion. This, of course, increased as they got higher, till, when at about 10,000 feet in altitude, they were obliged to pause to rest every fifty yards. On the summit, there was snow falling, and lying thick on the ground; as they descended on the other side, it became sleet, and then rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, the effect of which in that region was terrific. Late at night the travellers, drenched and weary, about half-way down the mountain, sought repose in a cleft of a rock, huddled together, each wrapped in his blanket, and the patient mules, like dogs, stretched close beside them. Fortunately, fuel was plenty, and they made a good fire. These mountains are covered, for a great way up, with gigantic pines, above 200 feet high, which produce the edible cones before mentioned. The weary wayfarers rested here a day. They saw

fires all around them, but had no desire to make any nearer acquaintance with them, for they might as probably be surrounded by savage foes as by emigrant countrymen.

Their mules were this day reduced to two, by the death of another from exhaustion and want; for it is a singular, but well-known fact, that where the pine-tree grows there is no herbage on the soil; so much so, that even in the fertile state of South Carolina a collection of pines is called, not a pine-wood, but a pine-barren.

The situation of the four friends was now becoming serious. Their provision was reduced to some coffee and pollenta, which they often ate, merely mixed up into a paste with some cold water. They were out of the region of easily accessible game, and were often even savagely hungry. They were still, it is true, in the way of overtaking other emigrants, who might have a little to spare; but as they had no means of transporting it, they could only take a small and temporary supply, and that too at an enormous price, which had so far reduced their little stock of money, that this means of support was very nearly exhausted. Strange it seems, yet true, that countrymen, exiles from home, under similar circumstances of toil and hardship, cherishing the same hopes, pushing for the same goal, were not, at this stage of the journey, found disposed to be courteous, far less generous, to each other. Selfishness was everywhere in the ascendant. They seemed not to remember that they might by and by need help themselves; or if they did, it looked as if they only grasped what they had the closer, that the evil day might be put off the longer. Some actually died of fatigue and want, and were left by their companions by the wayside where they fell. Mr Edwardson and his friends bought while they could; they then begged, to satisfy the cravings of nature; but no man gave to them. The strong men were becoming emaciated and weak; and yet, in the descent of the mountain, they were obliged, one on each side, to hold tight the lariats attached to the mules' heads, to prevent the poor creatures from tumbling forward in their weakness. It was here, too, they lost poor Dash. He had become so enfeebled, he could no longer drag himself onward, and at length was seized at intervals with the convulsions of approaching dissolution. It was a severe pang to his master, but he was compelled to leave him to die; the poor animal looking after his receding friends with glazing eye, and the most piteous whining.

About this time, the gentlemen were a fortnight without tasting any sort of animal food—coffee and pollenta forming their whole sustenance; but when they had surmounted the highest part of their route, they considered it absolutely necessary to stop at the first place where grass and water were to be found, in order to seek some game. Having discovered a tolerably commodious spot, Edwardson and his fast friend Powell set out in search of the black-tailed deer, the only denizens of the mountains, except the grizzly bear, which is a customer one would rather avoid than meet at any time. After walking the whole day, faint and foot-sore, the friends reached a spring in a pretty dell, clothed with tufted grass and soft moss. Here they saw fresh marks of deer, which had evidently been drinking there a short time before. Evening was coming on, but with eager, yet trembling hope, they ensconced themselves within shot, imagining the game might return to the spring; which accordingly proved to be the case, and a fine buck gladdened their longing sight. They fired together, and the animal bounded into the air, and then fell dead. Quickly the rejoicing hunters kindled a fire, and refreshed themselves with a well-broiled steak; and then they hastened to their companions with as much venison as they could carry. They were received, it will be believed, with joy and thankfulness, poor

Livingstone even giving a feeble cheer. They then feasted on roast venison, pollenta, and coffee, and slept soundly. Mr Edwardson having taken the precaution to ascertain the bearings of the spring, the whole party returned there next morning, found the deer as they had left it, and remained another day to give the mules their fill of the rich herbage. Refreshed and strengthened, the travellers once more set out cheerily, as they reckoned they were not now above 100 miles from the nearest settlement of the Diggings; but it became a matter of life and death with them to push on rapidly. For two or three days, they overtook belated emigrants, most of them quite as badly off as themselves; and to others, for a scanty meal, they had to pay such prices that their purses were almost completely drained. They were nearly barefoot. For a month, they had only had one shirt apiece; their hats were crownless; their outer garments ragged and soiled; and, above all, hunger almost constantly depressed their energies. Once more they killed a deer; but though they feasted at the time, they could carry but little with them for future use, so that at last they were thirty-six hours without any food whatever.

At length, on issuing from a thicket, they were cheered with the sight of a tent with a sign-board, bearing the interesting legend 'Whisky for sale.' Having tasted nothing in the form of a stimulant for weeks, fainting and exhausted in body and mind, Mr Edwardson produced his last coin, and called for a drink to each. There was but one tumbler; but in turns they partook of the grateful refreshment, and our young friend received in change out of his five-dollar piece, one dollar! Enlivened, yet somewhat crest-fallen at the cost, and the state of their present finances, they left the booth of the wilderness in eager haste. They were told they were only forty miles from Sacramento city! They had once more, however, to bivouac and to watch for the night. They knew that vigilance was here more necessary than ever, for the Indians continually prowled near the settlements. On the bank of a small brook, where there was some closely cropped grass, and a cluster of trees cast a grateful shade, they set their usual guard, tethered the nearly famished beasts, and three of the party slept in peace. Mr Edwardson had the second or midnight watch. It was a beautiful night, with the harvest-moon nearly at the full. The young man was even feverishly anxious for the termination of all this unlooked-for toil—to hear of his home and friends—and again to feel himself amidst accustomed scenes. Deeply, and not unpleasantly, he mused, when he was startled by the apparition of a tall figure crossing where the mules were trying to pick a few scanty blades by the sweet moonlight. Cocking his rifle, Mr Edwardson at once challenged the stranger, who with the utmost sang-froid walked towards him, presenting his own piece, and saying: 'Darn it, old fellow, two can play at that game!' The midnight visitor proved to be a gold-digger on a 'prospecting' expedition. He had been unsuccessful in the locality he had selected for digging, and was now on the return from looking about him for some more favourable spot where he might 'try again.' Such expeditions are generally kept profoundly secret. The 'prospector' explained to Mr Edwardson the best and nearest road to Weaver Town, saying they might reach it by two o'clock, if they started early. After a somewhat lengthened conversation, and much questioning on both sides, the stranger and Mr Edwardson parted cordially, promising each other a meeting some fine day in San Francisco.

Our little party were early on the route, but altogether missed the course indicated to them; nor was it much wonder they should have done so. The country was thickety and hilly; tracks were numerous, ill-defined, and straggling in all directions; but the weather was delicious, and cheerfulness prevailed over

impatience, yea, even though they had had no breakfast, and the prospect of a dinner seemed remote. It was a matter of surprise to them that they met no one: the fact was, they fairly lost their way amongst rocks and underwood, through the latter of which they had often to cut a passage with their bowie-knives—the compass indicating the direction of their route. At last they reached the settlement called Weaver Town, about five o'clock P.M. This town presented a most singular and half-civilised appearance. It was chiefly composed of canvas tents; a few only of the more substantial and industrious of the inhabitants taking the time and trouble to erect log-houses for themselves. The dwellings were situated on the steep sides of a wooded gully or ravine. They were shaded by gigantic oaks and pine-trees, and the bare rock peeped from matted underwood and flowering parasitic plants, whose luxuriance was interfered with only when a man wanted a small space on which to raise his mushroom dwelling!

When Mr Edwardson and his companions reached this place, fatigue, and even hunger, were forgotten in their anxiety to see the spot to which the eyes of the whole civilised world were at that moment eagerly directed. The gold-diggers were all at work in a continuation of the gully, which winded and stretched itself towards the north and west. The workers were a strangely ragamuffin-looking set; faces overgrown with hair uncut and unkempt; many shirtless, and all more or less ragged. Some were breaking rocks and soil with the pickaxe; others gathering the disjointed fragments, and washing the debris in pans, to discover the precious metal they sought. While Mr Edwardson looked on, he observed that some were very successful; while others, equally skilful and energetic, were toiling literally for dust and ashes. The average produce of these diggings at the time, was two to three ounces of gold per day each man; but some realised five or six.

But the sight of the glittering ore men covet so anxiously, could not satisfy the craving appetites of our wayworn travellers. They soon, therefore, turned to the dwellings to seek some refreshment. The articles for sale were chiefly whisky, molasses, beef, and flour, for which the prices were exorbitant. Flour was worth at the time 200 dollars per barrel (L.40)! A log-house, more spacious than the rest at Weaver Town, was pointed out to the newly arrived strangers as the place of public entertainment. On being told they had no money, mine host was quite surly—another proof, were proof wanting, how much the desire of gain, growing by what it feeds upon, hardens the heart to the commonest charities and courtesies of life. Mr Edwardson offered the man a bill on San Francisco; but he was suspicious, as well as grasping. There was only the alternative of disposing of one of the mules; and here the strangers found buying and selling two very different things, especially when necessity is on the side of the seller. True, the poor beast was lean and weak; but a week's good feed, with rest, would restore her. Yes; but they were compelled to take 40 dollars (L.8) for the best of the two surviving mules. They were then furnished with a good meal of beef-steaks, wheaten cakes, and excellent coffee, for which they were charged 5 dollars each, and received 20 dollars in money as the balance of the price of the mule. There being no grass near at hand, two of the dollars were expended in purchasing for their last animal some mouldy biscuit, half of which they soaked and gave her, and the poor creature ate it greedily: the other half was reserved for her morning repast.

The gentlemen, unable to afford a lodging, slept that night on the hill, close to the inhospitable dwellings, and sheltered by the trees, while the beautiful moon gazed serene and solemn on the first uninterrupted repose they had all had for four months. Grateful to Providence, and invigorated by rest and food, they

cheerfully set out early on their last stage. The way lay through groves of magnificent oaks, here and there broken by rugged rocks, but the road well defined and hard beaten. They frequently met wagons, cavaliers, and pedestrians, all on their way to the Diggings. They alone seemed returning. Those they now met had come to Sacramento by sea, while the companies that had by the land-route preceded them, almost invariably terminated their wandering at localities they were leaving behind them.

They reached Sacramento city the same day after dark, and once more bivouacked outside of the town. Next morning, they made their *entrée* somewhat. It must be confessed, in the guise of a remnant of Falstaff's regiment. The main street of the 'city' was thronged with men hurrying to and fro: there was hardly a female to be seen. There were auctions going on in the middle of the street, where a most *bizarre* assortment of articles brought what the newly arrived considered unaccountable prices. This suggested a bright idea. Why not dispose of their solitary mule in this novel fashion? Doubtless they would obtain a much higher price for her than by private bargain. Mr Edwardson, therefore, obtained an interview with one of the auctioneers, who at once assented to his request. Joe Powell mounted, to shew the animal's paces, which, to say the plain truth, were about as sorry as was the figure her rider cut—shirtless, shoeless, hatless, and out at elbows. This spectacle seemed highly to amuse the spectators; but, to the strangers' surprise, the biddings soon became animated, so that they got their mule knocked down at 100 dollars, out of which 10 per cent. was paid to the auctioneer. Immediately after this, the faithful treasurer divided equally the 108 dollars he held; and, as each now had something for present necessity, they agreed to separate, and find every man his own way. One of them remained in Sacramento, and is there still, growing rich; two others settled in San Francisco; the fourth, not long afterwards, returned home by the seaward course, and through the Isthmus of Panama.

But we must now follow the fortunes of Mr Edwardson.

PIPES.

WE are going to say a few words concerning pipes, which have latterly thrust themselves forward for observation in a rather unusual style in this great city of London, and set our thoughts flowing all about and through them. The reader, we hope, will soon see that the subject is one of no trifling importance, and that it has some interesting aspects.

We might begin our disquisition by reminding him that he is himself nothing but a walking and talking tubular machine; that from the hairs of his head to the pores of his toes, from his grand aorta to his minutest capillaries, not forgetting his alimentary canal with its subservient apparatus, he is but a conglomerated system of pipe-works. We might shew also, that in this he but resembles the vegetable kingdom, which is nothing but one stupendous concatenation and involution of tubular structures. But we scorn to be proxy and plagiaristic under the pretence of being scientific, and shall therefore leave all that for him to rummage up at his leisure, should he need the information, and feel the inclination to acquire it. The pipes we are going to look at shall be the pipes of man's own manufacture, with which he has sought to minister to his own necessities, convenience, or pleasure, or to effect for the body social, as far as might be, what the wondrous organisms of nature accomplish for the individual objects of her care.

We may feel pretty sure that the first pipe used for an artificial purpose was not artificially constructed. Whether it was the bone of an animal, or the shaft of

a bamboo, or a reed cut from the swamp—whether it was a rude musical-instrument, or served some simple hydraulic purpose, it would serve no useful end to inquire. That man took to blowing wind-instruments, and dancing to their music, before he learned to lead water through a pipe, seems, judging from the habits of savage tribes in our own day, likely enough; but we will pass the savage era, and look in upon our progenitors, when civilisation and social usages had stimulated contrivance, and given birth to new necessities.

The applicability of pipes to the purpose of conveying water from some distant natural reservoir to the dwellings of man, must have been a very early discovery; and if we do not find pipes of very great antiquity among the remains of ancient cities, it may be owing to the fact, that they were first made of very perishable materials, and are no longer in existence. We know that the first pipes used extensively for that purpose by our own water-companies, were formed from the boughs and trunks of trees, hollowed out by means of augers of different sizes, and fitting into one another like the joints of a flute. A source of childish interest, to us some forty odd years ago, was to witness the boring of these trees, which were mostly elm, and to carry off the chips for a bonfire to celebrate one of the Duke's victories. When, as was often the case, the boles were not straight, they had to be bored at each end; and if the entire perforation could not be completed that way, a stumpy kind of auger was rammed in as far as it would go, and, being wedged into the required position to turn the corner, was worked round, after the manner of a screw with a screw-driver, until the passage was effected. These pipes were invariably laid down with the bark upon them, which helped to preserve them from decay; they were, from motives of safety, laid beneath the foot-pavements, to escape pressure in the wagon-way; and, under favourable circumstances, they would last as long as the generation that laid them down. They were frequently out of repair, however, and testified that condition by an impromptu fountain in the foot-path; but they were repaired in a few minutes by a handy fellow, who displaced a flag with his pickaxe, turned up the earth with his spade, and medicated the wound in a moment by driving in a peg with a hammer. These wooden pipes answered their end very well, while they lasted, in all those places where water was supplied from the works on the continuous system; but where the intermittent plan was followed, as in London, they were the source of endless nuisances and abominations. When the water was turned off, and the air admitted, the damp wood grew mouldy, and rotted, and the next rush of water carried the mildew and the rotten fibre into the vats and cisterns of the inhabitants. Of this we had woful personal experience some years ago, on the Surrey side of the Thames. How many miles of the old wooden pipes yet continue to do duty underground in the neighbourhood of London and elsewhere, we will not undertake to say; but not very long ago, in the neighbourhood of Deptford, we came upon the aforesaid handy Jack, armed with his spade and pickaxe, hammer and pegs, and saw him disinter a leaky patient, apply the potent styptic, and cover him up again, quite comfortably—all in three minutes.

Pipes of earthenware are among the most frequent memorials of ancient cities; and there is no doubt that they were in extensive use for the purpose of water-conveyance among the Romans. It has been assumed that because the conquerors of the world erected vast aqueducts, they not only missed the hydrostatic paradox, but were ignorant of the principles of hydraulics altogether. We don't know what to say to that. It is true that Rome was supplied with water by fine aqueducts; but the water was led from them to the dwellings of the citizens by earthenware pipes, which, according to Veginus, delivered not less than 26,000,000

of gallons daily; and it is not easy to see how, with such a delivery to manage, and the experience they must necessarily derive from it, such a people could have escaped a knowledge of the laws of fluids. In making use of earthenware pipes, the ancients probably were impelled as much by economy as any other consideration; but they could not have selected a better medium for the conveyance of water; and it is on all accounts to be regretted that we have not followed their example. The pipes of iron and lead, through which our water-supply reaches us, have been the source of infinite annoyances and bodily diseases, which we should have escaped by the use of earthenware. Our water-companies have, one and all, ignored them, on the ground of their presumed frailty and fragility; and yet we find them largely in use throughout France and Switzerland for the underground conveyance of water—one firm of manufacturers having supplied no less than 20,000 miles of earthenware piping to various corporations within the last fifteen years for this identical purpose. Our engineers contend that the "hydraulic shock," as they term the sudden rush of water into empty pipes, would shiver them to atoms; and so undoubtedly it would, as it does sometimes the strongest iron pipes, were the attempt made to use them under the system of intermittent supply; but the public health demands everywhere a constant supply, under which there need be no recurrence of the destructive hydraulic shock. We can certainly do in this respect what has long been done by our neighbours.

But though we use no earthenware pipes for the service to which they could be most advantageously applied, we yet manufacture them for other purposes, in quantities of which the unobservant public has not the remotest idea. Improvements in agriculture have brought them into demand for the drainage of land; and, buried beneath the grassy meadows and broad arable slopes of Britain, they lie in interminable reticulations, whose extent must be measured by tens of thousands of miles. Again, for thousands more, they lie along the margins of the iron road, to drain the rain-fall from the sleepers and keep the ballast dry. And again, sunk far underground in our populous cities, they pour the sewage of the dwelling into the main drain, or substitute the old brick culvert or the open ditch, sealing up the infectious effluvia that else would poison the air we breathe. They are of all sizes, from two inches in diameter, or less, to twenty, or more; they are manufactured by the simplest or the most elaborate means, from the mere turning of a handle and drying in the sun, to the careful casting in moulds and baking in the kiln; they are soft and porous, or hard and solid as a rock; they are impervious to air or water, or they are drilled in myriads of small holes for the percolation of the draining fluid. Fresh uses are discovered for them almost every day; and where their availability will end, no man at the present moment need attempt to divine.*

In this iron age, it is the iron pipe that asserts its sovereignty over all the rest, and claims the most of our attention. Millions of capital, in the shape of iron pipes, lie buried not a yard below the feet of the pedestrian as he walks the streets of London. The water and the gas companies invariably pipe with iron, though both might use earthenware if they chose. There are between fifty and sixty miles of streets in London, exclusive of the new suburbs; and throughout their whole length lie, side by side, beneath the pavements, the huge iron mains of the gas and water companies. These mains are often doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, to meet the requirements of the district; and

it is likely that the fifty miles of streets, added to the additional extent of suburb, contain not less than 300 miles of main pipes, averaging some ten inches in diameter. Add to these the monster pipes, a yard in diameter, many leagues of which are in the course of laying down, east, west, north, and south of the metropolis, while we write, and some notion may be formed of the mass of iron buried for our convenience beneath the soil of this vast city. In a hundred other cities and towns in the realm, there is the same or a corresponding prodigality in the use of iron pipes; which, with our national predisposition for whatever is durable and substantial, we are continually pressing into service. The manufacture of these indispensable articles may be regarded as a modern species of industry; at any rate, it has grown up within the memory of persons now living, from a comparatively insignificant trade to one of great extent and importance. The work employs a considerable number of hands; and, as the process of casting a large pipe is no trifling pastime, but a work of considerable responsibility, a class of men have to be employed upon whom reliance can be placed. Iron pipes were originally cast horizontally in moulds of sand, the preparation of which was a work of much time and care. They are now cast upright, in moulds sunk in the ground; and the labour attendant on the process is in some measure reduced. A year or two ago, an ingenious inventor patented a mode of manufacturing iron pipes, or pipes of any metal, not so much by casting as by a species of churning. Only a single mould was wanted, and that, instead of having to be renewed for each pipe, was available for an indefinite number. The mould, in fact, is a cylinder, which, by means of steam-power applied to the proper machinery, is set revolving at the rate of some thousands of times per minute. By the use of a stop-cock, the molten metal is projected into the cylinder through the shaft upon which it revolves, and, by the rapidity of the revolution, is deposited upon its interior to any required thickness. The contraction which ensues on the cooling of the metal, enables it to be withdrawn readily from the mould, when the pipe is complete; and the mould, as soon as it has been artificially cooled, is again ready for use. Pipes made in this way were found to be much closer in texture, and, therefore, much stronger than those cast in the usual method; and it was calculated that they would bear double the hydraulic pressure of ordinary pipes. The process was also applicable to other purposes—such as the production of vases, bomb-shells, balusters—anything, in short, for which a hollow circular mould could be formed. They could be made of any degree of thickness or thinness, and we have ourselves seen sections of a pipe nearly a foot in diameter, yet little, if anything, thicker than a bank-note. Still, notwithstanding the completeness of the theory, it so happens that, from some trifling and unaccountable hitch in the machinery, which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of the experimenters, the system of churning metal pipes hangs fire, and refuses to answer the expectation of its ingenious inventor, and the scarcely less interested public.

But the great iron mains, vast and extensive as they are, represent but a small fractional proportion of the world of metal pipes. For every fathom of them that lies buried in the ground, there are hundreds of yards of smaller feeders branching off in every direction, penetrating every house and workshop, from topmost garret to lowest cellar, to carry the elements of light and cleanliness, as well to the millionaire in his magnificent mansion as to the weary toilers of a thousand factories. We have heard it affirmed, that there are not less than 25,000 miles in length of this distributive kind of piping in actual use throughout the area on which modern London stands: this is more than enough to girdle the world, yet it is probable

* In Paris, they are using glazed earthenware pipes for chimneys: they afford no locus for the deposit of soot; and we were assured that, when exactly vertical, they never require sweeping.

that the estimate is not above the truth. The materials of which these service-pipes are made, comprise not only all the coarser metals, pure or in a mixed state, but at least two other substances, India-rubber and gutta-percha, which have latterly come into use. Such of these smaller pipes as are of iron, have to be cast by means similar to those employed in the production of the larger ones above described; but the immense majority of them are formed of the malleable metals, and are manufactured by powerful steam or hydraulic machinery to any length that may be required. The ancients made their leaden pipes by turning short lengths in a lathe, and afterwards soldering them together; and this rude mode of manufacture is the one still followed by some of the Scandinavian peoples. A great improvement on that plan was rolling the lead into flat sheets, cutting it in strips, rolling these round a steel rod or mandrel, and fusing together the parts that overlapped—a plan often practised even now. A second improvement was to cast a foot of pipe twenty times as thick as it was wanted, and draw it through a succession of 'collars,' till it had stretched to twenty times its original length, and was reduced to its required thinness. A different plan is practised at the present day. The lead, in a semi-fluid state, is received in the cavity of a hydraulic-press, and while in the act of cooling and hardening, is forced by water-pressure through an orifice in which a mandrel is centrally fixed, and issues in finished pipes, which are coiled upon a cylinder to any length required. By the above means, not only lead, but any of the softer metals, may be readily manufactured into pipes of any substance, and of all diameters; and as an immense quantity of piping is in constant requisition for gas-fittings, the unceasing demand has stimulated competition, and the article is as cheap as it is easily produced. Serviceable gas-piping may be bought at a penny a foot; and the London workman has it in his power, for a few shillings, to supplant his farthing candle by a blaze that shall shame the dull daylight, at a less cost in the long-run than his previous outlay for tallow. Besides the service-pipes of metal, however, there are those of gutta-percha—which are, to a great extent, superseding the use of lead pipes for conveying water—and which, being free from poisonous deposits, and the attacks of frost, are infinitely to be preferred—and those of vulcanised India-rubber. These last are much in vogue among artists and artisans who work by gaslight, and to whom the convenience of moving the light by which they work is indispensable—a convenience which can hardly be attained by any other means.

But we have not done with piping yet. There are in existence in this country tens of thousands of miles of piping which the unsuspicious public does not know to be piping at all. In our churches, chapels, theatres, and public institutions of all sorts, as well as to a great extent in our private houses—to say nothing of our gin-shops, where, perhaps, it is seen to the greatest perfection—we are greeted with the spectacle of shining, brilliant brass-work. Brass rods, brass rails, brass lamps and chandeliers, brass bedsteads, are all of them conveniences in great favour; and beautiful things some of them are, and very much do they tend to the general comfort and convenience. But if they were all what they appear to be, and are generally taken to be—that is, solid brass—that useful compound of zinc and copper would have risen by this time to the rank of one of the precious metals. The fact is, that all these splendid fabrics of pillars and rods are not brass, but brazen—they are pipes, and extremely thin pipes, of brass, containing rods of rough and solid iron. The iron rods of various diameters are obtained from the foundry, and permanently swaddled in a brass pipe by the following simple means:—A sort of night-cap

of brass is fitted on to one end of the rod, which is gripped fast by a vice; a steel collar, as much larger than the rod as will allow for a decent brass covering, lays hold of the night-cap, and at a signal from the fitter, is pulled by steam-power over the whole length of the rod, kneading the cold metal firmly upon its entire surface with as much ease, and in about the same time, as you draw on your stocking on getting out of bed. We have seen ten feet of a rod, an inch in diameter, thus coated with brass in seven seconds or thereabouts. So great is the pressure attendant on this process, that rough rods thus coated with brass can be separated from it in no other way than by melting in the furnace.

We do not pretend that we have got to the end of the pipes: we have a notion, in fact, that the thing is not to be done; but we have got to the end of our tether, and must leave the above hints for the reader's consideration—intending, if the editor will permit, to light a pipe of tobacco at some future time.

KARL'S POVERTY.

THE good people of Drontheim say, that in a certain village north of their city, which is known to be the nearest town to the pole, there once lived two honest lads, named Christian and Karl, who, being coopers by trade, were accustomed to go from house to house selling their wooden vessels, and mending all that were broken. They had lived thus for three years, always going together, though they were no relations; but their trade had been learned with the same master-cooper, their mothers had died in the same year, their fathers married in the next, and their step-mothers found out that they were the worst boys in creation. All these chances made them agree to inhabit an old forsaken hut, and travel the country in company. Whether it was the setting in of hard times, the change of fashions, or the coming of a new cooper, the story does not say; but trade grew dull with Christian and Karl. Housekeepers appeared willing to put up with half the pails and dishes which used to serve them. Things did not even get broken at the former rate; and, as they could not live on chips and shavings, the young coopers resolved to set forth and try their fortune in the rich towns to the southward. The days were at their longest, and the rye in the ear, when one morning at sunrise they began their travels, proceeding for the first few days in a fishing-vessel on its return southward, and afterwards betaking themselves to their feet, each with a stout ashen staff in his hand, and all his worldly goods packed in a pannier on his back. They took the road to Drontheim, though Karl said he had heard that people there were too grand to use wooden dishes. It led through a pine-forest; and scarcely had they got in among the tall trees, when a sound of lamentation reached them, and a little way further they saw a man seated on the mossy root of an old pine. Whether he was a native of Old Norway, or of some foreign land, they could not say. His face was brown, so were his hair and beard. He wore a scarlet cloak, with a fine hat and feather; but the tears were in his eyes, and he wrung his hands, exclaiming: 'Oh, my fortune, my hard fortune!'

'God! sir,' said Christian, 'what is the matter; have you lost anything, or made a bad bargain?'

'No,' said the stranger; 'but which of you will take my fortune, and give me his in exchange?'

'I'll take it,' said Karl, 'whatever it be, since you are so well dressed.'

'Mind what you are about, comrade,' said Christian; 'this man is not in such haste to part with his fortune for nothing.'

'No matter,' said Karl; 'it can be nothing bad with such fine clothes.'

'Give me your staff and pannier,' said the stranger;

'take my cloak and hat, make the best of your way to yonder frith;' and he pointed to an opening in the trees, where a long arm of the North Sea pierced deep into the forest. 'Half a mile along the shore, you will find two fishermen in a boat, who will take you safe to Christiania: there inquire for old Erick Street, and the house of a merchant called Holderbond, and tell him you are come for the fortune of Hans Peterson.'

Christian would not have believed that his friend would leave him on so short a warning for any man's fortune; but so it was. Karl was out of sight in a minute, scarlet cloak and all; and the stranger, taking up his staff and pannier, with a joyful look said: 'Come on, friend; it is a long way to Drontheim.' Christian knew there was truth in that remark; and on he went, wondering to himself at his new companion, whose sorrow seemed all over, for he broke forth in a jovial song concerning New-year's Day and merry-makings, with a voice so loud and clear that the old forest rang. Christian looked in the direction of the frith, by way of gathering resolution to ask him what sort of fortune he was so glad to get quit of; but the singing seemed suddenly passing away, and when he turned his eyes on the stranger, there was nothing there but the trunk of a blasted pine. Christian had heard of fairies and sorcerers, but he thought their day was done even in Norway. However, there was no trace of the stranger to be seen; and, having no inclination to linger in that spot, he hastened on to Drontheim. The only man whom Christian knew in all that city was the master-cooper from his native village, with whom he had learned his trade, and to him he repaired for counsel. Glad was honest Gimil to see his former apprentice, and hear news of his old neighbours; but having a managing wife, who did not like country-people, he could do nothing for Christian but let him work in his shop all day at very low wages, and sleep at night in a loft of the wood-house. The terms were not over-good, but no better were to be found; so Christian set himself to work honestly for his master, to sell his own dishes on holidays, and to please Dame Gimil. How he succeeded in the last endeavour is not said; but years passed away; Christian's dishes were all sold, and he saved the money. His master found him so useful, that he promoted him to be foreman, and gave him the wood-house to live in, when he built a new one. Moreover, Dame Gimil had a servant-maid named Hilda, a good pretty girl, whom Christian did please, and their wedding was attended by all the coopers in Drontheim. The rich brought them bits of furniture, the poor gave them good wishes; and they set up in the old wood-house, willing to work, and well content.

All this time Christian had heard nothing of his early comrade Karl; but on Christmas-eve, as he stood at his door, wondering what guest Providence would send them—for Hilda, like himself, was from a far-off village, and had no relatives in the town—who should walk up but the stranger Hans Peterson, with the very same staff and pannier for which he had exchanged his fortune! 'Good-evening, honest Christian,' he said; 'I have come to spend Christmas with you, and, tell you news of your old comrade Karl.'

'You are welcome, honest Hans,' said Christian, 'though truly your leave-taking was rather short when last we parted. But come in; we will do our best to entertain you in our poor house, and glad am I to hear how fares my good friend Karl.'

'He is as poor as poverty,' said the stranger; 'he has not half a dollar to lend his grandmother. But I knew that would happen him when he took my fortune, and went to deal with the merchant Holderbond.'

'Is it possible,' said Christian, 'that all these years in which I have been working to get a decent house over my head, and a good woman to help me, Karl has gained nothing, but is poorer now than the day he left

me so quickly with your fine cloak and hat? Honest Hans, how did it happen?'

'Just as I expected,' said Hans. 'The merchant took him in my place; made him work and reckon, buy and sell; never gave him a penny to spare, nor a minute to call his own; and at last handed him over as a mere bondman to half a score of masters worse than Holderbond himself.'

Christian was grieved and astonished at this account of his early comrade. Neither did he care for an intimate acquaintance with the stranger who had given Karl such bad fortune; for besides the fashion of his departure in the pine-forest, he did not look a day older, and did not seem to have sold a single dish out of the pannier. However, he had come to spend Christmas; and when his staff and pack were laid up in the corner, himself seated close by the blazing fire, with the first glass out of their Christmas bottle, Hans told such tales of his travels, and news of Old Norway in general, as made Christian think him the blithest guest that ever came his way; and Hilda listened and laughed while she prepared the supper. So they spent the Christmas-time. Hans Peterson helped them to work and make merry. Moreover, he went with them to church on Christmas-morning, which Hilda said no sorcerer could do; and when all the feast-days were done, he took up his staff and pannier, and set out for Christiania.

'You will see poor Karl,' said Christian; 'tell him how blithe we have been together. But stay, could not I send my old comrade a dollar in your hand; there are two yet in the money-box.'

'No, no,' said Hans; 'I never carry dollars; besides, he would be too proud to take it from me. But your master will have business for you at Christiania; and when you see Karl, take my advice, and pretend to be poorer than he, for otherwise you will not hear the truth.'

Before Christian could offer remark or question, Hans Peterson was out of sight, and the honest cooper's heart once more took misgivings of him, for never did man disappear so quickly. Hard-working days, and the concerns of the wood-house, gradually wiped these suspicions out of his memory; but he often thought of poor Karl, and had saved up the two dollars for his behoof, when at mid-summer-time his master told him he must go to Christiania to look after some beech-wood, for the cooper himself was getting rich and lazy. Christian, accordingly, regulated things at home, exhorted Hilda to keep her heart up, and went on board the fishing-boat, by which everybody in Drontheim, except the president, travelled. The story records, that he reached Christiania safely, that he bought the beech-wood a quarter of a dollar cheaper than his master reckoned on, and then set himself diligently to search for old Erick Street. It is gone now, place and name, for towns change even in Norway; but when Karl found it, the street was inhabited by merchants of the substantial sort, and was made respectably dark and narrow by the second floors of their houses projecting far over the first, so as to form comfortable porches, paved with many-coloured tiles, in which the well-to-do masters were wont to sit, with pipes and corn-brandy, on summer-evenings. Christian walked the whole length of the street, wondering at its grandeur, and still more why his unlucky friend Karl was to be found amidst such wealth; 'but, no doubt, all his masters live here,' thought Christian, when the face of a merchant in finer clothes than common, and with a table covered with glasses and good things before him, caught his eye in one of the porches. The face was very red and ill-humoured, but there was in it a likeness to his early comrade which emboldened Christian to look in and ask with much reverence, if one Karl, an honest cooper from the north, lived anywhere in that quarter.

'What may your business with Karl be?' said the merchant, looking as if he thought Christian had come to steal.

'I am a poor fellow who was once his comrade,' said Christian; and, recollecting the stranger's advice, he added: 'I want some help, if Karl can spare it.'

'No!' said the merchant in a great hurry; 'he can't spare anything; besides, he is not here, and poor folks are never suffered in this street; so pack!'

As he spoke, Christian knew the face through all its redness and ill-humour, in spite of the fine clothes, the well-covered table, and the porch of the grand house; for the merchant was none other than his comrade Karl. 'I have always heard,' he said, 'that there was no truth told south of Drontheim, and that must have been sound doctrine, for you are Karl; and that Hans Peterson, whose fortune you took, made me believe you were as poor as poverty, and I have brought two dollars all the way with me to give you for old times' sake; but the knave bade me to say at first that I was poorer than yourself, lest you would be too proud to take them.'

'The shameful story-teller!' cried Karl, unmindful of his own sayings; 'he told me last New-year's Day that you were as rich as a Jew, making grand feasts, and helping all your friends. There he comes; won't I reckon with him!' and Karl grasped the silver-headed staff which lay beside him, as Hans Peterson walked in with his old one and the pannier.

'How could you tell such stories?' cried Christian and Karl in a breath.

But Hans leisurely laid down his staff and pack, and looking at them both like old acquaintances, said: 'Honest Christian, when I came to your wood-house, you entertained me like a brother, nay, like a lord, for the best you had was set before me.' Wealthy and right-worshipful Karl, when I came to the mansion which you inherited after learning to grow rich, and marrying Holderbond's daughter, you did not so much as ask me to sit. What, then, could I say but what seems to me the verity? Christian has the heart, to give and make merry; Karl has nothing to spare or to rejoice in. Therefore, whatever be the size of his dwelling, or the weight of his purse, Christian is rich, and Karl is poor.'

As Hans spoke, Christian thought he had stepped behind him. The staff and pannier still lay in the porch, but there was no man to be seen in all that stately street, except the merchants who sat at their doors with pipe and glass, and said they saw nobody. Christian went home to Hilda and his master. Karl lived and died in great repute for riches; but who that Hans Peterson was, or how he fared after, is not yet known in the north, where some old folks still remember the story of Karl's poverty.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

THE need of intelligent and well-trained nurses in our military hospitals, occasioned by the present war, has lately drawn attention to the charitable sisterhoods existing in several European countries; and suggested the question, whether similar institutions might not be permanently organised in England. In various circles of society, but chiefly among the refined and aristocratic classes, the matter has begun to be discussed, and in some sort agitated; and though as yet nothing has been done, there is at least a hope that something in this direction will be by and by attempted. It requires a long time in this country to obtain a popular sanction for any novelty; and thus we must calculate on having a good while to wait for the realisation of an object which, however difficult of accomplishment, is certainly within the bounds of practicability, and might to all appearance be immediately commenced. There is no lack of human instruments for the work, were but some

system once established by which they might be trained for its performance. By the last census, there appears an excess of the female over the male population of Great Britain of more than half a million—the proportion being 104 women to every 100 men. How, it is asked, shall we employ this superfluity of the 'feminine element' in society—how turn it to good and useful purposes, instead of allowing it to run to waste? Take of these 500,000 superfluous women only the one-hundredth part, say 5000 women, who are willing to work for good and public objects—if only they knew how, or could in any way learn how—what a phalanx of social usefulness it would be if properly organised and employed!

The employment, unapplied, is only too abundant. Apart from the consideration of the services which women are capable of affording to the sick and wounded in time of war, there is in all our national institutions of a corrective or benevolent description a constant want of the help of intelligent women. In our hospitals, prisons, lunatic asylums, workhouses, reformatory schools, elementary schools—everywhere there is a want of efficient women, and none, we are told, are to be found prepared or educated for the purpose. There are, meanwhile, hundreds, and probably thousands, of our countrywomen beyond the need of labouring for a livelihood, who have in reality but one single want—the want of proper work to exercise their faculties and sympathies; and all their possible services are lost to the community, because there exists no institution or association which could practically and continuously employ them in offices of kindness and mercy. This consideration has led a number of thoughtful and generous-hearted persons to advocate and try to promote the organisation of sisterhoods of charity, such as have long been known and approved in Roman Catholic countries—subject, however, to no priestly dominance or hierarchical authority, to no vows of celibacy, or other unnatural restrictions—subject only to the authority and direction of the national government, or to such available commission of superintendence as it might be fitting and prudent to appoint.

Among the enlightened persons who desire to call this feminine order of chivalry into being, and activity, is the gifted and much-esteemed Mrs Jameson; well known to most of us through her exquisite and brilliant writings, and, like us, we trust, to be still more extensively appreciated on account of her high-minded generosity and devotedness in behalf of the downcast and the unfriended. In furtherance of the object contemplated, she, some months ago, delivered a lecture in relation to it to a circle of private friends—a lecture since published, under the title of *Sisters of Charity*, and of which it is here intended to present the reader with some account.* It will, of course, be understood that the term 'Sisters of Charity' is used not merely as the designation of a particular order of religious women, belonging to a particular church, but more comprehensively, as indicating the vocation of a large number of women in every country, class, and creed. It is the writer's design to point out what has been done in other countries, and what might be done in ours, to make this vocation available for public uses and social progress.

Mrs Jameson begins her argument with the statement, that in this 'working-day world,' as Shakespeare calls it, men and women are by natural ordination co-labourers and helpmates; that they are mutually dependent, mutually helpful; and that there has existed between them from the beginning an obligation to unite themselves in a communion of both love and labour. 'This communion,' says she, 'exists not merely in one or two relations, which custom may define and authorise,

* *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, Abroad and at Home.* By Mrs Jameson. London: Longman & Co.

and to which opinion may restrict them in this or that class, in this or that position; but must extend to every possible relation in existence in which the two sexes can be socially approximated. Thus, for instance, a man, in the first place, merely sustains and defends his home; then he works to sustain and defend the community or the nation he belongs to: and so of woman; she begins by being the nurse, the teacher, the cherisher of her home, through her greater tenderness and purer moral sentiments; then she uses these qualities and sympathies on a larger scale, to cherish and purify society. But still the man and the woman must continue to share the work; there must be the communion of labour in the large human family, just as there was within the narrower precincts of home.

Now, the defect of our society, in her opinion, is, that women have no sufficient outlet for exertion; that our social habits and prejudices do not permit them to take their proper share of the social work. Not that she claims for them the right to sit in parliament, or even to vote at general or municipal elections; but she holds that spheres of action might be open to them which are at present closed by conventional customs, and which, if permitted, would afford them opportunities of worthily employing their time and talents, and of greatly ameliorating some of the worst evils of humanity. Her main complaint is, that there is no provision made to enable a woman to do the work for which her gentler capacities and sensibilities are suited. 'The great mistake,' she says, 'seems to have been, that in all our legislation it is taken for granted that the woman is always protected, always under tutelage, always within the precincts of a home; finding there her work, her interests, her duties, and her happiness. . . . We know that this is altogether false. There are thousands and thousands of women who have no protection, no guide, no help, no home—who are absolutely driven by circumstance and necessity, if not by impulse and inclination, to carry out into the larger community the sympathies, the domestic instincts, the active administrative capabilities with which God has endowed them; but those instincts, sympathies, capabilities require, first, to be properly developed, then properly trained, and then directed into large and useful channels, according to the individual tendencies.'

At present, there are no means existing for the training of these powers, no acknowledged spheres of duty in which they might be occupied. 'We require,' says our author, 'the public recognition, by law as well as by opinion, of the woman's privilege to share in the communion of labour at her own free choice, and the foundation of institutions which shall train her to do her work well.' This, she conceives, is one of the social problems given to us in this age and country to be solved; and to the partial solution of which, in another church and in other countries, she directs attention in the present volume, by way of suggesting a method of dealing with the difficulty. Anticipating some objections to her models, on the ground that they are chiefly connected with the faith of Romanism, she observes: 'I know that many well-meaning, ignorant people in this country entertain the idea, that the existence of communities of women, trained and organised to help in social work from the sentiment of devotion, is especially a Roman Catholic institution, belonging peculiarly to that church, and necessarily implying the existence of nuns and nunneries, veils and vows, forced celibacy and seclusion, and all the other inventions and traditions which, in this Protestant nation, are regarded with terror, disgust, and derision. I conceive that this is altogether a mistake. The truth seems to me to amount to this, that the Roman Catholic Church has had the good sense to turn to account, and assimilate to itself, and inform with its own peculiar doctrines, a deep-seated principle in our human nature—a law of life which we Protestants

have had the folly to repudiate. We admire and reverence the beautiful old cathedrals which our Roman Catholic ancestors built and endowed. If we have not inherited them, we have, at least, appropriated them and made them ours: we worship God in them, we say our prayers in them after our own hearts. Can we not also appropriate and turn to account some of the institutions they have left us—inform them with a spirit more consonant with our national character and the requirements of the age, and dedicate them anew to good and holy purposes? What prevents us from using Sisters of Charity, as well as fine old cathedrals and colleges, for pious ends, and as a means of social benefit? Are we as stern, as narrow-minded, as deficient in real, loving faith as were our puritanical forefathers, when they not only defaced and desecrated, but would gladly, if they could, have levelled to the earth and utterly annihilated those monuments of human genius and of human devotion? Luckily they stand in their beauty, to elevate the minds and hearts of us, the descendants of those who built and dedicated them. . . . And let me say, that these institutions of female charity to which I have referred—institutions which had their source in the deep heart of humanity, and in the teaching of a religion of love—let me say that these are better, and more beautiful and more durable, than edifices of stone reared by men's hands, and worthy to be preserved and turned to pious uses, though we can well dispense with some of those ornaments and appendages which speak to us no more.'

Doubtless, to most of our readers, these will appear very sensible and well-conceived remarks. But if anybody insists on objecting to a good thing, because it is associated with a church whose faith and discipline he disapproves, it can be shewn that these institutions of charitable and religious women were not of Popish origin, but are traceable to the earliest ages of Christianity. Mrs Jameson, quoting from authorities which she has consulted, tells us briefly the story of the Roman lady Paula, whose good deeds, even at this date, are worthy of being remembered. She is mentioned as being among the first Christian women who were remarkable for their active benevolence and self-denial. Having spent the greater part of a large fortune in aiding and instructing a demoralised and wretched people, she, in the year 385, quitted Rome, then still a pagan city, and, accompanied by her daughter, sailed for Palestine. There, in Bethlehem of Judæa, as the story tells, she assembled around her a community of women, consisting of persons both of noble estate and of middle and low lineage, who spent their time in prayer and good works, having in particular a well-ordered hospital for the sick. This noble example, if solitary for the time, soon met with imitation, and similar associations continued, with the progress of Christianity, to multiply in numbers. They seem for a long time to have been mere private undertakings; and though they doubtless had the sanction, they had little of the interference of the priesthood. It is not until the seventh century that we find these communities of charitable women mentioned under a particular appellation. About the year 650, Landry, Bishop of Paris, founded an hospital, since known as the Hôtel Dieu, as a general refuge of disease and misery, placing it under the direction of the *Hospitalières*, or nursing-sisters of that time—women whose services are understood to have been voluntary, and undertaken from motives of piety. It was now that the Romish clergy became officially connected with these sisterhoods. Pope Innocent IV., disapproving of independent religious societies, collected and united the hospital-sisters under the rule of the Augustine Order, thus making them amenable to the government and discipline of the church. A *Sœur Hospitalière* was not allowed to make her profession till after a novitiate or

training of twelve years' duration. Many hospitals were expressly founded for the reception of the sick pilgrims and wounded soldiers returning from the East, and bringing with them strange and hitherto unknown diseases. Some of the largest hospitals in France and the Netherlands originated in this purpose, and were all served by the *Hospitalières*; and to this day, the *Hôtel Dieu*, and the hospitals of St Louis and La Pitié, are under the care of the same sisterhood.

For about five hundred years, the institution of the *Sœurs Hospitalières* remained the only one of its kind. During this period, it had greatly increased its numbers, and in the thirteenth century it extended all through Western Christendom. By this time, however, it no longer sufficed for the necessities of the age; and as there was no lack of pious compassionate women in those days, there arose another community, destined to exercise even a still wider influence. They took the name of the *Sœurs Grises*, or Gray Sisters, from the colour of the dress which they assumed. Their origin is stated to have been this: The Franciscans, and some other regular religious orders, admitted into their community a secular class, who did not seclude themselves in cloisters, and who took no vows of celibacy, but were simply bound to submit to certain rules and regulations, and unite together in works of charity. They devoted themselves to visiting the sick in the hospitals and at their own homes, and doing in general whatever good they could. Women of all classes were enrolled in this sisterhood—queens, princesses, ladies of rank, wives and daughters of burghers, down to the humblest description of poor widows and maidens. The widows and the unmarried women devoted themselves principally to the duties of nursing the sick in the hospitals; and, as a training for this service was soon seen to be desirable, it gradually became a separate vocation, and a novitiate of from one to three years was required to fit those who engaged in it for their profession.

In Flanders, there is an order of religious women called the *Béguines*, who, though their origin is uncertain, seem to have existed as hospital-sisters as far back as the seventh century, and to have been settled in communities ever since the middle of the twelfth. They are conspicuous from their dress of a black gown and a white hood; and any one who has visited Ghent, Bruges, Brussels, or indeed any of the Netherlandish towns, will have noticed how they walk about in all seasons and at all hours, 'protected by the universal reverence of the people,' in the steady pursuit of their compassionate vocation. They act under a strict self-constituted government, maintained by strict traditional forms; but they take no vows, and may leave the community when they please—a thing, we understand, which rarely happens; so well content are they with the work they are engaged in, and the conditions under which they perform it. All the hospitals in Flanders are served by these *Béguines*; and they have, besides, hospitals of their own attached to their establishments, with a medical staff of surgeons and physicians, under whose direction they administer relief in cases of peculiar difficulty.

Mrs Jameson gives us information about various other charitable sisterhoods; all of which, however, resemble those that have been described, and therefore need not here be individually mentioned. According to her account, the whole number of women included in these charitable orders was, in the year 1848, at least 12,000. She says: 'They seem to have a quite marvellous ubiquity. I have myself met with them, not only at Paris, Vienna, Milan, Turin, Genoa, but at Montreal, Quebec, and Detroit; on the confines of civilisation; in Ireland, where cholera and famine were raging. Everywhere, from the uniform dress and a certain similarity in the placid expression and quiet deportment, looking so like each other, that they

seemed, whenever I met them, to be but a multiplication of one and the same person. In all the well-trained Sisters of Charity I have known, I have found a mingled bravery and tenderness, if not by nature, by habit; and a certain tranquil self-complacency, arising, not from self-applause, but out of that very abnegation of self which had been adopted as the rule of life.'

Having given a sketch of what has been done by an organised system of charity in the Roman Catholic Church, she proceeds to describe an institution of the same character in a Protestant community, which, though it has not stood the test of centuries, has been, at any rate, progressive and successful for a period of nearly thirty years.

It appears that, during the last war, a manufactory was established at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, a small town near Düsseldorf, in which the workmen employed were almost all Protestants. In 1822, the manufactory became bankrupt, and the workmen were reduced to poverty. Amongst the consequences which followed, the poor people were unable to contribute anything towards the maintenance of a church which had been raised for their benefit and accommodation. Under such circumstances, their young pastor, Mr Fliedner, had he been an ordinary man, would probably have left them in quest of a more remunerative appointment; but, instead of doing so, he travelled through Holland and England to collect from liberal and sympathising persons such funds as might serve to supply his parishioners' deficiencies. In this object he succeeded very well; his journey, moreover, being attended by other very important and significant results. While in England, he became acquainted with Mrs Fry, and was much influenced by the objects with which she was then occupied. An altogether new light respecting prison-management, and the reformation of prisoners, seemed to dawn upon his mind. On returning home, filled with his new experience, he originated at Düsseldorf the first society in Germany for the improvement of prison-discipline. He had been particularly moved with compassion for the desolate condition of women who, when discharged from prison, already depraved by bad habits, and without the means of subsistence, seemed often in a manner to be forced back into crime. To found some kind of refuge or asylum for such unfortunates, appeared to him one of the most urgent of all benevolent enterprises. His means for the undertaking were miserably small; but knowing that many a great thing has sprung from small beginnings, he established in 1833, with one female criminal and one voluntary assistant, a sort of miniature penitentiary in a little summer-house in his garden. In the following year, he met with a second volunteer assistant, and collected together nine other penitents, of whom eight had been more than once in prison. The system of discipline employed was attended with good success, and the establishment was gradually extended as means increased, and its advantages were manifested. Mr Fliedner, however, was not a man filled entirely with one idea. He saw that penitentiaries were good, but also that they were not the only things needed in the world. There was great want of a general hospital in the neighbourhood; so, with the faith that accounts no good work impossible, he set himself to form one. He began, as in his former enterprise, on the humblest conceivable scale, starting with one patient and one nurse. The deserted manufactory seemed a handy building for his purpose; and this he accordingly converted into an extemporaneous lodging-house for the afflicted and forsaken. Within the first year, the number of voluntary nurses increased from one to seven, and the number of patients received and nursed was sixty, besides twenty-eight nursed at their own houses. The little seed of blessing, small as a grain of mustard, grew into a great tree, affording shelter and

protection for a multitude of human creatures. In 1854, the hospital contained 120 beds, which were generally occupied; and more than 6000 patients have been received since the date of its first opening.

Mr Fliedner was led to think of an hospital, partly from the want of good nurses for the sick, which he had experienced; partly from regret, as he said, at seeing so much good female power wasted; and partly from a perception that the women who had voluntarily come forward to assist him, required a larger sphere of action. Hence, the chief purpose to which the hospital was turned was that of a training-school for nursing-sisters. The rules adopted, and which still remain in force, are something like the following:—Every one who offers herself is taken on trial for six months, during which she must pay for her board and lodging. For the same period, she wears no distinctive dress. If she persists in her vocation, and is accepted, she undergoes a further probation of from one to three years. She then assumes the hospital-dress, and is boarded and lodged at the expense of the institution. As no inducement is offered to these Protestant sisters, any more than in the Roman Catholic orders—no prospect of pecuniary reward, no allurements of praise or reputation; nothing, in short, but the opportunity of working for the alleviation of suffering humanity—so, if this does not appear sufficient for them, their services are dispensed with. After they have been regularly accepted, they receive yearly a small sum for clothing; beyond this they get no advantages, except that of being provided for in age or during illness. There is, nevertheless, no lack of women for the work, who come forward to offer themselves on these conditions.

As the hospital does not appear to require the services of all who have been trained in it, a number of the sisters have received a particular education, to fit them for parish-visitors. These, as occasion called, have been sent to distant towns and villages, at the request of clergymen and visiting-societies. Others are occupied in nursing in private families, their services being paid for to the parent institution. Besides the penitentiary and the hospital, the institution now embraces a lunatic-asylum and an infant-school; the whole of which is still under the management of Mr Fliedner and his wife, who enjoy, in the success of their undertaking, the highest reward they care for. There are at present on the establishment 180 sisters, of whom sixty are still probationers or learners. Of the hospital-sisters, eighty are stationed in different hospitals in Germany, five in London, three at Constantinople, five at Jerusalem, two at Smyrna, and two at Pittsburgh, in the United States; making in all ninety-seven women, thoroughly trained and educated, and fully employed in a beneficent vocation. It may be interesting to add, that among the persons not remaining on the establishment, who have gone through a regular course of training at Kaiserwerth, is the now celebrated Florence Nightingale.

In imitation of Mr Fliedner's establishment, similar institutions for the training of Protestant nurses and teachers have been opened at Paris, Strasbourg, Berlin, Dresden, and ten or a dozen other places. 'So that it seems,' says Mrs Jameson, 'no longer a question as to whether, in Protestant communities, a number of women can be properly trained and organised for purposes of social benefit, authorised and employed by the government, aided and directed by intelligent and good men, and sustained by public opinion.'

Taking the facts which have been cited, and duly considering their significance, one does not see why an order of charitable women should not be established in our own country, where they might unquestionably be made available for many useful and beneficent purposes. Mrs Jameson quotes from the letters of Dr Gooch, addressed to Southey, as far back as 1825, a plan which seems quite feasible and capable of

immediate adoption. 'Let all real Christians,' says he, 'join, and found an order of women, like the Sisters of Charity in Catholic countries; let them receive not a technical and scientific, but a practical medical education. For this purpose, let them be placed, both as nurses and pupils, in the hospitals of Edinburgh and London, or in the county hospitals; let their attention be pointed by the attending physician to the particular symptoms by which he distinguishes the disease; let them be made as familiar with the best remedies—which are always few—as they are with barley-water, gruel, and beef-tea; let them learn the rules by which these remedies are to be employed; let them be examined frequently on these subjects, in order to see that they carry these rules clearly in their heads; let books be framed for them, containing the essential rules of practice—briefly, clearly, and untechnically written. Let such women, thus educated, be distributed among the country parishes of the kingdom, and be maintained by parish allowance, which now goes to the parish surgeon, who should be only resorted to in difficult cases. . . . It may be objected, that women with such an education would form a bad substitute for a scientific medical attendance. Be it remembered, however, that the choice is not between such women and a profound and perfect physician or surgeon—if there is such a person—but between such women and the ordinary run of country apothecaries; the latter labouring under the additional disadvantage of wanting time for the application of what skill they have. . . . Many will think that it is impossible to impart a useful knowledge of medicine to women who are ignorant of anatomy, physiology, and pathology. A profound knowledge, of course, would not be imparted, but a very useful degree of it might; a degree which, combined with kindness and assiduity, would be far superior to that which the country poor receive at present. I have known matrons and sisters of hospitals with more practical tact in the detection and treatment of disease than half the young surgeons by whom the country poor are commonly attended.'

Following the train of these remarks, after disposing of sundry objections that may be raised by the indifferent, Mrs Jameson says: 'An institution such as I have in my mind should be a place where women could obtain a sort of professional education under professors of the other sex—for men are the best instructors of women—where they might be trained as hospital and village nurses, visitors of the poor, and teachers in the elementary and reformatory schools; so that a certain number of women should always be found ready and competent to undertake such work in our public, charitable, and educational institutions as should be fitted for them; I say fitted for them, and for which by individual capacity and inclination they should be fitted, and that corresponding fitness tested by a rather lengthened probation and a strict examination. It seems rather unjust to sneer at a woman's unfitness for certain high duties, domestic and social, unless the possibility of obtaining better instruction be afforded. All the unmarried and widowed women of the working-classes cannot be seamstresses and governesses; nor can all the unmarried women of the higher classes find in society and visiting, literature and art, the purpose, end, and aim of their existence. We have works of love and mercy for the best of our women to do, in our prisons and hospitals, our reformatory schools, and, I will add, our workhouses; but then we must have them such as we want them, not impelled by transient feelings, but by deep abiding motives; not amateur ladies of charity, but brave women, whose vocation is fixed, and whose faculties of every kind have been trained and disciplined to their work under competent instruction from men, and tested by a long probation.'

At this point we take leave of Mrs Jameson's very graceful little book, strongly recommending it to the

attention of all who are interested in the subject of which it treats. We can assure them that it is well worthy of perusal; and we conceive that if its suggestions were acted upon, an immense benefit would be gained for the community. What should hinder the immediate formation of institutions such as she proposes? Nothing stands in the way but our vulgar English prejudices—prejudices which have now been partly broken through by the enterprise of Miss Nightingale and her associates, and which we may hope will soon be totally consigned to the limbo of things forgotten. Let the wise and generous in the land set themselves to this noble task, and there is no doubt of its being effectually accomplished.

TRAVELS AT HOME.

JUDGING, not merely by the book-advertisements, but by the contributions we ourselves receive every day, it would seem that all the world is abroad. Those parts of the earth that were before a *terra incognita*, are traversed as familiarly as Princes Street or Cheapside; and the manners and customs we were accustomed to see, and that in a state of travesty, only on the stage, have become tiresome from the frequency of their display. In the midst of all this, there gets up one fine morning a Cockney, who, taking his stick in his hand, sets out from the capital city of his kind, and walks resolutely on in a westerly direction to the Land's End. Here there are still some patches of English ground before him, and, taking boat, he visits the Scilly Isles, and then, returning to his home—in the Strand, maybe, or at anyrate where he has the roar of London all in his ears—he sits as resolutely down, writes his book of travels, and flings it abroad among the rest.*

And what is the result? That it suggests and establishes this theory: that, so far as books of travel are concerned, it does not matter a straw where one journeys who has the capacity to see what he looks at, and describe what he sees. Our Londoner's book is as new as if the scene was laid in Japan, and his perambulations are as interesting as if they were performed on camel-back, instead of what the Irish call Shank's-mare. To shew what he can make of a familiar picture, here is his account of the view—or rather the darkness visible—presented during his walk along the ridge of the hills after leaving Corfe: 'The early morning's promise of fine weather had been more than once broken since I left the boat by a send of watery mist flying off from the bank that lay to seaward; and I had not been long on the hill-top before great masses of white cloud drifted over the region on my left till they struck the hills, and then rolling over the summit in a succession of circular swirls that resembled huge balls of light fleecy wool, they speedily covered the lowlands on the right with the same vaporuous shroud. The crops in the interior valleys are often blighted by these mists, while the strip of land along the coast escapes harmless. It was a strange spectacle. On either side a dim, gray chaos, that the eye sought in vain to penetrate, and between, the long, level crown of the hill rising up as a low bank—apparently the only strip of land left for foot to tread on: all the rest of creation had disappeared. There was something spectral-like in the effect: a dark mass, looming a few yards in the distance, was a haystack—a wagon—a bullock, till coming closer, you found it to be nothing but a clump of the gorse, dripping with beads of mist, and murmuring hoarsely as the wind swept through. Yonder stands a tree, bending and shaking: a tree on the very brow! A few paces more—it is a man, then a boy, and after all, proves to be only a thistle. So deceptive is the

effect of this misty phenomenon, that I was cheated more than once, even after I knew of the illusion. The thicker the mist, the stronger became the wind, not to be resisted at last without a sturdy tramp. Now and then a pale gleam of light broke through; but, vanishing again immediately, it seemed more like a flicker from an expiring lamp than a ray from the solar blaze.'

The description of the Portland quarries and the Breakwater at Weymouth is singularly interesting. With regard to the latter: 'The Plymouth Breakwater, which is not quite a mile long, and cost a million and a half of money, was formed by dropping large stones through the bottom of the boats in which they had been transported from the quarries; but Mr Rendel builds a timber-stage running out from the shore into the sea as far as may be required, and laying down rails, wagons laden with stone are pushed along the stage by locomotives, and made to drop their load into the water beneath by a very expeditious process.' Mr White went along the lower part of the stage far out to sea. 'The divers were busy with their labours, too deep down to be visible, supplied with air from the pumps, kept incessantly going in the boats moored above the spot. Not once did the men pause in their task, notwithstanding the uneasy rocking which jerked the boats about like walnut-shells; and he who held the line fastened to the diver's arm, failed not to give it the half-minute tug, which signified—Is all well? A few months ago the air-pipe burst, and though the diver gave an immediate signal to be hauled up, he was recovered with difficulty. Another, not answering the tug, was found to be dead: he had, as was supposed, stooped too far forward while intent on his work, and the water running in under the joint of his helmet had drowned him. And these divers work for two-and-sixpence a tide.'

The dropping of the stone into the water is an exciting spectacle. 'When we were near the end, a train pushed by the locomotive came up; the speed was slackened; two men, one on each side the foremost truck, jumped off, and running along on the edge of the timber, knocked out the bolts that hold the iron levers; these in turn striking against the "chocks," screwed to the beams, let go their hold, and the bottom of the truck, balanced as a see-saw, falling suddenly at one end, dropped the whole load into the water. The shock and splash are tremendous! Seven tons of stone, lumps from four or five tons' weight down to a pound, let fall from a height of thirty feet, produce an astounding effect. Sometimes a vast circular jet is thrown up twenty or thirty feet higher than the stage, giving an uncomfortable shower-bath to all within reach; or narrow streams burst out horizontally with a furious hiss; or you hear a loud slap, followed by a hoarse rushing gulp, and a mound of discoloured water boils up for a few seconds. But before you have recovered from the first surprise, the train—all the while creeping forward—has advanced a few feet; the two men repeat the operation of striking out the bolts; and the second truck drops its load, then the third, then the fourth, and so on to the sixth, and all with the same terrific plunge. Not a moment is lost; for by long practice the "tippers" have become expert and fearless; and away speeds the panting locomotive, soon to reappear with another laden train. But immediately the whizz and rush are behind you, and, looking round, you see a similar train on the outer line of rails on the opposite side of the stage; the mighty splashes follow; and before the water has cleared, comes a third train down one of the inner lines, and discharges its load in the same uncereemonious way. So it goes on all day along the five lines of rails, first one, then the other; and every day 2500 tons of stone are thus flung into the engulfing waters. A truly rapid process! What

* *A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End; and a Trip to the Scilly Isles.* By Walter White. London: Chapman and Hall. 1885.

would the builders of the Plymouth Breakwater, who spent forty years over their work, say that?

There is a natural phenomenon, common, as our author tells us, at St Michael's Mount: 'A brief residence on the shore of Mount's Bay will make you acquainted, with other of its phenomena. Extraordinary oscillations of the sea sometimes occur even in calm weather, caused by storms in the Atlantic. High swells roll in without warning, except the noise they make in the distance, and fall heavily on the beach, sweeping all before them. At such times, fishing-boats anchored near rocks incur great risks, and lives have been lost in the effort to prevent a shock. Sir Henry de la Beche records himself to have been more than once in danger from these ground-swells during his survey of the cliffs. Minor movements take place from differences of atmospheric pressure, a fall of half an inch of the barometer elevates the sea in some parts of the Channel nearly a foot above the level of other parts. But the greatest disturbances happen at long intervals. Ten times within the present century the sea has come driving in, all on a sudden, in great roaring waves that dash far up the low beaches, and make the tallest cliffs tremble again. On the last occasion—in May 1847—people walking along the causeway to the Mount had a narrow escape from an unexpected rush of this nature, which was repeated several times in the course of the day, and was felt along the coast as far as Plymouth. The cause is considered to be an upheaval of some part of the ocean-bottom by an earthquake. Here, too, you may hear that singular phenomenon, the calling of the sea; and observe a low fog come creeping out of Loo Pool towards the south-west, whenever the wind is about to blow from that quarter.'

Many of Mr White's brother Londoners will be surprised to find that there are so many strange and exciting things to be met with in a walk to the point of Cornwall; and, in all probability, the volume before us will determine not a few next year to travel at home, instead of joining the crowd that now vulgarises the rest of the world.

TEE-TOTAL WIT.

THE *Westminster Review* has the following argument against the tee-total pledge:—'The immediate effects [of Father Mathew's exhortations to total abstinence in Ireland] were no doubt as beneficial as they were wonderful; but they were watched, not without feelings of distrust, by many, whose sincere wish that the sin of drunkenness should cease could not for a moment be doubted. Dr Arnold especially, whose far-sighted wisdom detected so much that was unsound in the current opinions of his time, protested earnestly against the practice of binding by a special vow men who were already pledged by their birth in a Christian country to live to God. A man who takes a pledge against drunkenness does, in fact, make a law for himself. He trusts to an external enactment: his physical circumstances are not changed; his moral nature is as weak, his mind as unformed as before; but he has fettered himself by an outward tie, appealing, like all laws, partly to his conscience, partly to his fear of the opinion of others, and he trusts to this tie to keep him in the straight path. What happened might have been easily foretold. When the first excitement passed away, those who made the law broke the law; and the traveller in Ireland may now find, in every country town, hundreds who have proved false to their oath. Their last state is worse than their first; and if we could open their hearts and read their lives, we might learn something of what it costs to make a law hastily and break it lightly.'

The answer of the *Alliance* (weekly total-abstainers' newspaper) is, as a piece of wit, not bad: as for the logic, we leave that for the reader's consideration. The writer asks the reviewer: 'Is he legally married?' and if so, 'Can he sincerely defend his position?' Upon popping the question, ought he not to have protested earnestly in the

ear of his fair intended against the practice of binding by a special vow (the vow matrimonial) a man and a woman who are already pledged by their birth in a Christian country to live to God, and therefore to obey the seventh commandment, and God's monogamic law? A man who takes a pledge against adultery does, in fact, make a law for himself. He trusts to an external enactment. His physical circumstances are not changed by this enactment; his moral nature is as weak, his mind as unformed as before; but he has fettered himself by an outward tie, appealing, like all laws, partly to his conscience, partly to his fear of the opinion of others, and he trusts to this tie to keep him in the straight path. What happened [it is our reviewer himself who is speaking!] might have been easily foreseen. When the first excitement passed away, those who made the law broke the law. The traveller may now find, in every country town, hundreds who have proved false to their matrimonial oath. Their last state is worse than their first; and if we could open their hearts and read their lives, we might learn something of what it costs to make a law hastily and break it lightly!'

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE DELL.

The dell was woody, the dell was deep;
It was very deep and lonely;
No bird had its nest within its shade,
Save the owl and the raven only.

The black stream dashed o'er the dark gray rocks
With a deep and sullen moaning;
And high above, to the wind's lowest sigh,
The old oaks aye were groaning.

The house was old, it was very old,
With gables high and crumbling;
And its flapping casements through and through,
Ever the wind, with a low wild sigh,
Was in its chambers rumbling.

In its weed-choked garden was no flower,
Save the monk's-hood, tall and sickly;
But the ivy grew round its falling eaves
And its massive chimneys thickly.

From the slimy well, that scarcely flowed,
The spotted toad was peeping;
And through the tall and matted weeds
The witch-worm oft was creeping.

And oft when the night was very still,
And the lovely moon was beaming,
And the window-panes through the matted green
Shot back a ghostly gleaming—

Within an inner room remote,
Was heard a hollow shrieking,
And a fearful gibbering rose and fell
Of wild weird voices speaking.

The stream moaned deeper, and the wind
Sighed hoarser far than ever,
The owl gave a tremulous hoot,
And the raven an answer low croaked out
From the yew beside the river.

Old graybeard loons would vaguely hint
At some most sad disaster:
'When we were young,' said they, 'was seen
In the loneliest room a spot dark-green,
Some two yards on the plaster.'

And nothing more they told, for death
Removed them fast and faster;
They only said: 'There once was seen
A tall dark spot tinged o'er with green,
Some two yards on the plaster.'

G. SCARR.

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PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Thus, at all events, is a universal subject, and closely enough allied to the present genial season of the year, by reason of its obvious association with wedding-cakes and prospective house-warmings. It is a subject, however, not so well understood as its importance would require. History is as full of it as romance; but romance comprehends it better, though still imperfectly. History classes it with the other facts it describes, affecting the fate of kingdoms and peoples; while romance considers it, without knowing why, as a universal influence, acting on character, and thus determining action. In this, romance is truer than history, but, having less intellect, it has less power. Our judgment is carried away by the one, our imagination by the other. In the one case, love is a substantial fact, which may be operated upon by policy or force; in the other, it is a charming plaything of the thoughts, which may be the subject of waking dreams, of radiant smiles, and delicious tears, but must be carefully kept in the background of the business of life, and by no means stand in the way of marriage-settlements.

When history represents love merely as a hard, substantial fact, running into a crowd of other hard, substantial facts, and making a row among them, it exhibits a deficiency in philosophy, and owes its power only to its avoidance of falsehood, and its strong-headed criticism of such facts as it comprehends. When romance represents Lord Ernest and Miss Constance Pensive as setting out in life with their mutual passion the sole business of their existence, and every action into which they are thrown, however accidentally, as working so far towards the happy dénouement or the melancholy catastrophe, it exhibits an utter want of knowledge of the world, united with as near a guess at the truth as can be made by a mind incapable of getting beyond the concrete, or the embodied representation of an abstract idea. Such stories of love, in short, instead of the pictures of life they profess to be, are allegories, in which men and women are merely personifications of sentiments, and thrown into such positions as are best calculated for their display. As allegories, they are sometimes excellent; but this very excellence is calculated to mislead. While we are children, we look upon the *Pilgrim's Progress* as an authentic narrative; and it is well known that in the case of novel-readers, the age of childhood extends to a very respectable term of years.

Bewildered between romance and history, there are some who take refuge in a cold scepticism, and deny the existence of love at all as an important influence.

The cause of this error is their being taught to regard the sentiment only in its concrete form, and to pass over the indications of its abstract existence even in their own hearts. They refuse to believe in a love which is represented as pursuing its mistress like the Columbine of pantomime, darting after her through people's windows, glass and all, and leaping over the heads of surprised costermongers. 'Fudge!' say they: 'in real life there is no such nonsense. There, we take into consideration birth, money, station, property, as well as beauty and amiability; and our Columbine, although as fond of dancing perhaps as the other, cares less for the showy than the solid advantages of her partner, and looks shrewdly out, from her beautiful eyes, for a comfortable settlement in the world. We were never in love, although we have lived to—we will not say how many years; and we never knew anybody who was in the predicament—unless, perhaps, in early life, when one gets into it sometimes just as he gets into drink, and then, after a little while, gets out of it again deadly sober.'

There is a great deal of truth in this, but still more falsehood; and it is astonishing how general the falsehood is. We once knew a lady in the medieval period of life—nay, well on to the close of that period—who on one occasion said to us: 'Isn't it odd, that although I have lived all these years in the world, I have actually never been in love.'

Yes, very odd. This lady was one of those beautiful medieval specimens which are peculiar to our own country. Her features were untouched by Time, except as he touches pictures, only to mellow them; and her voice, although it had 'sunk a tone,' had more sweetness in its serene gravity than the sweetest voices of youth.

Yes, very odd. Her eyes had lost their flashing brightness—the sunshine had faded from the surface, and left them deep, still, and mysterious; they were not speaking eyes, that confuse and alarm you with their volubility, but written eyes, whose silent characters are full of thoughts and memories.

Yes, very odd—if true. But it was *not* true. The lady, we will undertake to say, had been in love from an early period of her teens. The sentiment existed within her as an abstraction—a dream, a hope, a longing, a despair. It is that which gave its depth to her eye, its sweetness to her voice, its womanliness to her look. It harmonised with, and exalted, the noble parts of her character; and the unconscious search in which her life was spent after the unseen and the unknown kept her sacred from the mean vulgarities of the world.

It is in this way that love is a universal influence.

It is an aspiration of our nature after something to exalt and refine it. 'We are told that Miss Constance Pensive inspired Lord Ernest with a passion—but that is nonsense. The passion already existed, and manifested its existence by its restless search after sympathy. If Miss Constance had not been found, or, being found, had not been attended by the coincidental phenomena which marked her out as the individual sought, it would still have lived, and looked, and yearned; the search would still have been continued, and would still have been the aim and business of the inner life. How many men well up in years—men engaged in the anxious strife of the world, with brows wrinkled with care and paled with thought—start, and smile, or sigh, as they pace through their solitary room! And why?—a phantom has crossed their path, and disappeared in the rich hangings of the window: the same that lightened on them for an instant thirty years ago, burning into their souls with the flash the conviction that they indeed saw the original of the picture. And who was she, this lady of the past, this Cynthia of a minute? A mere passing stranger, seen for a moment, and then vanishing for ever—

One of those forms that flit by us when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see,
The momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The charm, the youth, the beauty which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below!

It is in vain for such dreaming, gentlemen to deny the soft impeachment. This was the cause of the start, the smile, the sigh; and this was the feeling which had humanised their nature even in the midst of crosses and disappointments in the search itself. Bitterly we may smile at our folly in having clasped the shadow for the substance; but there remains behind, notwithstanding, the conviction that the substance does exist; and even while we have placed us *hors de combat* in the actual pursuit, we do not look less fondly, less confidently into the abyss where dwells the lost Pleiad of our hope.

Without the existence of such feelings even in bosoms but little likely to indulge them, it would be difficult to understand the interest awakened on some occasions by their revelation in romance, and the convictions we feel as we read that they are part and parcel of human nature. Look at Bothwell, the stern fierce trooper in *Old Mortality*. He has been slain by the wild fanatic Balfour, exclaiming as he falls: 'Base peasant-churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!' On his clothes being examined, there was found a pocket-book, containing, as might be expected, tavern-bills, regimental accounts, lists of victims who would yield good spoil, and other documents of the kind. But in the book there was likewise a pocket carefully concealed, enclosing letters 'written in a beautiful female hand,' without address, subscribed only by initials, and dated twenty years before. 'With these letters was a lock of hair, wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period.' The episode, thus slightly indicated, we feel to be true; and we at once comprehend the contradictions of the character—its occasional gentleness, its gleams of honour and generosity, mingling with the rudeness of a wild unbridled nature; and, if we were back into our teens, we could weep over the lamentation of the ruffian for the withdrawal of that influence which might have

fallen like balm upon the 'torrid zone of his wild breast.'

What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wandered wild and wide
With such an angel for my guide:
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me!

A feeling so mysterious, so little in appearance connected with the practical business of life, yet bearing so powerfully upon it, must necessarily give rise to numerous myths and theories. One of the most curious refers to a sort of poetical metempsychosis. A man, in the presence of a certain woman, is struck by the sudden fascination under which he has fallen. Confused memories come thick upon him as he looks: the tone of her voice, the character of her smile, nay, her individual features seem familiar to him; he loses himself in the idea that he has surely seen her—known her—loved her before; and at length he thinks, half with a smile, half with a pleasing dread, that as the thing is an impossibility as regards this life, it must have occurred in some former state of existence! And he is right: it did occur in another state of existence; for such are all our new phases of thought. It is hard to say what trifle in her external appearance, or perhaps in her expression, served to connect her with the distant train of fancies and feelings; but the connection once established, however slightly, the rest was easy, and she became identified with the things and thoughts of the 'former birth.'

The Indian Buddhists, who are fond of shutting themselves up in convents and monasteries, disapproving of what they consider the unholy estate of matrimony, account, on the principle of the metempsychosis, for the numerous unlucky marriages that set the world by the ears. The man and wife, they suppose, were enemies in a former state of existence, and they have instinctively come into union in this, in order to have the satisfaction of glutting themselves with the pleasure of mutual torment! On our principle, such marriages are easily enough explained by the fact, that the search terminated in mistake—the wrong person being hit upon. Our principle will likewise account for the fact, so commonly noticed with unreflecting wonder, that it is by no means beauty that determines the choice; the lovely expression by which plain features are so frequently illumined being more naturally and firmly allied to abstract feelings than mere external bloom, or material proportion.

LIFE AT AN INDIAN COURT.

An elegant writer says, that 'the reader of history is domesticated in all families;' but the remark applies less directly to history, properly so called, than to that gossip which may be called bastard history. The stately muse who takes cognizance of events which involve the fate of nations, and only recognises kings when they are robed and crowned, or generals when they are on the battle-field, will not condescend to go in at back-doors, or haunt the private rooms in which human nature is simply human nature, merely to gratify the curious. There are many things she will not stoop to notice, which we would like to know more about. 'Deep is the sigh of taste for lost treasures,' but deeper still are the sighs we heave for things that might have been—treasures that will never be brought to light. Thus, what books the ancients might have given us had they had publishing facilities like ours—had the *cacoëthes scribendi* affected them as it affects us moderns. Very instructive, we think, could Martial have made the *Memoirs of the Court of Domitian*, and of a very peculiar literary flavour would *The Private Life of Heliogabalus* have

been. A thousand themes such as these induce us to think it 'a thousand pities' that all the writing about private life, all the gossip, which is to history what the marshy and reedy shallows are to the clear deep broad bosom of the river, should have been left to the men of our own days. Yet such has in a great measure been the case. We know little or nothing of the outs and ins of the lives of remarkable men, good or bad, from their contemporaries. We have to make hard guesses about the family affairs and the home habits of Shakspeare; and we feel an inward satisfaction when we hear of anything which brings the great masters of thought somewhat nearer our common humanity. Ordinary history does almost nothing to make us acquainted with its giants and ogres. We think of them as abstractions; we cannot tell how they fed, drank, walked, or dressed. We cannot get near them, in fact, unless the historian inadvertently drops a hint, which is like a chink through which we look in upon them in their privacy. Thus, we know all about the power of the great Ottoman potentates, but we are without any thorough knowledge of how they exercised that power at home, until we fall upon the story of Gentil Bellini's visit to Constantinople, and read how the sultan Mahmoud taught that artist a lesson, or gave a practical criticism of his painting of John the Baptist's head, by ordering up one of his slaves and quietly cutting off his head, to shew how the muscles shrank. Incidents such as these let in a flood of light upon whole pages of history, and we go on to read about the persons to whom they relate with an entirely new feeling. At the same time, it must be confessed, that we are often disposed to suspect that the narrators of private history take liberties alike with us and with their subjects. We know so little of the actual life of men who have lived at remote periods and distances from us and our goings, that plain unvarnished facts become to us bemisted with romance. We feel this to be the case even in reading the narratives of travellers who have made themselves familiar with people whom we have hitherto been unacquainted with; and we have recently felt it on reading a very curious book, by an English gentleman, at one time resident in India, purporting to be an account of *The Private Life of an Eastern King**—the king of Oude. Most of us have heard of the King of Oude's Sauce, and may have supposed that the potentate in question had some relish for the pleasures of the table; but beyond that we cannot even guess anything; and the revelations which the book we refer to contains, have therefore almost the appearance of fiction. The disreputable personage to whom they refer, was not a man of much mark; but his private history is curious, as affording us information respecting the habits fostered by despotic systems, and the influence which these have upon the social relations. Most readers, we presume, are aware that Oude is a small and semi-independent kingdom in India, lying between Nepaul and the Ganges.

The gentleman to whom we are indebted for these particulars respecting the character of the late king of Oude, and the manners and customs of his court and country, was one of five Europeans whom the king, with the sanction of the British resident, appointed to offices in the royal household. He went to Lucknow, the chief town of Oude, in connection with a mercantile undertaking, and hearing that a post in the king's service was then vacant, he made application for it, doubtless prompted to do so by learning that his swarthy majesty was fond of Europeans, and that some of them in his employment were in a fair way of

making fortunes. After being presented at court, and approved of by the resident, he took the customary present to his royal master, and was regularly installed in his office, which, we presume, was that of librarian. The five Europeans who held appointments about the person of Nussir-u-deen, were in reality his companions. Their duties seem to have been comparatively light; at least the most arduous of them seem to have consisted in studying his majesty's temper, humouring his whims, and drinking with him after dinner. Though a Mussulman, the late king of Oude was by no means abstinent. He held that the Koran only forbade the abuse of wine; and as he allowed his subjects the use of it, he appears to have considered himself justified in using it rather more freely himself. At his private dinners, the Europeans were generally the king's only guests. They were placed on either side of his gilded chair; and, as he dressed in the English fashion, the company, on ordinary occasions, may be said to have resembled a small party of decidedly 'fast' men, such as might be assembled in a London dining-room. Some features of those private banquets—for banquets they were, in so far as the viands were concerned—had, of course, a distinctly Oriental character. The king was attended by six moon-faced beauties, in flowing gauze draperies and loose *pajamas*, who took their turn in fanning him and filling his hookah; while, at one end of the room, a thin curtain concealed the ladies of the harem from the gaze of the guests, allowing the fair ones, however, to participate to some extent in the amusements which generally followed the dessert. In almost everything else, the private dinner-parties at the palace of Lucknow might be said to have been European. The cook was a Frenchman; champagne and claret were the wines usually drunk; and the dinner passed off very much as dinners do pass off in polite society among ourselves. It was after the wine had begun to affect the weak head of 'The Refuge of the World,' that the peculiarities of court-life at Lucknow began to be manifested. His majesty was particularly fond of all kinds of practical jokes; and being somewhat gross in his tastes, his after-dinner amusements were not always of the most decorous kind. The most innocent of them, perhaps, were the graceful dancing of the nautch-girls and the performances of the puppet-show. We may take it for granted, that in the directors of that celebrated opera in which Punch and his wife are the *primo uomo* and *prima donna* had proceeded to Lucknow with their singular company, they might long ere this have returned to us as nabobs; for nothing delighted his majesty more than the puppets, especially when he could cut the strings by which they were set in motion, and excite the laughter of his subservient European friends by this display of his dexterity. There was no hope of favour for any one in the king's service if he did not make it his study to minister to the royal amusement, or allow himself to be amused by the royal frolics. Consequently, when his majesty wished to play at chess, it was incumbent on his opponent to play as badly as he could; when the billiard-table was resorted to, some one always managed to deal with the balls in such a way as that the king should make the greatest number of points; in short, it was necessary that the august personage should be allowed to cheat and should be himself cheated so as to preserve his superiority and gratify his vanity. We shall have occasion to notice that the evening amusements in the palace of Lucknow were not always of a harmless nature; meanwhile, let us look for a moment at this Eastern potentate's circumstances and way of life in general.

It would seem that the cares of state have never pressed very heavily on any of the native princes with whom the East India Company has from time to time made arrangements, territorial and pecuniary, very much to its advantage. The rulers of Oude, at least,

* *The Private Life of an Eastern King*. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty, Nussir-u-deen, King of Oude. London: Hope & Co. 1855.

have never been very patriotic; for Ghazi-u-deen, the father of the personage whose private life we are now glancing at, parted with a large tract of his country, and a considerable sum of money to boot, receiving, as an equivalent, the title of King instead of that of Nawab. His son and successor Nussir ascended the throne when but a young man; and not having been gifted, by nature in any extraordinary degree, except with strong passions, he had little else to do than to gratify these, and to spend his days in amusing himself. Allowing his subjects to fight among themselves whenever they pleased, and to enter the service of the East India Company if they thought fit: letting things take their course, in short, his majesty made no attempt at governing, in anything like the proper sense of the term. A large tract of land, added to his dominions by the Company, abounded in wild animals—elephants, tigers, and hunting-leopards; and he seems to have had a desire to have specimens of that class of his subjects brought as near him as the more rational classes were, for his menagerie formed one of the most notable features of Lucknow, and combats between wild beasts were among the chief sources of amusement to him and his people. Whenever a particularly formidable tiger was taken alive, a fight between it and some savage champion of the jungle, kept in the royal menagerie, was got up. Camels were made to fight with camels, elephants with elephants, and rhinoceroses with tigers. Men were often killed by the infuriated brutes; but the king was amused; and when he could not indulge his taste for butchery on so grand a scale, he had partridges and quails brought in after dinner, and trained to fight on the dining-table. Anything that recommended itself to him by its sanguinary or brutal character, was his delight, provided it could be witnessed in safety; for, like all who are cruel, his majesty was by no means courageous. A part of each day was spent with his European friends, and leap-frog, or a 'bicker' with sunflowers in the garden, were then the favourite amusements. While the king was thus spending his time, large numbers of his people were begging in the narrow streets and bazaars of Lucknow. Those men who had any spirit enlisted in some of the Company's regiments, while many of the women enrolled themselves in the king's corps of female sepoy. The latter were what might be called the household troops. It was their duty to guard the entrances to the women's apartments in the palace. They bore the ordinary military accoutrements—musket, bayonet, and cartouch-box; were dressed in male attire; and were regularly drilled like other soldiers. Although, as we have said, these Amazons were, like the eunuchs and female slaves, only engaged about the rooms of the king's wives and favourite ladies, they were, in fact, the only troops he could command sometimes; for while he had male regiments in his pay, the real military force of the country was under the orders of the British resident. On one occasion, the female sepoys were employed in a war which his majesty waged against his mother. This old Begum seems to have been rather a remarkable person. During her husband's reign, her son Nussir was in imminent danger of being put to death by his own father, the old man having resolved that his son should not succeed him. The Begum, however, interposed, carried off the intended victim, and saved him. Still, Nussir inherited his father's jealousy, and, in his turn, desired to get rid of his own son; again the Begum interfered to protect her grandson, as she had protected his father. The female sepoys were sent to drive her out of the palace, but her attendants made a stout resistance; and, after a good deal of bloodshed, the old lady gained her point. But while Nussir spared the child, he proclaimed him to be illegitimate—to such extremes did he proceed in carrying out an object arising out of mere caprice. Though in a great degree a mere puppet in the hands

of a favourite, a slave to the lowest appetites, and altogether powerless when the British resident chose to exercise his authority, 'The Refuge of the World' frequently comforted himself as if he had been a Tamerlane or a Tippoo. When heated with wine, a jest at his expense drove him into fury. For a very poor pun, one of his chief officers, Rajah Buktawir Singh, was condemned to confinement for life in an iron cage; his property was confiscated, and his family consigned to a dungeon. But scarcely had the rajah been a year in his cage, when riots broke out in Lucknow; and one of his friends having taken the occasion to hint that the disgraced minister was the only person who could have set matters to rights, he was forthwith restored to his offices and honours.

In a country where, as in Oude, dancing-girls were elevated, by a word, to the position of chief ladies, royal favouritism was often manifested in a peculiar way. In his generous moods—for wine had sometimes a softening as well as an inflaming effect upon him—Nussir-u-deen was lavish with the revenues of his kingdom, and bestowed gifts very liberally. An English gentleman, for example, who proved himself at the royal dinner-table to be a good courtier, was pressed to enter into the service of the state; and on his refusing to do so, was sent away with a present of £800. It is not to be wondered at that Europeans, who found it no easy matter to make money at home, should have been ambitious of serving Nussir-u-deen, even although that service involved a certain degradation. It was only necessary to get thoroughly into his majesty's favour, in order to be set upon the high-road to fortune, with every prospect of speedily attaining it. Nor was it at all difficult, we should imagine, for a man of ordinary shrewdness, and not particularly sensitive, to become a royal favourite. The most influential personage among the king's attendants was a notable instance of this. He had been a barber's apprentice, and had gone out to Calcutta as a cabin-boy. On his arrival at Lucknow, he had the good-fortune to be called upon to dress his majesty's hair, and he forthwith obtained an honour for almost every curl which his tongs had twisted. He was named the Illustrious Chief, obtained the offices of superintendent of the royal menagerie, ranger of the parks, taster at the royal table, and purveyor of the wine and beer drunk thereat. His influence was all but unbounded; he therefore amassed a fortune, by taking bribes from anxious suitors, and by charging his master rather heavily for the luxuries he supplied. The king was, as we have said, a deep drinker, but the barber's monthly bill sometimes amounted to the sum of £9000; and when a more faithful servant ventured to hint that the king was being regularly robbed by him, it was declared to be the royal will that such robbery should continue. 'I know the bills are exorbitant,' said his majesty; 'let them be so; it is my pleasure. He—the barber—shall be rich.' And rich the favourite certainly became, although one of his offices, that of taster, was not quite an agreeable one. So suspicious was Nussir of being poisoned by his relatives or his subjects, that he would neither eat nor drink until the barber had tasted what had been prepared for the royal table. The wine was kept by this favoured functionary under seal, and every bottle was carefully examined before the cork was drawn. Considering the frequency with which his majesty indulged in drinking-bouts, the taster's office could not be a sinecure; nevertheless, every bottle of wine which the king drank put something into the pocket of the Illustrious Chief, and he managed to make the royal caprice profitable, by obtaining money for slaves and dancing-girls who were introduced by him. It was therefore his interest, of course, not to allow the king to reform, but to encourage those orgies in which royalty took delight, and which frequently transformed the palace

of Lucknow into something bearing a close resemblance to Pandemonium. The favourite knew that his master was not particularly fond of his relatives. In India, as in most countries where the reigning sovereign possesses absolute power to raise up and cast down those who please or displease him, the blood-royal is of very little account. Obtaining his power by means of poison, the bow-string, or the dagger, the king only recognises his nearest relatives as conspirators; and, accordingly, he either keeps them at a distance, or renders them harmless by making them poor and unpopular. Nussir-u-deen had two uncles, both old men, whom he occasionally invited to his court; and, for his own amusement and that of his guests, made drunk by drugging their wine. The barber-favourite knowing the king's *penchant* for practical jokes, and judging that he would not be at all displeased, but rather the reverse, were his aged relatives to be made the victims of a frolic, seized an opportunity which presented itself at a banquet to compel one of them to dance, and at length succeeded in so stupifying the old man, as to be enabled to divest him of his clothing, greatly to the delight of his majesty, who declared that any one who interfered to prevent the outrage would be put under arrest. On a subsequent occasion, the king's other uncle, an old man named Asoph, was invited to dinner, made helplessly drunk, and tied to his chair by strings fastened to his moustache on either side. The barber then placed fireworks under the old man's chair, which, on being ignited, scorched him so dreadfully, that he started from his seat thoroughly sobered, leaving behind him a portion of the skin of his upper lip.

This seems to have been too much for Nussir-u-deen's European officers. The individual from whose reminiscences we have taken the facts of our narrative, would not remain in the palace to be a spectator of such brutalities; and the gentleman who introduced him to court, one of the king's best friends, left the room with him. The affair led to an open rupture between Nussir and his relations. The retainers of the old uncles and all the kinsmen of the king mustered strongly: something like an insurrection took place in Oude; the royal troops were foiled in an attempt to put down the malcontents; and it was only by his majesty's promise of better behaviour that peace was restored. That promise was not kept, however; the barber retained his influence, the king got drunk and uproarious as often as ever, and the Englishmen of his court left it in disgust. At length the favourite's turn came. He had overreached himself in his endeavour to maintain complete influence over his master, and was forced to make a precipitate flight out of Oude by night. Left in a great measure with those whom he had persecuted—the members of his own family—Nussir-u-deen fell a victim to their vengeance. He was poisoned in his own palace, and one of his much-abused uncles succeeded him on the throne.

By all accounts, matters do not seem to be in a much better state in Oude than they were during the reign of Nussir. The present sovereign has not, perhaps, sunk so low in depravity as that very disreputable monarch, but the condition of the country is deplorable. Street-fights of the most sanguinary kind seem to be regarded as only episodes in the daily life of the citizens of Lucknow; armed resistance is frequently offered to the extortion of the revenue-collector; and, to crown all, we learn from the Indian newspapers that a religious war has broken out between the Hindoos and the Mohammedans. It appears, that some months ago a dissolute fellow, who had recently adopted the faith of Islam, inflamed the Mohammedans throughout the country, by accusing the Hindoos of having destroyed or defiled a holy place. He succeeded in collecting a large force, with which he marched upon the sacred shrines of the

Hindoos—the Hunooman Ghuree. The priests and their adherents made a desperate resistance, and the Mussulman fanatic and his followers were put to flight. The quarrel has not been healed, however; and such is the state of things, that the British resident refuses to allow the troops at his command to be withdrawn. It is obvious that Oude must be reformed by some other agency than that of its native princes.

THE CRÈMERIES OF PARIS.

'What are the crèmèries of Paris?'

'The laitèries.'

'And what are the laitèries?'

'The crèmèries.'

The one is a richer word than the other, and may be more genteel for aught I know, but they both mean the same thing. They are places where visitors who know Paris breakfast more comfortably and more elegantly than at the hotels, cafés, or restaurants, and go to the theatre in the evening on the saving of money they have made. Unmentioned in *Murray*, and unnoted in *Bradshaw*, they are yet among the most pleasant features of the great and gay city, and are thickly scattered in every part of it, open from seven in the morning till nine in the evening. When I was last in Paris, as I went each day to the post—the Grande Poste aux Lettres, in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau—I had not to go twenty steps before I came upon one of these establishments, situated on the right *paré* of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. See, no flaunting café front is here, no restaurant belidened with gold, and scarlet, and blue. No crowds of epicurean gazers are here seen floating on a *carte du jour*, such as is daily placed, in manuscript, in the window of a great restaurateur. No; here is at once an emblem of purity, simplicity, and modesty—a window-frame painted white, with delicate muslin-curtains within; and above, the title of Crèmèrie, in plain black letters.

We enter, and find a room, small, but clean and neat, with the walls papered to represent oak-framing and deal-panels; while on the side opposite the entrance, and, therefore, conspicuous to all comers, there is seen the legend, the terror of evildoers: '*On ne fume pas ici.*' In some crèmèries, lamentable to say, an ominous want of moral courage is manifested, and crime is dallied with under a trembling inscription of merely '*prudence de ne pas fumer avant midi;*' but in this one they go to the root of the evil at once, and '*On ne fume pas ici*' assures one of a salubrious atmosphere, antique simplicity, and Arcadian innocence.

So you advance to one of the little tables of gray marble, and having suspended your hat duly on a wall-peg—an untutored *Anglais*, and none but he, is so deficient in respect to the place as to deposit his hat on the table—up there comes a little maiden—a little maiden with quick-glancing black-beaded eyes, and jet-black hair, neatly braided, and a dainty little white collar, turned over the black body of her tartan dress. In a moment she has come up, and put her fingers, just the tips of her tiny fingers, on the edge of the gray marble table, to shew her readiness to take your orders. There, she has come up, and is ready, if you should speak, to look at you instantly with her clever, cheerful countenance. But now she gazes in another direction, and assumes an appearance of being quite abstracted from the world in some pleasant reverie; for she knows so well—the experienced little thing—that however unreasonable any number of customers are in expecting to be served instantly, and all at once, the moment they sit down, yet, when it comes to the all-important personal question of any one of them saying exactly what it is he does want, there is then a lamentable vacillation of such person's ideas, fancies, and notions.

And there is really much choice in the *crémeries*. Shall it be, for instance, *café au lait*, or *un chocolat à la crème*, or perhaps *un thé complet*?—this last containing the various English paraphernalia of the tea-table, with the distinction of a white earthenware tea-pot, with a stray leaf-catcher hanging to the spout. Whole regiments of these you may have a glimpse of, through an open door, on the shelves of an interior room, where you may also from time to time see the papa and mamma of the little maidens as they bustle about with their assistants, and occasionally come forth, for a moment, to make sure that things are all square and correct in the salon.

But what shall it be? Say, *Café au lait*, and within twenty seconds after you have pronounced the words, the fairy-like movements of the little maiden, quickened into sudden life and motion at the very first word, have placed before you, with a 'Voilà, monsieur,' not a cup merely, large or small, but *un bol*—a regular jorum of hot steaming fragrant coffee, such as is never to be seen in England from one end of the land to the other. And by the side of this she places the little plate, with four great flat rectangular lumps of beet-root sugar, so cut by the patent machine, and so placed separately, that if you do not take them in the coffee, you may with greater ease, like every conscientious Frenchman, carry them away in your pocket. And with 'Voilà, monsieur,' again, she places before you a large basket of variously shaped rolls, all of the proverbial excellence and lightness of the Parisian manufacture.

She is everywhere, this little maiden, and does everything as quickly as she does it deftly and cheerfully. And when you take your leave, lo! in a moment, and without any bustle, there she is in the little bureau near the door, with such a bright morning smile about her eyes, receiving the payment, and checking some sort of private account, and seeming to think it all the most charming of holiday occupations.

'Bah!' exclaims some very refined reader; 'what do I care for a neighbourhood so unfashionable as the region of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, though the Grande Poste aux Lettres may be therein, and decorated though it be at every door with truculent-looking *Chasseurs de Vincennes*? I do not go there for my letters even now,' adds this gentleman; 'but they used to be all addressed to me at the office of the British Section of the Exposition, hanging out at No. 14 Rue du Cirque, where I called daily on my way to the Palais de l'Exposition, and saw those fine young officials of Marlborough House sitting in gilded rooms, and very busy cultivating *moustaches* and *imperials à la Française*.'

Nay, O gentle reader; but even there, in that fashionable locality, thou shalt be fitted with one of the *crémeries*, and thou shalt no longer have any excuse for wasting thy means on expensive breakfasts and riotous living. Behold the *Crémérie de la Madeleine* at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Rue Faubourg St Honoré!

Mark, again, the neat and clean appearance of the zinc-white window; then enter, and find again the same modesty in the appointments of the salon, and the same purity of atmosphere as before; for lo! there is once more that legend, worthy its letters of gold: '*On ne fume pas ici*,' which tells at once of quietness, and decorum, and salubrity; and it allows the gentle and the delicate, as well as the strong, to enter there.

And what a congregation of all classes at the little gray marble tables, the time being eight A.M. See! there is an officer of *Zouaves*, and two of National Guards; and a sergeant of the line, and three *ouvriers* in their blouses, a historical painter, and a portly citizen of grave and venerable deportment. There also are two young ladies, who must be governesses, and three others who

are pretty certainly milliners' assistants; and there is a very grand lady, and her husband, and her two boys; and another very grand and fat old lady, all black silk, and frills, and ribbons, with a table all to herself; and there is a family of country-folk, comprising three generations, and children of various denominations. There, too, is a very retiring widow, with three dear little girls; and there are two *dames des halles*. And they all behave with such propriety and politeness, and true gentility, that you are at a loss as to which of them to award the palm.

The service of this establishment is performed by four young maids; and how quickly and deftly they get through it! No one has to wait for whatever he or she may desire. *Oufs sur le plat*, or *riz au lait*, or *café noir*, each and all are by some magic placed before you the instant you ask for them, smoking hot, but never too hot.

And still the maids, gliding and glancing here, and there, and everywhere, may be seen occasionally, through a half-opened door in a further room, polishing up fresh *bols* and plates, and enjoying a sparkling conversation amongst themselves on their own affairs. I am rather afraid, though, that the damsel in the tartan of green and purple, and she of the maroon and brown and blue tartan, are rather hard on her of the brown dress, edged with curious garlanding of miniature twining leaves, with little violet and pink flowers between. But it is not on account of the dress they are poking their delicate fun at her; O no! there is some cause far more *spirituelle* than that; for she droops her long eyelashes bashfully, and goes on rubbing up the spoons with redoubled energy, answering not a word.

Of course, all this is confined to an undercurrent, not easy for a casual observer to catch even a glimpse of; and behind, as well as before the scenes, everything is exactly as it should be; for is not the whole establishment presided over by that most ladylike-looking madame, gazing with tender care on her guests from her marble-edged bureau! What distressingly delicate features she has, though; and a sad invalid must she be; but so admirable and so truly feminine must be her disposition, that in place of being soured, it has only been sweetened by the sufferings she has gone through. And is there not her husband frequently present also, that olive-complexioned Gaul, with coal-black hair, closely cropped on his head, but not at all cropped over and about and under his face and chin! Sometimes you see him very energetically assisting in the kitchen-department, and sometimes he comes and sits in his white shirt-sleeves and great black beard near his wife, enthroned on the bureau; and she is very proud of him.

But prouder still is she of her son, a delicate but intellectual-looking boy of about twelve years old, who comes home on Sundays from the Polytechnic School. Then, dressed in his uniform, he has the supreme happiness of sitting next his mother on the scarlet-cushioned seat of the bureau. There he occupies himself with reading and sketching, but sitting so uncomfortably on the extreme edge of the cushion. And why so? The cat has established itself in sleep just behind him, with its flanks rising and falling so high and so regularly, as to shew what a very sound sleep it must be enjoying, under the instinctive knowledge that the boy will not, for the world, and any number of *bonbons* besides, disturb the luxury of its position.

But now, having finished breakfast, you advance to the bureau, and recount to the good lady what you have partaken of; and she, adding up the charges as you mention each item, finally tells you, with a sweet smile, and with a half-sympathising half-hesitating sort of expression, as if grieved to the heart that you should be obliged to pay so much—she tells you, 'If it pleases monsieur, *neuf*.' Neuf! What, nine

francs! The *chocolat à la crème* was certainly very fine, and the *omelette* most glorious, and the rolls everything that Parisian bread is reported to be; and you have risen like a giant refreshed, and fit for walking through all the miles and miles of counters at the Palais de l'Industrie: but still nine francs!

Do not trouble yourself. 'Neuf' does not mean nine francs; for no matter how long the decimal coinage has been reported to be established by law in France, and however favourable the frequent *bouversements* of everything, during the last fifty years, must have been to the introduction of any new monetary system, the mass of the people will have nothing to do with the decimals and novelties of the government and the savans. 'Neuf,' therefore, means nine sous of the ancient régime, and is so much a matter of course, that there is thought to be no occasion for multiplying words by adding the denomination of the coin to the number.

Nine sous, therefore, or fourpence-halfpenny, you pay, and for a famous breakfast; and the good old lady receives the money so thankfully, and looks so deeply obliged to you, yet withal so fearful lest you should have hurt yourself by your liberality. And you go forth on your way in an eminently charitable frame of mind, and at peace with all the human race.

THE RADICAL MEMBER IN MECHANICAL EMPLOYMENT.

A MACHINE is a thing which fights with obstacles, and overcomes them. The name is taken from *nache*, the old Greek word for 'fight.' The machine or *mechane* of the Greeks was a cunningly devised apparatus, which hurled darts and stones into the hostile ranks of men, and battered down opposing walls and gates. After the lapse of some centuries, the *mechane* has not altogether lost the propensities of its early youth, for it still sometimes assumes the form of the Lancaster tube, and sends its masses of iron miles to shatter granite fortifications. This, however, is merely an accidental illustration of the tenacity of evil habits, which are proverbially so easy to acquire and so hard to shake off. Machinery was not designed by nature for these savage services; they were merely its wayward efforts in early and unregulated age. It was destined for a far nobler fate in terrestrial affairs. The conquests for which its powers were pre-ordained, are the destruction of the numerous material obstacles that stand in the way of the social and spiritual progress of the race of man.

Even the Greeks of olden time had one form of machine which they devoted to gentler purpose than the deadly ballista and catapult. This piece of apparatus had no complicated physiognomy, compounded of vacillating levers and slippery springs. It was simplicity itself in its outward guise; it looked like nothing more formidable than a long slender thread, tightly stretched between two somewhat distant pins; and its sole business was to make soft music when touched by gentle fingers. The Greeks called this music-creating machine *chorde*, and, by multiplying its presence, they formed rows of it into lutes and harps. We moderns retain its harmonious services in the same pleasant relations, and even extend and vary them in diverse ways, and with us the musical engine is still a cord, or string.

A cord is a very simple matter in regard to its general aspect and its absolute nature; but it is nevertheless a very important object when viewed in

its mechanical applications. It may be described as a lengthened strip of tenacious flexible substance, that is capable, at one and the same time, of holding together in its own fibres when strongly pulled from opposite directions, and of yielding or bending when it is pressed in a direction that crosses its length, so that it can be coiled about and led over obstacles and round corners. The music-making capacities of a string depend upon its strength and flexibility. When it is tightly stretched between two fixed points, drawn or struck aside from the position of rest in a straight line, and then allowed to resume it, it rushes back in such haste that it overshoots the mark, and then in its eagerness trembles backwards and forwards, in smaller and smaller vibrations, before it is once again still. But all the while it is doing this, it disturbs the surrounding air, and makes it to tremble, so that its tremblings float to the ear as sound. If a string be not flexible, it cannot be drawn out of its position of rest by the finger to be started in its vibratory proceedings; and if it be not strong, it will be broken at once by the disturbance, instead of being merely roused to elastic and tensile reaction.

Strength or tenacity are the prime and essential characteristics of a cord, contemplated in a mechanical as well as in a musical sense. A cord holds and bends, and these properties are turned to account in practical mechanics in two ways. In the first place, moving forces are communicated to bodies that are distant from the position in which they are originated. This is done when the fisherman by a rope drags up his net from the depths of the sea, into which he could by no means otherwise carry the activity of his arms. Here it is the tenacity of the rope that becomes available. Its fibres hold together so firmly, that when the upper end is drawn into the fisherman's boat, the lower end, with the net attached thereto, is of necessity constrained to follow. And, in the second place, moving forces are made to operate along lines of direction that are different from those in which they act at first. This is seen when the mariner hoists his sails to the top of the mast far above his head, by pulling ropes downwards. Here the flexibility of the ropes also comes into play. To produce the desired effect, they are bent over pulleys fixed above, and the drawing-force then operates along them, whatever may be the courses in which they run. To be able to apprehend what wonderful work this combination of fibrous tenacity and flexibility may be made to accomplish by human ingenuity, it is only necessary to glance for an instant at some skillfully managed vessel getting under-way, and to observe her white sails rise and expand before the magical persuasion of the delicate tracery of cordage, that stretches, like the web of some spider of aquatic habits, against the sky, in what seems hopeless and inextricable complexity.

The useful cord has a mechanical cousin, that is very frequently associated with it in work, but that belongs, nevertheless, to a higher order of potentates, inasmuch as it possesses the power to transmute as well as to transmit. A rope can do nothing but convey the pull that is made upon one of its ends along the sinuous course of its fibres to its opposite extremity, and to any distinct object thereto attached. But its cousin, now to be introduced to the reader, can either concentrate or diffuse, as well as transmit; it is able either to change gentle speed into slow force, or, on the other hand, to convert slow force into gentle speed. A strong man easily lifts 15 pounds three feet from the ground; he does this by the prolonged and continuous exertion of the strength of his arms: at each successive instant he has to raise the weight more and more. He accomplishes every fresh inch of the lift by an expenditure of precisely the same amount of effort. The sum of the whole number of efforts that he

makes is, therefore, expressed by saying that he has lifted 15 pounds' weight 36 times one inch. The force employed is 36 times more than that which would be sufficient to raise 15 pounds one inch. But it follows from this, that it ought to be able to lift 36 times 15 pounds—that is, nearly a quarter of a ton—one inch, if it were properly addressed to the task. That it is capable of doing this, when appropriately directed, is seen when the mason prizes up a block of stone that weighs a quarter of a ton by inserting the slightly curved end of an iron bar beneath its edge, and then forcing down the opposite extremity through a long sweep by the pressure of his hands and arms. If he presses against the upper end of his bar with a force equal to the direct movement of a weight of 15 pounds over 36 successive inches, or 3 feet, he is able by this to lift the quarter of a ton one inch. He concentrates the whole force of his long movement into a short lift, and so makes it more powerful in proportion; and he changes comparatively gentle speed into comparatively slow force, because his hand has to travel through the 36 inches in the same interval of time that the stone is travelling through one inch. The heavy weight moves thirty-six times more slowly than his hand. By the intervention of the iron bar thus employed, the mason, consequently, is able to lift from the ground a much heavier weight than he would otherwise be able to move; hence the contrivance by which he effects his purpose is called, in mechanical language, a *lever* (the word is taken from the Latin *leo*, to lift). The lever, like its relative the cord, changes the direction in which a moving force takes effect. It causes a downward pull to carry a heavy weight up, but it has not the flexible adaptability of the cord. It cannot convey a pull along a winding path and round corners; it has a very obstinate and downright character of its own: it will only work in lines that, one way or the other, are concentric with those along which the impelling movements are first made. Its stubbornness and obstinacy are, however, turned to excellent account, as, but for them, it would be destitute of the transmitting and concentrating capacities alluded to above.

It has been stated, however, that the lever has two sides to its character: it not only concentrates the force of a long movement into a short and powerful effort, but it also, under a reversal of circumstances, enables a short slow effort to produce a rapid and comparatively extensive movement of diminished force. The pressure of a block of stone of a quarter of a ton-weight, upon the toe of a crow-bar, is able to raise quickly a weight of 15 pounds attached to the opposite end, through a long sweep of three feet or more. When the lever is employed in this way, in producing rapid movements out of comparatively concentrated effort, it does not much matter whether the force is applied quite at the opposite end of the bar to the extremity where the great movement is effected, or whether it is exerted a little nearer to that extremity than the further end. The arrangement is of the former kind in the instance alluded to above, where the block of stone presses on the crow-bar; but of the latter kind in the treading apparatus of the turning-lathe, where the foot is strongly pressed on the treadle a little nearer to the wheel than the remote extremity of the lever, in order that the crank of the wheel may be made to whirl with great rapidity through its wide sweep. The only important difference in the two cases is, that in the one the force is applied in a direction opposite to that in which the movement is effected (the stone goes down, and the long end of the lever is made to jump up); and, in the other, the force is exerted in the same direction as the movement (the crank of the wheel goes round the same way that the foot presses). By the appropriate employment of the lever, then, either an extended movement may be made

to produce a powerful mechanical effect, or a strong mechanical effort may be caused to produce a quick and extensive movement.

Cords and levers, working in concert, do many 'wonderful' things in this world, but nothing more wonderful than that which they are constantly effecting in every animal frame that moves. The animal body is, indeed, 'the great triumph of mechanical power. In the 'human frame divine,' there are nearly 600 distinct cords pulling all sorts of movable parts, all sorts of ways. Sometimes they are arranged as rings round channels and cavities, which they open and close; at others, they are attached to broad membranes, lids, or pieces of gristle; and at others, they work true genuine levers, getting extensive movements out of short concentrated efforts. The machinery of a single healthy human frame is so powerful, that if all its strength were applied to the task, it would be equal in a single day to the effort of lifting 24,000,000 pounds one foot high! Yet the nearly 600 cords, with their auxiliary levers and apparatus, are all so accurately adjusted and arranged, that the creature who is served by their activity knows nothing whatever of their existence within his own skin, even when in most energetic operation, until he is told concerning them. There is no jar, no noise, no confusion in their operations. How different this from the case of human machinery! The tremor, and whirl, and confusion which greet the senses of the visitor who enters some factory or mill where the steam-giant is driving his thousand slaves, all tell a tale of imperfection. They come out of the fact, that the engineer who planned and executed the works, notwithstanding the possession of considerable skill, was master neither of the materials he used, nor of the principles he applied. The great engineer of nature, on the other hand, has perfect mastery over his materials, and a thorough command of principles; in this mechanical apparatus all goes smoothly and easily: there neither friction, not sensible sign of laborious effort, seems to have a place.

It is in the limbs of animals that levers are principally employed as agents of movement. The body is borne along upon jointed pedestals or columns, which are at once the supports and the carriers of its weight. In the case of man, two limbs are made sufficient for the service of transport, in order that the arms may be hung from the shoulders ready to carry the hands about to the various objects that are to be grasped. Each limb is formed of a hard nucleus of distinct bones smoothly hinged together by joints. These bones are long rigid bars, which cannot be bent, and which so far resemble the rigid bar the mason employs in prizing up his heavy stones; they are, in fact, levers that are to be worked by the animal cordage. The cords are so extended from one bone to the other, that when they are pulled these separate pieces are caused to play on their joints, as a door does on its hinge. When a man walks, cords that are brought down from the trunk of his body to the bones of one leg are tightened all round, so that the weight of the body is first entirely balanced upon that column. Then the front cords of the other unoccupied leg are shortened, so that its foot is brought in advance. At the same time, the front cords of the first fixed leg are pulled, and the weight of the body drawn forwards, so that it can be easily lifted upon the advanced support. This is repeated alternately with the opposite legs. The trunk of the body is successively shifted onwards to pedestals placed in advance for its reception, but two pedestals are rendered sufficient for an extended movement, in consequence of their being carried along with the body, and used alternately, now as the support, and now as the column in advance. Both the forward movement of the body, and the advance of the disengaged column, are effected by the application

of the powers of the lever and cord, which have been explained above.

But if animal bodies are moved by the agency of cords operating upon levers, whence do those cords derive the impulses they transmit to the levers? It has been seen that, in a general way, cords only transmit moving force that is applied to one end, along their tenacious fibres, to the opposite extremity. Where, then, do the animal cords get the pull they communicate? The answer to this question is a statement of the crowning wonder: They get it out of their own substance; they are living cords, and contract, in virtue of their own natures, when circumstances require that they should do so. They are able so to shorten their own lengths, as to bring their opposite ends, and any bodies attached thereto, nearer together. This mystery, however, is so full of interest, that it must be looked more closely into from another point of view.

For the sake of familiar illustration, the reader must allow a draught to be made upon his imagination, and must fancy that he has before him a pile of drums heaped one upon the other, and that these drums are fastened together by their heads. There are ten of them, and each one is 3 feet high, and 2 feet across; so they form, altogether, a wooden and parchment column 30 feet high, and with a diameter of 2 feet. Imagination has turned architect, and built up a pillar of these dimensions, in which drums are the materials employed instead of blocks of granite or marble. But, now, let this kind imagination confer a yet further service; let it conceive that, all at once, through the exertion of some magical power, each one of the drums is made to alter its shape; so that, in place of being 3 feet high, and 2 feet wide, it becomes 2 feet high, and 3 feet wide. As the heads of the drums are all fastened together, the result of this will be, that the pillar will be shortened from the height of 30 to that of 20 feet. In other words, its two ends will be brought 10 feet closer together than they were before. Consequently, if either of these ends were attached to a movable object, the side of a lever-like bar capable of bending on a hinge-joint, for instance—the other end being fixed—the movable object would be forced to go with the end of the pillar to which it was attached; the lever would be bent upon its hinge. This imaginary case is really a counterpart of what happens when the levers of the animal body are worked by their living cordage. Each separate strand of the cord is built up of hollow drums, that are attached firmly together, and that possess the singular power of altering their dimensions and forms under special circumstances, by diminishing or augmenting their entire lengths, and so making their ends approach towards or recede from each other. The hollow drums are, however, not altogether strangers; they are old acquaintances presenting themselves under a new aspect. They are, indeed, all of them, 'radical members' of the body animate,* dressed and equipped for a special service. They are little 'living vesicles' turned mechanical, and modified in their intrinsic natures to fit them for the work they have to do. These vesicles, like most others of their congeners, are very diminutive bodies, notwithstanding the important operations they carry on. Until the last half-dozen years, they have altogether eluded human observation; and even now their presence is only detected by the scrutiny of the most powerful microscopes. As many as 14,000 of them can be laid side by side within the extent of an inch, and when in perfect repose they are half as long again as they are wide; but when in action these dimensions are changed, and they draw in their lengths, and swell out their sides, until they become as wide as they are long.

The diminutive cells or vesicles, of which the living cordage of animal bodies is composed, are made of delicate films of soft membrane; and they contain in their interiors a rich red liquid, which has been found to be nearly identical with that which is formed inside the coloured blood-corpuscles.* The contents of the red blood-corpuscle seems, indeed, to be the appointed food prepared for the support of these contractile little vesicles. It is the plastic nutriment destined for their use, and is conveyed to them in continued streams through the channels of the circulation. These vesicles are not spherical in shape: they are short cylinders, as described above, and are connected together in rows by their flat ends. But the great peculiarity which marks them out from all other kinds of vesicular existence, more even than their drum-shapes, is their singularly irritable nature. If they are touched by the point of a fine needle, while placed in the field of a powerful microscope, they are seen to alter their forms in the manner already described, and so to shorten the entire row viewed as a whole. In this way, in fact, the living cordage of the animal body is contemplated, working as it does in the hidden recesses of the mechanism, when engaged in its interesting task.

The contractile vesicles of animal cordage are laid in rows and cemented together, so that when they contract individually, the entire row may be shortened by the sum of their contractions. Each row of connected vesicles is termed, in the language of the anatomists, a *fibril*, which signifies merely a little thread; and a little thread it is, indeed, that is thus composed; hundreds of such threads would lie within the bulk of a hair. Alone, such a delicate agent could possess very trifling power; it could not bend and work massive levers, neither could it lift heavy weights. Thousands and millions of such agents can, however, accomplish all this. These fibrils are not themselves the strands of the living cord; between one and two thousand of them are laid side by side, to constitute each elementary strand. These are bound up together in a common covering, and so form a sort of bundle, which is termed a *fibre*, or string. These fibres can be readily seen by magnifying-glasses of very low power—about 400 of them can lie side by side within the extent of an inch. These fibres are again bound up by distinct coverings into separate packets, which are called *fasciculi*. Many of these fasciculi are again associated together, to form a yet more compound bundle, which is the cord destined for some one particular service. Each living cord is thus a bundle of fasciculi, which are all bundles of fibres, which are in their turn bundles of fibrils, which are rows of vesicles. The cord in itself bears the denomination of a *muscle*. The muscles of animals, therefore, are the contractile cordage by which the levers of their bodies are worked. The flesh of animals is made up of conjoined muscular bundles—all that has been described may be seen in it by appropriate management. The bones of the limbs are clothed with flesh; that is to say, the rigid shafts of the levers are incased in layer after layer of the living cordage that is designed to bring their powers into active play. As a human body contains in itself nearly 600 distinct muscles, destined for the accomplishment of different offices, who shall undertake to say what the numbers are of the subordinate elements that are comprised within the entire apparatus? It would be a very difficult task to put down the sum of the fibres, to say nothing of their fibrils. But what arithmetic could count the myriads of millions of contractile vesicles that enter into the composition of the muscles of a single living body!

Wherever animal movements are to be effected, muscular cords are laid down with their ends attached to the parts that are to be made to approach or recede;

* See No. 30 of the Journal, page 72.

* See *Radical Member on Commissariat Service*, No. 87.

then these cords are irritated until their vesicles contract, and so the movements are accomplished. The attachment of the muscles to the rigid parts that are to be moved, is made by splicing them together by incontractile fibres: these form what are called *tendons*. Fifty-six distinct muscles work the twenty-nine levers of which the leg and foot are composed, and fifty-three work the thirty levers of the arm and hand.

The contractile vesicles of the animal cordage perform their work, however, at the expense of self-destruction. Every change in their forms is effected through the instrumentality of a decomposition of a part of their own substance; a hand cannot be raised to the head without a portion of its own flesh being wasted in the effort. The agent of this waste is a certain subtle corrosive influence that floats in the atmosphere—the same, in fact, that rusts iron and consumes the fuel of fires. The muscles of animals, when in vigorous action, are consumed, indeed, in the same sense that burning coals are consumed. The corrosive influence enters the lungs with the breath, gets thence into the blood, is carried along its coursing streams to the muscles, and is thus always at hand to set up destructive change whenever contractile effort is required. But the blood also carries something else, besides destruction, to the muscles: it furnishes them with repair, as well as the agent of waste. Its myriads of little corpuscles convey stores of the rich red plastic material that is the food of muscular flesh. The muscles are repaired as fast as they are worn. Blood-vessels are sent, like pipes, to all the muscles, and these branch out, in the midst of their fleshy substance, into smaller and smaller ramifications, until at length they become finer than the smallest hairs, and are meshed about in this state all over the coverings of the fibres, like a most beautiful net-work. These fine blood-vessels do not open out anywhere into the fibres; but their walls, as well as the coverings of the fibres, and the films of the vesicles, are all so exquisitely delicate, that the several constituents which are essential to the operations of the muscle, and to its preservation in a fit state for work, transude freely through them. There are other channels, besides the blood-vessels, which come to the muscular fibres; these bring the peculiar irritating influence which causes them to combine their substance with the corrosive atmospheric ingredient, whenever contractile operations are to be carried on. The consideration of these, however, belongs to a different page of the Radical Member's history. When muscles are held in a state of rigid contraction—as when, for instance, a weight is sustained in the hand—all the several vesicles of which they are composed do not contract at once; if they did so, the muscular contraction could not be enduring—it would only be continued for an instant. The contraction spoils for the time the structure of the vesicles, and therefore exhausts them, and renders them unfit for the continuance of their work. On this account, some of the vesicles of each acting muscle are shortened, and others are lengthened, at the same moment, and these alternately relieve each other. Those which are elongated, are reposing and being refreshed and fed; whilst those that are shortened, are undergoing exhaustion. The acting part of the hand is sufficient to preserve the muscle in contraction at any one time. So long as a muscle is kept contracted, the shortenings and lengthenings of its little vesicles run like vibrations or waves backwards and forwards through its substance, and along its banded fibres and fibrils. This is a singularly beautiful contrivance for getting over a practical difficulty, and is worthy of the highest admiration. Such, then, is the way in which, by the mere alterations of the forms of a myriad of little vesicles, individually far too small to be visible without great magnifying, a result like the lifting of millions of pounds weight one foot high, is able to be

attained. Such is, in rude outline, a sketch of the living machinery by which the movements of animals are effected; such is the fashion in which our old friend, the 'Radical Member of Society,' or, in other words, the elementary vesicle of organisation, demeans himself when put to mechanical employment.

THE S'N'OW-STORM.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POUCHKINE.

ABOUT the year 1811—a period so memorable in the history of Russia—there lived on his domain of Nenaradof a rich proprietor named Gabrilovitch. He was noted for his kind disposition and hospitable habits. His house was at all times open to his friends and neighbours, who resorted there in the evenings—the elder ones, in order to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife Petrowna; the younger, in the hope of gaining the good graces of Mari, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Mari used to read French romances, and, as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighbourhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardour. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover, they received him with about that amount of friendliness which they would have bestowed on an ex-collector of taxes. Our young lovers, however, managed to keep up a correspondence, and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine-grove or the old chapel. On these occasions, they, of course, vowed eternal constancy, accused fate of unjust rigour, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they might very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this proposition, and it was most favourably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but their correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervour. In each of his letters Vladimir Nicolevitch conjured his beloved to leave her home, and consent to a private marriage. 'We will disappear,' he said, 'for a short time; then, one day, we will go and throw ourselves at your parents' feet, who, touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim: "Children, come to our arms!"' For a long time Mari hesitated. At length it was agreed, that on a certain day she should not appear at supper, but retire early to her room, on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret, and they were both to slip out through a back-door, near which they would find sledges waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadrino, about five versts distant, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room. During the day, she had complained of a headache, which certainly was more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked her: 'How do you feel now, Mari; are you still suffering?' Their fond solicitude went to the young girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and soon afterwards rose to take leave of her parents. They embraced her, and, according to their usual custom, gave her their blessing. Mari could scarcely refrain from sobbing. When she reached her chamber, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and

wept aloud. Her waiting-maid tried to console and cheer her, and at length succeeded.

There was a snow-storm that night: the wind howled outside the house, and shook the windows. The young girl, however, as soon as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself up in thick mufflings, and, followed by her maid carrying a valise, gained the outer door. They found a sledge, drawn by three horses, awaiting them; and having got into it, they started off at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that day he had been actively employed. In the morning, he had visited the priest of Jadrino, in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. 'Such an adventure,' he said, 'reminded him pleasantly of the days of his youth.' He prevailed on Vladimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses. Accordingly, there appeared at dinner the geometriician Schmidt, with his moustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispravnik, a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Uhlan corps. Both promised Vladimir to stand by him to the last; and the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling, in order to complete his preparations. Having despatched a servant on whom he could rely with the sledge for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge, and started for Jadrino. Scarcely had he set out, when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road disappeared. The entire horizon was covered with a thick yellow cloud, whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow; and soon all distinction between land and sky was lost. In vain did Vladimir try to find his way. His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and, in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself on Vladimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadrino was nowhere to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work, the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of dark line became visible in front; he urged his horse onwards, and found himself on the borders of a forest. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'I am all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadrino.' He entered the forest, of which the branches were so thickly interlaced that the snow had not penetrated through them, and the road was easy to follow. The horse pricked up his ears, and went on readily, while Vladimir felt his spirits revive.

However, as they say in the fairy tales, 'he went on and on and on, and yet could not find Jadrino.' His poor tired steed with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and by the time he arrived there, the storm had ceased, and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadrino: before him lay extended a large plain, towards the centre of which the poor traveller descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened towards the nearest, and descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white beard of an old man appeared.

'What do you want?'

'Is it far to Jadrino?'

'Jadrino! About ten versts.'

At this reply, Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.

'Can you,' said he, 'furnish me with horses to go there?'

'We have no horses.'

'Well, then, a guide: I will give him whatever he asks.'

'Wait, then,' said the old man; 'I'll send you my son.'

The window was carefully closed, and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrollable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.

The old man reappeared.

'What do you want?'

'Your son.'

'He's coming: he is dressing himself.' Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself.'

'No, no; send out your son.'

At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hand, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow-covered plain.

'What o'clock is it?' asked Vladimir.

'Day will soon break.'

The sun's rays, indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jadrino. The church door was closed. Vladimir, having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened towards the priest's dwelling. What was he about to hear?

Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenaradof. Just nothing at all. In the morning, the husband and wife got up as usual and went into the eating-room—Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woollen vest and his night-cap, and Petrowna in her dressing-gown.

Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but that she now felt better, and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents.

'How do you feel, my poor little one?' asked her father.

'Better,' was the answer.

The day passed on as usual; but towards evening Mari became very ill and feverish. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of the grave.

Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight, as the waiting-maid, for her own sake, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk wine, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all parties dread the wrath of Gabriel. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir, that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was destined to marry the ensign—that one cannot avoid one's fate—that riches do not insure happiness—and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at the house; and it was determined that his unexpected good-fortune should be announced to him—that he should be told he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the proud owners of Nenaradof, when they received in reply a letter from the young ensign, in which he declared that he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge!

A few days afterwards, they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day she saw his name mentioned amongst the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, and had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterwards, her father died, leaving her

the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation: she wept with her mother, and vowed never to leave her. They left their residence at Nenaradof, and took up their abode on another estate. Numerous suitors thronged around the rich and lovely heiress, but to none of them did she vouchsafe the smallest encouragement. Her mother often implored her to choose a husband; but she silently shook her head. Vladimir was no more: he expired at Moscow on the eve of the day the French entered that city. To Mari, his memory seemed sacred: she treasured up the books they had read together, his drawings, and the notes he had written to her—everything that could perpetuate her remembrance of the unhappy young man.

About that time a war, glorious for our country, ended. The triumphant regiments returned from the frontiers, and the people rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings, came back with stern martial countenances, their brave breasts covered with orders. Time of ineffaceable glory! How the heart of a Russian then bounded at the name of his country!

A colonel of hussars, named Vourmin, wearing in his button-hole the Cross of St George, and on his face an interesting paleness, came to spend a few months' leave of absence on his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing. The young girl received him with far more show of favour than she had hitherto bestowed on any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many particulars: both were handsome, pleasing, intellectual, silent, and reserved. There was a species of mystery in the demeanour of Vourmin, which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, paid her every possible attention—why did he never speak of love? He had acquired a habit of fixing his bright dark eyes on hers, half in reverie, and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbours spoke of the marriage as a decided business; and Petrovna rejoiced at the thought that her daughter would at length have a husband worthy of her.

One morning, when the good lady was seated in her drawing-room, Vourmin entered and inquired for Mari.

'She is in the garden,' replied Petrovna. 'You will find her there, if you wish to see her.'

The colonel went out hastily; and Petrovna, making the sign of the cross, murmured to herself: 'God be praised! I hope everything will be arranged to-day.'

Vourmin found his lady-love dressed in white, seated beneath a tree, close by a lake, with a book on her knee, like any heroine of romance. After the interchange of a few common-place sentences, Vourmin, with considerable agitation, told her that for a long time he had been desirous of opening his mind to her, and now prayed her to listen to him for a few moments. She closed her book, and cast down her eyes in token of assent.

'I love you!' exclaimed Vourmin—'I love you ardently!'

Mari bent down her head a little more.

'I have committed the imprudence of seeing you, of listening to you, every day.' (Mari recollected the first letter of St Preux.) 'Now it is too late to resist my destiny. The memory of your sweet face and gentle voice will form henceforward the joy and the torture of my existence; but I have a duty to fulfil towards you. I must reveal to you a strange secret, which places between us an insurmountable barrier.'

'That barrier,' murmured Mari, 'has always existed. I could never have become your wife.'

'I know,' replied Vourmin in a low voice, 'that you have loved; but death, and three years of mourning—Dearest Mari, do not take from me my last

consolation; do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that you might have been mine, if not'—

'Hush!' cried Mari. 'Cease, I conjure you; you pierce me to the heart.'

'Yes, I have the consoling thought that you would have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men—I am married!'

Mari raised her eyes with a look of amazement.

'I am married,' resumed the colonel—'married these four years, and I neither know who my wife is, nor where she is, nor whether I shall ever meet her.'

'What can you mean? What is the mystery? But go on, I beg of you—I will tell you afterwards'—

'Here, then,' said the colonel, 'are the facts. In the year 1812, I was going to Wilna, to join my regiment. I arrived late one evening at a station, and had just given orders to have the horses immediately harnessed, when suddenly there arose a violent snow-storm. The master of the house and the postilion both strongly advised me to defer my journey; but, tempest or no tempest, I was resolved to push on. The postilion took it into his head that he could shorten the way by crossing a river whose banks he knew very well. However, he missed the right ford, and brought me to a place which was totally strange to him. The storm continued to rage, but at length we descried a distant light. I hastened towards it, and found myself outside a church, whence the light proceeded. The door was open. Sledges were waiting outside, and several persons were standing in the porch. One of them called to me: "This way! This way!" I got out of my sledge, and entered the church. One of the people in the porch said:

"In the name of Heaven, what has delayed you? The bride has faintd, and we were all on the point of returning home."

Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to follow up the adventure. Indeed, I was allowed no time to deliberate, for my impatient friends hurried me into the interior of the church, which was faintly lit up by two or three torches. A girl was seated on a bench in the shadow, while another standing beside her was rubbing her temples.

"At length," said the latter: "God be praised that you are come! My mistress was near dying."

An old priest approached, and said: "Shall we begin?"

"Oh, begin by all means, my reverend father!" replied I giddily.

They assisted the young girl to rise: she seemed very pretty. Through a levity quite unpardonable, and, as it now seems to me, inconceivable, I advanced beside her to the altar. Her servant and the three men who were present were so much occupied about her, that they scarcely glanced at me; besides, the light, as I have said, was very dim, and my head was enveloped in the fur hood of my travelling-pelisse.

In a few moments we were married.

"Embrace each other," said one of the witnesses. My wife turned her pale face towards me. For an instant she gazed as if petrified, then, falling backwards, she exclaimed:

"It is not he! It is not he!"

Out of the church I rushed, before the astounded priest and the bridal-party had time to think of arresting my flight. I jumped into the sledge, and soon left all pursuit behind.

'And,' said Mari, 'did you never ascertain what became of that poor woman?'

'Never. I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time, so little importance did I attach to my criminal levity, that when all danger of pursuit was over, I fell asleep in the sledge, and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me

was killed in battle, so that every clue seems lost by which I might discover the scene of that folly which I now repiate so dearly.

Mari turned her pale face fully towards him, and seized his hands.

'What?' cried Vourmin: 'was it you?'

'Don't you recognise me?'

A long and close embrace was the reply.

JOURNEY FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

SACRAMENTO city was pretty regularly built, mostly of wood. The houses were three stories high, and the streets unpaved. We say *were*, for the place has more than once since then been nearly destroyed by fire. It is melancholy to think that such depravity exists in human nature; but it is well known to those who have ever been there, that when the market has been glutted with wood, and speculators likely to be ruined thereby, fires, suspected to be incendiary, by reducing the town nearly to ashes, have been the means of renovating some tottering fortunes. At the time Mr Edwardson arrived in Sacramento, several large ships were lying at the quay laden with timber for San Francisco. His object being to get to the latter place as speedily as possible, he secured a passage in a vessel which was to sail next morning. The fare was 25 dollars, paid in advance, for which he was to have provisions, but must sleep on the deck. He had only a few dollars left, to procure some necessities, and one meal was all he could obtain in Sacramento.

The distance from the 'city' to the mouth of the river Sacramento is 140 miles, which occupied the vessel five days, the woods on each bank being so thick and high, that there was no wind to fill the sails, and they floated down with the tide. A town, called Benicia, is situated on the estuary at the mouth of the river. In a situation precisely similar to Benicia, but on a much larger bay, into which the San Francisco river empties itself, is built the town of that name. The bay is open, and of great extent, surrounded with wooded hills, and small rising villages peeping among the trees. The harbour of San Francisco is entered through a very narrow channel, formed by a cliff on each side, on one of which is a now dismantled fortification commanding the entrance. In the middle of the harbour or inner bay is a small rocky island, called Goat Island, from the circumstance of some goats having been formerly let loose in it, and, having become wild, are now hunted by the inhabitants as pastime. The Bay of San Francisco was crowded with above 300 sail of vessels, which were unloading by the help of lighters about a quarter of a mile from the town. At the time we write of, there was but one wharf constructed of wood, extending some distance into the bay; but, from the shallowness of the water, only small-craft could make use of it for discharging cargoes. Being private property, however, it realised its owner a magnificent income.

A novel and ingenious structure attracted our young friend's attention in this every way remarkable place. Several large ships, which had been abandoned by the crews running off to the 'Diggings, and others condemned as not sea-worthy, were purchased by the merchants, and forced into the mud as far towards the town as possible. A staging was then erected on the firm ground, conducting to a piazza, from which steps led to the upper deck. Here commodious counting-houses were constructed, while the holds became extensive warehouses.

Our young traveller's difficulties were all ended when he set foot in San Francisco, as he was provided with a letter of credit on a respectable house there.

After procuring the necessary addition to his finances to make his appearance reputable, his first inquiry was at the Post-office, where he found letters from home awaiting him, most grateful to his feelings. One of his brothers had preceded him to California; but as there had not been time to hear from him before he himself set out, he knew not where to seek him: his letters said, however, he was at or near San Francisco. The fact was, the elder brother had settled as a farmer at a little distance from the town. Having dressed, Tom strolled out on the Plaza. Wistfully he gazed at every face, hoping to see the one he sought, or some other who might not be unknown to him; but all were strange. He walked till the approach of twilight, and was about to return to the lodging he had engaged, when a hearty slap on the shoulder caused him to turn quickly round. The next moment, he was clasped in his brother's warm embrace, who received him as one from the dead—a report having reached the family that he had perished by the hands of Pawnee Indians on the prairie. The kind embrace, the quick question, and the glad reply, occurring as it did on the street of public business, attracted no attention: such things were of daily occurrence in San Francisco, where friends were constantly and unexpectedly meeting from the uttermost ends of the earth. The brother had come through Mexico, reaching the Pacific at San Diego, from whence he sailed for San Francisco.

Our young friend Edwardson, whom we accompanied in his toilsome journey over prairie and mountain, now found himself in San Francisco, enjoying all the comforts of a home, and many of the luxuries he had been accustomed to, with a keen sense of their value as we may readily believe, but he early began to feel that the fatigue and hardship he had undergone had told somewhat heavily on his constitution. The climate of San Francisco is decidedly unhealthy; we hear, indeed, comparatively little on this point, because hitherto the whole population of California has been emphatically a 'shifting' one, and that in more senses than one. Our present allusion is to the well-known fact, that very few of the migrating thousands who alight there do more than fold their wearied wings for a short rest; or, perchance, should they build a nest for a season, it is, on the following one, abandoned for another supposed more favourable location. Some, no doubt, do become acclimated, and while money is to be acquired will make it their home; others soon amass sufficient for moderate desires, and wisely return to enjoy it in fatherland ere their energies become too much weakened. Still, by far the greater number of sojourners in San Francisco belong to neither of these classes, but are merely birds of passage—here to-day, and disappearing to-morrow.

Hardly had Edwardson commenced business, with the most flattering prospects, and, indeed, immediate profits, when he was attacked with intermittent fever, of which many newly arrived Britons were at that time dying daily. It was a severe aggravation of this and other evils, that there were hardly any females among the inhabitants of San Francisco. If a youthful affectionate wife occasionally accompanied her husband, she could find no female assistants to relieve her from the most menial offices and the most harassing fatigues. The tender thoughtfulness, sleepless vigils, and soft sympathy of woman, were not to be had on any terms at the sick-beds in California. In these circumstances, if in no other, the superior sex must allow they are in most instances very inefficient substitutes; and such, Mr Edwardson avouches, is his dear-bought experience. Reluctant to resign his hopes without a struggle, he at length resolved to try a little change of air, and visit a married relative at Napa, a beautiful place about sixty miles from San Francisco.

The arrival of a large steamer from New York, intended to ply between Sacramento and San Francisco, gave him a convenient opportunity for his trip. This steamer, by the way, was the first and only one that in the voyage out attempted the formidable passage through the Straits of Magellan, instead of round Cape Horn. They had hoped thus to shorten their way, their fuel having run out; but their sufferings were dreadful. Many of the men who landed to cut wood for firing perished from the calamity of the weather, and three of their number were massacred by the fierce natives.

After a pleasant passage in this commodious steamer, Edwardson landed at the town of Benicia, forty miles from San Francisco. It is situated on a fine bay of the same name, which forms part of the magnificent estuary into which the river Sacramento empties itself, and at the extreme entrance to which is San Francisco and its bay. Benicia is the rendezvous of the American Pacific fleet, and also a depot for naval stores. Commodore ap Catesby Jones was, at the moment of our traveller's arrival, exercising his little fleet in the bay. It consisted of a government steamer, a fine frigate, and some sloop-of-war. Twelve miles in the interior from Benicia is also a government station for troops, called Sonoma, where, according to the economical and yet efficient plan of the United States, 200 men are found sufficient to keep in check the Indians of the neighbourhood, and every other enemy, domestic or foreign; while the fleet, on a scale but little more magnificent, protects all the commerce of that extended coast. A romantic and beautiful creek, navigable only by small boats, flows through a fertile valley into the bay close by the town, of which stream and valley, called Napa, we shall have a little more to say presently.

Apart from its being a government station, the present importance of Benicia arises solely from its being the great abattoir for San Francisco, with its ever-shifting population and crowded shipping. Numerous herds of cattle range the hills and valleys round Benicia, apparently without owners, and yet they are for the most part the property of one individual, a Spanish Creole.

The animals are so wild, they must be caught by the lasso, and on being slaughtered, the carcasses are sent by steamer to San Francisco. Before the discovery of gold, tallow and hides were the wealth of California, the flesh of the animals being of no value, except for the tallow it might produce. But since the vast influx of consumers into the country, cattle-owners there, such as Don Nicolas, the Creole, are rapidly becoming millionaires. Every rancho, or farm, has now its herd of those wild cattle, which often do great damage to the fields and gardens, since hardly any form of enclosure can resist their encroachments. To Britons, whose pasture-farms are so circumscribed and enclosed, this may seem a strange state of things; but it must be remembered, that it is only a few years since the United States' government acquired California from Mexico, and when it was so acquired, the rights of the settlers already in possession of large tracts of country, consisting of wood and pasture, were not interfered with. The owners, then, of these wild herds, aware of their increasing value, became more careful and jealous of their rights, and immediately took the legal measures necessary to have their property, both in land and stock, distinctly defined, and duly registered. The deed-office, or depository of archives, where are kept all registers of municipal and personal rights, is at San Jose, the capital of California; a small town selected for its central situation as the seat of the local government. Some idea of the value of cattle-stock may be formed from the high price of provisions. At the time Mr Edwardson was in San Francisco, the lowest price for any respectable board

in a family was 1.5 a week. This evidently arose not from defective supply, for that, we have seen, was abundant, but from the plenty of money, interest on which was from 7 to 10 per cent. a month regularly! On the other hand, labour and clothing were still more expensive than food, because of the deficiency in the requisite supply.

Besides heat-cattle, the hills and woods round Benicia are tenanted by vast numbers of horses, in a similar condition of unfettered barbarism. Horses are very seldom exported, but no genuine Californian ever thinks of using his own legs in locomotion. He goes or sends to the nearest spot where any steeds bearing his mark are grazing; with the lasso—in the use of which every one here is so expert—he catches a horse; he makes a bridle of the end of his lasso, and leaping on the creature's back, careers away towards his destination, riding the animal till it can go no further, when he coolly exchanges it for the first he can lay his hands on; and in this way, on a journey of a few hundred miles, the rider will tire out two or three horses, and accomplish his mission in a space of time quite worthy of a Melton huntsman. When steeds are regularly kept for riding, they are of course more tenderly dealt with, and on a journey of business or pleasure they are magnificently caparisoned. Indeed, the Californian, like the Spaniard and Mexican, prides himself on having the most handsome and costly saddles and bridles. In California, they never ride the mares, believing that it injures the breed. Don Nicolas is said to be owner of 5000 horses and mares, besides cattle, of which he can keep no reckoning.

Having visited the commodore of the fleet, and one or two of the most respectable residents in Benicia, to whom he had letters, Edwardson took a six-oared boat, to proceed up the stream to the little town of Napa, where his relative resided. The voyage was most picturesque. Every three or four miles, the stream widened into a small bay, and then closed again into a thread-like brook; while the banks were covered with immense flocks of geese and other water-fowl. The country on either hand, called Napa Valley, is of fruitful alluvial soil, now becoming richly cultivated, and supplying the different towns from Sacramento to San Francisco with horticultural produce, including rare and beautiful flowers, of which the people seem very fond, as every dwelling is profusely adorned with them. How humanising and refreshing those lovely remembrances of nature, amidst scenes where gold and gain seem uppermost in every mind! The produce of the Napa gardens is carried down in boats, to meet the steamer at Benicia. This romantic and singularly beautiful valley has one, and but one, serious drawback as to locality, which consists in the depredations of the wild cattle that pasture on its enclosing hills, which in a night sometimes destroy the labours and growth of months. During September and October, it rains almost incessantly; and, unfortunately for him, this was the very season of Edwardson's visit. The rest of the year, it is very dry and healthy. Nothing can be more beautiful, in its rural seclusion, than the little town of Napa, at the head of the creek, which extends to about twenty miles from Benicia. The site belonged to an enterprising American gentleman, who mapped out the ground, and sold it in lots, giving each alternate lot gratis. This is a common practice in the United States, to induce settlers to build regularly, in rows or streets, as there will be always found some one to fill up intermediate lots, on the favourable terms of 'no remuneration required' for the site. The town of Napa presented the appearance of a neat and increasing country town, in its earliest stage of existence, containing, at the time of which we write, only about 300 inhabitants. They were all of what may be called the better class, engaged in the cultivation of the fields

and gardens of the valley; and here was to be found some graceful female society, and servants which the families had brought with them from the older country. All seemed to be simple in their tastes, and moderate in their desires and expectations, as became a rural population. The only public building was a very small but elegant chapel for Protestant worshippers, though two or three Catholics did not refuse to bend the knee there to the common God and Parent of all. We can hardly conceive a more enviable and virtuous mode of life than was observable in this happy valley, though, doubtless, it would be pronounced unendurable by the restless spirits who keep the world in perpetual commotion.

After a week's pleasant stay at Napa—during which Edwardson found himself entering with zest into all his relative's enthusiasm about clean crops and favouring weather—the sky having continued to pour us from a beneficent watering-spout the fertilising rains on which so much depended, the friends were one evening invited to spend a few social hours in the house of the alcaid or chief magistrate, or governor of the place. The rain continued to pour in a rather depressing style, at least so thought the stranger. The twilight gloom was therefore shut out, the cheerful log-fire unsparingly built up, the well-appointed room amply lighted, and a game at whist proposed; the ladies looked on, and waged with each other on the winners; the stakes being generally so many hours' work in their respective flower-gardens. While all the little party thus endeavoured to pass the outwardly gloomy evening in cheerfulness and good-humour, suddenly one of the gentlemen observed his feet were wet, and their host instantly jumped up, exclaiming that the river must have overflowed its banks, and inundated the house, which, with a few others, was situated rather low. The conjecture was soon found too true. In five minutes the water was above the ankles, and rapidly increasing. As such a circumstance had not before occurred, the panic was considerable, especially among the females. The houses being all built, as is usual in those latitudes, of one story, the resource of an upper floor did not present itself. The gentlemen then, each taking a lady in his arms, at once proceeded to make their way to the higher ground above the town. There was not, in reality, much danger, as the volume of water was not great, though the brooklets from the hills were sending down considerable streams; but the discomfort, of course, was pretty obvious and urgent, in fact, when they left the house, the water reached above the knee—above the chairs and couches on which the ladies had at first taken refuge from wet feet. It was not without considerable exertion, especially in Mr Edwardson's weak state of health, that he waded with his fair burden even to a short distance, where one of the other gentlemen returning, relieved him. Our hero, however, in the exuberance of his gallantry, insisted on going back to the house for the young lady's writing-desk, which she had left on a table in her dressing-room, and which she recollected contained some valuable ornaments and papers. When Edwardson found his way to the room described, the water reached his waist; but the desk was still safe, though many other articles, and amongst them sundry fairy-like slippers, were floating about in a bewildered fashion. Heedless of all else, Tom seized the prize he sought, and thought himself—at the time, at all events—amply rewarded for his pains by the gratitude and gladness of the young and interesting owner. No life was lost in the overflow, and not much damage to property. Next day, all was made dry and comfortable again, by the cutting of a deep drain to carry off the superabundant water; but Edwardson experienced a return of his disorder, and that in so aggravated a form, that it was thought necessary he should immediately

return to San Francisco for medical assistance. Leaving the sweet valley of Napa and its kind inhabitants with great regret, he again joined the steamer at Benicia, and arrived at his temporary home, considerably revived even by the short voyage on the beneficent sea.

A few weeks after his visit to Napa, and not above five months after his first arrival in San Francisco, his medical attendant assured him his life depended on a speedy departure to a more congenial climate. Other unexpected domestic circumstances made it desirable he should at once resolve to leave ambition, and the present chances of fortune, to the more reckless or more robust, and retrace his way to his native air and paternal home.

On the 2d of February, Mr Edwardson embarked in the steamer *Puana*, bound for the town of that name; a voyage from San Francisco of 3500 miles. A steamer sails once a fortnight on this route, touching at the intermediate ports on the Californian and Mexican coasts, which we shall shortly describe as we proceed.

Our traveller was so weak on the day of his embarkation, that he had to be carried on board the vessel, and he left the 'land of promise,' not without a sigh for past hopes melted into air, yet almost without a care or wish as to the future of his lot in life, so totally prostrated were the buoyant energies with which, not a year before, he had undertaken the toilsome route over the continent.

In twenty-four hours after leaving San Francisco, the steamer stopped at Monterey, where there is a government fort. He was assisted on deck to see the place, which looked very lonely, and imposing in its very solitude.

The next place at which our voyagers touched was San Diego, a considerable and fast increasing place. It is the outpost or last town on the south-west of that part of California ceded to the United States, though the boundary-line is about thirty miles still further south. San Diego is the point at which terminates one of the overland routes to California from the southern states. This course, though not so long, is still more arduous and dangerous than that by the Rocky Mountains, as Tom Edwardson's elder brother had proved. The climate is overpoweringly hot and unhealthy; the country is arid and barren; and the native Mexicans and barbarous Indians who infest the route are almost equally to be dreaded. In the immediate neighbourhood of San Diego, several encounters took place during the war between the Mexican troops and those of the United States under General Kearney. In only one of these skirmishes were the Mexicans successful, under a certain Don Pedro, whom Edwardson had frequently met with in San Francisco, indeed with whom he on one occasion exchanged a metal watch for a fine mule. The don was accustomed to talk magniloquently of 'his victory over General Kearney at San Diego.'

The steamer made a stay of only a few hours at this place, and Edwardson was still too much of an invalid to venture on shore; but he gazed from the deck with pleasure on the town, nestling in rich dark shade, the leaves of the overshadowing trees waving with freshness in the breeze, and the mild beams of an afternoon's sun gilding every object with brightness and beauty. San Diego is situated on the right side of a very fine bay, whose shores, in their picturesque outline and luxuriant woods—under a sky, too, as clear and mild—might rival even those of Naples. As yet, the town itself consists but of a collection of palm-huts, inhabited chiefly by Mexican Creoles. Amidst these, and the motley throngs arriving, ragged and exhausted, from the overland-journey, en route for San Francisco, little that is cleanly, moral, or pleasing need be sought or expected; but there is a better class of residents, who live upon their farms and villas in the immediate neighbourhood of the town and on the shores of the

bay; and nothing can be more lovely than the aspect of these dwellings, each nestling among banana-trees, or embosomed in the palm-groves.

RATE AT WHICH WAVES TRAVEL.

A paper was read by Professor Bache before the American Scientific Association, stating that at nine o'clock on the morning of the 23d of December 1854, an earthquake occurred at Simoda, on the island of Nippon, Japan, and occasioned the wreck of the Russian frigate *Diana*, which was then in port. The harbour was first emptied of water, and then came in an enormous wave, which again receded and left the harbour dry. This occurred several times. The United States has self-acting tide-gauges at San Francisco and at San Diego, which record the rise of the tide upon cylinders, turned by clocks; and at San Francisco, 4800 miles from the scene of the earthquake, the first wave arrived twelve hours and sixteen minutes after it had receded from the harbour of Simoda. It had travelled across the broad bosom of the Pacific Ocean at the rate of six and a half miles a minute, and arrived safely on the shores of California, to astonish the scientific observers of the coast-surveying expedition. The first wave, or rising of the waters, at San Francisco, was seven-tenths of a foot in height, and lasted for about half an hour. It was followed by a series of seven other waves of less magnitude, at intervals of an hour each. At San Diego, similar phenomena were observed, although, on account of the greater distance from Simoda (400 miles greater than to San Francisco), the waves did not arrive so soon, and were not quite as high.—*Boston Atlas*.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

From dawn until dark we went slowly loitering past the lovely islands that gem those remote seas, until the last of them sunk astern in the flush of sunset. Nothing can be more beautiful than their cones of never-fading verdure, draped to the very edge of the waves, except where some retreating cove shows its beach of snow-white sands. On the larger ones are woody valleys, folded between the hills, and opening upon long slopes, overgrown with the cocoapalm, the mango, and many a strange and beautiful tree of the tropics. The light lazy clouds, suffused with a crimson flush of lent, that floated slowly through the upper heavens, cast shifting shadows upon the masses of foliage, and deepened here and there the dark-purple hue of the sea. Retreating behind one another until they grew dim and soft as clouds on the horizon, and girdled by the most tranquil of oceans, these islands were real embodiments of the joyous fancy of Tennyson, in his dream of the Indies, in *Locksley Hall*. Here, although the trader comes, and the flags of the nations of far continents sometimes droop in the motionless air—here are still the heavy-blossomed bowers and the heavy-fruited trees, the summer isles of Eden in their purple spheres of sea. The breeze fell nearly to a calm at noonday, but our vessel still moved noiselessly southward, and island after island faded from green to violet, and from violet to the dim pale blue that finally blends with the air.—*Taylor's Visit to India, China, and Japan*.

THE RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

If the chief officer of a district and the chief of police find a dead human body, they carry it for some weeks about the Watiako villages—thanks to the cold, which renders this possible. In every village, they say that they have just found the corpse, and that a trial will be held in that place. Then the Watiakes prefer giving a ransom. Some years before my arrival, it happened that a chief officer, who had made it his business to collect ransoms, brought a corpse into a large Russian village, and demanded about 200 rubles. The alderman assembled the parish: they would not give more than 100. The officer would not yield. The peasants then grew angry, shut him up together with his two secretaries in the Common Hall, and threatened to burn them therein. The officer would not believe in this menace. The peasants put straw round the house, and offered the officer, as an ultimatum,

a bank-note for 100 rubles, at the point of a stick, through the window. The heroic officer asked 100 more; and thereupon the peasants fired the house from all sides: the three Mutii Szevola of the provincial police were burnt. This matter was eventually brought before the senate. The Watiako villages are in general much poorer than the Russian.—*Herzen's Exile in Siberia*.

ENGLISH WORSHIP IN SEBASTOPOL.

SUNDAY, 14TH SEPTEMBER, 1855.*

Let the batteries cease shelling, the mortars lie still,
Be these cannon-mouths muzzled that snarl on the hill;
March our men down to prayer, down the pathway bomb-frayed,

While our priests in the centre advance undismayed.

Where the shell entered yesterday now enter we,
Where the Russ worshipped yesterday now worship we,
Not with altars and tapers, and images stained,
But with gratitude bursting and love unrestrained.

Through the gaps in the Cupola issue our prayers,
O'er the grass-covered streets and the desolate squares,
Our praises confused in tumultuous hymn,
For the singer's voice chokeeth, the singer's eyes dim.

In Sebastopol's shelter we hug ourselves here;
Bar outside the winter, its famines and fear!
Bar outside the bastions blood-crustured which led
To the stronghold of Russia o'er Englishmen dead!

Heap, heap up the trenches for graves o'er their bones,
Tear the enemy's ramparts for monument stones,
Let them lie where they fell, in Posterity's sight,
Our brothers, our sons, given spendthrift in fight.

We gave them for England, they gave themselves free,
More lavish than sunbeams on tropical sea,
Generations to come shall record of each man,
'Twas a hero-heart cleft on the deadly Redan.'

Peal, peal out the organ, if yet one be found
Unripped by the grape-shot that cumber the ground,
Ring, ring out our psalms over harbour and shore,
For our dead are at peace with the God they adore!

* *Poems of Ten Years, 1846-1855.* By Mrs D. Ogilvy. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1856.

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE.

In Dr Strang's *Glasgow and its Clubs*, there is an anecdote of Dr. Simson, the mathematician, who had the habit of counting his steps as he walked: 'One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was unacquainted with his singular peculiarity. At this moment, the worthy geometrician knew that he was just five hundred and seventy-three paces from the college towards the snug parlour which was anon to prove the rallying-point of the *hen-broth* amateurs; and when arrested in his progress, kept repeating the mystic number, at stated intervals, as the only species of mnemonics then known. "I beg your pardon," said the personage, accosting the professor; "one word with you, if you please."—"Most happy—573!" was the response.—"Nay," rejoined the gentleman, "merely one question."—"Well," added the professor—"573!"—"You are really too polite," interrupted the stranger; "but from your known acquaintance with the late Dr B—, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces?"—"Precisely!" replied the professor—"573!"—"And there were only four nieces, were there not?" rejoined the questioner.—"Exactly!" said the mathematician—"573!"

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THE AUTHOR.

AUTHORS began to get scarce before our day; but now they are dying off so fast, that in the course of a few more merry Christmases and happy New Years they will have to be described among the extinct animals of the region. It is true, there are some young ones always coming up; but then, with a very few exceptions, you require a microscope to see them. An author's very life is reputation: without that, a man is no more an author than a withering blossom is an apple. What we mean just now by an author is an author whose name is well known to the public; who is an author, and nothing else; who makes his bread by his pen, and who could not make salt to his bread by anything else. Such authors you might number in these last days upon your fingers; and that is all the better for our purpose, for we are ambitious of executing a daguerrotype of one of them as a specimen, before they all go down among the fossils.

Let us take a general author: not one who keeps poking and poking into a particular subject, but an *omnium horarum homo*, who goes at anything and everything without begging, yet who, if the choice were left to himself (which it never is), would prefer elegant literature—the thing he hates to hear people call light literature. It is he who is generally described as a ‘light horseman,’ because he rides like Mazeppa, unencumbered, not like John Gilpin, carrying weight. He had never time for deep study; and if he had, the accumulation of knowledge would have been a useless burden: what he has is thought, observation, and fancy, according to his degree, with a sufficiency of information spread thin over a large surface. In his boyhood and hobbledcheyhood, he read everything that came in his way, and everything he could get in the way of, his instinct blindly foreseeing what was to be his fate in the world. He has thus a tolerably good idea of what has been achieved in the way of literature, and is not to be deceived by false pretensions to originality. He began his literary life in a little personal discomfort, no doubt, from the paucity and uncertainty of the ways and means; but he was proud of his profession, and proud of himself for being called thereto; and in the midst of all manner of anxieties, there was constantly a golden sky in the distance, as you might see by the illumination it threw upon his pale face. He gave up dancing at three or four and twenty, because he thought it inconsistent with the gravity of his calling; and he always dressed in black, considering it a professional and solemn colour—to which, by the way, he owed the seedy look he had for nine months in the year, black taking very

unkindly the fingering of time and the rubs of the world.

And he had some excuse, poor fellow, for these small vanities; for we remember being invited specially to ‘meet’ him when his name was getting a little up. In those days, we have seen young ladies gather eagerly round a knot of three or four of them, to listen with greedy ears and brightening eyes to their conversation. The young ladies would not take the trouble now. They sit listless and abstracted, looking, but not appearing to see; and good reason why, for they, too, are Arcadians—they have published, every mother's daughter of them. We remember, too, that when the group of young authors were talking, one of them would drop a French word accidentally, when the whole would glide innocently into the language, as if unconscious of the change; till they were obliged to stop abruptly, each finding that his companions spoke a dialect of French he had never learned.

A great change, however, has taken place since those days, and authors gradually got rid of their old affectations when they saw these were no longer appreciated. Literature entered into alliance with war, trade, manufacture, law, divinity; as good or better books were produced out of the profession as in it; and society saw, not without a little malice in its triumph, that a man was not a bit the better writer for being dependent on his pen. The discovery threw a new light upon the position of mere authors, who were now seen to rank with painters, actors, musicians, and other followers of art who address themselves to the tastes, not the necessities of civilised men. Pecuniary success, therefore, became the criterion of character with the million; literature was as good as any other profession when it paid; and the author was estimated according to the value of his copyrights.

But it must not be supposed that because this produced a radical change in the estimate of the profession, it was equally powerful in its operation upon the individuals who clung to it. There must always be a marked difference between our author and his fellow-labourer in literature—the captain, or the attorney, or the rector, or curate, or the young doctor who publishes anonymously for fear of being suspected of having too much time, or the intellectual tailor, who deals as deftly with the inner as the outer man, or the so-called idle gentleman of fortune, who works harder than the most mechanical hind on his estate. These personages are all more essentially part and parcel of mankind; they belong more strictly to the world; and feel a more practical interest in the business of life. The author has no profession he can count upon in the midst of the changes of tastes and opinions; he

understands no trade; and he has no land, and no invested capital to fall back upon in case of need. He has thus a solitary look, and a solitary feeling. The thoughts of other writers are at once disturbed and amused by the variety of objects that demand their attention: he has but one. He is an author at home, an author in the street, an author in his waking-dreams, an author in his slumbers. He is fond of solitary strolls, and of walking up and down his room. People think he is studying, then; but he is doing no such thing. The thoughts which are his life are floating, from habit, about his mind like film, as fleeting and unsubstantial; they may have fed and strengthened him; or they may have merely entertained or excited; but when his walk is at an end, they dissolve into thin air, leaving only, as records of their presence, a lonelier look and a paler brow.

The author is thought to be convivial, or used to be thought so: but that is a vulgar mistake. He is merely social, and God knows he needs it. In his early days, when sociality and conviviality were convertible terms, he was like his neighbours; but he shared with everybody else in the influences of advancing refinement. Even now, to what phasis of sociality in his youth does he look back with most delight, with most love, with most yearning? Why, to the provincial tea-table; to the urn steaming on the table through the white napkin covering the lid; or, better still, to the kettle singing or the hob—(O heaven, such a song!)—to the hot cakes—to the rich bun—to being kindly pressed twice to take bread and butter. And then that standing joke—in the case of the kettle—that never was omitted, and never failed, about the gentlemen being sure to keep the ladies in hot water; and the bursts of laughter with which the witticism was received—the white throats thrown back, the bright eyes deluged with mirth, the pearly teeth disclosed by the fresh and fragrant lips! God bless them!—these are far-away days; but the scene, the sounds, the things, the persons, live in his memory like those of yesterday. Some of these brave girls, no doubt, are dead, some are anxious wives and mothers, some are converted old maids; but to that solitary man, as he walks and dreams, each of them is still, and always will be,

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and to waylay.

The author does not greatly affect large mixed parties; but this is not so much owing to his cherished associations, as to the obvious fact that they afford no specimens, for the exercise of his imagination and sympathies, of natural feeling or spontaneous action. The company are playing a part, and dressed in character. They are afraid of one another, and of the *genius loci*; for they know, by the very breath of the room, that they are surrounded by the huge, bloated, poisonous lie men call conventionalism.

Neither is the author, except on special occasions, particularly fond of what is termed literary society. At home, and in his walks, his thoughts, and his dreams, he is always in literary society. Abroad, he wants relief, relaxation, change. He has been all day in company with the wits of the time of Queen Anne, and, by way of a compliment, you ask him in the evening to 'meet' Mr Tomkins, the writer of that celebrated disquisition, physiological, moral, and metaphysical—*On the Kindness of the Mole*. He is decidedly not flattered; in fact, as he looks at Mr Tomkins, he rather feels inimically disposed; and if Mr Tomkins is an author like himself, the feeling is mutual. So they are as dry as a couple of sticks the whole evening; and you wonder at that, seeing they are both literary men. He would rather it had been Mr Tomkins the grocer, on the other side of the street; for he is curious to know who ornaments those tasteful boxes of dried

fruit, whether it is a distinct profession, and by which sex followed, and many other things Mr Tomkins could tell him. Or, better still, he would rather have had nothing at all to gain by conversation: he would have enjoyed his holiday of mind, and have talked as sound natural nonsense, as anybody in the room, and have felt the more comfortable and kindly, the more closely in union with his brothers and sisters of humanity, and have slept the better for it.

The author, even if successful in his profession, does not make money—for we have no miracle of the age in view, but an average author. He lives like the class to which his taste attaches him, and in which society fixes his place; and being, like all sanguine men, of a speculative turn, he has too many ups and downs to be able to save. If, therefore, he should be carried off from his family before they are in the way of providing for themselves, they have not much else to look to—apart from the chapter of accidents—beyond a little fund in the life-assurance office to give them a start in the world.

In personal appearance, the author would be very much like other men, were it not for the solitary look we have noticed. He lived during the transition period, when moustaches struggled out against all manner of moral difficulties, and physical ones too; but he of the veteran class we mean never gave way to the innovation. He had relinquished his black dress and other juvenile affectations before the struggle began, and he did not like to give in to new affectations. The debate, however, continued a considerable time before the question was finally decided against the commodity of hair. He piques himself now on his strength of judgment herein; but those who know him well, pretend that the ultimate decision was mainly influenced by the conviction to which he had arrived, that if his moustaches were at length suffered to come out they would be horribly gray. Owing to his being obliged to carry about with him in his mind his professional business, he is not clever at knowing people he meets but seldom. Being conscious of this infirmity, and anxious to prevent mistake, you will see him remarkably cordial to strangers whose name he does not know, and mighty solicitous to have a friendly call. His walk is somewhat peculiar, from its vagueness, and from the goal being apparently some point in the distant horizon not clearly mapped out. He looks as if he thought he had taken the wrong turning, and didn't care.

The author rarely marries an authoress of his own order—that is, vowed to the profession. He loves one now and again, no doubt; but somehow, before it comes to the fateful question, they both grow cool upon the subject. They find, after a time, that there is not change, relief, piquancy enough in each other's society. It would be tiresome for a man to be restricted for life to the company of the Muses: he would like sometimes, we will warrant you, to make a fourth in a roundabout with the Graces; and even, for the sake of variety, to take one desperate peep at the Furies. The wife the author does marry, is sometimes not even literary; but then she has a reverence for literature, and is proud of her husband for being one of its acknowledged hierophants. She has, besides, if the union is to be a happy one, a sympathy with the brain-toiling man, and is always ready to make allowance for his 'little ways,' as one placed by his peculiar employment, at least in formal matters, without the pale of the common law. With such a wife, and their children, when they have any, the author's days, though not without their vicissitudes, flow on comfortably enough; for his help-meet and olive-branches supply in themselves the place of business or land, and form the links that attach him to the social world. Yea, cares and trouble he may have, but they are not unattended by overbalancing

compensations; for have not his life-long energies been expended in a refined and elegant industry, conducing to the progress of general civilisation?

But what becomes of the author at last?

Why, he merely passes away—flits by, like one of the shadows of his world of shadows. The public rarely follow him to inquire into his whereabouts; they only know that he has ceased to write, and that the quota he was accustomed to contribute to their amusement or instruction is now supplied by another. Let us imitate the discretion of the public, for who knows in what kind of obscurity we might find him? Or, rather, let us fancy him overshadowed with lilac, laburnum, and acacia, sitting in a rustic porch reared by the faeries over his head.

—to yield his sickly form

Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm:

and there let us leave him.

Or else he subsides into an editorship; his life-long literary habits, and the aptitude he has acquired by experience in following the changing tastes of the public, being supposed to qualify him for that unpopular employment, which, when conscientiously pursued, is a true business.

Or else he has the good-fortune to die in harness, thinking, dreaming, and writing to the last; and so, with no longer warning than suffices to enable him to adjust his mantle ere the silver cord is loosed, the Author steps calmly, and not unthankfully, across the lawn which divides the world of shadows in which he has lived from the world of shadows beyond.

MR HOFFACHER AT HOME.

ONE morning, during my stay at Bendigo, in the early days of the Diggings, I had a walk of some miles over the hills to a hole I had sunk in a new spot. On my way, I crossed gully after gully, in each of which the mud-heaps took the place of the original turf, and men, also of a mud-colour, were busily at work. For all that was going on, these places were very quiet. Men do not sing at gold-digging; and the noise of the cradles was almost the only sound that told me I was nearing some new working-place.

Walking on, I overtook a man whose appearance was singular; for he wore a pair of spectacles, and had the air rather of a student than of a digger. If I had met him in the Scotch Highlands with a knapsack and a geological hammer, his appearance would not have been likely to attract any notice; but here, on the Diggings, with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, and wearing a muddy shirt and a very tattered old head-covering, I did wonder at him a little. He was short and spare in figure, with a pale, contemplative face, and seemed utterly deficient in strength for hard work. I looked at him with a good deal of pity, and wondered what he was going to do with his pick and shovel.

However, when he got to his hole, which proved to be near mine, he went to work in the most business-like manner, handled his pick in capital style, and did not waste his strength by making too much running at first. When, at noon, we all stopped for dinner, I was by no means pleased to find that my friend in the spectacles, with his thin wiry arms, had done as much work as myself, and, to all appearance, with much less exertion. This I did not understand, and I thought the matter worth inquiring into. So I went to the hillside, where he was lying in the sun among some frisky lizards, munching a bit of bread, and I asked him to have some mutton-chops. Having pointed out the chops in question, which were toasting on sundry sticks before a neighbouring fire, he replied:

'You are very good, but I generally dine at home.'

'Where?' I asked in amazement.

'Ah, you are surprised: you wonder that I should speak of a home here, I daresay.'

'I confess that is rather my feeling.'

'I thought so. Now, you came here determined to rough it; and because you heard that there were no comforts here, you brought as few as possible with you. Am I right?'

'Very nearly.'

'Well, that is not my way. I came to this place intending to stay some time, and I brought my home with me. Look at that bread—rather different from damper, I think?'

And he held out a bit of capital leavened bread, the sweet taste of which was sufficient proof that it was not made by any baker on the Bendigo.

'Neither dysentery nor indigestion in that, eh?'

said Mr Hoffacher—for such, I learned, was his name.

'Well, but how's this?' I demanded. 'Did you bring a bakehouse with you?'

'No, but I brought the baker. If you will walk over to where I live, you shall see her.'

'Her!' I repeated, with sufficiently bad manners.

'Yes—my wife.'

'I see,' said I: 'you are going to settle here, and you have married some country girl to take care of you. Very sensible thing.'

Hoffacher smiled. 'Come and see,' said he.

'I shall be very glad. I like your bread exceedingly, and you had better get an extra loaf baked when I come.'

'You need not wait for that, if you don't mind an hour's walk to-night. We always have an extra loaf in our house.'

'You'll excuse my saying that you use very reckless forms of expression. "House, home, and wife!"—why, you speak as if you were in England.'

'Or in Germany. I am a German.'

'Possibly; I am willing to believe it. At all events, I should like to know you. It is not every day one meets a man who talks of "dining at home" on the Diggings, and who speaks a foreign language like a native.'

'That, at least, need not surprise you; for I was bred in England, and I know the English people better than I do my own.'

'If you'll allow me,' I said after a pause, 'I should like to offer you a little friendly advice.'

'If you please.'

'Well, then, don't invite me to your house, or whatever it is, and don't invite anybody. If you have got a little oasis of a home here, keep it, and keep out strangers. Why, sir, they'll eat all your bread, and drink your coffee, and steal your wife, for what I know. I don't say that I should do these things—of course not: nor will I go so far as to say I shouldn't. At all events, your invitation to me is a bad precedent, and I advise you to recall it at once, or I shall certainly accept it.'

'That's right. I can give you some of the best coffee out of Berlin, and some of the finest beer—considering there is no malt in it—out of Munich.'

'Say no more: I am your man. On your eyes be it, if I come every Sunday till further notice.'

'No fear of that, for I defy you to find the place at any time without a guide.'

'I am very glad to hear it, as it saves the trouble of resisting temptation. But I see the sun is two hours down. Is there anything in your hole?'

'Yes, a little. I daresay I shall get an ounce or two out of it.'

'I'll help you to wash, if you like; for there is, as usual, nothing at all in mine. I hope you are not too proud to let me earn my supper, and get an appetite. Won't I walk into that extra loaf!'

'Very well. If you will wash, I'll get you out the stuff.'

No more needed to be said on either side, and we went to work. Hoffacher never kept me waiting for stuff, and I was glad to find that it was of pretty good quality, and that we had turned out more than an ounce of gold at the end of the day.

The sun was setting as we took our way towards the west, quite away from the Diggings. We passed over hills and valleys, each one so like another, that it was wonderful how a man could keep a straight line in such a country, with only the red light of the sunset for a guide. Trees grew thin everywhere, many of them having the stem charred or half-burnt, as if by some great fire. The ground was nearly clear of underwood, but it yielded a crop of thin long grass, and was covered everywhere with dead boughs. Fuel, at least, the bushman has in plenty.

After an hour's walk over such ground as this, my companion, guided by some landmark known to himself, turned suddenly to the left, and we traced a narrow valley to its head, crossing over the hill behind it. We then began a long descent. The short twilight of the south had passed away, and it was already dark; but Hoffacher evidently knew his road, and walked on confidently. Presently, we came to a level patch of ground shut in by the hills, and here we were saluted by the baying of dogs, which came rushing upon us, and gave my companions some trouble in keeping them off me. Having at last satisfied them that my person was to be respected, he led me up to a long log-hut, and, opening the door, bade me enter. As I was going to do so, I narrowly escaped having two arms thrown about my neck and being kissed, by a person who started back in affright at discovering her mistake.

'Lina, my heart!' said Hoffacher, in his own language, 'this is a friend—an Englishman, who gave me some dinner to-day, and I have brought him to taste some of thy sweetmeats.'

Lina gave me her hand, and a smile that was worth a supper any day to a man not very hungry, and made me welcome. I afterwards became acquainted with Lina's history, but, unfortunately, the details are of so improbable a character, that I would rather not stake my reputation by telling them. To men who see much of the world, and attempt to describe what they see, it happens not unfrequently that, having a due regard for the credibility of their story, they are compelled to suppress facts, and draw upon their imagination for probabilities. I may say, however, that Lina ran away from home under circumstances which, I think, justified such a proceeding; that she and Hoffacher were privately married at Strasburg, in a dingy old chapel with blue glass windows; and that very soon afterwards they sailed for this country.

Her appearance struck me with the greatest wonder. Not tall, as most of her countrywomen are—Lina was a Bavarian—she had their rounded outline of figure, their dark hair, so coquettishly braided, and their large deep-brown eyes. I was going to describe her as a Venus with the eyes of Juno; but I refrain. A stern regard for fact compels me to say, that Lina was not a Venus. She was not what you would call beautiful, but she was very charming, which is much better. To see that fair and delicate girl cooking mutton-chops like any *chef de cuisine*, and as she busied herself about such household duties, shedding around her, as it were, a very atmosphere of sweetness and gentleness, was pleasant indeed. Lina would have been no marvel in a drawing-room at home, where, perhaps, she would have attracted no more notice than any other young lady; but here, in the Diggings, amidst our tough life, she was a beautiful apparition—a dryad of the woods, rather than a woman. We paid her homage reverently from a distance.

Hoffacher might well say that he would dine at home. The hut was divided into two rooms, and the one in which we sat was as clean as a drawing-room.

The walls, about four feet high, were formed of great logs, fitted into each other; and the roof of sheets of bark, covered with canvas. A great fireplace was filled with a glorious blaze, and a favourite hound lay on the hearth. The rest of the hounds—fine animals of the kind called kangaroo-dogs—were quartered in a shed outside. Two barrels of flour stood in a corner, with some water-kegs; and a rough table and benches comprised the furniture of the room.

I employed myself in endeavouring to conciliate the dog, as I intended to make a pillow of him by and by. Meanwhile, Lina had done with the chops, and was busy with some fritters, which afterwards turned out to be the most wonderful things I had ever eaten. I am aware that fritters, or *flitters*, as the diggers do to call them, are commonly known in the colour-mixture of flour and water, fried and eaten with—

This is a luxurious dish, to which a digger treats himself on Sunday, when he is too lazy to make a pudding. But Lina's fritters were quite another matter. There were eggs in them, and they were eaten with strawberry-jam from Tasmania; these were only secondary matters. Given eggs and ever so much jam, do you suppose I ever have turned out such fritters as those think Hoffacher could?

Lina sat down opposite to us, with her clasped hands, resting on the table, and laughed at us as we talked of her cookery. And when I paid her compliments on her cakes, she said politely that the best compliment I could pay would be to eat them; which, with Hoffacher's help, I did accordingly. I hope I have given due value to that dinner; but a better kind of entertainment was to follow.

We sat over our coffee, Hoffacher and I, and talked of distant scenes familiar to both of us, and Lina, with tears in her eyes, as our talk called up memories to her thoughts. I asked her if she would like to be in her own country again. She looked at Hoffacher and smiled, and said no: she did not wish to be home again, but she should like her mother to be here. I went on to say (wishing to see how near perfect she might be) that she had experienced a great change from her native city of luxury and art, to the gloom of a log-hut in a forest, without flowers, without companions, without music, without even a looking-glass. She stopped me: she would prove to me that she was not without music, at all events, and she went into the next room.

'Lina will shew you that she is content,' said Hoffacher. 'The ginner of herbs and love will always satisfy a true-hearted woman, and I am woman enough to be satisfied with it too. Lina can do without the flowers you speak of, and without companions; and as to a looking-glass, she has one, though it is cracked certainly.'

'And music?'

'You shall hear.'

Lina came in, bringing a guitar which looked as bright as if it had just come out of a music-shop. Hoffacher took it, and touching it with great skill, he played one of Adolph Müller's simple little airs, and Lina sang to him. She had a sweet rich voice; and to a skill of execution which had evidently been acquired under good masters, she added a certain charm of expression not to be obtained by any teaching. She sang many a song for us, now a melancholy Tyrolean air, and now some gem from the Italian, and sometimes Hoffacher would join her in a duet.

While I was saying something to Lina at the end of one of her songs—something very fine, I hope—to my surprise, she began to laugh, and said:

'You forget: my name is not Lucy. That is twice you have called me so.'

'I really beg your pardon. Did I call you so? I can hardly account for so doing.'

"I said the Frau Hoffacher.

"It is a very pretty name," Hoffacher observed

"You are quite mistaken in your surmises," said I. "I certainly do know a lady of that name, who is like Lina—in appearance, that is to say, for everything else she is very different."

"No wonder you sigh, then," said Hoffacher. (I had not done any such thing.) "Why hadn't you the courage to bring your Lucy with you, and go home to her as I do?"

"You are entirely wrong," I replied. "My Lucy, I tell you, the young lady in question would go near to pierce your ears, if she heard you say so. Why, my dear sister, she is a fine lady. Her ideas of industry are confined to Berlin wool, and she knows as much of muddling as a king as a Choctaw Indian."

"And yet Lina was all that not long ago. Wert you not, I am fair one?" (German again.)

"I shook her head gently, and said 'Yes.' "Like you," said I. "But the fine lady referred to by me had taste not to like me, and I don't suppose she is of a nature to like anybody very much; so, of course, it is not probable that she will ever learn cooking."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said my host, in a commiserating tone. "In that case, you are to be pitied rather than condemned."

"I am fully obliged to you. Without feeling any part at all desirous of either, I am content to let any one pity me who chooses."

"I choose," said Lina. "I was in the middle of some complimentary reply, when I was interrupted by a great uproar among the dogs. They were evidently disturbed by the approach of strangers, and we heard them suddenly opening the door of the hut. Hoffacher ran out and with difficulty succeeded in calling them back. We got them all into the hut, and, having shut them in the inner room, we proceeded to reconnoitre."

"Have you ever known any one pass by here since our coming?" I asked.

"Never," replied Hoffacher. "Nor has Lina ever seen any person. I should not have dreamed of leaving her here, if I had not considered the place so secret as to be free from all risk of discovery."

"No doubt, they are only travellers; but at any rate you are in a dangerous position here, if your place gets known. Have you got such a thing as a rifle?"

"It appeared that there was a good double-barrel in the hut, and with that and our pistols we had plenty of arms. Fortunately, the moon had risen, and was shining brightly. We walked round the side of the hut, where we could obtain a view of the valley, and we saw the figures of a good many men moving about among the trees at the foot of a hill. We watched them for some time, but they advanced no nearer. They seemed to have been surprised by the dogs, and probably waited till all was quiet again. We now became convinced that they were not travellers, and feeling certain that they would come to us before long, without the necessity of waiting for them in the cold, we went back into the hut."

"We found Lina quietly waiting for us, stroking the hound, which lay at her feet. The old dog was evidently aware that something was wrong, but he did not choose to make a noise about it, like the younger dogs in the next room. In those days, one did not know what sort of reception one might meet with from strangers, especially under circumstances like ours, and it was well to be prepared with a greeting for persons of all sorts. We therefore picked two holes in the wall, between the logs of the wall, one hole near the door, and the other at the opposite side. By placing ourselves on our knees at these holes, we could fire upon any one approaching without risk of being hit ourselves. This was very

pleasant and satisfactory, but then our door was weak, and might easily be burst open by determined men.

"I daresay those fellows won't trouble us," I observed. "They say that when the bushrangers fail of a surprise, they often shew great cowardice, and will not risk an open attack."

"I care not," Hoffacher replied. "In any case, we have lost our home. It will not do to stay here any longer, and we must journey off, Lina."

Lina, who, if she was aware of the sort of attack we expected, did not seem much affected by it, kissed her husband, and told him that it did not matter. That young lady seemed very deficient in the organ of adhesiveness—I think it is called—and all places appeared to be much alike to her.

Presently, we observed a movement among the strangers, and at last they came towards the hut in a body. I could not make out their numbers; for suspecting, no doubt, that the quiet of the hut was assumed, they came on in Indian-file, some bold gentlemen taking the lead. Hoffacher tried to put Lina into the inner room, but she refused absolutely to go: she smiled in his face, and said she was not afraid. Meanwhile our friends outside were advancing; and when I put my head to the hole again, they were close up. Hereupon I shouted loudly to them to stand, which they did with quite a military precision.

"If you come on," I said to the first man, "I'll fire upon you."

"Faith, I am obliged to you," was the reply, in a gay voice. "You're not the first that has made me the same offer; but if you think you'll save the grog by shooting me, you're mistaken, for there'll be plenty more of me left."

"Save the grog!" I thought: "what does he mean?"

"You'll get no grog here, if that's what you want. We can shoot the whole of you where you stand, so you had better be off while you have a chance. Leave us alone, and we won't touch you."

"It'll not do, my hearer. My orders are to search this hut; and if you refuse admission to the Queen's officers, you are spilling your own blood; so, now open the door, like a sensible fellow."

"Why," said Hoffacher, "they are the police, instead of bushrangers. What can they want here?"

"The police wear caps," he replied: "have these men got them?"

"I can't see their heads at all; but the man does not talk like a robber."

"How do I know that you are the police?" I shouted. "I can't take your word for it."

"Well, come out like a man, and see," was the reply; "and don't be lying skulking there, if you are honest men."

"Oh, I daresay. You've got the odds on your side, my good fellow. Send your men back fifty yards, and I'll come out to you."

"Come along, then, and look sharp;" and I heard him send the rest of his party away. He then walked fearlessly round to the shut-door; and seeing, from the plain uniform which he wore, that he was indeed no bushranger, we invited him to enter.

It appeared that he was a lieutenant of the mounted police, and that he had received information that a quantity of spirits had just been smuggled on to the Diggings, and was supposed to be concealed in this neighbourhood. (The reader is probably aware that at this period the sale of all spirituous liquors was absolutely prohibited on the Diggings.) The sort of reception our new acquaintance had received from the dogs induced him to believe that the spirits were in the hut; and having called in his men, he proceeded to search among Lina's goods and chattels, but of course without effect.

Hoffacher invited him to sit down and drink a glass of beer—the legitimate article made from sugar—to

which he consented with that affability which members of his profession always display on such occasions. He was a young fellow who had lately arrived in the colony, and who had the luck to obtain a berth in the police, an occupation for which he seemed to have a strong natural taste. He laughed heartily when we told him we had taken him for a bushranger; and he said that, from the solitary situation of the hut, and the number of dogs we kept, he had been inclined to form a similar opinion of us. He seemed rather curious about Lina, who had hid herself in the other room as soon as she could. Hoffacher, however, would answer no questions, and the lieutenant evidently did not know what to make of us. However, he had the smuggled grog to discover, and the night was passing, so he was obliged to go off, though he honoured us by saying that he should have liked to have stayed till morning. His men brought up his horse, which, with their own, had been left tied to some trees; and he wished us good-night very politely.

We congratulated ourselves on so good a termination to this adventure, and Hoffacher was delighted that he should not be compelled to break up his home. I did not wonder at this feeling, for, in addition to the advantage of seclusion he possessed there, the valley was one of the most charming bits of woodland scenery you may find in all that colony.

Out came the guitar again, and we strolled about under the light of a more brilliant moon than you ever see in the north; while the screams of the opossums in the neighbouring trees broke in upon the sweet notes of the *Casta Diva* which Lina sang for us.

Mr Hoffacher's 'at home' for this evening was shortly at an end. Why have I described it? Why have I told a story without a beginning, and without a denouement? Because it is a piece of actual life—one of those glimpses which sometimes open upon us suddenly in our journey through the world, and as suddenly vanish, leaving us fancy, by the strangeness and incongruity, that we are in the midst of a dream. In the host of diggers among whom I ever elbowed my way, there were plenty of curious characters from every corner of the earth, with curious antecedents; but somehow my thoughts lingered longest with Hoffacher and his charming wife; and not seldom have I pined in my thankless and solitary labour to call up before me the log-hut and its inmates, the songs of Lina—and her capital loaf.

GLASGOW AND ITS CLUBS.*

The history of manners in a great city is the history of civilisation, and, if written for the world, would make a highly interesting and amusing book; but Dr Strang's volume, unluckily, is of a strictly local character, and the really valuable materials it contains are so intermingled with obscure names and details, that the general reader will have some difficulty in making them out. The work, however, was not intended for the general reader, but the Glasgow reader—who, by the same token, was so delighted with it as to buy up the whole impression in a twinkling—and they who have not had the advantage of being born within hearing of St Mungo's bells, must just submit to a little trouble in looking for what will well repay the search.

The progress of Glasgow, even within our own recollection, presents one of the greatest marvels we know. From an inconsiderable port, on a shallow river, employing for its heavier shipping-business Greenock and Port Glasgow, a score of miles down the Clyde, it

has grown into a great maritime city; and he who would revisit the sylvan solitudes where in youth he had wandered, *solus cum sola*, his whispers uninterrupted by the faint hum of the distant town, is now lost and bewildered amid streets, terraces, and squares resembling the aristocratic quarter of Edinburgh. Under such circumstances, it is interesting to notice the external appearances of the population, as described by Dr Strang, in the last quarter of last century:

Gentlemen and tradesmen invariably wore dark-blue coats, with clear buttons, not double-breasted, as in modern days, but having buttons on one side only; the vest being usually of the same cloth and colour, with deep pockets and pocket-lids. The breeches of tradesmen were always of corduroy, buckled at the knee; with which they wore rig-and-fur stockings, and shoes pointed at the toes, fastened with bright brass buckles; while their costume was completed with a cocked-hat. The garb of the higher classes was not much different, except in quality, the buttons on their coats being gilt, and the shoe and knee buckles of silver. With the exception of young boys and clergymen, every man in the city wore long hair, soaked with pomatum and covered with powder; some having their hair wrapped round with a silk ribbon, lying on their backs like a pigtail; while others had a bunch of their hair bound with a knot of ribbon, dangling on their shoulders, called a club.* At that period, too, the dress of the ladies was at perfect antipodes to that which we meet with on the streets of Glasgow at this moment. Instead of the small fly-away bonnet of the young ladies of the present day, we find that their grandmothers and great-grandmothers sported towering head-dresses—their hair being all hard-curved, anointed with scented pomatum, and white with powder. There was perhaps not such a contrast in the shape of the gown, it being then worn particularly long-waisted; but in place of the now neat boots or satin slippers, there was nothing then in use but shoes with sharp-pointed toes, ornamented with stone and cut-glass buckles, all having French heels at least three inches high, and as small as a man's middle-finger; and a large fan completed this fashionable toilet. When ladies had occasion to walk out, the streets were so full of puddles and mud as to render the use of patten almost universal; and, from umbrellas being yet unknown in the city, each woman found it necessary in wet weather (and Heaven knows how often, if the climate was no better then than it is now!), in order to protect herself against wind and rain, to don a duffel cloak or black silk calash; which last looked like "a huge floating balloon, enclosing the whole paraphernalia of the head-dress." What a contrast does this present to the movements of the ladies of the present day, who, with all the advantages of every modern safeguard from the climate, persevere in sweeping the footpaths with their silken flounces!

At this period, or before 1790, the furniture of the houses was plain and substantial, and still exhibiting in the dining-room the precursor of the sideboard—the cupboard or buffet, 'with shelves fancifully shaped out, and their edges painted in different colours, such as green and light-blue, and even tipped with gold. On these shelves were displayed any pieces of silver-plate that were considered worth shewing, and also the most valuable and richest-coloured china punch-bowls, jugs, and cups—such, in fact, as are now frequently seen on the chiffonier of a modern drawing-room. Below these shelves there was a hanging-leaf, which during dinner was upraised, and served as a sideboard; and when dinner was ended, it was again let down, and shut in with doors opening from the centre, and reaching nearly to the ceiling.' Silver forks were unknown,

* *Glasgow and its Clubs; or, Glimpses of the Condition, Manners, Characters, and Oddities of the City, during the Past and Present* By John Strang, LL.D. Griffin, London and Glasgow.

* The boys of this period all wore breeches which were made of leather, and supplied by skinnners at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a pair.

and steel forks with more than two prongs uncommon. 'In the days of Queen Anne, it was the common practice among the higher circles that the dinner should be put on the table, and the ladies placed at the dinner board, before the gentlemen were called or allowed to enter. This was also a practice almost universally followed in Glasgow up to the beginning of the final decade of the last century; and was felt the more necessary when a bedchamber was the only reception-room in the house. Most of the small-company dinners in Glasgow were at this period placed on the board at once, after which there might be a removal of the upper and lower end dishes, but nothing more. On great occasions, however, there was sometimes a regular second course; but as to a third and a dessert, these were altogether reserved for an after-age. The wines generally were port and sherry, and occasionally a bottle of Madeira. As to a bottle of French wine—such as claret—which, thirty years before, was so common throughout all Scotland, it may be said to have been in 1793 in most houses a *rara avis in terris*. Oatcake and small-beer were to be had in every family; the former was presented even at state-parties, and the latter was always placed in two or more china-jugs at the corners of the table, for any guest who might wish to quaff such a luxury. Drinking water at an entertainment was altogether unpractised. Cheese was invariably produced at the close of every repast, and was always accompanied with London porter, which was decanted into two silver-cups, when the parties had such to display, or into a large crystal goblet or china-jug; and, like the love-cups of the university, these were sent circling round the board, and were accordingly mouthed by all inclined to taste the then fashionable English beverage. Ices and finger-glasses were still in the womb of fashion, and each person generally carried in his pocket a small silver pocket-knife, which was unhesitatingly brought from its hiding-place if a golden puppin or a moor-fowl-egg pear by any chance called for its aid.'

In those days, hard drinking was common, and continued to be so long after. 'There was a bacchanalian stamp about the everyday life and conversation, as well as about the literature of the last century; and the man who could talk longest about wines, and who could likewise carry off the most bottles, was looked upon with favour and admiration. It was, in fact, at that time an exception to the general rule for a man to be either willing or capable of jousting the ladies after dinner.' The suppers were much like the dinners of the present time. 'The invitations, although not issued for a month in advance, were often despatched a week or ten days before; and on such occasions it was the custom for the ladies to continue at the table till a very short time before the general break-up. These, too, were generally very merry meetings, and the evening's pastime was always enhanced by a glee, a catch, or a song; or sometimes, where there were young ladies, by a rondo or air on the spinet or piano. Tea-parties, also, were very common. Ladies frequenting such entertainments—which were ever redolent of cookies and shortbread—at the hour of six, rarely remained beyond eight o'clock, at which time "the lass with the lantern" was formally announced—the constant accompaniment of every lady (whether protected by a gentleman or not) who might, in those gasless days, be out after nightfall. The almost total abandonment at the present time of the good old custom of tea-drinking, so invariably practised about the period we are sketching, is more to be regretted than perhaps any other that can be mentioned. It was an easy and economical method of assembling many pleasant people, without much previous preparation, and without any formality. When twenty or thirty friends lived within a few hundred yards of each other, they were soon invited and as easily collected. It was, in fact, some

recompense for a crowded population and common-stairs.'

A considerable section of the Glasgow of the present day is noted for the sad-coloured religion which excites the ire of such ungodly persons as Sunday-excursionists, and which, it is to be feared, will eventually do injury to a good cause by the extremity to which it is carried. It must not be supposed, however, that there is anything new in this enthusiasm, or that the interference of the clergy with the doings of laymen is a usurpation, for, in fact, it is but a very partial resumption of old authority. Our author gives us some curious instances, from the Session records, of the power exercised by the ministers over their flocks. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, the Session condemns ostentatious marriage-feasts, and ordains that the cost of the dinners or suppers should be 1s. 6d. They prohibit fleshers (butchers) from killing meat during the preaching on week-days; and bring persons to public repentance who keep the superstitious day of Yule or Christmas. They enact that the provost and bailies shall be elders of the kirk. In 1600, they send 'searchers into the houses to apprehend absentees from the kirk.' In 1610, they require that all families shall have prayers and psalms morning and evening; and that masters shall give an account of those in their families who have not the Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, Creed, &c. The town to be watched on Sabbath-day from 12 o'clock, to see that no travellers go out or come in. Swearing on market-days to cost the sinner 12d. In 1652, a committee of elders are appointed to prowl furtively about in search of persons who sell milk on the Sabbath. In 1691, a person who stands before his door on the Sabbath is to answer it before the Session. As for the denouncement and punishments of offences against continence, these are too numerous for mention. They include 'satisfying at the pillars, barefoot and barelegged, in sackcloth, and being carted through the town; ducking in the Clyde, by means of a pulley fixed on the bridge; standing at the Cross, with 'a fast band or iron about their craig, and a paper on their forehead, and without cloak or plaid; imprisonment, banishment, standing in the *joags* three hours, and thereafter whipping. N.B. Gentle people let off with a fine. In the matter of standing by the pillar (pillorying), that is ordained to be discontinued while the English are in town, as they laugh at this.

Very different from such matters as these, certain street-customs are noticed as being introduced in Glasgow in the latter few years of the last century, which we have often witnessed in smaller towns in the earlier part of the present.

At this period, from the great quietude of the leading thoroughfares, and also from the absence of all police control and interference thereon, we find that the somewhat improved streets, and the lately introduced pavements, had become the common play-ground of the young people of all classes and both sexes. In dry days especially, the young misses indulged in scoring the flag-stones with their *peevors*, for the purpose of playing at *pall-all*; while their brothers were alike busily engaged in the more energetic and exciting pastimes of *smuggling the key*, of *robbers and rangers*, and of *I spy*. In the long evenings, or in moonlight nights, the streets were likewise peopled with gay and happy boys and girls—the one making the welkin ring with the stirring cry of "Through the needle-e-e, boys!" or the other dancing and singing the inspiring roundelay, "About the merry-ma-tanzie!" while both might be heard occasionally mixing their happy voices in the famous old choral chant of

London bridge is broken down;
Dance over, my ladye gay;
London bridge is broken down
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with stone and lime;
Dance over, my ladye gay;
We'll build it up with stone and lime
For a gay ladye.

The account, interspersed throughout this volume, of the Clubs of Glasgow, although probably the most interesting to the citizens, is the least so to the general reader. One of the most noted of these was the Gegg Club, whose business, as its name implies, was sport and mischief. They did not victimise the outer world alone, but on one occasion had the house-door of a member built up while he was sitting with them at supper. When the club separated for the night, the gentleman went home, in the usual bemused state, yet sober enough to find his way; and after mounting several dreary stairs, as he lived in a 'high flat,' he reached his own landing. But the door?—where was the door? After feeling carefully every inch of the wall, he was satisfied there was no door, yet he was equally satisfied that he was on his own 'stair-head,' and at length he descended the stairs again, staggered across the street, and planting his back to the wall, stared helplessly up at the well-known house. There cannot, we think, be conceived a situation more rich in drollery; and so, we have no doubt, his comrades found it, who, from the neighbouring closes and doorways, were watching the result of the gegg.

We have only room to refer to a trick of the Banditti Club, which was of a grand description. Once on a time, 'in the deep waste and middle of the night,' there issued from the place where they were assembled nine spectral horsemen, all in white, and seated on steeds draped in white sheets. A lambent flame played about the ears of the nine horses; and as they stalked solemnly along, their footfalls gave no sound. 'The mysterious horsemen proceeded onward along the Gallowgate, slow and noiseless, like the hunters amid the floating mists of the Black Forest, in the famous Walpurgis Night, producing in the minds of those who, through the murky gloom, might spy them from the foot-pavement, a degree of superstitious awe and fear which may be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that the aged guardians of the night, for whose especial benefit the pantomime was got up, were all in the greatest possible agitation and alarm—believing, no doubt, that the sight was supernatural; and, under this feeling, each took to instant flight up the first close which offered shelter. The cavalcade, after producing the necessary terrifying effects upon the few who at that late hour were in the Gallowgate, at length reached the Cross, which was passed in silence. Solemn and slow the horsemen moved onward, without a word spoken, and without suffering the least molestation, until they reached the head of King Street, when lo! a fellow, inspired with the contents of at least half-a-dozen glasses—which, instead of adumbrating his brain, rather opened his eyes to the reality of the cavalcade being not spirits, but real flesh and blood—thought fit, under this pretty sound impression, to arrest its progress by falling pell-mell on the second file of the procession. The attack, however, though furious, was instantly met by the brawny arm of the Bandit, who, by one fell blow on his caput, left him senseless on the roadway. At this moment an alarm of fire was raised; and by the time the ghostly procession had reached the head of Jamaica Street, the rattles of the terrified watchmen were in motion, and the sound of the fire-engines was borne along. Satisfied with their exploit, and that it would be dangerous to lose much more time, the cavalcade crossed the boundary which cut them off from the power of the police jurisdiction; and thereafter, mending their pace, they entered a field near Willow Bank, unrobed themselves of their habiliments, and by different routes, got safe to Ingram Street, where the stabler was ready to house the steeds, and to give a *deoch-an-doris* to the Banditti.

Of the prank itself, few believed that it had been really accomplished; and the many odd stories that got wind about the ghostly procession which at midnight had passed through the city, were attributed to the effects of the narrators having dipped too deep in their evening potations. Some, however, swore that Old Nick himself led the van of the ghostly cavalcade, and assuredly his representative was by no means a shabby one; and, also, that the number of his attendants far outstripped the weird company of Alloway Kirk. We need only add, that the flame about the horses' ears was produced by phosphoric oil, and that their shoes were covered with cork.

JOURNEY, FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CALIFORNIA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

NEXT morning, which was the fourth of his voyage, Edwardson felt himself so much recruited by the pure and equable air of the sea, that he was able to join at breakfast his fellow-passengers, to some of whom we shall introduce our readers. With genuine kindness and urbanity, he was permitted, as an invalid, to select his own seat at table—all the others, of whom there were above 100, having already established themselves. He chose to be next the surgeon, above whom sat the other officers of the ship. The purser presided, the captain, contrary to the usual practice, taking his meals in his own cabin, and remaining on deck while the rest of the officers joined the passengers at theirs. Opposite Edwardson sat Judge Bryant, who has written a work called *California as I Saw It*, and who has made several trips over the Rocky Mountains, on one occasion performing that arduous journey with General Kearney in only sixty days. Judge Bryant is a very amiable person, and his manners being particularly affable and intelligent, his society was a great acquisition on board. Next to him sat an English tourist, his perspective-glass suspended across his shoulders. He seemed bent on making the most of his eyes, and indeed of all his powers of observation. At first, like many of his countrymen, he was reserved and unwilling to unbend, but, on further acquaintance, he proved a polished and most agreeable fellow-voyager. Two dashing United States' officers, full of frolic and frankness, were on the right of our hero; and below them a youthful Frenchman, of varied acquirements—an accomplished linguist—travelling, as he said, merely for the improvement of his mind. The three last-mentioned individuals and Mr Edwardson associated closely together during the whole journey, and the friendship thus auspiciously commenced is not likely soon to be dissolved. The rest of the passengers of the *Panama* were of all grades, professions, and nations—from the wealthy and accomplished New York merchant, to the professed gambler and unprincipled blackleg. There was only one lady, to whom was resigned the seat of honour next the purser at meals, but she was seldom visible at any other time. She was closely attended by a beautiful mulatto slave-girl, whose magnificent eyes followed those of her mistress in a spirit of affectionate devotedness most pleasing to witness, but by no means rare in the southern states of America.

The weather was delightful, and the ocean calm as its name imports. The only place where any roughness was experienced was in crossing the mouth of the Californian Gulf, where there was a considerable breeze, and well enough to imprison many of the passengers in their berths. After this, the ship's track was usually about forty miles from the coast. Numerous whales were seen sporting in every direction; but it must be owned that the time on board passed

monotonously enough. Tales of travel, general conversation, even friendly arguments, not unfrequently failed to please; and a pacing of the deck in tranquil abstraction, with the never-failing cigar, was perhaps the highest enjoyment within reach. One portion of the cabin passengers, and nearly all those of the steerage, occupied themselves much less innocently: gaming was deep, and lamentably engrossing. At no time, except during meals, could one enter the saloon without finding parties engaged in cards or dice. Mr Edwardson often saw thousands of dollars lost and won in a very short time; and he learned that several of the steerage passengers in the *Panama*, who had acquired at the Diggings a competency for their station, were known to have betted it all away, and afterwards to return in the same vessel to begin their labour anew. In the cabin, Edwardson observed, as one redeeming feature in the painful scene, that, whatever luck befell, no unseemly quarrelling took place. Money was easily won, and cheerfully lost, and every one seemed to preserve great good-humour. Indeed, it was altogether singular and suggestive to witness the nonchalance with which sums of money were transferred and shoved about in California, whether in the way of trade or in the disreputable schemes of gambling. Many professed gamblers watched for the unwary at every station, and crowded to the steamers, where they were nearly sure to gather a rich harvest during the annals of a sea-voyage. One of these gentry joined the *Panama* at San Diego, with the intention of making a little fortune out of the gold-laden passengers; but there happened to be one or two others earlier in the field, and more knowing than himself, by whom he was so completely *plucked*, that at Acapulco he took leave, having lost all he had.

Proceeding on their voyage, and touching for a very brief space at one or two places not worthy of notice, our travellers at length reached Acapulco, a beautiful town on the coast of Southern Mexico. The steamer anchored about dusk, in a snug harbour, where were two British ships-of-war, engaged in the protection of our commerce in those seas. The outline of the land, which was all that could be discerned in the fast-deepening twilight, was rich in tropical foliage and graceful undulation. Edwardson, with his three especial associates and the handsome Englishman, immediately landed, to make the most of their time in a voyage of discovery on the tempting-looking shore. They found the place, which contains three or four thousand inhabitants, much like other tropical towns, shaded by the graceful bananas, and shrouded in piazzas with jalousies. Rambling through one of the principal streets, they came to a house of goodly proportions, which was handsomely lighted up, and from within music and dancing were distinctly heard. With more assurance than perhaps would be tolerated in many other places, the young men knocked at the door. The host himself, as is the custom on a gala-night, came forward to receive, as he supposed, some of his invited guests. Though he seemed a little surprised at the intrusion, with true Spanish courtesy he at once invited the strangers to enter—the officers' uniforms, it afterwards appeared, being a generally accredited passport. The youthful Frenchman, who was the only one of the party sufficiently acquainted with Spanish to converse intelligibly, apologised with much grace for the liberty they had taken, and introduced himself and friends by presenting their respective cards. They were immediately conducted to the ball-room, where their eyes were gladdened by the sight of numerous Spanish beauties, with some of whom our travellers made acquaintance by means of their interpreter, and even *malgré* his aid, and were soon engaged in the mazy waltz. Dancing is almost the only thing Spaniards perform with industry; and the fair ladies of Acapulco did not, on the present occasion, seem

at all disconcerted or displeased at the impromptu accession of stranger-guests.

After enjoying themselves for a short time, and partaking of the fruit and other refreshment presented, our young gentlemen, again tendering thanks and apologies, took leave, intending still further to explore the neighbourhood by the light of the full unclouded moon. After a short stroll and solacing cigar, our adventurers learned that there was that evening—which happened to be the eve of some of the thousand-and-one saint's in the Spanish calendar—a fandango or dancing-party among the lower classes. Procuring a guide, they resolved to see the fun. The dance was on a green in the suburbs of the town. The musicians were seated under the trees, with two or three guitars, which they accompanied with a monotonous chant, that sometimes rose into a perry strain, the effect of which was always to inspire the dancers with renewed energy. Around the space allotted for dancing were small booths, where were exposed for sale cakes, fruits, *agua-diente* (ardent spirits), and a favourite drink of the Mexicans called *pulka*, which is made from the juice of a species of cactus. The strangers did not here join the dance, as the *agua-diente* was but too visible in its effects on the men, and the travellers feared some jealous Mexican might be too ready with his knife, should he observe any attentions to the females present. In fact, there did occur a regular row before our party left the spot; and the police being sent for, secured several of the more turbulent townsmen, among whom a jealous quarrel had arisen, exasperated by the drink in which they had been indulging. It was past time in the morning when the strangers retraced their steps to the quay, where, in a small tavern, they found a lodging, intending to take a few hours' rest after their adventures. The weather was very hot, and the dormitory to which they were shewn consisted of a row of cots without any coverings, ranged along the bare walls of a very filthy room. Here Edwardson and two of his friends threw themselves down without undressing, having considerable misgivings on account of the absence of one of their number, the gay lieutenant, who had unaccountably disappeared after they had reached their quarters. Too tired and worn, however, to be able for further exertion, they hoped the best, and resigned themselves to sleep. In the morning, the strayed one was found, sound asleep on the dining-table in the piazza, the table-cloth spread over him, having wisely preferred the coolness of his hard couch to the closeness and more than questionable purity of the dormitory assigned to his companions.

That day there was a great church-festival, and the strangers mingled with the crowds of townspeople wending to the cathedral; with them, too, they received a cross on the forehead from the priest. Afterwards, they perambulated the town, where there seemed to be a general holiday or fair. Booths and stalls were erected along the streets, where were sold flowers, fruits, relics, &c. Occasionally they met a gracefully moving signorita, muffled up closely, leaving nothing of the countenance visible but the sparkling black eyes; a duenna demurely following. Their walk, in short, presented them with all the characteristics of a Spanish town within the tropics, mixed up with no inconsiderable share of what we may conceive to have been the glare and grandeur of ancient Mexico.

Fatigued at length, our party returned to dine at the inn, and immediately thereafter returned to the steamer, amidst a deafening clamour of boatmen striving with each other for the fare. We shall merely add, that the business of Acapulco is chiefly in the hands of English and American merchants. The possession of California by the United States has given a great impetus to the trade here, for, as the steamers in passing always remain at least twenty-four hours,

much Californian gold finds its way into the pockets of the merchants and trades-people of Acapulco. Mr Edwardson remarked, that at all the places where they stopped, the Mexicans seem to stand greatly in awe of their United States friends, or 'barbarians' of the North,' as they are called; so much so, that strangers from American vessels are never accosted, or in the slightest degree interfered with by the local police; and were it prudent or becoming in other respects, had any such individuals got involved in a fracas, it would have resulted to them in absolute impunity. Notwithstanding this prestige, however, no visitor would think himself safe without a ready-printed revolver in his pocket, with which it would be anything but difficult to set Mexican law or force at defiance—verifying the trite remark, that 'bravos are generally but cowards at heart.'

Tehuantepec, as yet an insignificant town, was the next stage in the steamer's progress; and here, exchanging the mails, they took in a few passengers bound for Vera Cruz, and set forth once more for Panama.

The steamer, with which we are now about to part company, arrived at Panama twenty-four days after leaving San Francisco. They cast anchor about two miles from the town, the water being too shallow for nearer approach. The Bay of Panama is very extensive, and, being open to the sea, most vessels come to anchorage under lee of the small island of Taboga. On the day of Edwardson's arrival, the wind blew fresh from the town, so that the passengers had to beat up in a long canoe-like boat with a lateen-sail. This voyage occupied two hours, and wetted them all very completely. Edwardson, with about a dozen of his fellow-voyagers, took up their quarters in a handsome hotel, kept by a mulatto man, to whom they had been recommended, as the most honest and attentive host in a population where such qualities are rather scarce. This person fully justified the report of his good character. His wife was a most graceful and lovely quadroon, who was guarded as jealously by her lord as if he had been a Turkish pacha. Mr Edwardson had the good-fortune to obtain a glimpse of this really beautiful creature by blundering on a certain occasion into the wrong apartment—intentionally or not, dependent sayeth not.

Three particular friends of our traveller had preceded him from California to Panama, and by mere chance he discovered they had been disappointed in procuring a passage by the last steamer to New York. They had taken a scantily furnished house, and were keeping 'bachelor's hall,' finding this the most pleasant and economical way of living while they awaited the next packet, now expected to sail from Chagres in about a week. To the residence of these gentlemen, Edwardson, having procured a guide, set out on a mid-day walk under a tropical sun. The heat was felt to be intense, even to a South Carolinian, in his New Orleans summer costume. The crowded low-lying town, the reeking evaporation from the shallow water, together with innumerable exhalations still more offensive, contributed to make our hero pronounce Panama the most repulsive place he had met with in his extensive travel. He found his friends, guiltless of coat or vest, seated in the piazza of their dwelling, each with a cigar, with feet on the railing some inches above his head—in short, in a state of luxurious abandon, discussing with a negro attendant the merits and courage of several chancellors tied by their legs at safe distances, and with at intervals were sounding a loud defiance to each other.

There chanced to be an unexpected theatrical representation in the amphitheatre, which turned out to be a very burlesque affair, and might have terminated somewhat seriously, in consequence of an Englishman's frolic. The play was *Hamlet*, performed in Spanish.

Mr Edwardson, with a pretty large party of his friends, got admittance behind the scenes through the agency of all-powerful gold. As the general entrance-fee was almost nominal, a motley audience thronged the vast space in front of the scenes. It may be imagined that the concealed spectators—those of them especially who understood the language—were vastly amused at the Spanish version of our immortal drama, and at the mode of its exhibition. Some enthusiastic admirers of the bard might, perchance, even have felt indignant at the desecration; but all went on quietly enough till the ghost appeared to Hamlet, and beckoned him on to follow. At this moment of breathless awe, a young naval officer, detecting some laughable incongruity in the representative of the dead, put forth a crooked stick from behind the scenes, and tripped up the sheeted spectre, who straightway fell to the ground with a most unghastly crash. Blood sprang from his face, and in the fury of the moment the spectral part was all forgotten, present personal revenge being the uppermost thought. Drawing his dagger, the injured performer flew towards the supposed author of the trick, who, however, with his companions, had betaken himself to instant flight; some of them crying aloud, in Spanish: 'Alas, poor ghost!' and the audience catching up the exclamation with shouts of laughter, and great good-humour. The strangers escaped scathless, more, perhaps, than one of them at least deserved, and the play went on, minus the ghost.

After a good night's rest, Mr Edwardson sallied early from his hotel to find the counting-house of Jacharesson, Neilson, & Co., agents for the American steamers. Here he procured his ticket from Chagres to New York, for which he paid 150 dollars (L.30), and thereafter set about his arrangements for the only toilsome portion of his present route—the transit of the Isthmus of Darien. This business also completed, as his fellow-travellers had been more dilatory in their movements, he took a solitary stroll through the town. He looked into several shops, cafés, &c., for the purpose of forming an idea of the character of the population. There was a most heterogeneous concourse from every part of the earth. Some were bound for the Diggings, full of hope and energy. Many of these appeared persons of respectability; but by far the greater number gave the impression of ruined fortunes and idle scheming. All, of course, were indulging in golden dreams of the future. Quite as many individuals were returning, either rich and dissipated, or disappointed and miserable. Gambling and debauchery, in their most degrading forms, were everywhere visible, and the police of the town, composed wholly of negroes, were quite insufficient to keep down the constant brawls and brutal revels of the populace. Mr Edwardson witnessed a whimsical instance of this inefficiency in the case of a British tar, who, for some slight misdemeanour—breaking a window, we believe—was consigned to the police, and who contrived, however, by the prowess of his own single arm, to keep a whole convoy of 'the niggers' at bay, till he was finally persuaded into more just and pacific policy by some countrymen, who had come to the rescue.

Tom had another and more affecting example of the state of social matters at Panama. In one of the best cafés, he encountered, to his painful and unbounded surprise, in the humble guise of a waiter, an early school-fellow of his own, the son of a rich Virginian planter. The young man, on his way to California, against the wishes of his friends, had fallen into bad society, had been robbed and cheated out of his all, and had been compelled to take a menial situation for bread, until he should hear from home, whither it was some time ere shame would permit him to write. Edwardson had the great and unmingled satisfaction of shortening his probation, insisting that his friend should accompany him home; and did not finally part

from him till he saw him received with pardoning welcome by some relations in New York. Such are the vicissitudes—and they are more numerous and remarkable than might be imagined—of a state of society altogether anomalous in the history of the world.

After a sojourn of six days, Mr. Edwardson gladly set out from Panama, in company with a large party, for Gorgona, en route to Chagres. This route, as it existed at the time, is well known; and since then, the railway has changed everything: we shall, therefore, merely say that our traveller, after a toilsome journey, arrived in safety at Chagres, a small, filthy, and unhealthy place. A ruinous fort stands at the mouth of the river, once, no doubt intended to protect the town, but at present it is deserted and useless, except that troops of ragged emigrants often take shelter within its walls, no man forbidding or exacting aught in recompense. A small steam-boat, employed in navigating the shallow waters of the bay, carried our travellers to *The Empire City*, a noble vessel of 2000 tons. Near her were anchored several other first-class steamers, two of which were bound for Southampton with gold, and another for New Orleans. *The Empire City* had on board 2,000,000 dollars' worth of gold-dust, and above 200 passengers. Soon after noon, they weighed, and steamed majestically through the Caribbean Sea straight for Jamaica. The passage was rough; the wind blew almost constantly in a gale, creating no danger, but much sea-sickness, so that a very large proportion of the passengers were to the few invisible.

From Jamaica, the passage to New York was uninterruptedly delightful; and as Edwardson—his health now completely restored—gazed again on his native shores, he felt almost as if the events of the past year had been but a troubled dream. At New York, he again embarked, and in a few days reached his home, having travelled nearly 5600 miles in forty days, including stoppages. Easy travel this, though somewhat costly, compared with the former four months' overland journey of above half that distance, making at least 11,400 miles in all. We notice it thus particularly, as perhaps one of the most remarkable instances usually to be met with of what the to-and-fro system of our day may accomplish in a space of time so short, and at a cost of less than £150. What stores for future thought—what puzzling, grateful, rainbow-tinted memories—what useful lessons in life, may not such travel afford, especially to the young and energetic! Many a reader, we doubt not, will think even the hardships of a prairie-journey not too heavy a price to pay for the varied instruction and practical knowledge it is calculated to impart.

ST NICHOLAS' EVE.

We are not aware whether our little tarry-at-home friends are acquainted with the fact, so firmly established in the minds of their young continental neighbours, that the good St Nicholas, the patron of children, pays them an annual visit about three weeks before Christmas, bringing with him a foretaste of the good things more peculiarly belonging to that glad gathering-time, and distributing his donations with strict impartiality, according to the different deservings, since his visit of the year before. He travels in very unpretending style, and by an unusual route, coming down the chimney under cover of night with his bag on his back, and, stealing softly to the side of each little sleeper's bed, drops his token of approbation or reproof into the stocking, which is always carefully suspended there the moment it has been drawn off the night before. Wo to those who have laid their unbrushed locks on the pillow, or tucked in their unwashed feet beneath the clothes, or, worse still,

who have allowed sweet sleep to steal unwelcomed over tear-swollen eyelids or passion-printed brows! St Nicholas is a shrewd observer; he readily discerns such traces, and interprets them as easily as a tale that is told. Wo, then, to such delinquents in the morning, when the clatter, and the bustle, and the prattle begins, and each little hand, and tongue, and eye is busy finding out how one's self and one's neighbour has fared! Alas for him or her who has nothing better to exhibit than a red from the broomstick, that invariable token of disapprobation and badge of disgrace!

Those who have studied such matters, declare it is all a mistake to particularise St Nicholas as the children's friend; that in so doing we act on the old proverb, of getting up inch and taking an ell, and take advantage of a casual circumstance in the life of the saint—his having rescued three little children about to be sold as slaves, fed and clothed them, having first put them into a tub and washed them well—an example to future nurses—to constitute him the patron of children from that time forth. We do not venture to decide the point, not professing to be learned in the merits of the calendar-roll; but this we know, that whatever good deeds followed him, this one remains; for, looking out of our breakfast-room window in one of the northern towns of France, on the morning of the 5th of December, we are instantly made aware that some extraordinary influence presides over the day; our somewhat dull business street is suddenly transformed into a festal-gallery. Over the way, at the grocer's, in through the closed glass-doors, we can distinguish something most bright and gay, tempting all the little ones to loiter, and take a wistful peep as they pass along a school. Lower down, at the baker's, it is just the same story; item, at the fruit-stalls along each side of the street. In the houses, and out of the houses, wherever eatables or drinkables are bought and sold, there, the little round table is spread, covered with its snowy cloth, and crowned with a pile of gay and glittering things. We must positively sally out, and have a nearer peep; so, though the frost is sparkling down from that cold blue sky, shining even in the sunbeams, and though the running channel outside our footway is now a solid path of ice, and our landlord has been all the morning wrapping up the pumps in the court with bundles of straw, and fixing a tent of sailcloth over the laurstains, which only a week ago were so trimly ranged in boxes for our winter-garden, still we must screw up our courage to desert the fire-side, and see with our eyes what the wonder is. We must, whether we will or no, for little hands and eager voices have gathered clamorously round us; there is pressure from within as well as from without. So, perhaps nothing loath, hand in hand, and step by step, even with the youngest—growing young again ourselves for the moment—we stroll away through the streets, and stop at every shop, and gaze in at every window, one of a crowd of mothers, maids, and children, all delightedly bent on the same absorbing business.

And a very pretty sight those windows are, with their show of a day—gone to-morrow, as if such things were never in existence, until Christmas and New-year's Eve brings them out again as good as new. The French fully understand the secret of charming by novelty; they do not allow their attractions to weary the eye, or appear out of time and place. The gloomy winter's day has its sober tints, its warm textures; the sunshine brings the gay hues into the shop windows as surely as into the garden; an imperial visit creates eagles and tricolor drapery, and medals and busts, all to vanish with the occasion; a festival is as sure to bring its *bonbons*, and they in their turn to disappear, as if the earth, or, more probably, the rising generation, had swallowed them up.

'The shops on this St Nicholas' Eve are a sight worth seeing, not the less so from the marvellous cheapness of those really beautiful, though perishable specimens of confectionary art, within the reach of all either to possess or admire. What country but France would trouble itself to make a child's paradise all over the land on that dull winter's day, and place within the reach of the smallest, or the weakest, or the poorest, something to enjoy, for the expenditure of a sou, or even 'pour un rien'!

The day is over; and the children are all gathered round their foreign fireside—those little English children of whom we have been writing—brothers, and sisters, and cousins. They have a home together in that strange land, beside the other homes that are always 'home' in their own land far away. And now they talk of this, and now of that, comparing both, and wondering what would absent dear ones say could they have seen the sights they have been enjoying all day; and then, half credulously, they begin to look forward to the night, and to speculate what portion of good things may fall to each one's share.

'But, you know, it is all a story; there is no Saint Nicholas,' remarked Herbert scornfully—an assertion producing an immediate clamour of dissent, and an appeal to mamma from the younger voices.

'I really cannot tell,' replied the mother gravely: 'the morning will declare.'

'Oh, Aunt Fanny,' remonstrated Herbert, proud of his ten years' wisdom, 'you know very well it is all stuff and nonsense.'

'How can I know, dear Herbert? We cannot with strange things abroad; but, in my private opinion, it is only another name for that presiding spirit we find in every well-ordered little household; and whether we call it Jeanie, or papa, or Aunt Fanny, or Saint Nicholas, be sure the little ones shall know in the morning in what estimation it holds them.'

'Oh, if it was but Jeanie!' laughed all the merry voices, 'we should be safe enough.'

'But mamma, or papa,' said little Alice gravely, 'those spirits know our spirits too well.'

'Too well, dear child.'

'I am sure,' exclaimed Edward earnestly, 'Alice of all people has least to fear.'

The children all looked thoughtful. There was a silent pause, and evidently a considerable quantity of inward examination going on, when the quiet train of thought was suddenly interrupted by a startled exclamation from a near-sighted old lady, who was sitting beside the stove, and who, intending to place her cup and saucer on the top of it, and so sip her tea at leisure and in comfort, had miscalculated the distance, and allowed it to topple over with a crash, discharging its contents into her lap.

Now this poor old lady, the aforesaid Jeanie, was a countrywoman of our own—not so very old either, but her life had been so sad and dreary, that it seemed to have doubled its length; and her health so broken, and spirit so subdued, that to the oldest amongst us she had never appeared young. Long, long ago, when a mere school-girl, she had been married to a distant relation of our own, a man who bought her only for her money, and treated her with carelessness from the very outset of their married life—a carelessness that in after-years, and under other evil influence, deepened into unkindness, and even into cruelty, until friends found it necessary to interfere and effect a separation. And so, with a narrow income, without any experience of life beyond that of Jeanie's unkindness, and, as she herself expressed it, without chick or child, or blood-relation to stand between her and the world, she had to face it all alone, and perhaps often to feel that the daily work she experienced in this novel contact was nearly as burdensome as the habituated tyranny from which she had escaped.

Very simple, and guileless, and humble-minded, our poor Jeanie was; an oddity undoubtedly in manner and appearance, but so far she was rather a gainer by coming abroad. Her little peculiarities, both natural and acquired, passed here for some of the varieties of 'insular manners'; and her dress—which always preserved the fashion worn at the time of her separation from her husband, especially the round mob cap with which she had, as a sort of badge of her half-widowed position, covered her then sunny locks, and which seemed in those latter days so antediluvian at home—looked really becoming and suitable here, in its close resemblance to the head-dress in general use, transmitted unaltered from generation to generation.

The darling of the children, what was she, indeed, but a grown-up child herself, even to the homely pet-name by which she desired they should always call her: though there was something even in this—this tacit setting aside of later ties; those vague footprints of sadness; that tenderness of spirit that led her always to blame herself rather than another, and to speak of her sole enemy as 'poor fellow'—all this was so much more angelic than childish, that they hardly knew whether to love her as a companion, or revere her as a saint.

We had always been her sheet-anchor; and after our departure for a residence abroad, she had felt so lonely, so unequal to the business of life, that she had requested us to seek out a quiet lodging close to ourselves; and from thence she used to visit us every day, but chiefly in the evening, when she delighted in quietly sipping her cup of tea as she looked round at all the bright young faces gathered in at that hour; while on any little festive occasion like the present, she was sure to participate so warmly, that her friend was certainly not far out in quoting her as an alias for St Nicholas.

But to return to the crash. Herbert, one of the last arrived of the cousins, and who evidently had not imported a large stock of politeness, now responded to the general start by a boisterous laugh as he exclaimed: 'Well done, old woman! there goes our best cup and saucer.'

He was silenced by an indignant poke from Edward, who hastily rejoined: 'No, indeed; it is one of the white ones: it can be matched for a few sous.'

'It is of much greater consequence to have dear Jeanie all wet, and her nice black silk apron stained,' said loving Alice.

'Oh, no danger of that,' exclaimed practical little Lucy, 'if you wipe it off at once;' and taking a nice white handkerchief out of her pocket, she put it into Alice's hand, and ran round behind Jeanie's chair to ascertain the extent of the damage and pick up the fragments.

All this while poor Jeanie was standing up, shaking all over, half ready to cry, and incessantly reiterating: 'Deary me, deary me! what an awkward mischievous creature I am.' Alice, down on her knees, pursuing the meandering streams that flowed in every direction along the silk apron, and assuring dear Jeanie, in her soft comforting tones, that she was neither mischievous nor awkward, but, on the contrary, all that was nice, and kind, and good.

The parents left it among them, smiling to one another, as the little scene brought out something characteristic of each of the children. Who knows but St Nicholas was looking down the chimney too? They all said so the next moment, when Lucy shouted out, 'A miracle, a miracle!' and, starting up from behind Jeanie's chair, displayed to their wondering eyes the cup and saucer, perfectly unharmed, tight and whole as ever.

'Nonsense,' exclaimed Herbert roughly; 'you smuggled a fresh one round.'

'It is only a rogue would think of it,' retorted pert little Fanny.

'Come and see for yourself,' said Lucy quietly; and all gathering round to investigate the case, discovered that the cup had broken its fall, and nothing else, by alighting half-way down on some small coal in the bottom of the coal-box.

'Mercy on us; it is truly miraculous. What is going to happen me!' exclaimed the still trembling Jeanie.

'It must have been St Nicholas' guardianship,' muttered Herbert contemptuously.

'Or old King Coal!' exclaimed little Fanny, at once putting it to music, while each sweet young voice catching up the chorus, encore and encore, left poor Jeanie nothing else to do but sit down and steady her nerves, and think it was very good fun after all.

They were in the midst of their *glee*, when the sound of carriage-wheels stopping at the door, and a pull at the hall-bell, startled us all afresh. It was rather an unusual hour for visitors; and we do believe, as all looked towards the door, some amongst us expected no less than St Nicholas himself. Justine, however, ushered in a gentleman well known to the papa and mamma, though a stranger to the young ones: he was one of the doctors of the place, a kind and intelligent man, speaking English fluently, and enjoying most of the English practice. With the ease of a well-educated Frenchman, he at once entered on the object of his visit, and stated that, having been called in to attend an English gentleman, who had arrived by the packet-boat the night before, and who lay dangerously ill at one of the hotels on the quay, one of his first inquiries had been about the family of this house, and whether the doctor had any acquaintance with them. Being answered in the affirmative, he had most urgently requested the doctor to call and acquaint us with his position, and entreat Mr Ross to come and see him.

'He is unable to write or even hold a pen,' continued the doctor earnestly; 'but he admitted me so far into his confidence as to say, that although a relation of yours, there had been an estrangement which might prevent your acceding to his request; but he commissioned me to say it was the request of a dying and repentant man, who desired to leave with you—as a mutual friend in former days—a message of reconciliation and contrition for one he had wronged: he calls himself Mr Barnard.'

At the sound of this name, a half-suppressed exclamation flattered round the little circle: our eyes involuntarily turned towards Jeanie; she had risen from her chair unnoticed during the doctor's narrative, and, bending forward, had eagerly devoured every word, as if instinctively prepared for the finale that had taken all the rest of us so completely by surprise; and now, with a glow almost of youth in her cheek and her eyes, she—yes, the timid, irresolute, tremulous Jeanie—now drew herself up quite decidedly, and before any of us had been able to utter a word, steadily replied for all: 'I will go at once.'

'Yes, sir,' continued she, turning to the doctor; 'I am that gentleman's wife—the individual to whom you have this moment alluded; my place is by his side; unless, indeed,' and here the voice faltered for a moment—'unless you tell me that such an interview may endanger his life.'

We felt dear Jeanie was right; not knowing how short, how precious, the moments might be; so we wrapped her up warmly, and with her double escort she descended to the carriage. As she was leaving the room, Herbert murmured: 'I know I would never go to such a rascal; no, never a step!' Amidst all her preoccupied agitating thoughts, Jeanie stopped short, and kindly laying her hand upon his head: 'My dear boy,' she gently said, 'may God grant you many an opportunity before you are as old as I of feeling what a blessed thing it is to forgive.'

The next moment she was gone; we heard the carriage drive off, and then came Annette, clamorous

to put her young charge to bed: 'What would the good Saint Nicholas say to come and find nothing ready?'

So, shortly all were well tucked in and fast asleep; though Aunt Fanny declares that, a full hour afterwards, Herbert—the unbelieving Herbert—had his eyes wide open, fixed on the chimney. What took Aunt Fanny into the nursery at that hour, we do not care to ask: we all could tell in the morning that somebody had been there—generous somebody too—for each gaping in the little sock was as full as it could hold with all manner of tiny cakes and bonbons, winter-fruits; while, perched on the top of each, was some little symbol of the estimation in which its owner was held: on all but Herbert's; his stocking was so full and so heavy, it was enough to make him a votary of St Nicholas for ever; but some twinge of conscience seemed to whisper that all was not right. As he sat on the floor, he emptied out the contents of the stocking, and there, sure enough, on the top of all the bonbons, out came rolling a flat round stone, with this motto attached, written in a stiff old-fashioned character: 'Harder than a stone is an unbelieving heart.'

Poor Herbert grew very red; in spite of his boasted manhood, the tears would start: they were healthful tears, however—no angry word accompanied them, even when saucy little Fanny, tapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed:

'Aha! Mr Herbert, this does not come altogether of doubting St Nicholas: you doubted Lucy when she said she found the cup and saucer unbroken; and you doubted Jeanie's goodness in going off to her husband; and you doubted "the rascal's" repentance'—

'Hush! little chatterbox,' answered Herbert good-humouredly, as he carefully laid aside the admonitory stone. 'I don't doubt, at any rate, that I'll make something good out of this; there—go see what you've got for yourself.'

And following the direction of his finger, all the young eyes beheld the gay plumage of a parrot perched on the top of the stocking beside Fanny's little bed. And now the laugh was fairly against her, though we cannot say she bore it with as much philosophy as Herbert. Then sweet, loving Alice, what emblem was good and fair enough for her? Ah! there, indeed, true enough—a bright, bright rose! But why, ah! why, is that winged angel rising from its petals? Is it to remind us, our Alice, that such fair ones belong not to earth—that their home is not here, even amongst the roses?

And Edward—who with all his goodness, dear noble boy, is at times a little thought too stately and unbending—he has a Gothic church with an exceeding high steeple; while our thrifty little housekeeper, Lucy, has got a house of her own, a veritable French chateau, all in sugar, with its steep roof and tall chimneys, and terrace-front and garden-front, the same in doors and windows before and behind. What a wonderful St Nicholas!—how well he knew them all! Only poor Herbert, we think he was really too hard on him; and so every one agreed, when, after a good deal of whispering consultation with Alice during the day, and some further mysterious closeting by himself, Herbert entered the dining-room after dinner, and walking up to his uncle, apologised manfully for his rudeness to poor Jeanie the evening before; and producing the identical stone, now converted into a letter-presser such as we see in the shop-windows here, the top neatly painted with a dove bearing an olive-branch—doubtless Alice's suggestion—he requested him to present it to Jeanie, as a sort of *amende*.

And amongst us Jeanie did soon return, but no longer the same broken-spirited, nervous poor Jeanie. The struggle had been a brief one; but in those few dying days were realised hopes in which years of life had

failed. Her husband had 'called her blessed,' his own true, dear wife. He had accepted the higher message of forgiveness and reconciliation from the lips of the gentle messenger, who so truly practised what she preached. And so she had fulfilled her mission—no longer drooping earthward, darkly groping for her buried talent, she was up and ready from that time forth to enter into the joy of her Lord.

We had tacitly dropped the old familiar appellation, and could see that she was, at the substitution of her married name; it so long sounded as a mockery in her ears. This was explained to the eldest children, and the young ones, unquestioning, followed the lead; but for a long time we could perceive that they addressed her with a certain degree of hesitation, and gazed with a sort of inquisitive awe at the new-fashioned mourning garments; while we do believe that to this very hour a lurking suspicion is lodged in their little hearts, that their own dear Jeanie was spirited away on that eventful night by St Nicholas himself, and transformed into 'Mrs Barnard, in her widow's cap.'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE honour paid to some of our most eminent artists and savans at the close of the French Exposition, and to some of our manufacturers also, has been reciprocated by a distinction conferred on M. Foucault, who, as the author of the pendulum experiment for demonstrating rotation of the earth, made his self famous a few years ago. The Royal Society, at their anniversary meeting on St Andrew's Day, gave their highest award—the Copley medal—to the distinguished Frenchman, who came over to receive it in person. At the same time, the royal medals were given—one to Mr Hind, the astronomer, for his researches, and discovery of ten of the new minor planets; the other to Mr Westwood, whose reputation as an entomologist is well known.

M. Foucault, though only about thirty years of age, has made important discoveries in optics as well as in mechanics; and many will remember his gyroscope, by which he also demonstrated the earth's rotation. He has very recently used this instrument for another purpose, which we shall endeavour to explain. It is known that a piece of metal, suspended so as to spin round between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet, will stop suddenly as soon as the magnet is connected with the battery. Well, M. Foucault brings the bronze wheel of his gyroscope between the poles of such a magnet, and, turning a crank, makes it rotate 200 times in a second; and then, while at this speed, on contact being made with the battery, the wheel comes to a stand-still in a few seconds; 'as though,' to quote M. Foucault's own words, 'an invisible break had been applied to the moving body.' If now the wheel be forcibly made to move, it becomes warm, and goes on increasing in temperature until it is quite hot to the touch, owing to the resistance of the magnetic currents. This is 'a curious example of the conversion of force into heat,' and is likely ere long to find its way into popular lecture-rooms.

The Society of Arts, since the opening of their session, have discussed several important questions of much practical utility, as may be judged of from a few of the titles.—On the Construction of Private Carriages, about 'Underdrainage,' our 'Iron Industry,' and the 'Gums and Resins of Commerce.' The information given on this last-mentioned subject was singularly interesting; and those who are unacquainted with it, will be greatly astonished at the prodigious quantities of gums and resins that are imported. Considerable supplies of *salap*, or *saloop*, are now also

brought from India to mix with chocolate; and a seed mistakenly called the 'sassafras-nut,' for the same purpose.

M. Huxley, whose name we have more than once mentioned in connection with his researches in marine natural history, has been appointed Professor of Physiology to the Royal Institution, Alchemie Street, an appointment full of promise for all parties. The Institution announces that the Actonian prize of £105 will be given in 1868 for an 'Essay illustrative of the Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty as manifested by the Influence of Solar Radiation.' Mr Brodie has at length been chosen Professor of Chemistry at Oxford—in the room of Dr Daubeny, resigned—and without signing the Thirty-nine Articles! At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society, a compliment was paid to the Empress of the French, which will form a graceful pendant to the *Victoria regia*. Mr Gould exhibited and described a heretofore unknown humming-bird, and proposed to distinguish it as the *Eugenia Imperatrix*. The Horticultural Society, having determined to hold no more flower-shows in their beautiful garden at Chiswick, have sold their stove-plants by auction; and the prices given for some specimens remind one of what occasionally takes place at sales of rare old china. A *Laelia superbum* fetched thirty-five, and an orchid sixty-five guineas. The latter was bought for the Duke of Devonshire, and will doubtless be a conspicuous object in the magnificent collection at Chatsworth. To make up for the absence of the shows, the Society exhibit quantities of fruits and flowers at their meeting-rooms in Regent Street.

But talking of vegetable productions reminds us of an agricultural show at Sacramento, where some of the specimens were of extraordinary dimensions. Pumpkins, for instance, of 129 pounds weight each; beetroots, 7½ feet long, and a stalk of Indian corn, 24 feet high. Strawberries ripen there every month, and at times two crops of apples and pears are gathered in the year. With such fecundity as this (and a market), gardening and tillage in California should be far more profitable than gold-digging. Looking further south, we find the republic of Venezuela asking for immigrants, and offering 25 dollars to each father or mother of a family who shall land in the country; 20 dollars for persons of any age from seven to fifty; and 10 dollars for those under seven. Besides which, a grant of 300 square yards of land will be made to each family. The natural resources of the republic are great, and hands are wanted to develop them; but no one should go who is not prepared to encounter political disturbances and their consequences.

The high-growth of flax, stimulated by the war, seems likely to increase, and become permanent. It has been successfully carried out in Scotland by Mr Dalrymple of W. sthail, who raised 840 tons in 1854, and 1800 tons in the present year, and is extending his works in readiness for a greater cultivation. It is found that flax grows well on Dartmoor, and the cultivation of the plant on that moorland waste is to be encouraged. A meeting has been held near Exeter to form a company to purchase the flax from the farmers. The Imperial and Central Agricultural Society of Paris have been trying to discover why seeds, apparently all alike, do not germinate all at the same time. The conclusion come to is, that the latest are so tightly enclosed in their envelope, as to prevent or check the penetration of moisture; and they are now inquiring whether the tardy seeds are the heaviest or the lightest, and whether they are obtained from one part of a plant more than another. As regards the absorption of azote by plants, the Académie appointed a commission to watch a repetition of M. Ville's experiments at the Jardin des Plantes (we called attention to them some months ago); and

the result is, that plants do borrow azote from the atmosphere quite independently of the soil. This is an important fact in the chemistry of vegetation. and the Académie marked their sense of it by an award of 4000 francs to M. Vile. Another savant, M. Basset, says, that the virtues of beet-root are not half known or appreciated; that it is far more profitable than grass in the feeding of cattle, and contains such a variety of chemical products as to make it better worth cultivation than agriculturists generally are disposed to believe. Signor Matteucci of Pisa, after a study of the means to prevent loss from hail-storms, concludes, that twenty lightning-conductors to the square mile would suffice: tall trees, church-towers, or other lofty erections, to be made available when possible, and poles to be set up in other places, each to carry a wire-cable topped by a point made of sheet-copper, with a wire in the inside.

The Society of Arts and Sciences at Utrecht offer prizes of sixty ducats for an examination of the causes which produce different kinds of natural alteration in wood; for a similar examination as regards paper and parchment, and the means of prevention; for a report on the different kinds of sugar, and on certain methods by which adulteration of flour and bread may be detected. With increasing population and high prices, anything relating to the supply of food is of essential interest. The Pussian government offers a prize of 10,000 francs to any one who will discover a way to make starch, for manufacturing purposes, from a non-alimentary substance. Considering the enormous quantity of flour used in the cotton manufacture alone, this becomes a highly important question. With regard to another kind of food, the Statistical Society of London have published a paper by Mr Cleghorn (an ingenious citizen of Wick, in Caithness), 'On the Causes of the Fluctuation in the Herring-fishery.' The fluctuation, as is well known, is in some seasons so great, that the quantity of herrings taken is diminished by a third or more; and there seems reason to believe that the falling off is due to controllable causes. Herrings swarm to the places where they can meet with proper food, and deposit their spawn. These places they find on our own coasts; but as approaching them, they encounter 10,974 boats, manned by 41,045 sailors, who employ 81,931,330 square yards of netting, an extent that would cover an area of 26½ square miles; and if the nets were spread out linearly, they would reach a distance of 4741 miles! The herring-grounds have thus been over-fished; and, to prevent further ill consequences, it has been suggested that the herrings should be left unmolested on Sunday.

On the subject of fish, we may mention further M. Coste's report to the Académie on the progress of his pisciculture. He states that the eggs of different species of trout brought from the Lake of Geneva and the Rhine to Paris, have not only been successfully hatched, but that some of the fish, now eighteen and thirty months old, are beginning to breed. So very satisfactory a result is a proof that fish may be acclimatised and domesticated, and removes all doubt on that point, as well as on another not less important—namely, that species hitherto supposed to need a constant current of water will live and thrive in basins where the water is only occasionally renewed. A few months ago, M. Coste was appointed to stock the lake in the Bois de Boulogne with fish, when 50,000 fry of various kinds of trout were thrown in. As nearly the whole of these have lived, and many of them are from five to six inches long, reproduction will soon commence, and then we shall see what can be done in the breeding of fish on the great scale.

The labours of the Royal Agricultural Society, in another branch of the same question, claim attention. These comprehend continued inquiries as to the effects

of manures; the causes of fertility and barrenness of soils; and the paramount importance of making the atmospheric elements available, particularly the ammonia. On this Professor Way observes: the farmer may profit by this newly discovered bounty of nature, if he will take full advantage of the atmospheric manure by means of drainage, which promotes the equal flow of the water through, instead of over his soil; by deep cultivation and thorough pulverisation of the land, which brings every part of it into contact with the air. The atmosphere is to the farmer like the sea to the fisherman—he who spreads his nets the widest will catch the most. Among the prizes offered by the Society, in pursuance of their main objects, are twenty sovereigns for the best essay 'On Different Mechanical Modes of Deepening the Staple Soil, in order to give it the full Benefit of Atmospheric Influence'; forty sovereigns for the best 'On the Chemical Results superinduced in newly deepened Soil by Atmospheric Action'; twenty sovereigns for showing how best to bring moorland under cultivation; and, not least in importance, a similar sum for the best and most suitable plans and descriptions of labourers' cottages. This looks like being in earnest, and we are glad to aid in giving publicity to the Society's aims. It appears, that out of 50,000,000 acres under cultivation in England, 10,000,000 produce wheat; while in France 50,000,000 acres of wheat are grown. We, however, get on the average four quarters to the acre; France, less than two.

The high price of tallow is keeping chemists on the alert to find a substitute among vegetable productions, and frequent announcements of new discoveries are made. Candles being so dear, it has been suggested that beneficial use might be made of the vegetable tallow of China, which is produced in such quantities, that in one large district of the empire the people pay their taxes with the yield of the tallow-tree. Dr Bleekrode, of the Academy of Sciences at Delft, has analysed a new kind of wax received from Sumatra, and reports it suitable for candles at a moderate price. He has had a few candles made, and will shortly make the result public. The wax, *Gutah* (or gutta) *Lahoe*, is of vegetable origin.

Every week shows the effect of war in stimulating the science of destruction, and certain mechanical arts. We hear that experiments are being made in the government works at Woolwich in connecting cast-iron plates by welding instead of rivets. The process is to heat the edges of the plates almost to fusion, and then strike them together on both sides. If successful, this method will increase the strength of boilers, and all other structures in which riveted plates are used, and the surface will be level and continuous. A shell is being tried which is to explode the moment it falls, irrespective of the length of fuse. Two hundred iron gun-boats and mortar-boats are being built, the latter to be available, when required, for pontoon-bridges; but the mortar-raft, constructed similarly to the one improvised for the attack on Genitelli, appears to be the most formidable means of offence yet contrived. It is a platform resting on pontoons, that serve as magazines, armed with a 13-inch mortar which throws a shell of 200 pounds a distance of 4000 yards, with 20 pounds of powder. A huge mortar, to throw the 36-inch shell, is also being constructed, and we are soon to hear whether its tremendous energies can be brought into play. A steel gun, cast in Prussia, weighing more than three tons, and from which much was expected, burst at the first fire. It was worth £1500. The fact that 9000 persons are now employed in the arsenal at Woolwich, is striking evidence of the activity prevailing in that establishment.

Steam-power has been successfully applied on the Preston and Kendal Canal, where a screw-steamer twenty horse-power drags 200 tons of coal, in a train

of five boats, at the rate of two miles an hour. Greater speed is found to raise a swell injurious to the banks. To compare this with animal-power: one horse will tow 45 tons one and a quarter mile per hour. The Academy of Sciences at Turin have had an invention brought before them, which, instead of steam as a motive-power, employs 'hydrogen gas obtained from the decomposition of water by means of a pile called hydrodynamica;' and a 'new system of employing the motive-power of water, applicable to all locomotive art and industry.'

An Academy of Sciences has been established in New Orleans, and has sent the first part of its Proceedings to scientific societies in this country. And the Academy at San Francisco continues to give similar signs of life and activity. Lieutenant Kane has returned from his adventurous voyage in search of Franklin. He got up as far as latitude 82 degrees 30 minutes; found Greenland to be, as was supposed, an island, terminating on the north in bold cliffs; and saw the same open sea which Belcher mentions in his *Arctic Voyages*. He estimates its extent at 3000 square miles. We have news from the Hudson's Bay posts that a party had started to explore the coast where, as Dr Rae reported, the few survivors of Franklin's expedition were frozen to death.

The removal of the National Gallery having been recommended by a parliamentary committee, there is some talk of applying for permission to erect a handsome hotel on the site, the *Hôtel du Louvre* at Paris to be the model. To pass to educational matters: these are perhaps more discussed than ever. The Admiralty have published a series of regulations, which make it imperative that clerks and others serving under that department shall know how to do what they undertake. Lord Ebrington offers a prize of £20 to promote middle-class education. It is to be competed for by young Devonshire farmers, of the ages from eighteen to twenty-three, the most proficient in their own language, in town history and geography of the British Empire, and in practical mathematics. In future years the subjects will be higher. This is part of the system of 'county honours and county degrees' formerly advocated by his lordship. We regret that we want of some additional education, so many good farmers and sensible men should, to so great an extent, be restrained from advancing agriculture by the freer communication of their knowledge to others. Lord Stanley is urging the formation of village-libraries; but who shall first inspire the lay for reading? A Trade School has just been opened at Wandsworth, and a School of Mines at Truro: the latter, we may hope, will remove a reproach which Cornwall has too long been content to bear. The schoolmasters and school-mistresses of Hampshire, and the male and female students of the same county, have tried for and won the Ashburton prizes of £15, £8, and £7, 'for proficiency in teaching common things. Are we really to witness a manifestation of the 'prime wisdom' that Milton speaks of?

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

'A daughter of the gods—divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.'

METHINK Dame Nature made you in some dream
Of old-world women—Chriemhild, or bright
Asluga, or Bonifacia—dearly fair,
Or Beren, as she rose, her lip
Yet rudely with the poison that annoys
Her memory—'tis the wined queen of queenly wives.

I have? who will crown you wife, you grand
And godly creature! who will mount sublime
The empty chariot of your maiden thoughts,
Curb the wild will that foams and chafes and bounds
All masterless, and guide you safely home
Into the golden gates, where beauteous sits
Grave Matronhood—'tis gracious, gentle eyes.

What eyes you have, you wild gazelle of the plain,
You fierce hind of the forest! Now they flash—
Now glow—now in their dark and down-dropt shade
Bury themselves an instant, as some thought
Too brief to be a feeling sweeps across
The summer heaven of your careless heart,
There—that light laugh—and 'tis again noon-day.

Would I could paint you, line by line, ere Time
Blots out the gorgeous picture—your ripe mouth—
Your white-arched throat—your stature, like to Sam's
Among his brethren, yet so fitly framed
In such harmonious symmetry, we say
As a cedar among hedgerow trees
Never—'How tall!' but only 'Heavens! how fair.'

Who made you fair?—did mould you in the shape
That poets dream of—sent you forth to men
His calligraph inscribed on every line
Of your brave form?

Is't written on your soul?—

I know not—

Woman, upon whom is laid

Heaven's own sign-manual, Beauty, mock Heaven not,
Reverence the signet on thee—Wear it thou
With awful gladness, grave humility,
That nor deserves, nor vaunts, nor is ashamed;
But lifts its face up to the face of God—
'Thou who hast made me, make me worthy Thee!'

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF VESSELS.

Sea is a great conductor of sound, and frequently strange voices are borne far along the waters, from unseen vessels at anchor or drifting in the calm. A German vessel may be known by the beautiful national melodies which the crew sing in harmony; a Dutchman, by the clatter of wooden shoes; a Frenchman, by vociferous chatter; and a ship that sails from our own dear native land may be recognised by our national curses and bad language in general.—*Hughes's Two Summer Cruises.*

The present number of the Journal completes the Fourth Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF FOURTH VOLUME.

